

FIT THE EIGHTH - THE VANISHING.

They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care; They pursued it with forks and hope; They threatened its life with a railway-share; They charmed it with smiles and soap.

They shuddered to think that the chase might fail, And the Beaver, excited at last, Went bounding along on the tip of its tail, For the daylight was nearly past.

“There is Thingumbob shouting!” the Bellman said. “He is shouting like mad, only hark! He is waving his hands, he is wagging his head, He has certainly found a Snark!”

They gazed in delight, while the Butcher exclaimed “He was always a desperate wag!” They beheld him--their Baker--their hero unnamed-- On the top of a neighbouring crag,

Erect and sublime, for one moment of time. In the next, that wild figure they saw (As if stung by a spasm) plunge into a chasm, While they waited and listened in awe.

“It’s a Snark!” was the sound that first came to their ears, And seemed almost too good to be true. Then followed a torrent of laughter and cheers: Then the ominous words “It’s a Boo-”

Then, silence. Some fancied they heard in the air A weary and wandering sigh That sounded like “-jum!” but the others declare It was only a breeze that went by.

They hunted till darkness came on, but they found Not a button, or feather, or mark, By which they could tell that they stood on the ground Where the Baker had met with the Snark.

In the midst of the word he was trying to say, In the midst of his laughter and glee, He had softly and suddenly vanished away-- For the

Snark was a Boojum, you see.

THE END.