

Make up a dinner stint and stale,
 All whose expense she would curtail.
 Her thriftiness the miser lauds :
 Cursed is the butcher that defrauds. 190
 He rails loud at the chandler too,
 So dear his candles, not his blue.
 The coal merchant he does not spare ;
 The milk man comes in for his share.
 With imprecations too he speaks
 Of the woman that cried the leeks,
 Of the baker, of ev'ry one
 To whom his cash, tho' small, had gone.
 Such profusion he's griev'd to see !
 The housekeeper's prodigality 200
 He ill rewards, by adding still
 Another thousand to the will.
 She's heiress to most of his pelf,
 For famishing him and herself.
 I would'nt be as that cursed man,
 For all the wealth the Andes can
 Disembowel, no, not for all
 That sparkles on or in this ball
 Of earth---possessor of the whole,
 I would'nt be with that miser's soul : 210
 Whose troubled mind I would not take
 With an archangel's might and make :
 Nor tho' throughout creation sent,
 Heaven's acknowledged vicegerent.
 The supreme honour I'd refuse,
 And with humility would choose
 The lowest rank of life to fill,
 With a mind at peace, and a will

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