

I pray you all who have heard this lay,
Fearfully turn your heads away ;
For I've come to the point where I must say,
That those, for whom firing spoils a play,
And who wish to leave the audience, may ;
For each small boy must have his day,
Or rather his night ;—so go or stay.

(The enemy intimates his plan of operations, and suspends hostilities till non-combatants can retire.)

The bird in the lovers' hearts still sang,
But was soon to feel the serpent's fang ;
For a loud report through the chamber rang,
And the weapon went off with a dreadful bang.
High in the air young Plato sprang !

(The enemy having placed the fire-cracker in the pail, applies the match and the explosion follows.)

While we have seen young Plato soar,
And the wicked Bobbie sneak through the door,
Penelope lay upon the floor,
Pale and presumably drenched in gore.
We see the curtain drop, before
Old Englewood, with a muffled roar
Strode in, and smote young Plato sore.
Dropped he, like pine on barren shore.
Together they lie—in clotted gore.

E. D. F.

T H E E N D