Old Tim, the Teetotaller.

[*Punch* is publishing a series of "Songs of Sixpence," worthy of his best days. The following is an amusing parody on "Old Simon, the Cellarer."]

Old Tim, the teetotaller, keeps a rare store
Of black and strong green tea,
Of Souchong—And who can tell how many more,
For a thirsty old soul is he—ee,
For a thirsty old soul is he.
Of Pekoe and Twankay he never doth fail,
Which all the day long he drinks out of a pail,
For he never ale-ih, he quaintly doth say,
While he sticks to his fifty-two cups in a day.
For ho! ho! ho!
Old Tim can't know
How much of birch-broom there is in Pekoe.
Chorus—"For ho! ho! ho!" &c.

His landlady sits in her own still room,
Alone with the cat sits she;
Except when her asks in the maid or the groom,
To join her in taking tea—e,
To join her in taking tea.
Now, Tim has a tea chest, but isn't aware,
That his landlady helps herself freely from there,
Tho' the maid and the groom the landlady told,
Yet Tim held his tongue—it was of no use to scold,
For ho! ho! ho!
He now doth know
Where all his Bohea and Souchong doth go,
Chorus—"For ho! ho! ho!" &c.

Old Tim he reclines in his high-backed chair,
And plays a few tunes on a fife;
He blows it for joy, for he doesn't care,
Since he puzzled her out of her life—
Yes! his landlady out of her life.
For he's got a lock on his tea-chest so strong,
And the landlady tried it for ever so long
With a hammer and tongs till she fainted away,
And was then handed over to P'liceman 1 A.
And ho! ho! ho!
Old Tim will show
His landlady up in the court of Bow.

Chorus of Teetotallers in their Coupe—
For ho! ho! ho!
Old Tim will show
His landlady up in the Court of Bow!

ALL SORTS.

Both of Yale's literary societies are dead. Age 100 years.

The Wisconsin Legislature, it is claimed, is incorruptible.

Chicago has nineteen hundred and eighty-seven saloons, as reported by the police.

Goldsboro, N. C., has three undertakers and twenty-one doctors, yet no one has died since November.

A German writer complaining of the difficulties in the pronunciation of the English language, cites the word Boz, which he says is pronounced Dickens.

William A. Hitchcock, a young man of South Wilbraham, Mass., was found dead by the roadside, about two miles from Springfield. A pocket full of love-letters and sentimental poetry and a bottle of strychnine disclosed the cause of his death.

Rev. Mark Wilkes once introduced his text in this manner: "My hearers, did you ever see a cat? Did you ever see a cat walk? Did you ever see a cat walk upon the top of a wall? Did you ever see a cat walk upon the top of a wall covered with broken glass? How carefully she lifted each foot? How slowly and cautiously she set it down again! So would the text from which I am about to speak have you act. 'See that you walk cir-cum-spect-ly.'"

The late Rev. Dr. Humphrey Moore, of Milford, N. H., was a born wag, and it was not safe to indulge in badinage with him. At a ministerial conference, Dr. Moore preached an able sermon on "Our Dumb Animals." At its close Rev. D——, a neighboring clergyman, commended the discourse, and remarked that every jackass would speak its praises.

"Glad to have one appreciative listener," replied Dr. Moore.

A gentleman of "elegant leisure," and a bachelor at that, has been amusing himself with matrimonial statistics, and reports that out of 500 marriages published in New England journals last week, only two of the ladies had old-fashioned names—such as Mary and Susan. All the others were Mollies, Dollies, Pollies, Libbies, Tibbies, Biddies, Hatties, Matties, Lizzies, and so on. He says if he can hear of some girl with a "Christian name" he shall "start for her."

The Danbury *News* says: "A young lady in a neighboring town has taken up dentistry for a living. All the gentlemen patronize her. When she puts her arm around the neck of a patient, and caresses his jaw for the offending member, the sensation is about as nice as they make 'em. One young man has become hopelessly infatuated with her. Consequently he hasn't a tooth in his head. She has pulled every blessed one of them; and made him two new sets and pulled them. She is now at work on his father's saw. He holds the saw."

Thus complains a German florist: "I have so much trouble with the ladies when dey comes to buy mine rose; dey wants him moondly, dey wants him fragrand, dey wants him nice goulor, dey wants him eberythings in one rose. I hopes I am not what you calls one uncallant man, but I have to sometimes say to dat ladies, 'Madam, I have often sees dat ladies as was beautiful, dat was rich, dat was good temper, dat was youngs, dat was clever, but dat was perfection in one ladies I sees her much not.'"

It is related of the late J. W. Grimes that while Governor of Iowa, and during the reunion of the Legislature at Iowa City, a gentleman from one of the interior towns having business with the Legislature arrived at the hotel where the Governor was boarding, (and who, at that time, was pacing the hall) and approaching the Governor, whom he took to be porter of the house, asked him to take his carpet-bag to his room. The request was complied with, a quarter offered and accepted, and the traveler told, "Whenever he wanted baggage carried to call on Governor Grimes."

There are persons now living in Benton who remember old Billy B., of whom it might be said he furnished an example of the "ruling passion strong in death." When very ill, and friends were expecting an early demise, his nephew and a man hired for the occasion had butchered a steer which had been fatted; and when this job was completed the nephew entered the sick-room, where a few friends were assembled, when, to the astonishment of all, the old man opened his eyes and, turning his head slightly, said, in a full voice, drawing out the words:

"What have you been doing?"

"Killing the steer," was the reply.

"What did you do with the hide?"

"Left it in the barn; going to sell it by-and-by."

"Let the boys drag it around the yard a couple of times; it will make it weigh heavier."

And the good old man was gathered unto his fathers.

Speaking of grammar, the following conversation is said to have occurred in a railroad car recently between a young lady teacher, who also writes for the ——, and an old gentleman who had a notion that he could speak the English language:

OLD GENTLEMAN. "Are there any houses building in your village?"

YOUNG LADY. "No, Sir. There is a new house being built for Mr. Smith, but it is the carpenters who are building."

GENTLEMAN. "True: I sit corrected. To be building is certainly a different thing from to be being built. And how long has Mr. Smith's house been being built?"

LADY (*looks puzzled a moment, and then answers rather abruptly*). "Nearly a year."

GENTLEMAN. "How much longer do you think it will be being built?"

LADY (*explosively*). "Don't know."

GENTLEMAN. "I should think Mr. Smith would be annoyed by its being so long being built, for the house he now occupies being old, he must leave it, and the new one being only being built, instead of being built as he expected, he cannot—"

Here the gentleman perceived that the lady had disappeared.

The man of the Danbury *News* thus describes a recent mishap: Old Mr. Watson, on Nelson street, has got a nice little bill to pay. He sent a man down town for a pot of paint and a ladder. The man got the paint, and then went to a lumber yard after a ladder. Then he tied the paint-pot on the end of the ladder, and put the ladder on his shoulder. This was a very smart arrangement, and the man himself admired it very much. He started for home this very way, and didn't find any trouble in getting along the first block, because people had an impression that a long ladder with a pot of yellow paint dangling on the end of it wasn't exactly the thing to trifle with, so they balanced along on the curbstone, or rubbed up against the buildings. Pretty soon the man saw somebody in a store he knew, and turned around to speak to him, and drove one end of the ladder into a millinery case and knocked the crown out of an eighteen dollar bonnet. Then he backed off in affright, and knocked down two sewing machine agents with the other end. Then he started to turn around, and an old gentleman, who was desperately endeavoring to pull his wife out of danger, saw the peril, and shouted out, "Hi, there!" But it was too late. The pot struck against an awning post, tipped to one side, and the entire contents went over the aged couple. This so startled the man that he whirled completely around, smashing in an entire store front, frightening a milkman's team, and knocking over some thirteen persons who were actively dodging about to get out of the way. Then he dropped the ladder, and fled into the country, shouting murder and fire at every jump. A regularly ordained painter is now engaged on Mr. Watson's house.