

That petitioner once had a heart of his own,
As light in his breast as a feather on stone—
Always airy and buoyant, and free as a joke,
While petitioner had but tobacco to smoke.—
That all things went smooth, for his title was clear,
'Till th' one thousand eight hundred and forty-
fifth year

Of our Lord—when a chubby-fac'd, plump little
pimp,—

With the face of an angel and heart of an imp,—
Gave petitioner cause for this formal complaint,
By playing off tricks that would torture a saint !
That lately, while sitting devout in his pew—
As all christians on Sunday, of course, ought to do—
Petitioner, deeming no evil was near him,
Rais'd his eyes to the parson—the better to hear
him ;—

And to prove that petitioner could not be blind,
Your ladyship's pew—was directly behind.—
And further, to prove that complainant saith true,
Your ladyship slept not that Sunday in pew !
That the foul little pimp herein mentioned before—
Got he in at the window or in at the door,
Or down through the stove pipe, so slyly did poke
His chubby face out from your ladyship's cloak,
With arch, sidelong glances depicted upon it—
And partly conceal'd by your ladyship's bonnet—

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