

See: P. 91 The wife of K (See: A tribute to
more K. by Mrs.
A. D. Bailey
Boston, Mass.
1854 - 1852)

(For the Wash DC American
Telegraph Dec. 10-1851)

x By Thomas S. Donohoe

The world hat men it doth not truly know,
The world doth offensive the doom of foe
Even to its fondest friend:

Chains bind the arms and cruel torture send
The very heart strings that were nerved to save
Liberty, Virtue from the yawning grave!

It is sad to read the story,
Throughout all time, how wrong hath
murdered glory!

When, far away in fair Hungaria's land,
K swad foremost of a small, brave band
For Freedom Heaven designed
The first and still best gift to all mankind -
Sweet was the oratory; yet received

Only by few the flame,
While many, as they came
Went back, and muttered: "We have not
believed!"

When yet once more returned - repentant? No!
Freedom's apostle was a dangerous foe!
Bear him to prison! And he bowed his head,
His heart unbowed,

2
And, silent through the mocking crowd
Moved on, with pensive, melancholy tread.

III

An angel came unto him! What is love
Less than a glory spirit from above?
The smile of Woman cheered his prison cell,
The voice of Woman whispers: "Hope! 'Tis well!"

IV
It was! The hero's soul grew daily stronger,
The time of darkness gave him milder light.
Whatever dread the past had known - no longer
Dared now oppose his might!
It was - he left the massive walls of gloom
For Woman's palace heart!

Bright home - out-rivaling the sculptor's art -
All beauty - bliss - and breathing Eden bloom!
'T was well! He fought his Nation's claim!
Freedom was proud to see her flag unfurled!
He fought - and though he lost his patrie of
He won the world! aim -

Marye Cottage, Dec. 10, 1851

