

Who robed with manners, all their laws obeying,
And screwed his mouth to whine, instead of braying;
Then brought him forward as a candidate,
To share their pomp, their pleasure and their fate.

Too proud he is to condescend to know
When satisfied; with soul too dull to glow;
That stays for ever small, for ever cold;
'Twill freeze the devil e'er he get a hold;
And heart that spreads contagion through his blood,
Turning to bad the glimmering spark of good.
Though fit for any deed that lust could start,
And riches to complete it means impart;
And though his cheek's impenetrable brass,
A curb remains—in brains he is an ass;
And lacks the skill that devils do possess,
To lay their plans and make their schemes progress,
While conscious that he was by Nature slighted,
And all his prospects of a villain blighted;
And while his puny soul is chaffed to see
His neighbors prosper in their deviltry;
By fate compelled, he condescends to fill
A meaner sphere, yet be an equal still.

More characters there are, but what's the use
Of rhyming still on such a weak excuse;
The wretches are unworthy of a place
In print at all, even though its to disgrace;
Nor are they benefitted by't for they,
Like other fools, refuse to mend their way.
As well go preach to yonder herd of mules
Of Egypt's lore, or ancient Athens' schools,
As talk to them of truth and manliness,
For these are traits they never will possess;
And may, since darkness oft with words increases,
Be wiser e'er one speaks than when he ceases.

O! wretched age, with scarce a breathing place
In the depraved and more abandoned race