

At length, a minute's silence having reign'd,—
 He said,—“Pray, gentlemen, you will make known,
 “Or at least, the meaning you have deign'd
 “To mark in this incomprehensive tone,—
 “The compliments, your voices have maintain'd
 “No doubt, most flattering adulations own,
 “How'er, you've not been understood, in these,
 “More than the cackling of so many geese.”

Here came a roar,—“It may be fun, no doubt
 “For all of you,—I can't say the transaction
 “Of being brought at dead of night from out
 “A comfortable bed, much satisfaction ;—
 “But being of small use, to fume, and pout—
 “Knowing particularly each protraction
 “Would only bring my doors down, and my dishes—
 “Pray, have the goodness to explain your wishes ?”

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“Joy to Baptisto, and his wife ; some cried
 “Who were the most offenceless of the crowd,—
 “Let's drink a health to the elected bride,”—
 “The more impetuous call'd with voices loud,
 “Crown him with horns then, if it is denied
 “Come, come, no wavering ;” others there avow'd,
 Whilst some most forward in this resolution
 Stepp'd forth to put the threat in execution.—

They took the ill-starr'd bridegroom, and without
 Much preface to the matter's agitation,
 His forehead with the antlers round about
 Encircled soon, like any coronation,
 Tho' not with so much fuss, and useless rout
 And dire expence to put folks to taxation,—
 This difference also,—that it cost Baptiste
 Full thirty gallons of old rum, at least.—

They plac'd him on the quadruped, and hail'd him ;
 With wishes bountiful of every sort,
 And with much ridicule, and jeer assail'd him—
 But all in Humour's laughter loving sport,
 And he took all in patience which avail'd him
 More than inflam'd resistance, or retort,—
 And at each salutation frankly bow'd
 To the obsequious wishes of the crowd.—

And after some short time's inauguration
 They led him to his door, with cheers, not hisses,
 “Prince of good fellows,”—was their exclamation,
 Whilst some relented, they had marr'd the blisses,
 Of one short half hour's space,—by the creation
 Of this same frolic, not so sweet as kisses,
 But as there's Time for all things,—we may say
 The future hours repaid, the past's delay.—

And having got Baptisto to his bed
 Once more—in safety to his heart's delight
 And all the crowd dispers'd who had been led
 To join in sports, which Custom form'd, not spite,
 And which, I trust, will ever still be said ;—
 Tird of my idle rhymes,—I wish, Good night,