

— THE ARROW —

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Minstrel Style.

Interlocutor.—Mr. Knazel Wheezer will oblige with the beautiful song, "The Strap that Mother Used to Fan my Pants."
Mr. Wheezer obliges in a faded *tenore disgusto*.

FIRST VERSE.

I am dreaming of the childhood that can never come no more,
When I used to fight with angel brother Pat,
When I loved to gather round myself upon the cabin floor,
And to monkey with the aged Thomas cat;
When I knocked my loving sister Mag half way across the room,
And upon her neck I did a song-and-dance;
But one thing, only one thing, o'er my childhood cast a gloom,
'Twas the strap that mother used to fan my pants.

The other parti-coloured gentlemen of the coloured party add their voices to the general conspiracy.

CHORUS.

Oh, speak about it kindly, and do not leave it blindly,
Tho' oft in childhood's hour it made me dance.
That strap of toughest leather; oh! what hours we passed together,
'Tis the strap that mother used to fan my pants.

Mr. Wheezer resumes hostilities.

SECOND VERSE.

I remember in the springtime when I wandered by her side
To the little old brown woodshed in the lane;
Where she dallied, oh! how fondly, with that little strap of hide,
And I promised not to do so e'er again.
And how well do I remember, when that interview did cease,
How about that little shed I used to prance,
And I ate my little breakfast off the little mantel-piece;
'Tis the strap that mother used to fan my pants.

Chorus again in the field.

Oh, speak about it kindly, etc.

All hands then repeat the chorus *ppp* with much expression. And, if a boy in the gallery applauds, they go through the same verses and chorus again. "Dost like the picture?"—*Ex.*

FLASH Language—Telegrams.

If a horse says neigh to oats, don't believe him.

A LEADING Article—A blind beggar's dog's chain.

BY A BACHELOR.—The Worst Lock Out—Wed-Lock.

A SQUARE-BUILT prize-fighter is good for any number of rounds.

You should not stone your neighbour, but you may rock his baby.

You never hear of policemen being run over; they are never in the way.

SOME people do not care for Tupper's poetry; but his philosophy is proverbial.

If a termagant wife cuts her nails every Monday it is lucky—for her husband.

AN old miser, going down his cellar steps the other day, fell against his will.

THEY used to call a lady's man a beau. They call him now a bo-er, sometimes.

CURIOUS FACT.—If you cut off an elephant's head, it does not follow that it should be separated from the trunk.

A CHINESE thief, having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him next day to learn how to wind it up.

IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Planter.—"That's a vicious looking mule you've got there, Pompey."

Pompey.—"Dat mewel, sah? Dat mewel am one ob de wondahs ob de world."

Planter.—"One of the wonders of the world?"

Pompey.—"Yes, sah. Dat mewel spilled me outen de wagon yessirday."

Planter.—"Is that why you call him one of the wonders of the world?"

Pompey.—"Yes sah. Pompey's spiller, you know. Hah! ha? Gid 'long dar."

Fond Wife.—Did you have pleasant dreams last night, George?

Rude Husband.—Why do you ask?

Fond Wife.—Because I noticed a pleasant smile on your face as you slept.

Rude Husband.—Yes; I forgot for the time that I was married. Pass the butter!—*Ex.*

SHE gave me in April a copy of Gibbon;
In August, a trifle of gay-coloured ribbon
Slipped out from her hair, with a sweet-scented flower
That bloomed at her bosom, the toy of an hour.

And even so late as the fifth of September
A blush and a kiss, if I rightly remember,
But O the *finale*! when, hopelessly smitten,
I asked her to marry, she gave me the mitten!

"UNITED we stand, divided we fall," as the man remarked to his legs at the skating-rink.

TEACHER—Define "snoring." Small boy—Letting off sleep.

It will not improve the mind much if the only moments we give to reflection are those spent before the looking-glass.

A BROOKLYN girl is developing a healthy beard around her rosy mouth. She will not tell who she caught it from.

"THE good die young," but the wicked grow old. It is, therefore, apparent why women prefer to be good rather than wicked.

"MOTHER, kin a noun be compared?" "No, Johnny." "I'll bet I know one that kin." "Well, what is it?" "Sarah, Sally, salivate."

"Ah, the first Mrs. Byrne was a charming woman," said Byrne to his second wife a few days ago. Then, seeing an ugly look on her face, he hastened to say: "You must excuse me, my dear, but then it's only natural I should mourn for her at times." "Oh, don't apologize," said Mrs. Byrne No. 2 in her most pointed way. "I assure you no one can regret her death more than I do."

"Jock," said a farmer to one of his workers one Sunday, after the return of the latter from church, "whaur was the text the day?" "I dinna ken," answered Jock; "I was ower lang o' gaun in." "What was the end o't, then?" "I dinna ken; I cam oot afore it was done." "What did the minister say about the middle o't, then?" said the master, angrily, determined to have an answer of some sort. "I dinna ken, maister," replied Jock; "I sleepit a' the time."