

His brow in sweat, his soul in perturbation;
Mindless of trees, and bushes, and the
brambles,
Head over heels into the lane he scrambles.
Where Hob stood lost in wide-mouth'd
speculation!

'Speak,' roar'd the President, 'this instant—say

'Hast seen—hast seen, my lad, this way,
'The Emperor of Morocco pass?'

Hob to the insect hunter nought replied,
But shook his head, and sympathising
sigh'd

'Alas!

'Poor Gentleman, I'm sorry for ye:

'And pity much your *upper story*!'

Lo! down the lane alert the Emp'ror flew,
And struck once more Sir Joseph's hawk-
like view;

And now he mounted o'er a garden
wall!

He rushed Sir Joseph at the garden door,
Knock'd down the gard'ner—what could
man do more,

And left him as he chose to rise or
sprawl.

O'er peerless hyacinths our hero rush'd;
Through tulips and anemones he push'd,
Breaking a hundred necks at ev'ry
spring:

On bright carnation, blushing on their
banks,

With desp'rate hoof he trod, and mow'd
down ranks,

Such vast ambition urg'd to seize the
King!

Bell glasses, all so thick, were tumbled
o'er,

And lo! the cries so shrill, of many a score,
A sad and fatal stroke proclaim'd;

The scare-crow, all so rid, was overturn'd;
His vanish'd hat and wig, and head, he
mourn'd,

'And much, indeed, the man of straw
was maim'd.

The gard'ner now for just revenge up
sprang.

O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,
And fiercely in his turn pursued the
knight!

From bed to bed, full tilt the champions
rac'd,

This chac'd the knight, the knight the
Emp'ror chac'd,

Who, seal'd the walls, alas! and van-
ish'd out of sight;

To find the Empress, p'rhaps, and tell her
Grace

The merry hist'ry of the chase.

At length the gard'ner, swell'd with rage
and delour,

O'ertaking, grasp'd Sir Joseph by the col-
lar,

And bless'd with sav'rite oaths, abun-
dant show'rs;—

'Villain,' he cried, 'beyond example!

'Just like a cart-horse on my bed: to
trample,

'More than your soul is worth, to kill
my show'rs!

'See how your two vile hoofs have made
a wreck—

'Look rascal, at each beauty's broken
neck!

Mindless of humbled show'rs, so freely
kill'd,

Although superior to his soul declar'd,
And vegetable blood profusely spill'd,

Superior, too, to all reward;
Mindless of all the gard'ner's plaintive
strains,

The Emp'ror's form monopoliz'd his
brains.

At length he spoke, in sad despairing
tones,—

'Gone is my soul's desire, for ever gone'

'Who's gone?' the gard'ner strait replied—

'The Emp'ror, Sir,' with tears Sir Joseph
cried—

'The Emp'ror of Morocco—thought my
own!

'To unknown fields behold the monarch
fly!—

'Zounds, not to catch him, what an ass
was I!

His eyes the gard'ner, full of horror,
stretch'd,

And then a groan, a monstrous groan he
fetch'd,

Contemplating around his ruin'd wares;
And now he let Sir Joseph's collar go;

And now he bray'd aloud with bitterest
woe,

'Mad, madder than the maddest of
March hares!

'A p—x confound the fellow's Bedlam
rags,

'Oh! he hath done the work of fifty pigs!

'The devil take his Keeper, a damn'd
goose,

'For letting his wild beast get loose.'

But now the gard'ner, terrified began
To think himself too near a man,

In so Peg-Nicholson a situation;
And happy from a madman to escape,

He left him without bow, or nod, or
scrape,

Like JEREMIAH, midst his Lamenta-
tion.

TRANSLA-