

Nor bid him learn is truth and pride combined.  
 Or virtue found in an apostate mind.  
 Vain is the show, and has its just reward,  
 When 'tis by all rejected and abhorred !  
 Gorgeous without, all filthiness within—  
 A glossy coat to hide a man oi sin.

A blundering gowk the world in him contains,  
 Whose character is buried 'neath its stains !  
 Yet, thinks, because the village fools applaud,  
 That all his deeds are overlooked by God ;  
 While lucre-minded, lazy, impudent.  
 His useless life for prided self is spent ;  
 And gains his living just as gains its spoil,  
 The subtle serpent that with slimy coil,  
 Slowly itself around the victim winds,  
 And, powerless for ever cruelly binds.  
 He scarce is known outside where he resides,  
 Or only known for what through him betides ;  
 And ever has, since from the first consigned  
 To self alone, lived but to rob mankind.

And, yet, the aristocracy is formed  
 Of characters like him, whose selves adorned  
 With polished manners and becoming grace,  
 Win in society the foremost place ;  
 Yet, keep the unprotected in alarms,  
 And are remembered only for their harms.

Fat Bumper is the next—another scribe,  
 Acknowledged rogue, and glory of the tribe ;  
 With arms so loving that he could embrace  
 The rich, if not the poor, of all the race ;  
 With heart so tender that 'twould freely give,  
 (Though it were his only means by which to live)  
 The beggar's mite to jingle in his purse,  
 And call it righteousness to do no worse.  
 Who from the morning services divine.  
 Goes home to feast and giggle o'er his wine ;  
 And shuffle cards while lighter fingers play :  
 And pass in revelry the hours away.