



REPENTENCE.

JIM CROW (*who has gone down to the dock where repairs are in progress*)—"Fo' de Lord, Mars' Debbel; you let me off dis on time! I didn't mead fo' to take dat chicken, and I'll put 'um back, ef yo' gib me one mo' chance, good Mars' Debbel!"

"LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE."

A GLORIOUS legend truly to write on city walls!
I muse and ponder o'er it till about me twilight falls;
A twilight of the mind, in which I somehow find,
The words grow dim and meaningless, because twist them and me
Rise up 'strange things that will not down, that point with bitter glee
Alternately at these three words and at the things I see.

I see bold vice with brazen brow go flaunting in the streets,
Hail fellow, well met! everywhere, by every one she meets,
Young children look into her face and Innocence is slain,
Youth grovels at her feet and dwarfs the growth of brawn and brain.
The aged father unashamed walks pompous by her rules
And womanhood dethroned, disgraced remains, the butt of fools;
Yet when a-flush, I ask *monsieur* why is it such things be?
He shrugs his shoulders—spreads his palms—"C'est la Liberté."

Here Citizen Republique, democratic to the core—
Boasts of his titled ancestry, *encore* and yet *encore*!
While Jacques and Jeanne's one little girl, uncared for and half fed,
Roams at her sweet will in the street the while they toil for bread;
Pourquoi? The army costs so much, the Germans we must thrash,
Jacques, ignorant, can't help himself, so he must pay the cash.
But Jacques must eat! *Eh bien!* Then tax his bread, wine, *fricassée*
And luxuries let lightly off—"C'est l'Egalité."

Fraternity! oh blessed name, fraught with millennial dreams
"When man and man shall brothers be" and all be what it seems.
Yet—who are those we daily see, their faces limned with pain,
Fished up in yonder net that spans the waters of the Seine?
A-begging work they walked these streets, these splendid boulevards,
Where all is gay and beautiful, where pleasure naught retards,
Till in despair with one fell plunge they sped from life away,
And here they lie and grimly smile—"Vive la Fraternité."

Aye—here the dream is realized, the travestie of life
Mocks them no more with empty sounds, here peace succeeds the
strife.

Equal at last of prince or peer, the majesty of death
Crowning poor brows ploughed deep with care to keep the mortal
breath.

This braggart trinity of words, transfixed by those still eyes
Here on these damp walls of the Morgue at length no longer lies;
"La liberté, Egalité, Fraternité—Go to!
Obliterate, write over it, "Life here is for the few."

JAY KAVELLE.

Paris, France, 1888.

WANTED.—A bagpipe player, who is also an organist and singer
—state lowest salary. Apply to, etc.—*City Paper*.

Her nainsel will play ye a pibroch fu praw
A strathspey or fine reel o' Tulloch and a';
Put she'll no like ta pig kist o' whistles ava,
An' she'll sing like a mavis forbye, man.

Oh, her nainsel ta pipes she can screw them up weel,
An' ta fierce battlo slogan she'll soon mak them squeal;
Put ta pig kist o' whistles' is Satan ta deil
An' ta pad wicked music forbye, man.

Mirofer her nainsel will sing ye ta sang,
Or ta psalm or ta paraphrase ten verses lang;
An' she'll skirl up "Duke Street" or "Majesty" strang,
An' soond ta C pitchfork forbye, man.

Put ta organ! ta pig kist o' whistles? na! na!
Ta goot Presbyterian pipes she'll can blaw,
Put ta bad kist o' whistles! gae 'wa! gae 'wa!
She'll think ta hoof's cloven forbye, man.