

The sound increas'd ; 'till thundering at the door
Palsied her delicate limbs,—her voice forsook
Its musical domain,—whilst her lord's snore
Still groan'd aloud,—again,—again, she shook
(For her tongue fail'd,) more sharply than before,
When with a sudden, startled bound, which took
All her remaining power away, with fright,—
Baptisto jump'd, and rais'd himself upright.

Unconscious of the noise ;—he star'd around
(For Reason had not yet retaken its sway)
And hurried forth these words of queerest sound,
“Holo,—my wife's not dead,”—away,—away.”
“Annette, Annette,” then with his arms he wound
Here lovely form,—all speechless as she lay,—
“Why, what's the matter,”—whilst returning sense
Reliev'd him, as he heard the blows intense.

The noise was strange,—but stranger still his figure,
Who, in his night-cap, and his shirt up, jump'd,
And seizing an old pistol,—held the trigger
Ready for bloodshed,—whilst his nerves now pump'd
All his heart's courage, which swell'd somewhat bigger
As the shouts bellow'd louder, and hands thump'd,
And opening forth, the shutter there beheld
A sight, as if the city had rebell'd

Against his marriage ;—there were men, and boys,
And, God knows who, all ; some with blacken'd faces
And some with masks,—those hypocritic toys
Which libel Nature into odd grimaces ;
With every sort of implement for noise,
Join'd to the yell of fools, and bray of asses,—
But above all,—one group, equipp'd and dress'd
Deserves to be describ'd, beyond the rest.

Within the centre, on some quadruped,
For whether horse, or poney, mule, or ass,
Would be most difficult to say,—as spread
Over its hide were things of every class
Which Folly could procure, or Fancy's head
In ridicule or satire so amass,—
But on this animal of some queer genus
There sat a youth,—though not the boy of Venus.

But one whose raiment mimic'd all the dyes
Of the bright Iris, with its varied hue,
Bepatch'd, and harlequin'd,—with paunch, whose size
Surpass'd Sir Hudibras', or Falstaff's too ;—
And 'ge cas'd within a mask's disguise,
To which vile Caliban, in every view
(Not yet comparison, more closely follow)
Had seem'd Antinous, or Apollo.

But of the strangest part of this strange wight,
There rose majestically high, array'd
A pair of horns, which in their towering height
Surpass'd most antlers, which were e'er display'd
By stag, or goat, and seem'd a pattern quite
Or I may say, a sign of some odd trade,