

“That all is gross deception and deep ignorance,”
That good whene’er produced is but the “work
of chance.”

JOHN, then, was discontented, but, as yet,
He hardly knew at what. He had, ’tis true,
Been taught to read and write, and now he could
With tolerable ease his wages tell
In figures; beyond this point his mind
Was yet untutored: smarting now beneath
The goad of poverty at home, and keen
Reproach and haughtiness abroad, his mind
Began at times to feel its dormant power.
He now his former gay companions shunned,
And solitude when not at work he sought;
He felt most keenly, and he would have thought,
Had he material for thought possessed.

SNARL saw the state poor JOHN was in, and knew
This was the time a hearing to secure,
So, wily as a serpent, he began
His victim to instruct, or to allure.

Most truly we have reason to be vexed,
First with our parson, who, to-day for text,
Told us how “poverty well suits our state
Probationary here—it does create