

Which ill concealed her stony stare,
And added much to her austere air;
While poor Penelope wondered where
They could go to escape from Englewood *mere*.

*(The mother majestically fades away and Bobbie
comes upon the scene.)*

This is the brother, a little boy,
Whose presence at times was wont to cloy;
For he always felt the keenest joy
In juvenile purposes to annoy.
And when Penelope was most coy,
His fiendish arts he would employ,
And her and her beau's chagrin enjoy.

(Bobbie is withdrawn.)

This is our prologue, then, in this
You see our *personæ dramatis*.
If anything you may take amiss,
Please have the politeness not to hiss.
I know I shall show the dire abyss,
Into which poor Plato was hurled from bliss,
From venturing near a precipice;—
The awful end of an ill-timed kiss.