

The world, as it is, in its wanton selfishness,
 Becomes more in favour of and runs for riches.
 Art, science, painting, poetry, feeling, perchance,
 Shall no longer prosper; they are looked askance
 As slurs on stupidity, ignorance, favour,
 When, now-a-days, every thing depends on number.

“Brass, cheek, impudence, common parlance seem to glim
 “Bright above benevolent persevering vim;
 “And must side with malice, prejudice, cowardice
 “Which make up what's required for worldly device.

THEIR LADYSHIPS

*Feigned gentility, appearance more acceptable
 Than real worth, virtue, knowledge, sterling qualities
 Which would put a slur on, make people quake to forties.*
 E. C.

I know not how many of those for evergreen
 Whom I have more than once or many a time seen,
Who, as ladies or women, did not really know,
 Because they were by nature more fit for the plow,
 And yet belonged, they said, to a first class band,
The difference between their left or their right hand.

It's indeed most ludicrous to hear them so speak
 Made up words and sentences as some of their streak,
 To impress and try and make knowing people believe
 They learned something else other than mend a sleeve.
 You'll see them for hours deaf, mute and dumb,
Not to know what to do, except look at their thumb.