

Men are presumed as equal in their rights,
But even a fool admits unequal might;
And strength has always laid its load and scorn
On the bowed shoulders of the brainless born.

But truce,—of all the hateful tasks of time,
'Tis stringing platitudes of truth in rhyme;
To make a truism in verse taste high,
Drape in a half-exaggerated lie,
Trim it in mystery and euphonious sound,
Then the omniscient world exclaims, profound;
Places the volume on its dusty shelf
And deems it almost deep as is herself.

Not these for us; our aim is so to write
That common-sense approves our modest flight;
And rather one sound truth well understood
Than fifty beauties, warped and misconstrued.

Howe'er, to end this uncongenial task,
The muse removes grim Satire's hated mask;
And weary of the subject, theme and style,
Re-reads her couplets with a pitying smile—
Example apt for analysts abstruse,
And caustic scribblers vomiting abuse.

Ye gentle gentlemen of shoreless brains,
Spare her, I pray, your intellectual pains;
What you may scrawl we neither know nor care;
Nor wit, nor hate can deepen our despair;
And were it fitting, with our theme and verse,
We well might end with a misanthrope's curse;
But that we would not have omniscience find
An acrid Timon, hating all mankind.