

His sphere would not completed be
 Were he not to sing and play,
 While crowds pass by the other way,
 See saw—see saw—see saw he grinds all day.

Ah! were hackney'd songs denied him,
 'Then welcome death's repose;
 Ah, yes, for him in death repose—
 In death would I repose—I'd repose.

[Enter INEZ, R. down steps, a very lively little girl on the skip and the jump.]

INEZ.—Now, now, now, it is time you were coming in.

LEO.—The night air is so damp and chill, you can almost hear the interest *falling dew* on Boyle's promissory paper.

INEZ.—Yes, there are too *money drafts*, but tell me of that love of yours. It is, I am sure, the sweetest romance that ever engaged attention. Who is he?

LEO.—

Who? Manrico?

Ah, how well I remember the day, I think
 We first met down at the skating rink,
 Around we whirled to the music of the band,
 We're over there, Inez?

INEZ.—

Oh! yes, at the Grand,
 I went with little *Dorby Taylor*,
 But our skating was quite a failure,
 For he immediately had a tumble,
 And I over him did stumble.
 When next I skate—

LEO.—

Well, what then?

INEZ.—

'Twill be when *dar be* better men.
 But tell me.

LEO.—

Yes, at the rink we met,
 And I fell in love with him, my own sweet pet.
 It was a fancy skating carnival.
 A quaint and glittering throng was gathered there.
 The night air was cold and clear, while the dazzling
 Rays of the electric light shone down 'neath
 The waving branches of the evergreen,
 Which breathed that winter's night upon a scene
 Of sparkling youth and gaiety. There were
 Dark Moorish damsels there, Don Juans,
 And fancy señoritas serenading;
 Queens of the night, images of the stars,
 And those who depicted Greek and Roman lore;
 Fair ones robed in dominoes, and others
 In the many fantastic guises
 Of a modern masquerading carnival

INEZ.—How beautiful it must have been, but why not call it just scrumptious at once. There would be less words to look up in the dictionary.