

And looms in our remembrance still,
 The scene of it is break-heart Hill ;
 The time, one Sabbath afternoon,
 About the month of May or June,
 Or, if 'twas in the season later
 That does make very little matter.

When on his oath, forgetting then
 (For ministers are only men,)
 And difficult 'tis to exempt
 Some of the cloth from our contempt,
 And it is just as like as not
 His antecedents were forgot,
 Or else he did not deem it scandal
 To maul a horse with a hoe handle !
 At least the clumsy looking stick
 Was just as long and just as thick,
 More like a fencing stake than whip,
 It came down on the garran's hip,
 And had a deputy to aid
 Him, in the savage onslaught made.
 Returning home from preaching, down
 In the precincts of Lawrencetown ;
 And by his measurement of pain
 The jaded creature did complain ;
 And yet the sinner loudly prated,
 Because a dog we had checkmated ;
 That nightly with a burglar's aim,
 Unseen our visitor became ;