

DUST AND DISEASE.

OF the wonderful things that lie round us concealed,
 How much have the true Sons of Science revealed!
 Good Faraday long was the foremost of these,
 And now Tyndall has told us of Dust and Disease.

If a long beam of light crosses through a dark room,
 It seems peopled with motes that shine bright in the
 gloom:
 But the gay dancing things, that the gazer thus sees,
 Are in fact nothing better than Dust and Disease.

Around us, above us, on all sides they float:
 They light on our skin, and they slide down our throat:
 Though we don't feel or see them, yet go where we
 please,
 The atmosphere's laden with Dust and Disease.

All the varying ills to which flesh is an heir,
All the foes of both body and mind may be there.
Lusts and Fevers that burn, Fears and Agues that
freeze,
May be mixed in these atoms of Dust and Disease.

All places alike these intruders infest,
And 'tis thought that St Stephen's is none of the best :
Where Faction and Folly are busy as bees,
There will always be plenty of Dust and Disease.

In Westminster Hall, where the Lawyers convene,
These pestilent particles ever are seen :
Where wrangling and wrath can be hired with big
fees,
You are sure of a market for Dust and Disease.

The Church should be free ; but some heretics say
That at present the Vatican's in a bad way :
And some other Assemblies of learned D.D.'s
Are perhaps not exempted from Dust and Disease.

The Dissenters are thought a peculiar people,
More pious than those that sit under a Steeple :
But some one-sided views and intolerant pleas
Seem to savour a little of Dust and Disease.

But what of the Doctors? are *they* without flaw?
Is Medicine more pure than Religion or Law?
I suspect that some even with Doctors' degrees
Love to kick up a Dust and shake hands with Disease.

Diplomacy dresses her visage in smiles,
To conceal all the better her treacherous wiles:
But behind her false front a keen critic may seize
On strong proofs of her traffic with Dust and Disease.

Where Fashion and Luxury glitter like gold,
But where Beauty is bartered and Honour is sold,
Though the surface show little to shock or displease,
Yet beneath,—all is Misery, Dust, and Disease.

Some attacks on the lungs, that of woe would be full,
Are repelled by a filter of loose Cotton Wool:
But a barrier of brass, or a *chevaux-de-frise*,
Won't exclude some descriptions of Dust and Disease.

How long will these poison-germs stifle the day?
When will Truth's blessed light shed a purified ray?
When will Phœbus send heat, or Favonius a breeze,
To destroy or disperse all this Dust and Disease?