

* Of suff'ring thousands who a year before
Contagion stricken languish'd on this shore:
They died uncounted, were interr'd in heaps—
And nought to tell us where a kinsman sleeps—

A few days more—only a few days more!
And we debark upon the destined shore:
As thoughts of separation came to mind
Ill feeling fled, and left but feeling kind:
Even the ship, we first could not abide,
Felt like a home to which affection tied—

How well for man that he can thus arrange his
In all the changes that in time o'ertakes him:
You may dethrone, imprison, and exile him—
Yet even then, what simple thing beguiles him!
The conqueror of kings, the giant mind
In dungeon with a mouse may solace find!

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The corant ended—the musician tired
Too suddenly for lissome ones that gyred!
Yet few made wonder, for the whistler's lip