

A NOCTURAL SKETCH

Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will.
Now bulls of Bashan of a prize size, rise
In childish dream, and with a roar, gore poor
George or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly;
But nurse-maid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears (What faith is man's!) Ann's bans
And his, from Rev. Mr. Rice, twice, thrice—
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout-out
That upward goes shows Rose knows those beaux
woes.

—THOMAS HOOD.