



Willie Well : " Oh ! look, pa, there's the Siamese twins."

Last Week and This.

Last week he spoke with glowing cheek
Of how the country he would save,
But now he's sailing up Salt Creek,
The State abandoned, posture meek ;
Is this the one would not be slave—
Last week ?

Last week his principles were high,
The man alone should get his vote.
" Give us but worth," was all his cry,
Corrupt is he, would sell or buy,
But yet he wears a traitor's coat—
This week.

Last week, a leaf he'd turn anew,
He'd self-denial teach to men ;
The flowing bowl he would eschew,
Excess from moderation grew,
And yet—and yet—he's drunk again—
This week.

Last week we all resolved to turn
This week to strait and narrow ways.
Last year's mistake would serve to burn
As beacon lights, the path to learn ;
Yet sure we'll do as other days—
Next week.

—D. S. MACORQUODALE.

Crying for the Moon.

O, yes, I have had a good dinner,
The viands were cooked to a turn,
The cook did the best that was in her,
Though our cook has no talent to burn.

Dessert gave no reason for flitting,
The jest and nut cracking, the chat,
Were all very proper and fitting ;
I have no kick coming for that.

I enjoyed a cigar after dining,
My pipe at this moment draws free,
I've no visible cause for repining,
There's nothing the matter with me.

My affairs are in fairly good seeming,
In which they bid fair to remain,
My wife is good humored and beaming,
And my health—well, I cannot complain.

If possessed of enjoyment and victuals,
You'll say that there's nothing I need,
But life's not all beer and skittles,
And I've nothing whatever to read.

—JINGLING GEORDIE.

We have since sent him a copy.—ED.

Mrs. Gayboy : " I see that lap dogs are all the rage now."
Gayboy : " Well, you supply the dogs and I'll supply the rage."