

CHAPTER II.

MODERN FURIES AND CHIMERA.

The scandal crush was past. Sir John A. Nero, Sir Leonard Judas, and Sir Charles Stuart had often met and plotted together, seeking how they might regain their lost power. No definite plan had been made as yet. The election was drawing nigh. A strange metamorphosis came upon Sir Nero, Sir Judas and Sir Stuart. Their faces were like the faces of women. Their eyes were like coals of living fire. Their hair, which reached their waist, was a mass of hissing writhing serpents. Their mouths were like the mouths of alligators and filled with all sorts of filth; from which issued all kinds of deceit and corruption; by which the minds of men were led astray and caused to imagine vain things. Their tongues were like snakes tongues and beneath them lay the poison bag, calumny; the main spring of the Neroite existence; and their only hope in a time of need.

Now gentle reader you will bear with me while I tell you the reason those worthies are named as above.

Nero, noted as the most barbarous of Roman emperors, set fire to that magnificent city, and ever and anon, as the flames towered up to the sky and the crash of falling houses sounded loudest on his ear, he sang in tones of triumph the song of burning Troy.

Sir John A. Nero, noted as the worst of the Beaver's statesmen, by a match known as the National Policy has laid in ruins the interests of the poor man; and ever and anon as the wail of the starving population surges on his ears, a sardonic smile lights up his brutish visage and he can be heard to mutter: They go down and I go up; as the money leaves their pockets so cometh it into mine. I crowd them in