



The Devil's Soliloquy.



(Suggested by hearing a man speak disparagingly of a young girl.)

One night as the devil sat musing alone
In the midst of his cozy warm fire,
And trying to figure the difference in
guilt

'Tween a thief and an all-round liar:

His memory turned to the scenes of his
youth,
And his eyes filled with hot boiling
tears,
So he took down his ledger and turned
to the page,
Dated about six thousand years.

"I suppose," he exclaimed as he glanced
through his book,
I am doing the best I can,
For my business denotes a continual in-
crease,
Ever since the creation of man.

I've cribbed a good harvest for six thou-
sand years,
And should be content with the yield,
And give my opponent permission to
have
The gleanings that I leave in the field.

I've gathered a very diversified crop
Of merchants and lawyers galore;
I've bound politicians in bundles until
Every one of my fingers are sore.

I've fiddlers, gamblers and insurance
men;
I've murderers, forgers and liars,

And filled up the furnace with green
Democrats
Till they actually put out the fires.

I've railroad conductors and doctors to
spare;
Horse traders and preachers to spend;
Republicans, Populists, Tories and
Whigs—
And two or three newspaper men—

But there is one class, I'm happy to say,
Can never gain entrance here:
Their souls are so dirty, I'm sure that
they would
Demoralize hell in a year.

I refer to that thing, neither human nor
beast—
The carrion crow of the world—
Who never is happy unless he can feast
On the wreck of an innocent girl.

A million of years in my warmest of
rooms
His slander would never atone,
So I give him a match and advise him to
start
A select little hell of his own.

With his fingers he lit an asbestos cigar,
And placing his book on a shelf,
He muttered, 'I may be a very bad man,
But I've got some respect for myself.'"
—Anon.



I leaned across the orchard gate,
And held her struggling head;
Why was I then so cruel, pray,
And so full of dread?
She struggled hard, she struggled long.
I can see her, even now,
As I looked into the brown eyes
Of our dear old brindle cow.

—Ex.

PON'S SOLILOQUY.

I still have hope, though long ago
She scorned my offered heart and hand
And to another gave her own.
He riches had and spreading land.
I love her still! I still have hope!
To me she never seemed so dear,
For she is as fair as aye—and rich—
And's been a widow now a year.



English History puzzles me—
I never can see why



After so many reigns
It still should be so dry.

