

They will understand that better science
Which sums up pounds, shillings and pence,
Than that hollow, *light poetical art*
That couldn't give them enough to hire a cart.

What matters it, if we should learn how
The Greeks, Romans or others did know
We, humble followers of those masters,
Are nothing than poor imitators?

HUMBUGS

*Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.*

SHAKESPEARE, Son. cxxi.

The world, I am afraid, is all over the same !
It is none the less for this or for that a great shame
That we should see so many ills and quacks prevail
In every department of life: it is wail.

Everybody seems to have no other thought
Than vices and devices with which all is fraught;
And which must give more power and have deal more sway
Than good sense, charity or other points could weigh.

Struggle for poor and dear life has come to that extent,
That all will run, dance, laugh, cringe and even invent
Harmful gossip, plausible stories and biggest lie,
To get what will give them power sky high.