



RECEIVED ON SUFFERANCE.

INTRODUCTION OF A WHITE MEMBER TO THE LIME-KILNS CLUB.

THE BENEDICT'S LAMENT.

In a woodshed murky and dim,
Where the air was chilly and raw,
A Benedict bucked in a buttonless shirt
As he sang the Song of the Saw.

"Oh! why was I e'er such a fool
As to give up my bachelor state,
And worry my life with a swell of a wife,
For such is my terrible fate.

"Take notice, ye friends of my youth,
And be warned by my horrible luck,
And look at me here as I sweat and I swear,
As I'm singing the Song of the Buck.

"For it's saw, saw, saw,
On maple and oak and pine,
For an hour each morn must this cordwood by sawn:
Then split into kindling fine.

"Oh! once I had nothing to do,
When I was a bachelor bold,
But to get up and "tub" then go down for my grub
When I boarded in sweet days of old.

"I had nothing to trouble me then,
Not a single dark care in my life,
But now I must toil, and perspire and broil,
Because—I have married a wife!

"Oh! were I an Indian brave,
The devil a stick would I saw,
But the "missis" I'd take to the woodshed and make
Her work till her fingers were raw.

"But no; I'm a civilized ass,
So I saw till my limbs all burn;
And I'm just like a moke lugging coal up, and coke;
And what do I get in return?

"To go buttonless, ragged and torn,
To wear seedy and shabby old clothes,
In order that SHE may quite a *la mode* be,
Cutting dashes wherever she goes.

"Oh! could I but do as I wish,
I would hire a man for the job,
But SHE says I am strong, and it doesn't take long,
And so I succumb with a sob.

"But its oh! for my bachelor days,
With their life of such freedom and ease,
When the shirt on my back ne'er a button would lack,
And no patches I had on my knees.

"But now I have done it, alas!
And stick to my pledges I must;
But oh! it is tough and uncommonly rough
To be forced to buck cordwood or—bust!"

Then it's buck, buck, buck,
With fingers bleeding and raw;
This man, once so pert, in his buttonless shirt,
Sang sadly the Song of the Saw.

—SWIV.

(The late Fred. Swire.)

A LOVING DAUGHTER'S LETTER.

BLANKVILLE, March 20th, 1886.

MY DEAR MOTHER: This comes hopping it will find you quite well as it leaves us at present, thank providents—dear mama, I am orful sorry to hear off your goings on since you left my tendor care, i here on the best orthority that you have took up with a young man since you got your knew stor teeth, and that he thinks you are quite a young widdo and not even a mother much less a grandmother. O mother how cudd you do such a thing and forget us all—but we hope that it is all a mistake or else that he has a lot of money, witch wood be some consolation to your sorrowin dawters. Can he afford to keap a buggy. We hoap he kan, & that yer will not think of livin out of Blankville but will take a fine heas there. How menny servents will you keap, not less than 5 and too manservants—but deer mama wealth haz its wresponcibiliz as well as itz comferts and you will be cawld to strict akount if yu dont use it rite—so i hope you wont forgett that yew have a fu dorters whoze huzbands are not so wel of as yue are now—theres mi poor self wants a nue silk dress—a nue bonet, a nue set of furze for winter and I dont no how menny mor things. but I wil make out a list and let you no the whole amount & mi deer boys to, both want sutch lots off things but i wont bother you with full particklars just now, so if you send me a check for 2500 dollers by return i will make it do and you can send me the ballence after.

Pleas let me hear from you soon. Dont forget the check—Remember welth has its responcebiliz. Love to my nue papa. Your dorter.

AMANTHY ANN.