

A MAN HUNT

Stop thief!—there he goes—
He runs like a deer ;
On his heels the crowd close
In pursuit with a cheer.
Up alley, down street,
Round the corners like mad ;
He staggers—he's beat—
Knock him down. Bravo, lad !

He's down in the mud—
How they clutch at his rags !
They've hurt him ; the blood
Trickles down on the flags.
Poor devil ! How white
Is his face—and his eyes
Are starting outright,
And he gasps and he cries,—

“ Let me go, in God's name !
Let me go if you're men.
I know I'm to blame,
I'm a thief—well, but then