

YE BALLAD OF YE OYSTERMAN.

Down East there dwells a jolly tar
 As ever sailed the sea;
 But though he's not an austere man,
 An oyster man he is.

An eke, a generous soul he is—
 An open heart, I wot;
 For though he is a shell-fish man,
 A selfish man he's not.

Not over versed in bookish lore,
 Or college writ so fine;
 But, if he cannot write a word,
 He sometimes "drops a line."

And he is eke an honest man
 As ever you could wish;
 His neighbor's goods he'd never steal,
 Yet sometimes hooks a fish.

He gazes o'er the tumbling deep,
 While winds are blowing free;
 And often he doth see a ship,
 And sometimes ships a sea.

While busy at his briny trade,
 A silence he prolongs;
 But though his crew must stop their tongues,
 They still must ply their tongues.

When on a lee shore in a gale,
 An offing quick doth make;
 But, though he dreads to have a wreck,
 He always has a rake.

Full many a dang'rous day he sees,
 When loudly pipes the wind;
 And often finds himself in peril,
 But ne'er a pearl doth find.

When warning breakers loom ahead,
 He puts his boat about;
 Sometimes, for safety hankerin',
 He heaves the anchor out.

He's scant regard for modern skill,
 And hates your steam like sin;
 He scorns a ship that goes by valves,
 Yet scoops the bivalves in.

And still, through all his ups and downs,
 He holds a purpose fair;
 For, though he's always sailing round,
 He's ever "on the square."

Long live ye gallant oysterman!
 Long may his course be run;
 And may his hardihood, so rare,
 Be termed at last "well done!"

E. T. W. GELBERG.
 Stamford, Conn. Advocate.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

The Call and Citizen comes from Meriden, Conn., where it is published, semi-weekly. Merry-den! We should say so, judging from its comic contents.—*St. John (N. B.) Torch.* Look here!—you alien sinner!—the *Meriden Citizen* "CALLS" you! Are you a g'v'in us tuff, or are you endeavoring to make light of us with your *Torch*? Have a care!—beware!—*Torch* us not!—*Meriden Recorder.*

Here nestles little Jim,
 A measles wrestled him
 And modified his tiny little system;
 Then other measles followed,
 Much medicine he swallowed
 And that is how it happened that we missed 'im.
 —*Philadelphia Lex'yer.*

When you treat a man to a glass of ale, are you brew-tally malt-treating him?—*St. John Torch.*

You might rather punch a fellow that bar

him from "milling" at your joke, or else liquor malt to pieces.—*Hackensack Republican.*

The *St. John Torch* says that our boy Hanlan may be assured of one thing, viz., that he will receive the most kind treatment from the *New Brunswickers*. We believe it. In fact he is now enjoying royal treatment. *Etna Harper*, the hospitable, drives him round town; *Captain Chip Smith* trots out the *Fire Brigade* for him; *Judge Nowlan* asks him to have lemonade; *Mr. Elder* gives him good local notices in the *Telegraph*, and best of all—*Joseph* refrains from *Torch*-ering his name to make puns for his paper. *St. John* knows how to entertain a stranger. We have been there.—*Toronto Grip.*

Oysters out of season,
 'Cannot have a raw;
 So we try a cobbler,
 Suck it through a straw.

St. John (N. B.) Torch.

Take, oh take your cobbler,
 We prefer ice-cream;
 With the glass at ninety,
 We of Iceland dream.
Meriden Recorder.

A categorical question: Did you ever see a cat sup catsup?—*St. John Torch.*
 No; but we've seen a cat fish for catfish.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Never try to waltz with a red hot stove.—*Hackensack Republican.* That's so, the poker or sc-hot-dish would be more appropriate.—*St. John Torch.* That's a grate reply. Who torch you that?—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

You may shatter the jug, and the potheen may spill,
 But the excise-man's nose knows the scent of its still.
 —*St. John (N. B.) Torch.*

You may say that the nose is not red from the beer,
 But who will believe it?—not one of us here.
Racy Riggs, in Meriden Recorder.

Bryant says he kept his handwriting good by always writing deliberately and carefully. Bryant was never a local editor.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

Scene: A bedchamber; Desdemona in bed, asleep. A light burning. Enter Othello.

Oth. It izer cause—hic—it izer cause, my soul!

Let me not name it to you, you—hic—chaste stars!

It izer cause! Yet I'll not—hic—shedder blood,

For scar zhat—hic—whiter skin of hers zhan snow

And smooth as monumental ala—hic—alabaster
 Put out zhe gas, and then—hic—put out zhe gas!

If I quench zhee thou flaming monshter
 For which I pay four dollahs a thousand
 I ca'n again thy for—hic—former light restore

Shou'd I repent me; but once put out thine,
 Thou c'nt'ningst' pattern of excell'ng nature,
 I know n' where ish zhat Prometh—hic—

Prometh—hic—hic—Promethean he—hic—heat

Zhat can thy light relume.
 When I have plucked thy rose
 I cannot give 't vital—hic—vital growth again,
 It needs must wizzer—

I'll smell it on the—hic—tree.
 [Kissing her.]

Des. O my! O tear! What was that?
 Did a distillery blow 'up? Or is it you, Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pryed to-night Desdemona—hic—Desdemona?
 Des. Ay, my lord,

Oth. If you bethink you now of any cri—hic—crime

Unreconciled as yet to heaven or grace,
 So—hic—solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief,
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
 No—hic—heaven forfend—I would not kill thy soul!

Des. Talk thou of killing?

Oth. Ay, I—hic—I do.

Des. Then heaven have mercy on you!

[Desdemona jumps out of bed, hits Othello on the head with a bootjack, puts him to bed, and goes over and stays with her mother.]—*Oil City Derrick.*

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, July 24.

Though we regret to have to state it, the report is current here, that the recent hot wave started on its mad career from Manitoba. It is to be hoped that further scientific investigation may prove the report false; for we, for our own part, had a better opinion of the British Provinces; but such is the feeling of indignation at the above rumor that we fear naught, but the present coolness of the weather, can prevent the minds of our citizens from experiencing a mental coolness toward their Canadian cousins.

In anticipation presumably of this cooler weather, quite a large fire was kindled at the Concord State Prison, Saturday morning. A large brick workshop was destroyed and several hundred convicts thrown out of employment, a misfortune that will doubtless cast a gloom over their spirits during their enforced vacation, and cause them to envy the "little busy bee," which is able to "improve each shining hour." However, the State, which is a heavy loser by the fire, may in a short time be able to find them some other work lest idleness should afford them time to grow melancholy and moralize over their imprisonment.

Evangeline has been paying her usual summer visit here, her headquarters being at the Museum. As her retinue is of more than average ability and her own personal charms so numerous, an appreciative audience has greeted her every appearance, "though she is quite a young thing too."

During July and August the unfortunate stay-at-homes, whose name is legion, make life bearable by excursions down the harbor to the different beaches and pleasure gardens, where they amuse themselves by wandering over the hot sands, or imagine they are happy, sitting on the crowded deck, listening to the rather doubtful music made by a fiddle and a harp, accompanied by the tender voices of a chorus of crying children. If they only knew it, there is more comfort to be found in a cool room than in all this pleasure-seeking in a crowd. However some of the excursions are not so bad after all, the "Empire State" has made several enjoyable trips along the coast.

The papers recently have recorded several suicides and attempts at suicide, some being by quite young people. Why will any one enter upon a state he knows so little of, only to escape the trifling miseries of this world.

Quite a curious search is going on here for one Theophilus Young. It seems he has been missing some time, and, as a large property has recently been left him, his wife is trying to prove him dead that she may obtain control of it, while the executors of the estate feel confident that he is alive. If in the land of the living, Theophilus ought to put in an appearance if only to disappoint the lawyers, who no doubt expect to reap a rich harvest.

Notwithstanding the many warnings given through newspaper columns and the pages of sensational novels, a lady was so foolish as to hold another woman's infant for her in a railroad depot last week "just for a minute;" the