

SEQUEL.

Twenty inquests held by one named J——s,
 On fractured limbs and broken bones;
 A judgment like this much atones

For the errors of the Party.

But juries' verdicts never lie,

They all agreed, and so do I,

Those men were killed by too much pie—

The Pie of the National Party.

There was only one who got off free:

That individual was me;

The whole thing's bust—the Pie's U P,

And so is the National Party!

PAUL FORD.

