

To the side of his nose, he just said, "Ho ! Ho !"
 "Don't you wish you may get it ? my Johnny Crapeaud."
 This magical sign as a talisman served,
 And Johnny Crapeaud was completely unnerved.
 Like dog caught in larder, he uttered a roar,
 And, tail twixt his legs, he rushed to the door,—
 Bell, book, and candle, near leaving behind :
 The last, by ill luck, was blown out by the wind.

XX.

How the quarrel might go, 'twere not easy to tell,
 But he took the back door, as he rushed in the dark,
 And the steps being gone, to the bottom he fell ;
 And thus he got rid of "the vital spark."

XXI.

'Twere well it was so,
 For a terrible blow
 Now fell on the Pope !
 As much would have more,
 John Bull closed the door,
 And the ill-gotten wealth
 Of the Jesuit brothers,
 For the good of their health,
 Was given to others ;
 Chapels and lands
 They quickly changed hands ; [re-marked it,
 And the grounds round St. Michael's—no doubt you have
 Were turned at once to a New Central Market !