

Truth, in *Peabody Reporter*, 1877, by D. D.

Theology and Revivals, in the *Index*, 1877, by D. D.

I have written articles against allowing the foreign hordes to come here from all parts of the world and supplant our citizens, especially laborers, in their honest and useful callings.

I have written in favor of laws for the encouragement of useful labor, and the commerce of the Atlantic States—for "freer foreign trade" is the phrase I used.

I have written in favor of the original full-legal-tender greenback, as the very best sort of currency ever coined in this country. The greenback is now a fixture, and it takes 280,000 pounds of green ink every year to print them.

Many small poems have been scribbled by me, mostly of the lyrical style, and printed in my young days, from which the following extracts must suffice for specimens :

MAMMOTH CAVE. (*Printed in 1851.*)

Whilom, perchance those giant forms now gone,
Whose bones lie mouldering where the mammoth trode,
And reptiles huge since of a warmer zone,
Pursued their prey above this deep unknown—
Of night alone the desolate abode.
Mysterious change of life and element!
Their origin and fate who can disclose?
Some sentient things, I ween, had their descent
From far inferior species, which arose
Quickened from vegetable germs long in repose.

This was my idea of Evolution before Darwin had published his "Origin of Species." Perhaps I learned it from "The Vestiges of Creation."

MEMINI.

TO A POETESS.

How sweet thy name salutes mine eye!
How grateful to mine ear!
Thou whom my soul holds dear,
And memory brings forever nigh!

Albeit the dimming power of years
And sorrow's withering gloom
Must fade the heart's young bloom,
"Yet parting love time but endears."

Remember'st thou that sombre youth,
Who sighed and dreamed aloud
When thou wast young and proud
In maidenhood, and fair as truth?

Who, welcomed to thy home erewhile,
By Kennebec's fair stream,
Paused in the cheering beam
Of thy hope-kindling eyes and smile?