

So I, with eyes as weary,  
Have scanned the splendours dreary  
Clubs and their world display,—

Whose palaces majestic,  
Home's humbler life domestic  
Affront with their array

Of marble courts and basements,  
And silk-encurtained casements,  
And cedarn corridors,—

Where supercilious dandies  
Discuss belles, bets, and brandies,  
And wear their hats indoors,—

Where Scandal sneers and sniggers,  
And quotes its facts and figures,  
And Bore to Foggy prates ;

Where by a law inhuman,  
The fair face of no woman  
May shine within the gates ;

Where Manhood scoffs at Marriage  
That can't afford a carriage  
Nor keep a house in town ;

Where Self sits "in excelsis,"  
And cares for no one else's  
Enjoyment but his own.

Call ye these halls—Elysian ?  
The term is a derision,  
They're mongrel monast'ries !

For I hold our Sire's opinion—  
Outside of Love's Dominion  
There is no Paradise.