

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.—And her eyes like the stars which guide the Dominion, borrow their light from the *Smasher*. That will do.

GEORGE.—But I hope, sir, she will acquire none of the enlightenment of your “special blackguard.” It is, I assure you, almost as impossible for me to sit down at this moment as it would for one of those cherubs who are represented all head and wings, and who, holy though they be, have one characteristic of hell, as described in the sacred writings.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.—Now that you are in our party, remember that you have no business to think for yourself, sir. We’ll do all that for you.

GEORGE.—I am too happy to fight on that argument. Come, Angelina, and let us seek to realize the unexpected turn events have taken.

ANGELINA.—O George, how happily everything has turned out! May the union between your honest father and the party of purity be symbolical of ours (*advancing to the footlights*).

Nay, do not wonder that both hurled us to perdition,

For our policy undoubtedly was—*coalition*.

Nor could he or I be said to be

Impartial—since each was *parti-pris*.

Can *we* be harsh on parties—one or both,

That to coalesce—they were nothing loth?

Yet as so ruthlessly young hearts they’d crush,

Ere on one side a factious straw they’d brush.

The sad suspicion will force itself unbidden

That by both parties country’s overridden.