

BRIC-A-BRAC.

FROM HORACE.

ODES II. 4.

BY R. W. B., MONTREAL.

A SERVANT-GIRL is it? Why blush
to declare
That you love her? Remember the tale
Of Achilles's captive, Briseis the fair,
How her beauty o'er pride could prevail.

Think of Telamon's son and Tecmessa his
prize,
But a waist had more charms than a name;
'Mid his triumph Atrides succumbed to the
eyes
Of the maiden he snatched from the flame.

A conqueror conquered!—Troy's hosts where
were they?
Their champion, Hector, was slain,
And, though weary, the Greeks made the city
their prey,
And levelled its towers with the plain.

Who knows from what parents those auburn
locks came,
The fair Phillis's head that adorn?
Of course she's a princess, her luck was to
blame
That left her thus homeless to mourn.

She can't have—as her lover, you know it
yourself—
Any vulgar relations; be sure
That one so true-hearted, so careless of self,
Was the daughter of mother as pure.

What neat ankles she's got, what an arm, what
a face,
Admiring, though heart-whole, I see:
I'm near forty, you know, 'twould be quite
out of place
To suspect an old fellow like me.

They were twins, were these two little
girls; and Pat said, 'Them gals is
cousins, ain't they?' 'No,' replied the
mother, 'they are twins.' 'Yees don't
say so,' says Pat; 'well, now, bedad,
they look enough alike to be sisters.'

'There is no rule without an excep-
tion, my son.' 'Oh! isn't there, pa?
A man must always be present while
he's being shaved,' 'My dear,' said pa
to ma, 'hadn't you better send this child
to bed? He makes my head ache.'

'The devil can quote Scripture to his
purpose.' And the Liberal party are
quoting Scripture about Lord Beacons-
field. They have wrung from the depths
of Genesis:—'But Benjamin's mess was
fives times so much as any of theirs.'

'I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young,
tender chicken from an old, tough one?'
'Of course I can.' 'Well, how do you
tell it?' 'By the teeth.' 'Teeth? why,
chickens have no teeth!' 'No, but I
have.' 'Good morning!' 'Good morn-
ing!'

Daniel Purcell, as he had the character
of a great punster, was desired one night
in company by a gentleman to make a
pun *extempore*. 'Upon what subject?'
said Daniel. 'The king,' answered the
other. 'Oh, sir,' said he, 'the king is
no subject.'

An American candidate was recently
addressing an election meeting, when a
man in the crowd interrupted him by
repeatedly shouting, 'What about the
Liquor Bill?' 'Well,' retorted the can-
didate, 'mine was uncommon high last
year; how was yours?'

Something like a fishing.—(Scene—
Lamplash Quay; two fishermen having a
confab.) 1st Fisherman—Wass you at
the fushin' last night, Tougal? 2nd
Fisherman—Yes, Archie, and we cot a
fush on effery hook, but if we'll wass oot
the night afore we was cot twice as more.

A celebrated clown once produced on
the stage a rusty sword. 'This,' said
he, 'is the sword with which Balaam
struck the ass.' One of the audience
replied, 'I thought he had no sword,
but only wished for one.' 'You're
right,' rejoined the clown, 'and this is
the very sword he wished for.'

As the happy couple were leaving the
church, the husband said to the partner
of his wedded life: 'Marriage must
seem a dreadful thing to you; why, you
were all of a tremble, and one could
hardly hear you say "I will."' 'I will
have more courage and say it louder
next time,' said the blushing bride.