

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

The following poem, though old, is worthy of frequent reproduction. As has been often stated, it was found near a skeleton in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons; Lambeth's Inn, London, and was sent for publication to the Morning Chronicle. Yet though fifty groups was ordered by the executors of the author, his name has never transpired:

Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull,
Gloss'd with several spirit full;
Thus narrow oval was its setting,
This span was thought's rosy seat;
What beautious visions filled the spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
No hope nor love, nor joy nor fear
Left one trace or record here.

Mankind that mouldering bones
Once shone the bright and buoyant eye,
But stare not at the dismal vain;
Hisugal love that ev'ry employed,
It with no fancies first cleanse,
But through the daw of kindness beamed,
That eye shall forever brighten.
What stars and suns are sunk in night,

With this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and turbulent tongue,
Whose hoarseness made it distasteful,
And whom it could not praise was chanted
With such a voice as cause it spoke,
That silent no man durst break,
That silent no man durst break for thee
When time mixed mortality.

How did those fingers drive the plow?
Or with its ironed raiment strew?
To how the rock or wear the gun,
Can little now avail to them,
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
The hand a richer nest shall eke,
Than that which wove woe & wane.

Alas! whether bare or shod,
What the plow of life may find?
From the halls of home he fled,
To seek ill-fated bands of death,
A comrade's gunne bounces they spurned,
And home to virtue's standard rear'd,
To see with such a saws had won,
And tried the pathmark for ske.

TRACES OF HITCHING.

"Suppose," said his friends with a smile,
"A cold, raw day,
Should a little cold be well?"
What would the answer be?"

The master droves his dependents,
Himself with others ministered,
"We see the trials harder come,
You may live on, but we die."

And then he spoke: "Oh, my bridle,
I have no horses again;
You are no masters of my soul,
And there shall ever reign.

"I'll never tire of kindly deeds
To win your gentle heart,
And while he be the shaft that rends
Our happy lives apart!"

Upon her cheek the maiden felt
The melting blushes glow,
She took him for her faithful friend,
To share his widow's woe.

ESSAY ON WOMAN.

After many vain attempts,
And she has been after her own self,
She is a person of more exaction,
Her many ways of man's.

Indeed, know why Adam wanted to
away his life in this way, but I suppose he was not accountable for all his acts.

Woman is not an amorphous mass,
But she seems to know a good deal about
the peculiar merits of water, and teaches
them to her boy; whenever she smells
something strong than water on his breath.

It costs more to keep a woman than
those dogs and a staff-gunner.

But she pays you back with interest,
or giving you a multitude of children,
Keeps you awake at nights and sooner
loses cards on your play day east.

Beside a wife is a very convenient article
to have about the house.

She is a hand to wash at whenever
you get yourself with the rag and don't
desire blushing yourself.

Woman is the expert, being in Mass
classes.

There being about sixty thousand more
of her sex than males in that State,
This accounts for the female, hunted
down expression of the single men who
emigrate from the East.

Woman was not created perfect,
She has her faults—such as false hair,
false teeth, false complexion and so on.

But she is a good deal better than her
neighbor, as she knows it.

She was a woman.

She must have been a model wife, for
at cost Adam nothing to keep her in clothes.

Still, I don't think she was happy.
She couldn't go to sewing circles and
she her information about everybody she
knew, nor exists any of other ladies by
writing her new spring bouquet to church.

Neither could she hang over the back
lance and gossip with her neighbor.

All these blessed privileges were denied
her.

Poor Eve! she is dead now.

And the fashion she inaugurated is dead

also. If it hadn't been for the contouche,
"auk" perhaps the ladies of the present
day would dress as economically as Eve

did.

But the only place where this primitive
style is imitated is in certain portions of Africa where the women consider them
selves in full dress when they have nothing
on but a postage stamp stuck in the centre
of their foreheads.

What a beautiful example of similitude
does this show one of the followers of
Islam by their domestic animals, in the
which rises in the morning, washes his face
with its right hand, gives its tail three
times and is ready dressed for the day.

Woman is endowed with a tremendous
load of knowledge, and a tongue to suit.

She has the capacity for learning every
thing she was divinely intended to know
and a few extra items besides.

Young ladies had a good deal of stock
in classics and learn fast.

When you see a young lady student from
from Vassar, with an arched look in her
eye, and her lips rapidly moving, you can
distrust at once that she is memorizing a
passage from Virgil.

But perhaps a larger inspection will re-
veal the fact that she is only knowing
them.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a
lead pencil, or hold an umbrella, but she
can pick up a pencil to strike fire
anywhere in a one-horse wagon.

The happiest period of a woman's life is
when she is making her wedding garments.

The saddest is when the husband comes
home late at night, and tells to her from
the door steps to throw him a handfull of
knots of different sizes.

There are some real curiosities in femi-
nine nature.

For instance, I once knew a young lady

who could easily pass another one on the

street without looking to see what she be-
longed to—she was blind.

One of the most terrible a woman can
get into is being blind.

But it is not much worse than in-
audible walking—dread which is peal-
ing on the streets.

When a woman approaches a crossing
she makes for you floating instant, gives a
soft kick that would dislodge even a
Morgan mafing and catches her trail or
the floor.

There is no fun in chasing a girl when
you have to let it, and it is standing in
your face like a tree.

The best way is to lie in wait for her
and jump out when she is not looking; a
match to round the neck, knock her down
all in the gathering of her dress, and
bind up from her face, her eyes

are closed so tight you have to hold
them open to get a quick peep and think
about it.

The average age of a woman is about

twelve years.

She never lives to be very old.

Some of them look as if they were well
advanced in years, but you should not
judge by appearance.

If you will take the trouble to ask a
woman how old she is, you will get at
the best facts of the matter.

And discover that she is quite young.
She often passes her thirtieth year.

About which time she begins to bear
certain tokens to the family Bible.

Sometime she tries to explain why
women don't throw stones with the
same precision as the summer.

This is starting nonsense.

Women are unable to throw stones
with precision, but they can hit the mark
every time with a stick or a stick of
stone wood.

Explosives can't do that.

Women are not throwers, they are hard
to manage. It is a bad way to keep
a woman.

It is difficult to make her do in groups.

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