

Who does within his sphere the best he can,
 That will not swindling take, nor meanly act,
 Nor pledge his word, and then his word retract;
 Scorning to wrong, or in the least deceive
 Such men as those with open arms receive.
 There's some I know who smile but to betray,
 And set their traps to catch you on their way
 With fair prolific words to lead astray—
 Of such be careful and aware alway.
 Yet, the profession's honourably good,
 Tho' oft disgraced by some of knavish blood;
 No 'Court of Chancery' in their guilty breast,
 They live and die unpitied and unblest!
 Not so the man who pleads for the distressed,
 He's valued here and Heaven gives him rest.
 I know of one deep skill'd in knavery,
 His name is * * *, to tell is forbidden me—
 He lives where 'mills' to him proximate be.
 Not like the 'miller' who takes part for toll,
 Whate'er you leave with him he takes the whole;
 His 'light complexion' marks no deeds of light,
 His deeds, dark as the darkest shades of night.
 Again my subject changes to the breath
 That far exceeds a pestilential death!
 'Tis the proud scoffer of religion's ways,
 And those who weekly meet on sabbath days,
 God's mercies to recount, and sing his praise.
 And when my friend from here that you do go,
 You'll find this man six leagues from *Point Lepreaux*;
 No consort's love his daily comforts spread,
 He eats alone a thankless Deist's bread.
 Sometimes a rustic youth does seek his door,
 And lays his 'bag of yarn' upon the floor—
 The yarn and warp consigned unto his care,
 He soon assails the youth concerning pray'r;
 The christian's creed to his astonish'd ears