

Epitaph

ON A WELL-KNOWN MONEY LENDER OF LONDON.

Being in want of money to attend the Normal School, and holding a mortgage on fifty acres of our old homestead for the sum of five hundred dollars, just one fourth of the sum for which it was sold, and on which there was no other encumbrance, I applied to this man to negotiate the mortgage, which bore six per cent. interest and was payable in three equal annual instalments, and of which time nine months had expired. After hearing a statement of my need, and the particulars of my claim, he told me to bring him an abstract of the title, and if satisfactory he would give me fifty per cent. of the face of the mortgage. I was too indignant to reply, and quit his office immediately. I walked over to the market, near by, and sitting on the beam of a sample plow left on view on the corner of the market square, I composed the first six lines, and the rest was composed as I rode home. It was simply an outlet for my just indignation. I put it on paper the next day and laid it away, and thought little more of it till I resolved to publish, and then I called it forth. It may in some measure show that a rich man cannot always with safety put his foot on the neck of the poor.