

JOSH BILLINGS ON BACHELORS.

A chronick old bachelor iz invariably ov the neuter gender, i don't care how much he may offer tew bet that it ain't so.

They are like dried apples on a string—want a good soaking before they will do to use.

I suppose there iz some uv them who have a good excuse for their nuterness; many of them are too stingy to marry. This iz one of the best excuses I know, for a stingy man ain't fit tew have a nice woman.

Some old bachelors git after a flirt, and can't travel so fast as she doz, and then konkludes that all the female group are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketched.

A flirt iz a rough thing to overhaul unless the right dog is after her, and then they are the easiest ov awl to ketch, and often make the very best ov wives.

When a flirt really falls in love she iz as powerless as a mown daisy.

Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fear, her spirs into a halter, and her pruning hook into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt iz to travel the other way from which they are going, or sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirt comes around.

Old bachelors make the flirts; and then the flirt gets more than ever by makin g the old bachelors.

A majority of the flirts get married finally, for they have a great quantity of the most dainty titbits of human natur, and alwus hev shrewdness to back up their sweetness.

Flirts don't deal in poetry and water grewl; they hev got tew hev brains, or else somebody would trade them out of their capital at the first sweep.

Disappointed luv must uv course be all on one side, and this ain't any more excuse for being an old bachelor than it iz for a man to quit all kinds of manual labour, just out ov spite, and jine a poorhouse, bekause he kant lift a tun at one pop.

An old bachelor will brag about hiz freedom to you, hiz relief from anxiety, hiz independence. This iz a dead beat past resurrection, for everybody knows there aint a more anxious dupe than he is. All his dreams are charcoal sketches of boarding school misses; he dresses, greases his hair, paints his grizzly mustach, cultivates bunyons and corns, to please his captains, the wimmen, and only gets laffed at for his pains.

I tried being an old bachelor till I wuz about twenty years old, and came very near dieing a dozen times. I had more sharp pain in one year than I have had since, put it all in a heap. I was in a lively fever all the time.

There is only one person who has inhabited this world thus far that I think could have been an old bachelor and done the subject justice, and he was Adam; but I hold it is every man's duty to seleck a partner and keep the dance hot.

A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."

Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream!"

For the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest! single blessedness a fib!

"Man thou art, to man returnest!" has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way,

But to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting, and our hearts, though light and gay,

Still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb driven cattle! be a heroine—a wife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant; let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act—act in the living Present! heart within and hope ahead.

Lives of married folks remind us we can live cur lives as well.

And, departing, leave behind us, such examples as shall "tell,"

"Such examples that another, wasting time in idle sport,

A forlorn, unmarried brother, seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set;

Still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.