

For it was of a lower station,
And wore such marks of degradation,
So therefore they'd confute it,—
And such a noise there was about it.
An awful fuss and clatter,
Some thought old nick from hell was routed,
And that's what was the matter.
But of this beast I ne'r could learn
Exact about his grace or mien,
Or whether, showing in his turn.
He waved the orange, blue or green ;
Or like a priest, clad to the feet
With cloak, he hid his sins complete
With modest air and features pale ;
Or like a dragon, with a tail
Whose end had double fangs upon,
Like as a whaler's long harpoon.
Whether he was tall or hunky,
Or small, as a mischievous monkey ;
Whether with hands and legs and feet
He walked upright upon the street,
With arms and limbs and every feature
He wore the likeness of a creature ;
But all agree'd he had the power
To come and go at any hour,
In any shape, in any mood,
And on the city's rights intrude ;
To bring man level with a frog,
And turn a dandy to a hog.
Ah hapless lot ! it grieves me great,