

"*Ma volonté*—be de law," he exclaimed with a shout,  
 'That brought from the ceiling  
 Some symptoms of feeling,  
 Whilst echoed the walls this Episcopal rout.  
 But the Board, if you please,  
 Seemed quite at their ease,  
 And Johnny Crapeaud  
 Soon saw 'twas "no go!"

So he cursed them at board—he cursed them at bed—  
 And every evil called on their head;  
 He cursed them eating as well as drinking;  
 He cursed them sleeping, waking, winking;  
 He bid them dream of the devil at night,  
 And prayed they might wake in a terrible fright;  
 To these, he added many things worse:  
 In truth, it was a terrible curse!

Then he raised his eyes,  
 With a look of surprise,  
 For—no body seemed one copper the worse!  
 Now, whether "The Chair" was moved by the curse,  
 Or shook at his knees,  
 Or dreaded to sneeze,

My muse does not say; but I've heard people tell  
 He threw him a sign,  
 Which I cannot divine,

But must leave that to some "Worshipful Deputy Grand,"  
 I can only describe what he did with his hand:  
 The left hand he put out—the fingers he spread—  
 The tip of his right little finger he led  
 To the thumb of the other,  
 And raising its brother