

whate'er his Boast, has told me, *He's a Knave*;
 His *Duty* 'tis, to love Himself *alone*;
 nor care tho' Mankind perish, if He smiles;
 Who thinks ere long the Man shall *wholly* die,
 is dead already; nought but *Brute* survives.

And are there such? — Such Candidates there are
 for *more* than Death; for utter Loss of Being,
 Being, the Basis of the DEITY!

Ask you the *Cause*? — The Cause they will not tell;
 Nor *need* they: Oh the Sorceries of *Sense*!

They work this Transformation on the Soul,
 dismount her like the Serpent at the Fall,
 dismount her from her native Wing (which soar'd
 ere-while ethereal Heights), and throw her down,
 to lick the Dust, and *crawl*, in such a Thought.

Is it in Words to paint you? O ye Fall'n!

Fall'n from the Wings of *Reason*, and of *Hope*!
 Erect in Stature, Prone in Appetite!

Patrons of Pleasure, posting into Pain!

Lovers of Argument, averse to Sense!

Boasters of Liberty, fast bound in Chains!

Lords of the wide Creation, and the Shame!