

A large Tape Worm
Five Yards long
With a *Spool of Cotton*
in his mouth,
and his Body filled
with Blood as Black
as the Ink of the
Witness,

Extracted from Robson's
Billious body,
By Surgeon *Barnes,*
Barnes, Barnes,
with the help of
One of his own D'ls.

A Travelling Pulpit
Made by *M' Ewen,*
For the New Missionary,
On the Shubenacadie Line,
With a Whining Sounding Board, and (And the *Bell* [Jos] being taken off
Mock Velvet Cushions
and Seats,
Manufactured by
C. D. Hunter !!!
And well secured by
some of Joseph Seeton's
"Patent Weights"
The Pulpit to be moved
As "Rolling Stock"
From Shanty to Shanty,
on a new Wheel-barrow
Invented by *P. Ross,*
And used with great success
For carrying home at night
Such unfortunates
As drop in the streets
From the *falling sickness* !!
The whole of the above
Rolling Stock
To be insured in
The "Alliance,"
By *G. C. Whidden* !
Oh ! Churchill, Churchill,
Sleek, solemn, and sly

Degenerate son
of the Pious Wesley !
You did not blow
Whitfield's Trumpet
When you reared havoc,
And let slip
Such Dogs of War
As *Gregor and Twining* ! !
And the rest of the Pack,
On your poor Neighbours ! !

Will the Ranter,
Having now *shut up*
the "Winders"
of the Blind Bard of Avon,
Must try his hand
on Peter Gregor !
Peter—Peter !
Jock's shears are sharp,
(And the *Bell* [Jos] being taken off
your neck,)
Won't leave a lock of wool
On your sheeps' clothing !
The wolf's skin—
Ears and all,
Will be then visible ! ! !
O Peter,
Those ears of yours
Want three crows of a
Rooster !
To touch your heart !
You and Twining
will convert the Romanists
By making them feel
That *your* Religion
Teaches you to rob them
of all their rights
and privileges ! ! !
What stupid Papist
can resist
such a
Version of the Bible
as that ! ! !
Lay the Corner-stone
of a new Temple