

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE DEAD MOON.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

The moon is, in a state of decrepitude—a
d ad world.—[Proctor's Lectures.]

The moon is dead, defunct, played out ;
So says a very learned doctor ;
She looketh well, beyond a doubt ;
Perhaps she's in a trance, dear Proctor.

At any rate, she's most entrancing
For one of such decrepit age ;
And on her radiant beauties glancing,
She charms the eye of youth and sage.

And so the man upon her's perished !
He lived in doleful isolation ;
Poor wretch ! No wife his bosom cherished,
No children squalled his consolation.

Yet she's adored by all the gypsies,
Whose lovers sigh beneath her beams,
She aids the steps of staggering tipsies,
And silvers o'er romantic streams.

And once she caught Endymion sleeping,
And stooped to kiss him in a grove,
Upon him very slyly creeping ;
He was her first and only love.

But that's a very ancient story,
And was a youthful indiscretion,
When she was in her primal glory
Ere scandal schools had held a session.

Dear, darling moon ! I dote upon her,
I watch her nightly in the sky ;
But oh ! upon my word of honour,
I'd rather she were dead than I.

A countryman was solicited to buy a
Cyclopædia the other day, and he re-
plied that he would certainly buy one if
he was sure he could ever learn to ride it.

Old lady asks neighbour to look at
picture by her son : 'Come awa' ben,
Mrs. Smith, and see the new pentin' din
by our Jeems. It's a scene in Arran wi'
a horse an' kairt in't, an' it's sae weel
pentet that ye canna' tell the yin frae the
tither.'

A doctor, passing a stonemason's shop,
called out, 'Good morning, Mr. D., hard
at work ? I see you finish your grave-
stones as far as "In the memory of," and
then wait, I suppose, to see who wants
a monument next ?' 'Why, yes,' re-
plied the old man—'unless somebody's
ill and you are doctoring him ; then I
keep straight on.'

She sighed for the wings of a dove,
but had no idea that the legs were much
better eating.

The best and most thoughtful editors
now allow contributors to the waste-bas-
ket to write on both sides of the paper.

The minister asked the Sunday-school :
'With what remarkable weapon did
Samson at one time slay a number of
Philistines ?' For a while there was no
answer, and the minister, to assist the
children, began tapping his jaw with the
tip of his finger, at the same time say-
ing, 'What's this—this ?' Quick as
thought a little fellow quite innocently
replied : 'The jaw-bone of an ass, sir.'

THE ICE.

From the Boston Transcript.

Now the men are on the ice—
Crystal ice—
And they'll fill up all their houses in a trice.
How they giggle, giggle, giggle,
In the frozen air of day !
While the mercury runs lower
And their saws go never slower,
But up and down alway,
Like the stocks, stocks, stocks,
Or like Jacky-in-the box,
Through the crystal congelation that hides the
ponds so nice

With the ice, ice, ice, ice,
Ice, ice, ice.
Through the frozen aqua pura, through the ice.
In the summer, oh, how nice,
Cooling ice !
On the table what a blessing is a slice,
In the heated air of noon,
When the butter sinks in swoon
And the water is luke warm
And hard to drink,
And the flies about you swarm
Like the chickens on the newly plant-
ed farm !
Oh, to think,
As you hear the sound so nice
Of the cart all drip, drip, dripping with the
ice,

Once or twice
That the price
Does not pinch you like a vice,
A dollar for a slice
No thicker than the liquor
Of the ice, ice, ice,
Of the ice, ice, ice, ice,
Ice, ice, ice !
Oh, the ice cream ! oh, the cobbler ! oh, the
ice !