

I'd write a book that would instruct
 Better than novels, that conduct
 Unto the heart at which they peep,
 But pierce not its recesses deep.
 Proof against each deceptive look,
 I would write for the world a book,
 That infallibly would embrace
 Each secret, veiled by ev'ry face, 130
 Of envy, jealousy and hate,
 Which no good man could contemplate,
 Or survey not half of the whole
 Without humility of soul.
 Secrets that never should---but no,---
 The levee is dismissed ; all go
 To the carriages, coaches, hacks,
 The drivers with oaths and loud whacks,
 Force the horses ' to get along'
 Through the dense and opposing throng. 140
 Now through the streets the horses rush,
 And the passengers, daub or brush
 With puddle, who can only curse,
 Or bless themselves it is no worse.
 The heavens roar, the black clouds teem,
 The horses plunge, the women scream.
 Now Essex bridge incessant groans,
 And Carlisle bridge takes up the tones.
 The Queen's, too, chimes in with the rest,
 And bloody bridge with consumptive chest. 150
 Crazy windows take up the song ;
 While tiles and slates are blown upon
 Some unhoused and unhappy wight---
 On a rich one they seldom light.

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