

THE OPAL,

A

MONTHLY PERIODICAL

776.
OF THE

STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM,

DEVOTED TO USEFULNESS.

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS.

UTICA: N. Y.

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1852.

Oh! writer of verse uncouth,
 If thou in thy heart doth want
 An Asylum shirt for thy days of youth,
 A shirt that doth deeply implant
 Stitch by stitch, to thy heart
 The value of woman's time,
 The stitch by stitch doth impart
 A comfort untold by rhyme.

Oh! woman this verse doth declare
 That a shirt from the Asylum Hall
 Stitch by stitch I 'll never despair
 Come from cloth for a shirt not a pall:

I thank thee, O stitch by stitch
 For this nicest kind of shirt,
 And when I get home, and rich,
 I 'll keep thee clear of the dirt.

I 'll wear it until it wears out,
 And then its remnants I 'll keep
 To bind up my toes when in gout,
 And their sum total in oil to keep:
 Oh! stitch, stitch, stitch,
 The oil to a sorrowful heart
 Is woman's love that maketh rich
 When she of her love doth impart

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN TWO SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN AND A NEGRO.

Bob.—And is this you my old master and friend? Where have you been? Whither have you journeyed since you were at the plantation?

MAJOR BELL.—It is indeed me, your old master Bob, and your best earthly friend.—I have been afar and visited philanthropic institutions—Asylums for the indigent, ignorant, lunatic, the blind, poor widows and orphans.

Bob.—Master please explain yourself.—Asylums! what in the name of the seven stars are they?

Major Bell.—Well, my boy, you may listen, and I will tell you. An Asylum is a retreat from the world's cares, a refuge from its sorrows. Like the shadow of a great rock to the wearied traveller it refreshes and prepares for duty on the pilgrimage of life.

Bob.—By whom were they established, and by whom supported and governed?

Major Bell.—They originated in the bosom of philanthropy: are supported by private beneficence, and maintained by the public benefaction, and governed by representative humanity. In Europe and America, they are opened alike for various grades, from the vapourish hypocrandiac to the raving maniac, and are fashionable resorts for "intellectual dyspeptics."

[A knock at the door is heard.]

Major Bell.—Bob, step to the door. and

ask the knocker to walk in, for your master is at home.

[Enter Col. Duke.]

Major Bell.—Ah, Col. Duke, I have been waiting your approach this evening, but as I am now engaged in a conversation with my boy, Bob, I beg you to seat yourself, and I will soon be at leisure to attend to you.

Col. Duke, of Ky.—Don't let me interrupt you by any means, as I am not on urgent business, I will remain awhile with an old and particular friend.

Major Bell.—Now what was you saying, Bob?

Bob.—I will just tell my master a little story, and then, if he pleases, proceed with my subject:

Master Shackleford's Negro stole some chickens of Col. Sherrod's Toney, and when he was brought to Justice Blackwell, he was asked how he happened to do the act. The act, Massa Blackwell, please and bless your old soul, I don't know, spose, spose, cos I was crazy, I was crazy. It is so fashionable to be crazy, master, it saves many a fellow from the State's Prison and Gallows.

Major Bell.—A pretty good and rational reason, Bob. The major part of all delinquents in moral duty would doubtless like to render such an excuse at the bar of God and man.

Bob.—And master are those good men

known who endeavour to ameliorate the condition of man ?

Major Bell.—Immaterial to you whether they are or not. Their virtues are allied to Heaven, and are registered there.

Bob.—But their names if you please master, for I have learned something since you've been gone, and can tell you a little that would surprise you for one so dark as I. I know, my dear and respected master, what Asylums are, and I know you are one of their friends, and Master Calhoun says that my black brethren are less liable to insanity when enslaved than free.

Major Bell.—Why Bob, you surprise me indeed ! I am amazed.

Bob.—Yes : and Master Calhoun thinks Slavery is a good thing, and Texas annexation a good thing : ah, but too much of a good thing is good for nothing, as the old drunken man said when he was reeling home of a dark night.

Major Bell.—Well Bob.

Bob.—And when Missouri was admitted into the Union, a beautiful painting was exhibited representing a Negro dancing, and rejoicing that there was more rooms for the Darkies to breathe.

Major Bell.—Proceed Bob.

Bob.—Yes, Sir, and the enlargement of Slavery's domains mitigates the evils, and the Abolitionists ! Major, why, if we were all set free we would die off like Frogs in Egypt.

Major Bell.—But Bob.

Bob.—My master, the prospect before us is rousing I tell you. Seldom are negroes crazy. Once when Col. Hitchcock's regiment was leaving Florida, a terrible storm swept away nearly all of Port Leon, but one old negro who was out of his head, and who would not be massa when all were gone but he.

Major Bell.—Truly Bob, and who would not be ?

Bob.—Master, I read in Dr. Rush, from your library, (rest and bless his memory,) he had a faithful African by his side when he went to see the poor, and he said they were his best patients, for the Almighty was their paymaster. President ! Staughton mention-

ed that negro in his eulogy, as your library unfolds.

Major Bell.—You surely do astound me.

Bob.—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, master, you was so long telling, that I concluded to tell you myself of France and Spain, and of the melancholics of England, and of Italy, but not of Germany, for there the people, like the steamboats, smoking as they go, drive away the Blue Devils by their smoke.

Major Bell.—Now, Bob, do you tell me so.

Bob.—Ha, ha, ha, master, and there was Mr. Pinel, of France ; he dressed up wild beasts, two limbed ones though, and made human beings. Oh master, what a terrible affair to be crazy. The name of that Frenchman surely should breathe through every crevice of humanity.

Major Bell.—Yes, yes. Bob, and there were numerous others.

Bob.—I humbly crave your pardon for telling you that our plantation had two who were a little out of the way, my master and his Bob.

Major Bell.—Bob, you are a saucy fellow.

Bob.—I tell you what it is master, if a man knows that he is a fool, the battle is half over, and I confess judgement in the case, and if a man knows and feels that he is insane, why he is sane. *Magna est veritas et prevalabit.*

Major Bell.—Well, there is hope then, and hope keepeth the heart whole, and let me tell you Bob, the mind which is restrained like mine has been, instinctively seeks and finds its natural repose in the pleasures of sensation, and the wearied sense aspires to hide itself in the kindlier bosom of emotion, whence the intellect springs up anew in renovated strength.

Bob.—Yes, master, a consciousness of one's insanity is proof of a dawn of reason, for they that be whole need not a physician. Drunkenness is a small madness, and when a man knows he's drunk, ha, ha, ha, ha, ergo he's sober. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Major Bell.—What is and has been your ailment ?

Bob.—A very harmless one, master, for us poor Darkies. I believe all white folks were only apples, peaches, pears and oysters, and that I could eat them. That blue noses

and pink eyes suggested to me the idea that potatoes were descended from a stock of original heads. I still believe in *metempsychosis*. That you only are an apple. That the King of France is an orange, and the Queen of England a pond lily, and that President Boyer was a russett brown, and could I collect them together, I'd devour them for supper, and rid the world of such incumbrances.

Major Bell.—Exactly my belief, Bob, and two heads are better than one, if one is a negro's or sheep's head.

Bob.—Oh, master, don't deteri'ate the African race. Has not Mr. Stanhope Smith, he who sleeps near Capt. Stockton, in Princeton, has he not told you?

Major Bell.—Told you what Bob?

Bob.—Has he not told you that we are all alike in substance. That it is the mucosity of the membranous portion that gives the tinge to the appearance by. . . I will not tax my master with too much information. You can obtain very important information by subscribing for the *American Journal of Insanity*.

Major Bell.—Proceed Bob.

Bob.—Asylums are beautiful, pleasant places, where there is sweet music, pretty flowers and delightful walks—warm in winter, and cool in summer, and there is a variety of character to interest the ingenuity of usual allotment to mankind, and charming ladies, some bright eyed Ophelias. Sometimes some Madge Wildfires, as Master Walter says.

Major Bell.—But, Bob, the gentle sex are always lovely even in wrath.

Bob.—Oh, master, there is no general rule without some particular exceptions, as I heard Professor Barnard say. I dreamed a dream, and thought I saw good angels hovering over the assemblies of the afflicted. I saw them clap their glad wings as they soared in mid-heaven, bearing the enraptured spirit of the departed Rush, and as they nestled

him close to their embrace, echoed and re-echoed through the vaulted arch from trumpets that seemed to shake the very Heavens with gladness—

“The memory of the Just is blessed.”

Major Bell.—Ah, me, what will become of us? I was proposing to give a relation of what had been done for Africans, for Insane, for Poor, for Blind, for Dumb, but a negro has instructed me and directs me to the source of knowledge. “I had a dream, 'twas not all a dream.” I thought I saw the spirit of the immortal Rush, accompanied by a flight of seraphs, with harps melodious, and bending o'er the scene of his former existence, in the sublimest strains of music, and words familiar to the ear of Earth-trying friends, in choir-attendant, say—

Ye good distressed, ye noble few who there unbending,
Stand beneath life's pressure, bear up awhile,
The storms of wintry life will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

Bob.—Stay, stay, master, for mercy's sake. If I am a negro, I am of noble origin, an Egyptian, and you know how the arts travelled. Don't forget it now, master.—They travelled from Egypt to Greece, and what was she but a horde of savages who seemed to dispute with the beasts of the field, their caverns, and the mangled victims of their ferociousness, until Cecrops planted a Colony amongst them.

Major Bell.—Cecrops! what sort of crops are they, Bob!

Bob.—Master, you misapprehend me.—Cecrops is the name of a man who planted a Colony, from whom remotely descended to us the blessings we enjoy, where it would be sacrilegious to insinuate that the Blacks hold the key of mystery that have come to them from Egyptian Science, and may revive the genius of ancients to repay the kindness of their masters.

(To be continued,)

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN TWO SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN AND A NEGRO.

(Concluded from our last.)

Major Bell.—You have a great opinion of yourself, Bob, and I hope that gratitude for favours will be enstamped on every Black.

Bob.—Pride of ancestors, and pride of our race, is worthy. Christophe, Touissant, Paul Cuffee and Phillis Wheatly, have they not honoured their colour, my master and friend?

Major Bell.—You audacious one, I have the will to punish you.

Bob.—Nay, nay, master, I crave your indulgent pardon. I may be allowed to say that here in Alabama there are minds of cultivation that know the worth of kindness, and appreciate knowledge. Yes, sir, even Blacks.

Major Bell.—Well Bob, you may proceed and be heard too.

Bob.—There is the servant of Master Pickens, who reads and understands languages, and the Synods propose to buy him for \$2,050, and there is the slave of Master Pleasants who calculates beyond the whites.

Major Bell.—Indeed Bob.

Bob.—Why, master, he agonizes to solve problems, and gives the result correctly.—He figures largely, I tell you.

Major Bell.—Well, Bob, I suppose the Niggers are smart, if they had a chance, like white folks.

Bob.—But to return to the subject of your northern trip. Did my old master learn the present condition of the heathen there?—Always troubling themselves about other people. They forget that charity begins at home. They are such good people, and yet might starve in the midst of abundance.

Major Bell.—In the sincerity of my soul, my darkie, there are heathen in the midst of our beautiful cities. There are many

who live in secret grief, and die neglected. Some pine in want and dangeon's gloom, some groan away their lives in unconscious servitude to their unfledged wills, and some are like the Kentucky horse who bore his master to court, and remained subservient to his disposal, when he might have enjoyed the freedom of a release.

Bob.—Yes, but master, the horse probably reasoned thus, my bridle holds me only as my master holds it. He not holding it, consequently I am free. But again, if my bridle holds me not, then I am not held to ownership. Consequently, I am not uncontrollable.

Major Bell.—Good logic, Bob.

Bob.—Ha, ha, ha, master! But if I leave my master, (the horse might say,) my subsequent action, would be in the line of previous habit, and I should be subject to recapture. Therefore, the better part of valor is discretion, and I will remain just exactly as I remain with you, my master.

Major Bell.—What a negro you are Bob. Is there such another in all the State of Alabama.

Bob.—I, I, I, am a no account sort of fellow. These locks have grown grey in service, these aged limbs will soon seek their repose in the grave. But, master, my immortal spirit! What saith Dr. Watts, in the old Psalm Book.

Major Bell.—Well, what doth he say?

Bob.—Don't you know master?

Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your toil,
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must be as low as.....Bob's.

Major Bell.—But the immortal nature of the species!

Bob.—Yes, my good master, my soul exults in its immortality, and hopes to join the thronged legion with me. I live in those pure regions where no billows lash the shore, nor tempest gathers in the sky. If I should know you in Heaven, I will vie with you in giving praise to him “who made of one blood all the nations of the earth.”

Major Bell.—And Bob, will you forget Alabama, when you'll be on the banks of the river of life.

Bob.—Master, Master, Earth will be swallowed up in the joys of Heaven, and my beatified spirit will rejoice that I had so good a friend as you.

Major Bell.—What, Bob, will be the condition of the poor Insane, the Dumb, the Blind, and the afflicted generally beyond the grave?

Bob.—Ah, now you know very well, master, that my experience has led to some profound observations, and that I conclude that they will be reinstated in the pristine pureness of everlasting life! I am inclined to Universalism, master, for there is no multiplicity of human agencies can counteract the influence of Omniscient purity and love.

Major Bell.—Begone with your nonsense.

Bob.—A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt, Tho' sullied and dishonored, is still divine.

Major Bell.—Submerged too often in the miseries of the world.

Bob.—Reinvigorated, disenthralled, the pure spirit of my nature, of yours, my good old master, of the lame, the halt, the blind, the lunatic, will be restored to light and life divine at the very presence of the Saviour of the world.

“Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God.”

This is all I have to say to my master now. I was so glad to see him. Ha, ha, ha. Will he pardon my intrusion?

Major Bell.—Hear me now, Bob. I have told you of many things, of the duties of life, and yet you comfort me with the audacious belief that all will congregate in Heaven forever and forever. The Parricidal, the Fratricidal, the Homicidal, the Burglar, with the Patriot, the Statesman and the Christian.

Bob.—Master, you have my inclination to the doctrines, all liable to misconstruction

like the Constitution of the Government.—I can tell you that Master Jefferson will find his Declaration true. All equal, all equal in the other world. Ha, ha, ha. If the Devil gets us he will equalize us.

Major Bell.—Ah, you negro, you are funning in serious matters.

Bob.—Nay, nay, master, let me say that the world will be regenerated by the influence of agencies through all the ramifications of society. Intellectual refinement will prepare the way for the reception of the Lord's commands, and a similitude of correspondence thereunto.

Major Bell.—Ah, Bob, you are a little inconsistent like the rest of mankind.

Bob.—If I could raise my voice to such a note of exultation, that it would reach every Log Cabin on the Plantations, I would say, cheer up my black brethren, Humanity and its Creator will so arrange the combinations of society that ere long the peaceful abodes of the Slave will be the resorts of angelic beings.

Major Bell.—And how are the Selmaians?

Bob.—Master Coles used to say (on sacrament days) as he was returning home,—What a shame to the masters that there are so many colored members, who look so nice, with their white turbans and neat dresses, while they are mere spectators to the scenes. Here's for a blessing on Minister Alexander, and his family, as every good negro must wish.

Major Bell.—Good christians, Bob, (I dare say.)

Bob.—“A Guinea does but stamp the rank,
“A man's a man for a' that, for a' that,”

I hope that soon the minds of the slaves will be reached through the medium of the laws that govern intellect; and that they will be controlled by self-government, and that a Jones will be associated with a Pinel, a Murphy with a Brigham, and his co-patriots in profound efforts to alleviate woe, and establish the wavering on the immutability of inwrought principle, which by universality of affinity may render the human race a band of christian brothers, a company of exalted minds.

Major Bell.—Have been studying my books! Ha! The pleasures of life's best

estate is precautioned like the Iron fruit and flowers of the Mad House at Naples, that seemed to smile on those they imprisoned, and (hereafter) I will learn wisdom from my Bob, and instead of travelling on errands of philanthropy I will commune with the genius of worthies in my Library, perhaps

(Oh! they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life from home.)

become as learned, as philanthropic, and as wise as an Alabama Negro. Col. Duke, what say you to Bob.

Col. Duke.—I greet you to the beautiful springs, sweet flowers and fertile fields of Alabama, Major Bell. Bob, Sir, has certainly improved himself. You must value him highly. Would you like to sell him to me, Major?

Major Bell.—Not for his weight in Bullion, fresh from the Bank of England, I have instructed him, and during my absence he has kept an acquaintance with the proceedings of the world, and has been perfect master of the premises.

Col. Duke.—You overrate him, Major Bell. He is an impudent sauce-box, and a good dressing would be of service to him.

Major Bell.—He is my body servant, and you must retract what you said of him instantly.

Col. Duke.—With all my heart, Major, but if he was mine, I'd learn him better manners, I promise you.

Major Bell.—Oh, Col., it is his way. He is pleased thus to interest his old master, and I am happy to encourage him even from my youth.

Col. Duke.—It is excusable, I confess, Major. What say you to selecting a darkie, educate him at old Yale College, and send him to Monrovia.

Major Bell.—Too extensive, too dangerous to the south, too inconsistent with the principles of Slavery. Could you find an Alumnus of Yale that would consent to be a Slave?

Col. Duke.—Why Major, your obtuseness. If we educate him and send him to Africa, he'd be free. It may be.

Slaves cannot breathe in Connecticut,
The moment they touch her soil their shackles fall.

Major Bell.—You was yourself educated at Old Yale, and I remember the Oration you delivered on Association of Ideas, that was so highly applauded in the North Church.

Col. Duke.—And what of that Major? I am a Colozinationist of the Clay principle, and if we have to select Charley, I dare say he'd have the Philosophical Oration as a student from Lexington, and be appointed Governor of Monrovia. What say you, Major, will you go me halves in such an adventure? It would gladden my heart, and I am sure it would that of his old master.

Major Bell.—I will consider the proposal seriously, and will confer with you from Florence and Tuscumbia.

Col. Duke.—The Negroes in and near Lexington are the best you ever saw; the best behaved, the best bred, more sagacity, more pocket change, more small talk, more native wit than you or I Major.

Major Bell.—Indeed, I am told the masters and mistresses, as (Mr. Marcus Bull, of Hartford, said,) were the only Slaves in Virginia.

Col. Duke.—But, Major, in the course of my intellectual investigation, I was observing that there was a vast difference between voluntary and involuntary servitude. That, as my Lord Bacon observes upon the nature of a forced action, as it crosses the will.—Why, Major, it must counteract all independent movements, as a matter of course, and produce an automatic state of existence either in White or Black.

Major Bell.—I must refer you to Bob.—He has studied philosophy, I tell you, Col., Reid and Locke, and Stewart and Brown, and Bacon, he devoured them. He occupied my extensive Library, to wait the approach of visitors, conduct them to seats, and hear their best conversation, and learned his manners, and acquired his knowledge from such intercourse.

Col. Duke.—I shall admit of no such reference, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Major. Shame on yourself, thus to neglect your collegiate studies.

Major Bell.—To convince you, Colonel, I will examine him a little, for your entertainment. I rest a moment or two, Col.

Col. Duke.—I will examine him myself, Major. Come hither, Bob. Your master informs me you are a very attentive observer of human affairs, and understand philosophy. Tell me, now, what do you understand by Intellectual Philosophy.

Bob.—Sir, Master, Col. Duke, philosophy is wisdom, *philos sophos*, lover of wisdom. Intellectual profundity, or acquaintance with the nature of the operations of the mind as governed by its laws.

Col. Duke.—Ha, ha, ha. Where does the intellect reside? Whence its activity, and vitality, and so forth?

Bob.—No, and so forth, with the negro, if you please, Master, Col. Duke. The strict philosophy, Master Dudley, told me as I was lifting up a subject, but I must never disclose it.

Col. Duke.—Who do you prefer as Intellectual Philosophers, Bob?

Bob.—Master Duke, I have no choice, I am fond of all, but Dugald Stuart, master John thought was the most interesting.—There where he lectures on the "Power of Association," I have studied him by hours, and have felt his power in tracing every memorial of some departed friend, as I have lifted the remnants of mortality.

Col. Duke.—That will do, Bob, and nothing further with you on this subject, or any other.

Major Bell.—Are you not satisfied of his capacity, Col.? He has the most incontestible evidence of ability on other subjects.

Col. Duke.—But I forbear. I did not purpose to touch the key stone of the arch. There it remains in my cranium, as placed by old President Dwight, and I shall admit no innovations on the good old ways of Intellectual Philosophy, as established by the Baconian School.

Major Bell.—The Baconian Philosophy is the true system, Col., and Bob can shoulder more Bacon than any other Negro of his age in Alabama, and I shall give him a long job I promise you, for he has had a fine holiday, I tell you.

Col. Duke.—Well, well, Major Bell, labor *ipse voluptas*, and

"He is a Freeman whom the truth makes free,
"And all are slaves beside,"

is the motto of a paper published in New Orleans, and of my Plantation. Intellectual thralldom in either variety of the human species is dreadful, and those who seek to disenthral the unfortunates are worthy of a Niche in the Temple of Fame, far beyond Wilberforce and Clarkson.

Major Bell.—We must not forget Mr. Clay's Charles. What monument could be reared more to the honor of that illustrious Colozinationist than to educate his boy for his master's sake.

Col. Duke.—Yes, Major, to be the means of honoring so distinguished a Patriot, would give me great pleasure, to awaken in one iota an inquiry for human woe, "to delve in miseries' mine for gems of deepest hue," to ascend the Pisgah and see the promised land of intellectual clearness and symmetry.—"Oh, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Major Bell.—Yes, Col.; "One clear idea awakened in the mind by memory's magic lets in *all* the rest," only give it fair play, and how soon the mental optics are purified.

Col. Duke.—I am happy in this interview with my old friend, Major Bell, and only regret that I am unable to inform you what has been done by Dr. Brigham, Dr. Woodward, Dr. Ray, Dr. Coventry, Dr. White, Dr. Macdonald, or Dr. Nelson, and others, for the alleviation of human suffering, and refer you to the American Journal of Insanity, and bid you *Farewell*.

Major Bell.—This incidental conversation reminds me of my Tecumseh's pieces, and I must detain you a moment to hear what comes from the land of Edward Miller, rest and bless him. You will delay your departure, will you not Col.?

Col. Duke.—Most certainly, Major Bell, I am fond of recitation, and as friendship is the wine of life, believe me if I forget the cordial of your hospitality while life continues.

Major Bell.—Tecumseh, arrange yourself, and speak the piece for Col. Duke, ere he returns home.

Tecumseh Humboldt.—

1. I've seen, in twilight's pensive hour,
The moss-clad dome, the mouldering tower,

- In awful ruin stand ;
That dome, where grateful voices sung,
That tower, whose charming music rung,
Majestically grand !
2. I've seen, 'mid sculptured pride, the tomb
Where heroes slept, in silent gloom,
Unconscious of their fame ;
Those who, with laurel'd honors crowned,
Among their foes spread terror round,
And gain'd an empty name !
3. I've seen, in death's dark palace laid,
The ruins of a beauteous maid,
Cadaverous and pale !
That maiden who, while life remained,
O'er rival charms in triumph reigned
The mistress of the vale.
4. I've seen, where dungeon damps abide,
A youth, admired in manhood's pride,
In morbid fancy rave ;
He, who, in reason's happier day,
Was virtuous, witty, nobly gay,
Learn'd, generous and brave.
5. Nor dome, nor tower in twilight shade,
Nor hero fallen, nor beauteous maid,
To ruin all consigned,—
Can with such pathos touch my breast,
As (on the maniac's form impressed)
The ruins of the mind !
- Tecumseh Humboldt, having spoken this
extract from Selleck Osborn, of Del., Major
Bell, Col. Duke, Bob and Tecumseh ex-
change salutations and separate.

LINES

ON THE DEPARTURE OF DR. GEORGE COOK FOR EUROPE.

And thou wilt leave us? leave the charge whom
thou
Hast watched o'er long and well? leave the sad
hearts
That look to thee for comfort, and in thy
Low tone of kindness have often found a
Solace to many a grief imagined,
And oftentimes, *too, real!* We cannot let
Thee go! for who will be like thee to us?
Full many a day will pass, before, in place
Of thine, another's tread will fall upon
Our ear with welcome sound. There is no heart
So steeped in bitterness, but turns in love
To oft-repeated kindness. Old and young,
The stricken and bereaved, have ever found
A friend in thee; and hadst thou power, the
weight
That bears the spirit down from each would be
Removed, and life smile joyously and gay,
Where now 'tis dark and dreary. We cannot
Let thee go! Yet if thou wilt—if lured by
Other climes, thou still must go, and we no more
Upon thy face shall look, we seek to be
Resigned.

We do not ask remember us,
Thou wilt,—in love wilt thou remember us ;

And as the distance lengthens, bearing thee
Onward from thy native land, yearningly
Thou'lt turn in thought to those whom thou hast
left
Behind. Others, by nature found, will claim
Thy fondest thoughts, but the chord of sympathy,
Now sadly linking us to thee, no change
Can wholly sever.

And thou too wilt be
Remembered, yea, remembered long, and we
Of thee will often talk; and say when health
Comes back again, *if e'er it come*, that 'mid
Our gloom and darkness, there shone a light,
pure
And steady, waxing neither old and dim.
It was thy kindness—thine own unsullied
Kindness, bidding us look upward, and wait
The dawning of a better day.

And now
Farewell! We would not linger on the word
Too long; but e'er its echoes die upon
The heart thou wilt be far away. Again,
Farewell! We cannot breathe a purer wish
Than this for thee—God bless thee, Fare-thee-
well.