

THE MILESTONE.

Along the road two Irish lads,
One summer's day were walking.
And all the while, with laugh and grin,
In lively strain were talking--

About the fair, about the girls,
And who were best at dancing;
While at each pretty face they met
Their eyes were brightly glancing.

And so they strode for many a mile'
And grew in time quite frisky;
And now and then, from lip to lip,
They passed the darling whisky.

At length, a big stone standing close,
Not near the edge, but on it;
And straightway up to it they went
To read what was upon it.

They read, and quickly doffed their hats.
With sorrow on each face;
Then lightly stepped above the sod,
And turned to leave the place,

"Spake low, we're near the dead" cried one,
"His grave we'll not be troublin';
God rest his sowl! 100 and 10!
His name is 'Miles' from Dublin".

Found on an Australian newspaper archive site and dates from at least the 1880s.

**Paddy was walking through a graveyard when he came across a headstone with the inscription "Here lies a politician and an honest man."
"Faith now," exclaimed Paddy, "I wonder how they got the two of them in one grave."**