

**BACHELOR BIGOTRIES:
COMPILED BY
AN OLD MAID AND
APPROVED BY A YOUNG**

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Bachelor Bigotries: Compiled by an Old Maid and Approved by a Young by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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BACHELOR BIGOTRIES

COMPILED BY AN
OLD MAID
AND APPROVED BY A
YOUNG BACHELOR

IN SPITE OF ALL THAT THESE PAGES MAY
CONTAIN TO PROVE THE CONTRARY . +

*"I know the thing that's most uncommon,
(Envy be silent and attend)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome, and witty, yet a friend."*

TO HER, MY SISTER, AND TO MY
BACHELOR BROTHER
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED BY THE
OLD MAID

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Bachelor Bigotries



January First

(AFTER WATCHING THE OLD YEAR OUT)

Half the night I watched the
heavens

Fizz like "81" champagne,
Fly to sixes and to sevens,
Wheel and thunder back again;
And when all was peace and order
Save one planet nailed askew,
Much I wept because my warder
Would not let me set it true.

—*Kipling.*

January Second

"Early marriages were misery; imprudent marriages idiotism, and marriage at the best," he was wont to say, with a kindling eye, and a heightened color. "Marriage at the best—was the devil."—*Lytton.*

January Third

THE BACHELOR

I'm Neverwed—
Well groomed, well fed ;
No giddy girl
Makes my heart whirl ;
No fair one's art
Can smash my heart ;
No Cupid's net
Snares me, you bet ;
No tether goes
Through my poor nose ;
I'm free !
See ?
And free I'll stay
'Till judgment day ;
I have not hats
To buy, nor brats
To squall
Through all
The night ;
I don't go home
'Till daylight's gloam
Unless I choose ;
I mix with men
And now and then

I take a glass;
But let that pass;
A great, great head,
Mine—Neverwed;
That's me;
I'm free!
See? —*Exchange.*

January Fourth

You hear that boy laughing—
you think he's all fun ;
But the angels laugh, too, at the
good he has done.
The children laugh loud as they
troop to his call,
And the poor man who knows
him laughs loudest of all.

—*Holmes.*

January Fifth

Woman's at best a contradic-
tion still.—*Pope.*

January Sixth

Love—sentimental measles.
—*Charles Kingsley.*

January Seventh

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love ;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove.
Look abroad thro' nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change.
Ladies, would it not seem strange
Man should then a monster prove?
Mark the winds, and mark the
skies,
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow,
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why, then, ask of silly man
To oppose great nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can do no more, you know.
—*Burns.*

January Eighth

We love in others what we lack
ourselves,
And would be everything but
what we are.
—*R. H. Stoddard.*