

Oh these railroad speculations and this mad race after gain
I think the time is fully come when men may now complain
Talk of German steel and Polish miseries states are singing
What are they to the people who from speculations springing

My husband once he was a gay but now he alters more
He looks as if he bore the weight of nations on his brow
I need but note his countenance the expression there will tell
Without my ever asking him if things are going well

His face seems quite benighted now but the other day
Instead of boys he did me send the goldsters out to play
And when I asked for dinner would he like beef soup or fish
He said my love some exotica or any shares you wish

To watch him with the newspaper a terror to his mind
He reads and mutters shuffles up and muddles down I see
Great matters what is his they move and stir I fight that let
On an advance like this I should two thousand pounds have got

Thus only yesterday I asked him evening for the ball
He turned and said the women mind and there he had such a
A difference of five hundred pounds to me or what they cost
So strange I never hear of gains but only what has lost

But then if things are going well he is so pleased and kind
And answers yet to all the wants my memory can find
A silver coin a ten pound note my girls new frocks to get
But somehow things are sure to change and soon we had them yet

Again he knows so queer a set he seldom shows his face
But well his shares are looking up and down nothing new
Good time to buy south western now they've had a little fall
Perhaps should you near my office pass you will give me a call

I really hate the name of share and railroad's delirium
For dabbling in these vainous things endangers my husband's net
Parables like his thirst for gold which when within his grasp
He will not touch and for a time the happy chance is past R. S.

Advice To A Young Lawyer

Whenever you speak remember every cause
Stands not on elegance but stands on law
Pregnant in matter in expression brief
Let every sentence stand with bold relief
In trifling points not time nor talents waste
A sad offence to learning and to taste
Not eat with pompous phrase nor ever respond
Pithy flights belong to reasoning gross
Less exclamation may receive the crown
And seem more striking as it grows more low
But sober sense rejects it with disdain
Its weight but empty noise and weak as rain
The path of words the school-boy's vain parade
Of books and cases all his stock in trade
The just conceits the cunning tricks and plays
Of low attorneys stowing in long ways
The unsavory jest the petulant reply
That shatters on and cares not how or why
Studious avoid unworthy turns to scorn
They sink the speaker and disfigure the morn
Lest the false lights by flying shadows cast
Leave men when present and forgot when past
Begin with dignity approach with grace
Each ground of reasoning in its time and place
Let order reign throughout each topic touch
Her urge its power to settle or to move
Give each strong thought its most attractive view
See fiction clear and yet severely true
And as the arguments in splendor grow
Let each reflect its light on all below
When to the close arrive make no delays
By petty flourish or verbal plays
But sum the whole in one deep solemn strain
Like a strong current hastening to the main