

A NOCTURAL SKETCH

(To make this effective, the rhyming words must be given as though occurring spontaneously to the mind of the reciter.)

EVEN has come; and from the dark park—hark!
The signal of the setting sun—one gun;
And six is sounding from the chime—prime time
To go and see the Drury-lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's doubt spout out,
Or Macbeth, raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his fanatic clutch—much touch;
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses, as no other man can span,
Or in the small, Olympic pit, sit, split,
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon night comes; and with her wings, brings—things,
Such as with his poetic tongue—Young sung.
The gas upblazes, with its bright—white—light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl,—howl,—growl
About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sall,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs,—robs fobs.
Now thieves, to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley in a deep sleep, creep,
But, frightened by Policeman B. Three,—flee,
And, while they're going, whisper low, "No go."
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads.
And sleepers waking, grumble "Drat that cat,"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls