

With this modest request at the City Hall.
 So he got in a sleigh,
 And trotted away.

But the nice little page,
 Though sharp for his age,
 Never once dreamt they would do such a thing
 As into the fire the letter to fling !
 But such was its fate ; and exit the page,
 Banging the door in a terrible rage,
 And homeward he hastened, his tale to tell.
 “*Mon Dieu !*” “*Sacre Dieu !*” then slowly fell
 From Johnny Crapeaud ; who, with dignified look,
 Now called for his candle, his bell, and his book :
 ‘ I’ll crush this rebellion,—I’ll go to the Hall,—
 “ I’ll have what I ask for, or curse them all ! ”

IX.

Now, the curse of a priest, as the poets sing,
 Was in days of yore a terrible thing ;
 If in *tender* compassion the fair sex were spared,
 The weight of their vengeance aye fell on their “ laird ! ”
 And oh ! I am told, ’twas a terrible sight
 To see how the horns could grow, in a night,
 From the brows of the husband on whom this curse fell,
 And left him a prey to the torments of hell !

X.

The Board still assembled ;
 The Bishop came in ;