

### THE SOMNOLENT SHERIFF.

---

In a quieter part of the Court House Block,  
 The Sheriff sits under a grandfather clock,  
 In silence so deep that the clock's tick-tick  
 Resounds all over the bailiwick.  
 The drowse of fatigue from his work well done,  
 From ten until four (but on Saturdays one),  
 Invites him to slumber—it's not really wrong—  
 And sleeping we hear him repeating this song.

“Fill the form for praecipe,  
 File the fi. fa. with it's fee.  
 Furnish with solemnity  
 Absolute indemnity  
 For all fees and poundages,  
 Claims, demands, and damages.  
 Goods you tell me to collect,  
 I've a reason to reject;  
 Rest assured I'll not attempt  
 Seizure on the things exempt.  
 Satisfy all unpaid vendors,  
 Take the lowest of all tenders;  
 Pay up, if you have the means,  
 Two or three outstanding liens,  
 Then accept, with much content,  
 A dividend of one per-cent—  
 Fancy fees a fellow earns,  
 In Nulla Bona Writ Returns!”

He cons over names, from a big black book,  
 Of indigent debtors, at so much a look;  
 Signs a few warrants that come in the mail  
 Committing unfortunate souls to the gaol;  
 Helps in a most vicarious way  
 To put a poor murderer out of the way.  
 Then to Assizes, undoubtedly bored,  
 Slumbers away on the hilt of his sword—  
 And so I suppose will continue to sit  
 Till called by the Angel in Holy Writ.

WILFRID HEIGHINGTON.