

for the body that would already have its tomb; for, oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colours of death's picture, only those who have been near the grim original can tell. But, thanks be to God, I arrived within call of my own door, where, help being at hand, the wolves were dispersed, and I was saved.

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### SONG OF THE TYPES.

In a dismal garret and dingy town,  
Where the Rhine's blue waves are flowing,  
Old Guttenberg conjured my spirit down,  
And set my footsteps going.  
But I burst on the world like the morning's sun,  
And I lighted its midnight hoary;  
And though my long journey has just begun,  
I have flooded the globe with glory!  
I have torn down the castles of crime and sin,  
I have opened the dungeons of sorrow,  
I have let the glad radiance of freedom in,  
And scattered the legions of horror.  
I have broken the fetters that shackled the mind,  
Restored it its strength and beauty;  
And taught the proud princes that rule mankind  
The lessons that power is duty!  
I have rescued from prison the human soul,  
And opened its inner portal,  
Till it spurns indignant all human control,  
And soars in its flight immortal!  
In the realm of science I scatter light;  
To the poor man hope in his hovel;  
For never again shall the world in night,  
In darkness, and slavery grovel.  
Let no scholar despair, no warrior quail,  
Oblivion's scythe is rotten;  
For no more shall the words of wisdom fail,  
Nor the hero's deeds be forgotten.  
The minstrel's strings shall not break again,  
And love shall be ever vernal,