

And in our *lock-up* without grudging,
 Was favour'd with a few hours lodging ;
 Nor martyr-like with a *Te Deum*,
 Had been embalm'd in the Museum.

Perhaps he did not know that we
 Were present then and there to see,
 The outrage on the poor dumb brute,
 Made by him, and his substitute ;
 But, one Cole harbourite at least
 Denounced his treatment of the beast,
 And cursed the wretch such reckless blows,
 Could on an animal impose.
 No doubt that Gaffer was aware
 A justice Shallow was not there,
 But culpable it were to skip,
 That relic of his preaching trip.
 Such cruelty had never been—
 Ere then in all Cole harbour seen,
 Nor will again, since dogs became
 Synonymous with Gaffer's name.

Ah ! now we are forgetting quite
 The epitaph we have to write,
 Which if we do, our readers will
 Imagine that we treat them ill ;
 And lest it disappointment give,
 We'll now resume the narrative.
 There's no apology to make
 About the zig-zag course we take,