

Like his great prototype in scripture hear
Miller loud bray, nor know, nor thought, nor fear,
Who, if nought else he proves at least we see
From his example miracles may be,
For who that heard him bray but once, could pass
In doubt the tale of Balaam's speaking ass.
With gentle arts and soft persuasive talk
Mild Meredith controls his little flock,
By wolves sore ravaged on that fatal day
When N.P. visions vanished far away—
But let them pass in pity, not disdain,
Nor to such sufferers cause unneeded pain.

E'en such they are, row packed on row they sit,
Tho' strong in numbers yet how weak in wit,
Endowed with every power to legislate
Save that thin layer that underlies the pate,
Noisy and confident, but blest, alas!
With scarce the understanding of an ass.
As she of whom some haply in the word
Have read devoutly or from pulpit heard
Who many a virtue, many a grace possessed,
But lacked one thing the noblest and the best,
So they altho' by 'greatest good' impelled,
Yet brain the one thing needful is withheld.

Arcadian simpletons! yet more of praise,
The grateful bard must still prolong his lays.
Conservators of virtue! few alas!
Not ev'n the *Mail* thy efforts can surpass,
To stir corruption with a vigorous hand
And make for vice, one cess pool in the land,
Shocked, as our streets you nightly prowled about
All innocent—"Star gazing"—I've no doubt)
To be by 'dollies' jostled, ogled, stared,
God grant! they left your morals unimpaired)
Homeward you turned our wickedness deploring,