

Who accorded him kind treatment,  
Showing they were Christian people,  
Who had hearts to feel for others.  
Among the former, one old fellow  
He will sketch for an example,  
An example and a warning  
To others who may feel like-minded.  
This old fellow, Thomas Lacquey,  
Lives upon the First Concession  
Of York Township, near Toronto;  
A vulgar name and designation  
Is the one that he possesses;  
From old times the designation  
Of a low-born menial servant—  
Of a mean and vulgar creature—  
—A fawning spaniel—a lick-spittle,  
Waiting at his master's table  
With a look abject—obsequious  
For the crumbs that fall beneath it.  
Prompt to do his master's bidding,  
Caring only for his wages,  
And for nothing else in nature.  
Let Our Traveller with the Valise  
Take a pencil—draw a picture  
Of this fidgety old fellow—  
An example and a warning,  
As a warning unto others  
Bowed and bent in mammon worship.  
Here we see this grim old fellow  
Placed on a pedestal before us,  
While his photograph is taken,  
As a picture for the people  
Who may read this little volume.  
A wrinkled forehead and sharp features;  
His cheeks are sallow and unshaven—  
His nose not Grecian nor yet Roman,  
But resembling much in outline  
The curved beak of hawk or vulture.  
Slightly humpbacked and round-shouldered,  
Long arms, with large hands pendulated—  
His long, thin legs inclining inwards,  
Where the knee caps are fixed on them;