

(Instance July, or August,)—then to follow
 A mode of dress in some way made, reticular—
 Is pleasanter assuredly than wallow
 In woollens,—which ('twixt you and I, auricular
Id est, in secret,) is the nastiest fashion
 Of keeping up, a violent perspiration.—

However, as the atmosphere now stood
 Some cloaths, at least, had not been deem'd unpleasant,
 But yet, Baptisto,—(whether Fear imbued
 A certain glow, when Nature effervescent
 Is thrown out in a warm perturbed mood
 From hurry or from danger,)—still at present
 Stood, a uncover'd, as the gods of old
 Nor even, once, had shiver'd with the cold ;—

At length some servants bursting in the room
 Brought back his startled faculties to reason—
 One pale with fright, one sobbing at her doom,
 And some half naked, tho' in that cold season,—
 And all exclaiming, " Do pray, master, come,"—
 Whilst, Betty, with his drawers,—said, " Sir, put these on." *
 And John, tho' frighten'd as the maids, nought saying,
 And the two Catholics,—crossing themselves, and praying,

And there was Annette bursting into tears
 And calling to her spouse,—love, do you venture
 " Without the doors,—those vile Chari-variers,
 " Will seize you then,—or in the house will enter ;"—
 But to all this, Baptisto,—(tho' his fears
 Had made upon his feelings an indenture)
 Nought said,—but putting on his dressing gown
 And inexpressibles, and cap, went boldly down.

All, was still uproar without side the walls
 As it was fear within,—the shrieks,—the cheering
 With the incessant, undiminish'd calls
 For poor Baptisto,—who, at length appearing
 Brought forth a clap, like that when thunder palls,
 And startles every sense, and deadens hearing,—
 And made the street, so echo with the strain
 You would have thought, Chaos had come again.—

* * * *

Now, to my tale again,—Baptisto stood
 As you may well suppose,—betwixt the feeling
 Of Pride, and Fear ;—as any person would
 Who saw a hundred looks,—before them dealing
 Their jibes and ridicule in waggish mood
 And many other different modes, appealing
 To the splenic organs, which arouse
 The bile, in every cause, which we espouse.—

He tried addressing them,—but at each trial
 The horn, and whistle rose in treble shakes,
 With the harsh scraping of an old crack'd viol
 And an odd sound such as the cuckoo makes
 In spring-time ;—each attempt had a denial
 Sufficient to arouse all nervous aches ;—
 Then follow'd murmurs, with an oath or two,
 At which the laughter more excessive grew.