

VII.

The people went home through the sultry night,
 In a murky mood and a pitiful plight ;
 Not more had the rockets' sticks gone down,
 Than the spirits of them who had " been to town ;"
 Not more did the fire-balloon collapse,
 Then the pride of them who had known mishaps.
 There were feathers ruffled, and tempers roiled,
 And several brand-new dresses spoiled ;
 There were hearts that ached from envy's thorns,
 And feet that twinged with trampled corns ;
 There were joys proved empty, through and through,
 And several purses empty, too ;
 And some reeled homeward, muddled and late,
 Who hadn't taken their glory straight ;
 And some were fated to lodge, that night,
 In the city lock-up, snug and tight :
 And that was the way
 The deuce was to pay,
 As it always is, at the close of the day,
 That gave us—
 Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !
 (With some restrictions, the fault-finders say,)

That which please God, we will keep for aye—
 Our National Independence !

THE END.