

Since Adam was made, or at least since he fell,  
 In transgression he was the beginner ;  
 Now the man must be wiser than me that can tell,  
 A real saint from a double-faced sinner.

Man wears a fair face, though he smears not with  
 paint,  
 For I think it's religion he uses ;  
 While he cheats like a rogue, O he smiles like a  
 saint—  
 His profession he sadly abuses.

From the diademed head that is decked with a  
 crown,  
 To the oily-tongued pauper that's pleading,  
 Strict honesty, goodness, the rules they lay down,  
 While deceit in their bosom is breeding.

They wrap themselves up in religion's broad cloak,  
 With the wiles of the serpent they meet you ;  
 But their smile and pretences are only a mock ;  
 They array in that garb—just to cheat you.

'Tis the natural impulse in man I believe—  
 We have proof every day that unfolds it ;  
 They will cheat, lie and scheme, their best neigh-  
 bor deceive,  
 With a long serious face they uphold it.

You will meet them in various color and shade ;  
 With deceit underneath holy armor.  
 In every branch of profession or trade,  
 From a lord to the green-looking farmer.

The preacher he tells you earthly things to resign,  
 Or you never can merit salvation ;  
 But he changes his theme from devout and divine,  
 Calls on you for a liberal donation.

Some doctors will make you believe you are sick,  
 When a short trifling illness affects you.  
 Their pills and their powders are often a trick,  
 For your cash they would almost dissect you.

State your case to a lawyer, how he smiles with a  
 charm,  
 Proof of honesty you would not ask it ;  
 Till he hands you a bill near as long as your arm,  
 Lawyer's conscience equals elastic.

Ask the merchant of dry-goods how his cloth will  
 wear,  
 Quite regardless of soul or his body :  
 Good, excellent, yes—he will boldly declare,  
 When too oft they are nothing but shoddy.

Some grocers they mix things to such a degree,

It would give ample scope for a novel ;  
 If your wife wish to give you a good cup of tea  
 'Tis so weak she might use a scoop shovel.

See that honest-faced farmer, do you think he will  
 cheat ?

Yes, he will, but he thought I forgot 'em,  
 Selling apples, potatoes, coarse grain, yes, or  
 wheat,

You will yet find some fraud at the bottom.

There are traders and agents in this garb may be  
 seen,

When their truth will to falsehood surrender ;  
 Though they sell from a match to a reaping mach-  
 ine,

They will cheat like the old witch of Endor.

I have not mentioned half that is obvious to you—  
 In my language I fail to portray them ;  
 Among fair-faced professors, alas, there are few  
 But are wanting—if justly you weigh them.

Don't wear a false cloak, you are better with none,  
 Let not this advice fire your passion ;  
 But if the cloak suits you, I say put it on,  
 But don't make your religion a fashion.

#### MY POETICAL DOOM AND THE VOICE OF MY FRIENDS.

Where is the man without his foes ?

Such favored one I wish to see—

For I have mine as people knows ;

They aim their wicked ruthless blows,

And strive to injure me.

In word and action try—

Saying his rhymes we are tired of them ;

There is naught to be admired in them ;

Poor scribbler, he must die.

The winter nights, when I have time,

With a few leisure hours to spend,

I try some simple, homely rhyme ;

But never dreamt it such a crime

As would produce my end.

My foes shout loudly fie !

His rhymes so weak and shallow seem,

A tortuous task to follow him,

He and his muse must die.

They do their worst with tongue and pen,

The bitterest foe can do no more ;

They tell it to my fellow-men,