

THE BEAST.

It was a common saying throughout the Village of Mount Hope, (or City, as some call it,) that "when a man was drunk the Beast was let loose."

THERE is a place on Gladford's soil
Which bears the name of MOUNT HOPE CITY,
Where once there was an awful broil
Amongst its rowdies, fold and nitty,
Which spread abroad, from old to young,
And caught the wonders of the witty ;
Nor did it end like an old song,—
For if it had 'twould been a pity,
It would have ended all the fun
And left the city doubly lone.
But for to tell about the spree
It seems all parties don't agree,
And what the noise was all about
'Twas hard indeed to make it out ;
For one amidst the noise and clatter,
Could hardly tell what was the matter ;
It seems, as by the story ran,
There was a Beast—some call'd it man,
While others would dispute it.