

Are raised above the level of the race,  
Where day and night alternately they grace  
With gambling, revelry, adulteries, oaths,  
And every dirty crime that heaven loathes ;  
And dwell in palaces themselves have built,  
With corner-stones of pride, and laid in guilt ;  
And rise amid green lawns and waving trees—  
Apparent spots of luxury and ease—  
Whose walls magnificent suffice to hide  
The deeds corrupting and the vice inside:  
There virtue hides her blooming face for shame,  
So long neglected by the maid and dame,  
Who bustling by with proud and giddy air,  
And painted face, and false or powdered hair,  
Sneer at the nymph whene'er they chance to meet,  
Or trample it in scorn beneath their feet.  
There Bacchus cheers the idiotic rabble,  
Until the mansion has become a stable :  
And every brute, blessed with a nobler form,  
With liquor stupid and with lusts as warm,  
Grown tired of his stall—the easy chair,  
Seeks on the floor a wider berth than there.  
And where the devil does with them engage  
To harm the simple and pollute the age ;  
Nor come to hell alone but bring a throng,  
Who felt through them the malady of wrong,

But, these unknown, the stranger who beholds  
The wealth and joys—apparent—it unfolds ;  
And lords polite who strut with smiling faces,  
(For each has two for different times and places,  
As suits his pocket best) struck with surprise,  
Thinks o'er and o'er the thought that it supplies:  
"Strange, is it not, how some win wealth with ease,  
While others who have more propensities  
To gather gold, yet benefit mankind,  
Are to the bounds of poverty confined ;  
Or, won at all, by days and nights of toil,  
And e'er enjoyed the grave has claimed its spoil :