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THE LAWYER.

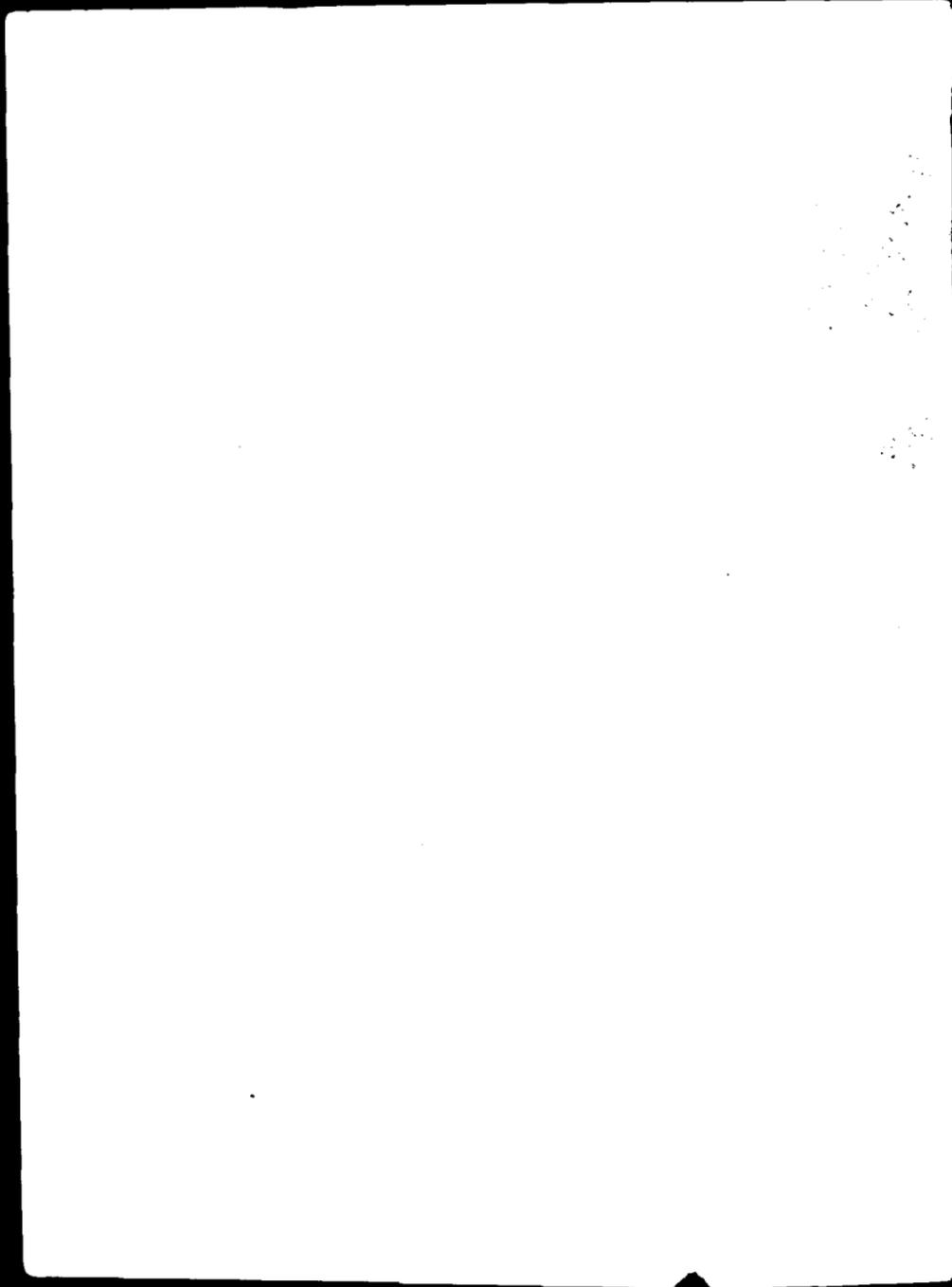
BY

A MEMBER OF THE BAR.



NEW BRAUNFELS, TEXAS:
THE COMAL PUBLISHING CO.
1894.





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PREFACE.

When but a boy, I noticed that a sentiment prevailed among the people where I lived that lawyers are a shrewd, roguish and unprincipled class of individuals, who make it a business in some manner to beat others out of their property, and I afterwards noticed that this sentiment prevailed generally. The law was always spoken of as having "crooks" and "turns", and the idea seemed to prevail that it is a system of traps for the sole purpose of enabling the lawyers to capture the effects of the unsuspecting people. Anyone acquainted with the common people knows that this is the prevailing idea among them today.

Long before I studied law, I noticed that lawyers were seldom parties to civil suits and very rarely defendants in criminal prosecutions. The people explained this singular phenomenon by saying

that they are too smart and cannot be caught. During all that time I never heard of a lawyer being charged or accused of any specific offense. It was one universal accusation of rascality. The few with whom I became personally acquainted were honorable men in every respect.

After I studied law and was admitted to the bar I found that the people had a mistaken idea about the whole matter. I found that lawyers trust each other further, and have more confidence in the integrity of each other than any other class. I have also noticed that even the common people trust lawyers further than any of their own number. I have often wondered what the cause of this ill-founded rumor was, and have made many attempts to solve it.

I always delighted in the study of human nature, and loved to muse over the eccentricities of human beings. I have noticed that when two boys get into a fight they never tell the same tale as to the difficulty, the other one is always at fault. The same is true with all trouble between girls, women and men. I never saw two enemies but what each one thought he was blameless and the

other wholly at fault. The same is true with wars and misunderstandings of nations, each believes itself to be right.

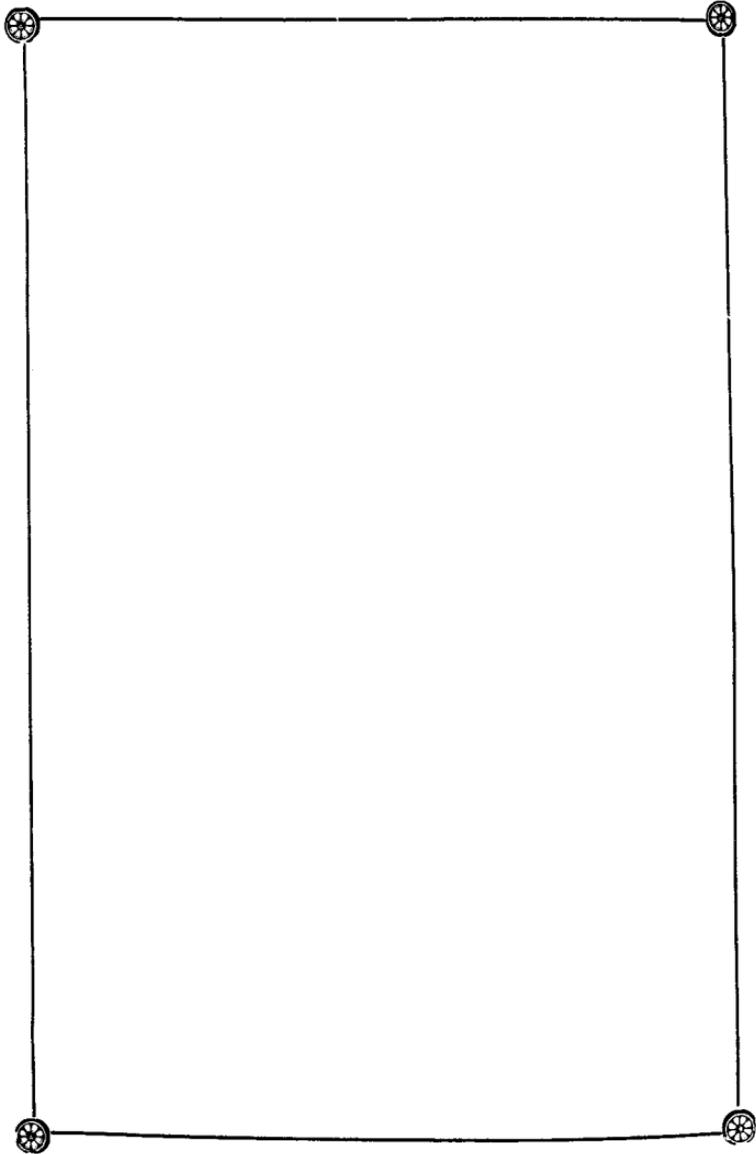
In all lawsuits each party believes himself to be right; one, however, must lose, both cannot win. Therefore, the defeated party cannot account for his defeat in any other way but that the opposing lawyer by some foul means was the whole cause. Another reason is that in every lawsuit some of the parties prevaricate. One side swears to one thing and the other contradicts it. In the argument the lawyers closely criticise these perjurers on both sides and hence people think they delight in blackmailing innocent mankind. I believe this has done more to antagonize the profession than anything else. Another reason is because people do not understand how much work a lawyer has to do, and how much time and money it costs him to fit himself therefor. The general idea is that a lawyer asks smart questions of witnesses to show how smart he is, and then in his speech maligns the witness because the witness has no opportunity to respond. They do not know what hard mental work he does outside

of court. Hence they think lawyers' fees are too high, and consider them a species of robbery. Another reason is that there are a few who know little or nothing about the principles of law, in some way, obtain admission to the bar. They cannot make a living at the profession, hence pursue other business, as agencies of various kinds, and make money in various uncommendable ways. As these persons are known as lawyers, and as they are the best known to the common people, the whole profession is judged by their acts. I believe the power of disbarring should be more frequently exercised.

There is no question but what the human race is so selfish that, without law no one could enjoy anything and no one would be safe. Such a phrase as "ownership of property" would have no place, and man would be toward man just as he is toward the lower animals and plants. Everything has to be regulated by law no matter what it is. Since human institutions are so heterogeneous the law is so large that it takes a lifetime to master one branch. The people say, "We have too much law." This is because they do not understand it.

By taking a bird's-eye view of the whole matter, by seeing what safety and happiness man enjoys under the law, how successfully it has accomplished these ends, how necessary that there should be men who understand the law, how safe the common people are in their lives and possessions, how they rail at the very thing that gives them this safety and that all trouble results from their own selfish natures; the whole affair to my mind has a very poetic appearance, so much so that some of the thoughts spontaneously arrange themselves into verse. In this pamphlet I have arranged some of my observations in verse, and I trust that they will be of some interest, and give a more correct idea of the relation between law and man to the reader.

THE AUTHOR.



THE LAWYER.

THE law and poetry, each has its trend,
A lawyer and a poet rarely blend;
The forum does sound logic and plain facts
Apply to human customs and compacts,
The latter has imagination's flight,
The passions fire with grandeur at its height;
Yet in the law much grandeur do we find
With great attraction for the master mind.

Its applications practical to make
Oft all the passions from the soul does take;
So any toil which mind and body tires
Tends to extinguish passion and its fires.
But when one system comprehends the whole
As one harmonious and living soul,

Controls all human acts and human deeds,
Human desires and human actual needs,
Though votaries from toil may prosy grow,
Yet it is filled with fervency and glow.

Though seldom is in song its music sung,
And seldom has in rhyme its rhythm rung,
Yet hear, O Muse! Tune thy neglected lyre,
Breathe music into that forensic fire,
To beam forth in an incandescent ray
From where, 'neath legal lore, it smoldering lay.

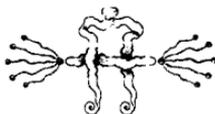
The lawyer closest to mankind is brought,
To him revealed is many a secret thought;
He sees the man in an unerring light,
How he appears when in his natural plight;
True human nature to him open lay
In his routine, for study every day;
Then let my song be sung of law and man,
And sing it without fear of curse or ban,
And every truth to truly represent
That Muse or Bard in years need not repent.

How little does the world know of the toil
The lawyer has who burns the midnight oil;
While in sweet dreams and sleep his clients lie
Their interests his thoughts do occupy;

Whene'er those interests be closely pressed
He knows no eve, no night, no hour of rest,
With pleadings, records, old and musty files,
And nameless documents heaped up in piles,
Briefs, digests, textbooks, both old and late,
Reports from every court of every state,
With pages turned about him lie in mass,
Fill tables, chairs, and every aisle and pass :
He reads and ponders, hears the clock strike one,
And often then his work is but half done,
His mind though strong becomes fatigued and weak
And oft through sheer exhaustion falls asleep,
The mental strain that he does undergo,
No one except a lawyer e'er can know.

If e'er by appetite he is o'ercome,
So that he makes excessive use of rum,
Or temperate habits he does not maintain,
Both mind and body will begin to wane ;
The same amount of alcohol or smoke,
That has his strength of mind and body broke,
If in another's system been injected
His constitution had not been effected.
One who to mental work has closely clung
With nerves kept on too high a tention strung,

The slightest self-indulgence he will find
Will bring destruction to the health and mind,
He must take care not nature's laws transgress,
For other's temperance to him's excess



A peculiar place the lawyer occupies,
Much responsibility upon him lies ;
What sacred trusts allotted to his care,
And secrets that his bosom friend can't share.
Unbounded faith is always in him placed,
How seldom by dishonest acts disgraced ;
He's looked upon with a suspicious look,
Considered as an educated crook ;
He's trusted more and fewer trusts betrays,
Has people's confidence, but not their praise.

To hear the language of the common throng,
"He covets what does not to him belong ;
To trick another out of his possession,
Is the only object of the law profession."
The masses who no law can comprehend,
With infamy the learned love to brand,

Have at the lawyer's feet all ills been laying,
Until it has become a common saying
Among the folks when they his fate foretell
"In heaven no lawyers be, they're all in hell."

When others in the moral sphere we seek,
They seem comparatively low and weak ;
Throughout this world, in every class and calling,
Their short-comings are many and appalling.

Cashiers of banks oft with the funds abscond,
The presidents quite often go beyond
Their private means and the deposits spend,
And cause the bank cash payment to suspend.
A business manager how oft pursues
A systematic course the funds to use
For his own good, and with an air of grace,
He stands a shining star among his race. [own,

We hear that clerks imbibe what's not their
Custodians of funds have often flown ;
How often in the morn when owners waken,
The stable latch is broke, the horses taken.
How often guardians their ward's estate
Into their own domain incorporate ;
Or parent makes his child's inheritance
The family support, bear all expense ;

And when these infants reach their legal age,
And wish in business with their wealth engage,
The guardian, for board and things so many,
Absorbs the whole estate just to a penny.

How often do our ministers divine,
As moral paragons assume to shine,
Whenever there's a chance for secret trial,
Some sister of the church seek to beguile.
How jewelers with gold conceal the dross,
How laborers do shirk when there's no boss,
How merchants do their goods misrepresent,
And penitents but for effect repent,

These vices are not found alone in those,
Who are impostors but as masters pose:
Some of the best are in this list enrolled, [hold.
E'en when all's known they still their stations

'Tis true we've men admitted to the bar,
Who a disgrace to their profession are.
He who the morals of a class would know,
And through a close investigation go,
Will see on searching the profession through,
That there are none, at most but very few,
Who're learned in the law and lawyers be,
Whose character is not as pure and free

From faults and blemishes of any kind
As 'mongst the best of any class we find.

No other calling has temptations such,
Nor opportunities invite so much,
Nor stand the gates to crime so wide ajar
As to the members of the legal bar.
He holds in trust the property 'or life
Of all who are engaged in legal strife;
Receives such large collections from the stranger,
Who never feels that there is any danger
Of misappropriation of the fund,
Though never is required to give a bond.
He handles other's money every day,
And to his client does he always pay,
That which to him belongs, only retains
What by agreement pays him for his pains.
How many millions yearly reach his hands,
How seldom do we hear that he absconds.

How few upon the gibbet suffered death,
Or from a prison's air have drawn a breath:
How few awaiting trial for heinous crime,
Or been accused thereof at any time;
How few for misdemeanors have been fined,
Or with disgraceful slanders have been joined;

How few their honest debts refuse to pay,
Or as a tramp go begging by the way.
And nearly all of such who guilty are,
Are men who sought admission to the bar,
Not to expound the law as lawyers do,
But for some outside schemes to carry through.



The greatest moralizer that I know,
Is through a course of legal study go.
It does not teach how others to deceive,
Or how the hearts of dear ones to aggrive;
It deals with principles of right and wrong,
As they're applied to persons or the throng;
Expounds the trusts that in man's breast repose,
What duties to his fellow man he owes;
That all may live and let each other live,
Sound rules of right and just restraint does give
In every case what are rights or wrongs,
How much to each keen, grasping man belongs,

A rule infallible to make or find,
Sometimes exceeds the power of human mind.
In aid we seek the wisdom of the past,
Where similar rights in days gone by have clashed,
But like the leaves of plants are human arts,
No two alike in all their varied parts.

As new inventions enter on the stage,
As each age differs from each prior age,
As causes for dispute are ever rife,
And self stands always first in earthly strife:
To settle all these wranglings is no fun,
To satisfy all parties can't be done.

How people love in others' business meddle,
And free of charge the tales of others peddle;
The lawyer does no time on others spend,
Only when paid, to others' business tend.

It is to be deplored that this profession
Is sought by many not in the possession
Of that tuition it does always take
A first-class member of the bar to make.
These are not lawyers, for no law they know,
They do not study, and don't care just so
They're lawyers called, at times can get a case,
And for a living various callings chase.

The public ought to know and understand,
The law profession is so large and grand,
That lawyers only can to law attend,
And those who with it other business blend
And pettifog about among the throng,
No lawyers are and don't thereto belong.
His education must be broad and deep
And always in the field of knowledge reap,
It must extend to science and to art,
In every trade and calling must be part ;
There's no invention, piece of engineering,
Or branch of medicine, or financiering,
There's no mechanics, commerce, nor a thought
But in some form into the courts is brought.
The witnesses and parties experts are
Within their line, their knowledge goes quite far ;
He who does not the subject comprehend,
A cause with proper tact cannot defend ;
Of human nature must a student be
Through affectation he must clearly see.

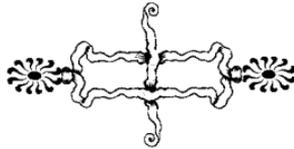
New institutions constantly are born,
New industries and enterprises form,
New applications of the old are made,
And progress ever onward does parade.

As o'er the the benefits men always wrangle
The courts are called upon to clear the tangle.
The law and progress hand in hand do go,
And in their wake prosperity does flow.
O Law! What is your age? When were you born?
How many nations did you e'er adorn?
How great an age will your career attain,
And where will your last spark of life remain?
In nature born, her bodies you control,
As fiery globes through endless space they roll;
The moon, the stars, the, planets and the sun,
Obedient to your will their course do run.

You came to man when first the race was born'
Low, savage, and for culture had a scorn;
It was in ages past when 'mong wild beasts,
On coarse and uncouth rations did he feast.
His calling was to slaughter and enslave,
He lived not in a hut but in some cave;
His weapons were his teeth, or sticks, or stones,
Utensils had he none, save flat-shaped bones.
For clothes, naught but his natural hair he had;
He knew no right, no wrong, no good, no bad.
'Twas here you came to man, a simple rule;
Perhaps about some object for a stool,

Or 'bout the animals on which man preyed
Some simple rule of conduct you conveyed;
Then, as the human race did multiply
And circumstances changed as time rolled by,
Man spread in all directions o'er the earth,
And different climes to different crafts gave birth;
All the new callings new relations made
And new conditions as he onward strayed;
In every human act in every age
Your presence e'er was needed as a gauge.
As you with man passed all his stages through,
Into a sound and mammoth system grew,
So through the future you will ever grow
Adjust affairs whatever way they go;
With justice unto all but bias none,
Your useful course continue on to run
Until all human life on earth is o'er
When man is dead, then man needs law no more,
But nature's law you even then will be
In nature dwell through all eternity.





A precedent so often do we seek,
A precedent infallible and meek;
There's one I see, extending through all space
When but a youth its course I loved to trace.
Behold Nature! As through her realm I peer,
Her laws are all obeyed by every sphere;
No member e'er attempts her laws to break,
To wander thither and its orb forsake;
No selfishness or strife of anykind
In matter of the universe I find;
Between all atoms is attraction found,
By their affinity together bound,
Much true affection this attraction shows,
As nearer they approach it stronger grows;
Until they touch, when they cohere and kiss
In blended love they form a mass of bliss.

The atoms tend around one center cling
Obey the laws which from their natures spring;
At once, two ne'er can occupy one space,
Nor does one try the other to displace;

They can't be made nor can they be destroyed,
For one's sole good the other's ne'er employed;
While gaseous haze, all scattered throughout
Desire for close communion then took place, [space,
And gathering in huge spheres, to nature true,
Like sparkling gems bedecked the vaulted blue.
The stars, but glimmering rays from distant sky,
Are suns which ours by thousands multiply,
With comets, meteors, orbs and moons abound
Obeying nature's law revolve around.

They wage no wars for dominion over space,
Each is content its beaten path to trace;
None craves possession of its neighbor's field,
And no ambitious tyrants scepters wield;
There all is peace and each a gem serene
In the azure skies of all his neighbors seen.

From time infinite this universe was born,
Through endless time continue still to form,
Eternally changing in every part,
Adapting itself to the changes wrought.
The tempest bids the ocean billows roll,
And from the sun the tempest gets its soul,
The geyser spurts from earth's internal heat,
The glacier down, not upward, does retreat.

The roaring cataract inspiring awe
Leaps obedient to gravitation's law
O Nature! As in thy brilliant curves dost turn,
If man from thee obedience would learn,
Would thy example towards his own pursue,
Be true, as all thy heavenly spheres are true,
Within his orbit keep, within it stroll, [soul,
And greet with welcome smile each neighboring,
No other's rights transgress, none spurn or hate,
A heavenly home on earth he would create.



Our government in principle is broad,
Its people ne'er of liberty defraud:
With liberality the laws construes,
The rights are many, liberties profuse,
In foreign countries and in ancient times
The public officers committed crimes,
Their ardor for the law was in excess,
Their powers employed the people to oppress.

We have a various and efficient guard,
Which evil tendencies away does ward ;
Official corps may biased be to law,
While eager crime to check, may overdraw
Offenses or the guilt of the accused,
Unless restrained, their power may be abused ;
But be their ardor roused or be it checked,
The doom of the accused it can't effect ;
Enthusiasm freedom never sears,
Man has the right of trial by his peers.

A jury from the land, a precious right,
It keeps old liberty in luster bright ;
Let tyrants in their regal garments dress,
Their flunkies seek the people to oppress,
So long as juries from duress are free,
Are they a bulwark of true liberty.

From power to tyranny is but one leap,
Without a chasm and without a steep.
For ruling, man has such a strong desire
That a mere taste excites his passion's fire ;
O'er life and liberty to give the power
To one or several men, at any hour
May work oppression, from some petty cause
Abuse a part, neglect t'he other laws.

Or discontent arise in public mind
And view them as a tyrant or a friend.

A civil cause by judges may be tried
Without affecting freedom or her pride.
Perfection we can scarce expect to reach,
At intervals there may be some slight breach ;
But on the whole, there's naught to be complained,
The duties are enforced and rights maintained.
There is one thing that makes the courts feel
humble,

Though taken from the masses who do grumble,
The most uncertain of uncertain things,
The kind of verdict that a jury brings.

At times there seems to be a great commotion,
Like heaving waters of a stormy ocean ;
Some crime committed : yes, some murder low,
A bag of gold, a thousand pounds or so,
The victim carried to his home that night
And hid it in some crevice out of sight.
When morning broke and time for sleep was o'er
A servant entered at the chamber door—
A ghastly sight, the corpse lay on the floor,
Beyond all recognition drenched with gore.

The gold is gone, a broken window pane,
The corpse is silent and cannot explain,
Who entered in and struck the fatal blows
No one except the perpetrator knows.
All is excitement, every one's astonished
And all demand to have the culprit punished.
Suspicion rests on one, then on another,
First on the son and then upon the brother,
But then suspicion as to one grows stronger,
So that the officers will wait no longer,
But put the most suspicious into jail,
Or hold him o'er for trial under bail.
The restless air is filled with indignation,
Each nook and corner scoured for information,
Then comes the trial, the truth discern to try,
Which into every detail tends to pry.

From many things it seems guilt with him lies
Some indications though are otherwise.
No God as witness can to court be brought,
Who's omnipresent and who knows each thought ;
Such evidence in olden times was tried,
Which was through fire and water tests applied ;
Experience and common sense have shown,
That the unknown cannot prove the unknown.

It was found best to leave such things with man,
To ferret out the very best he can.

The jury then perhaps do disagree,
Or don't assess the utmost penalty,
Or too much mystery is in the case
The penalty of death on him to place.
No set of men one's life do care to take,
When still there is a chance for a mistake ;
Reports of this foul deed spread far and wide,
And all declare the culprit should have died ;
They did not learn 'twas difficult to show,
Who was the wretch that dealt the fatal blow.

The masses from the incomplete reports,
Do criticise the actions of the courts ;
If all the circumstances they but knew,
They'd see it was the best the court could do.
To keep down criticism of the masses,
Whenever a foul crime some threshold passes,
Some one must suffer death upon the spot,
If he the perpetrator be or not.
But for the entire good of all mankind,
The safest guide to follow that we find ;
'Tis better that ten guilty men go free
Than one who's innocent should punished be.

Mankind is noted for the love of self,
Self always first, and self, if nothing else,
Not only as against the lower creation
But nation as against another nation,
And each division as against division,
But the individual with still more precision ;
He strives to gain as much wealth as he can
Although he gets it from some other man.

He longs for power, to him it seems so fit,
That man and beast should to his will submit ;

It matters not what he may own,

He always longs for more,

It matters not how high he's flown,

He higher longs to soar.

Though he can't satiate his full desire,
As near he can, this end he does acquire.
The sound of praise from populace to hear
Concerning self is music in the ear.

Where'er he is, he wants to be the first,
To take the lead, he has a burning thirst ;
In Congress' halls or Parliament's debate,
He wants to be dictator of the state.

In stock-exchange or at commercial fair
To be the largest bull or strongest bear ;
In his home village a councilman or mayor,
In church a deacon or leader in a prayer,
When with the toppers, he wants the biggest spree,
In Sunday-school, to superintendent be.

When in society, to be a swell,
And if the fairer sex, to be the belle,
Of soldiers captain be, of tribes the chief,
And when among the thieves the biggest thief ;
Among nobility to be a king,
In drunken brawls the champion of the ring ;
In unions, lodges, meetings of each kind,
A place of prominence he strives to find ;
Thus in all things, no matter where we go
Of moral nature or depraved and low :
Saint, rogue, good, bad, on this we must agree,
The greatest of them all he wants to be.

Though each of his own self is fond and proud,
There can be but one leader to a crowd :
Thus in each part and avenue of life,
For leadership there is internal strife ;
For self-promotion man opposes man,
And ruins his opponent if he can.



His self-importance man does overrate
And not to see his faults has been his fate,
Each neighbor errs therein to such extremes
That it mysterious to the others seems ;
All faults in all his neighbors one can see,
Then prides himself to think of them he's free.

The commonweal goes marching o'er the land
To seek relief for every hungry band,
Employment for the unemployed their plea
And wit' them bear a banner of the free ;
Complaining of the rich for laws they make,
By force of numbers then advantage take
Of crews that run the traffic o'er the rail,
Appropriate the trains but always fail
To compensate the owners for their use
And when ejected call it rank abuse.

And so the owner of the thoroughfare [are,
Cares naught how sore their feet, how tired they
Will see them by the wayside fall and die
While burnished palaces go thundering by.

Self-interest all sentiment does frame,
Laws trample underfoot and laws maintain ;
Self-interest the patriot does make,
And brings the non-conformist to the stake ;
Self-interest makes despots out of kings,
Dissension breeds and peaceful union brings ;
Self-interest for liberty has fought,
All evil and all good to us has brought.

How many souls are haunted with a crime,
By following the impulse of the time ;
How many have in youth bright prospects spent,
Have wed in haste at leisure to repent ;
How many lives their happiness do mar,
Since passions stronger than the reason are.
That which is in one's self he holds so dear,
He even the demonic does revere ;
What would be right and what considered wrong,
Depends upon the side a man is on :
A truth is but some falsehood, one can use
To serve his interest or to suit his views ;
And conscience is the name, so yielding lives,
Which man unto his prejudices gives.





In his desire for wealth, man ventures forth
O'er regions not his own, that ne'er gave birth
Nor life support to beings of his kind—
To milder climates should he be confined.
Explores the frigid regions to the pole
Where he on peering round can see no goal,
Even where the horizon girth does lie,
To ice and sleet commingling with the sky.
He climbs the mountains where perpetual snow
Throughout the year o'erlooks the plains below ;
No food or fabric do their icefields bear,
It never was designed that man dwell there.

The ocean's realm does not to him belong,
Yet he intrudes thereon in mighty throng,
The whale, the shark, the fish, a million kind,
A natural habitation therein find ;
And when the winds are high they dance and play
On the billows' crest and in the surges' spray.
Medusæ grouped with other ancient forms
Of ocean life are in the ocean born,

They build and toil and roam within its breast,
The water's heaving is to them a rest.
For self enjoyment in the darkest night,
They clothe the waves in phosphorescent light.
Oh selfish man! Can you not see how true
The ocean is for them and not for you?
Yet, you invade their homes, take them as prey,
That you may live and thrive and perish they;
For commerce with the nations 'cross the main
Your trespassing keel disturbs their polished plain.

When man beyond his own dominion goes,
He must assume the risk of dangerous foes;
If expeditions were with danger fraught,
The greater were the riches that they brought;
If life or wealth is lost in such a game,
The venturer must bear the entire blame,
Who for his coffers wealth does try to gain
By bearing trade upon the watery main.

When loss occurs, he views his life with gloom,
And does not know that 'tis the proper doom
For those who'er would others rights transgress
For selfish ends, or others to depress.

A merchant, Foreign Shipper he was named,
Came to my study with a mind ill-framed.

The owners of a ship a sum did pay,
A cargo of rich goods for him convey
Across the water to some foreign port,
To barter with the nobles of the court.
In the marine, he long insured no more,
As never had a loss occurred before.
For several days the ship had spread her sail,
When suddenly discovered by the gale.
All forces came from o'er the mighty deep,
Awakened in each quarter from their sleep;
The tempest led the van with speed on high,
O'erran the plain and summoned each ally
For an attack on him whoe'er he be,
That dared intrude the sanctum of the sea;
Darkness, from cloud to wave, beset the world,
Save when a gleaming thunderbolt was hurled,
The clouds obscured the sun, the sky o'erran,
And in that awful gloom the waves began
To heave and lash and into mountains rise,
The ship surround and toss her toward the skies,
Then dropped her down into the gaping trough;
The tempest all her rigging then tore off,
Her mast, propeller, engines, all a wreck,
The raving billows leaped upon her deck,

From weakness dropping over on her lee,
She soon was swallowed by the hungry sea.
The clouds dispersed, the sun shone forth serene,
The surface smooth, no billows could be seen,
The tempest ceased and all was still and gay,
None would suspect that there'd been such affray.

He could not understand how it could be,
If in a wreck his goods are lost at sea,
That others should not be compelled to pay
The losses he sustained that evil day ;
But had the goods and ship the storm survived,
The profits which therefrom had been derived,
His intuition would to him have taught
Them to be his, to others belongs naught.
This man then sought from others to regain
The values that he lost upon the main.
And when I told him that he can no case
On "Acts of God" or acts of nature base ;
That captain and the crew have lost their lives,
The owners of their ship have been deprived,
In "Act of God" or nature if he chose
Whatever loss there be the owners lose ;
As man cannot prevent such an affair,
He who assumes the risk, the loss must bear.

He then grew wroth and said, "No law you know!
To me does common sense so plainly show
That I no such disaster suffer must;
And if it is the law, the law's unjust!"
He made a circuit the whole bar around,
The same advice he everywhere had found;
Thinks lawyer are rank fools or else have lied,
Denounced them in general far and wide.

At length he finds one known as a great sage,
Who real-estate does sell, labor engage,
Insurance both on life and fire he writes,
Notary public and lawyer unites,
He represents some loan companies too,
And many avocations does pursue:
It takes them all, and all must be combined
To occupy his comprehensive mind;
In court however he does not appear,
Except in justice court some twice a year.

Advice he got, such that his ardor grew,
He went to court and there began to sue
The captain's widow, the orphans of the crew,
The owners of the ship, and Lord knows who.
When all was done, the costs he had to pay,
"This demonstrates the fact," he then did say,

"Law is a farce, and not what it purports,
Nobody can get justice in our courts."
Maligned the law and courts with all his might,
Knew every one was wrong but he was right.

Man claims the earth to be his as a whole
And nature's forces ventures to control;
Asserts his claims, proceeds to tyrannize,
But 'gainst such tyrant nature's sure to rise,
And teach him stay within his proper place
Which is not coextensive with all space.

Whenever men do disagree,
To what things are or ought to be,
Though naught dishonest mean;
The other's wrong himself is right,
The conscience for the purse will fight,
The converse ne'er was seen.

Let's turn to life and give a passing thought,
To what it is, what changes it has wrought;
How man does deal with life too well is known,
The life of lower creatures as his own.

What can life be? It seems so great, so small,
To others naught, but to its owner all.
It's but a point within time's endless chain,
Time always was and always will remain.
As we peer back to where time has begun,
Before through ages back its course has run,
A universal void embraced all space,
And millions cycles passed ere it took place.
Receding back as far as thought can fly,
And prior still, infinity does lie;
Of all this lapse of time this life knows naught
Into existence it had not been brought,
When suddenly within a lump of clay
Appeared this attribute for short a stay.
And when some change within its dwelling made
Becomes extinct, its dwelling will decay.
Just as it was throughout the infinite past,
So through all time as long as time will last
To endless future as time goes rolling on
'Twill be no more: 'twill be forever gone.
How every life clings to its fragile hive,
How every one loves to remain alive,
Although deceiving as a life may seem
Although it's short and but an empty dream

Yet 'tis the whole, for when it is destroyed
The universe to it becomes a void.

Yet selfish man, how little does he care
To this existence of another spare,
When sullen whims cannot pursue their way
The life of the obstructor is the pay.
What is an insult but a freak of mind?
What's an affront? It's but conceit so blind;
And other causes of much indignation
Are but the products of imagination.

How oft on flimsy prettexts life is taken
And all the joys of life have been forsaken,
Because one thought he felt an insult's sting
And then refused to bear this trifling thing;
Another's loss to him is no concern,
He takes a life as 'twere a thing to spurn.

How many souls were laid beneath the sod,
Because of different views about some god,
Who never has been heard and never s'own,
Concerning whose existence nothing's known;
How many lives have been destroyed to see
What nation should the ocean's mistress be,
Or whether pope or king should reign supreme,
Turned every river to a gory stream.

Which tyrant should the regal scepter wield?
Which are the lines that bound a nation's field?
Such questions never did concern the folk [yoke,
Who drenched the field with blood and bore the

In wars for plunder, spoils or land to gain
How many million victims have been slain;
The life to man seems naught which he destroys
To get the substance which that life enjoys;
He ne'er considers how his gain so small
Compares with life, which to that life is all;
So ruthless man, as through this world he goes,
With quenchless greed fills other hearts with woes.
If human laws did not these acts restrain,
Or courts did not the power of laws maintain,
Or man combine to see the laws enforced,
Then of all brutes mankind would be the worst.

O man! You self-styled, noblest work of God!
How you the works do of yourself applaud;
Your own importance you do magnify,
Extol yourself in praises to the sky.
Who spoke the words that you're creation's first
And lord of all, to rule the entire earth,
That each live creature to your will must yield,
Down in the sea as well as in the field?

It was not those that are to be enslaved,
For had they made those edicts they'd been saved.

It was your work, the work of you alone
Who by superior strength usurped the throne ;
'Twas you who made the gods to fit your mood,
Who made them talk and then their words con-
That on all other creatures you may prey, [strued
That they were made for you and that you may
Destroy their lives, their bodies use as food
Or raiment or whate'er may do you good,
So would you make your fellow man your own,
And with oppression's yoke would make him groan
Absorb the produce that his labors gain,
If he resists inflict some dreadful pain,
Or plead rebellion and his life destroy
That you the entire plunder may enjoy.

For man's protection 'gainst the vice of man,
That each may life enjoy the best he can,
They all agreed that one should never share
The fruits which his own labor did not bear.
But to compel you by this compact stand
To curb the impulse of your grasping hand,
Dire penalties of life and limb are laid
On all who this agreement would evade.

As you would not be ruled except by fear
A mammoth code of laws did soon appear.
By your own hand you are a bonded elf
For self protection 'gainst your greedy self.
The laws thus formed spring but from selfish traits
For you have found through sorrow and the Fates
To plunder others not such pleasure brings,
As by them plundered be, has pains and stings.
A general protector you must be,
So that yourself from danger may be free.

[wealth,
Man goes on through this world amassing
He toils and struggles and disputes for pelf.
There's no advantage that he will not take,
If money by the process he can make.
He helter-skelter carries on his fights
Heedless of others' wounds or others' rights.
He often gets things twisted in such shape
That it a wiser head than his will take
To straighten out the various crooks and coils,
The complications and prospective broils,

Which greed and ignorance so surely bring
And like a mill-stone to his neck do cling.

He gets affairs into an awful muss,
And with his fellow man he has a fuss ;
They can't agree what their agreement was,
Each one declares he has a righteous cause,
That from the other's faults all trouble springs,
Himself an angel is, all but the wings.
He finds himself unequal to the task
And does assistance of the lawyer ask.

The object of a trial in the courts
Is to obtain the truth about the facts.
The only way the facts can be disclosed
Is to inquire of him who something knows.
Before the witness can his statement make,
He does an oath to bind his conscience take,
His word to man, to God he lifts his hand,
Binds honor, life, and soul with iron band,
With penalties on earth, in heaven and hell,
Declares the truth and but the truth to tell.

How seldom does a trial reach its goal,
But some one goes away with purgered soul ;
One swears to this, the other it denies,
One truth is clear, one or the other lies.

Who are they that each other contradict?
Of perjury each other would convict?
They're not the lawyers, members of the bar,
They constitute the people as they are.
They come from every calling that we know,
From every clan and class both high and low.

The worthies of the country and the town,
Those honored with the state's official gown,
The rich, the poor, and those of moderate goods,
The Christian, Jew, the hermit of the woods,
The young, the old, the crude and the refined,
The mediocre and the master mind,
All enter court because they can't agree
Who of some lucre should possessor be.

They do not care for justice or the laws,
And always make their oaths to fit their cause;
Oath on oath a legal bulwark make,
Oath clashing 'gainst an oath the forum shake,
Thus perjured souls both law and God defy,
Though some may tell the truth, yet many lie.
Now the practitioner's sad duty comes,
When all the testimony up he sums;
This tangled mass with care must analyze
And every portion closely scrutinize,

Apply all tests to human wisdom known
By which the false amid the true is shown.

The reckless swearers one by one to take
And show wherein each one his oath did break
Is not a pleasant task for any man
And brought upon the bar the public ban.

When parties as to facts do both agree,
The only question then what justice be
Such questions courts on principle decide,
By long established precedents abide ;
If man is fair, his oath has not misused
He seldom is in any court abused ;
The law is just and justice will be done,
If law its proper course can only run ;
But perjury the court cannot control :
It rests within the conscience and the soul.

In every cause where interest is at stake,
That interest will a man's convictions shape ;
As no one's rights except his own can see,
The judge of his own cause no man can be.
If through some accident one lost his life,
And suit is instituted by his wife,
Though he his family would not support,
Will surely prove a paragon in court.

A scrub struck by a locomotive's prow
Will metamorphose to a well-bred cow.
A grey-hound may develop from a snail,
A little fish turn out to be a whale.

Man's avarice to earth is not confined,
But wealth for future life he has in mind ;
To prayers on bended knees, no lusts compare
When God is asked heaven's treasures with him
share.

He asks for robes of white and satin sheets,
For pearly gates upon the golden streets,
For mansions grand with jewels set and glossed,
In rich designs the balconies embossed :
He never prays a homely cot to own,
But for a marble palace or a throne ;
Although at times does modesty affect,
Deep in his heart rich things he does expect.
A humble heaven with humble spirits filled,
Where humble life its humble home does build,
Most humbly in a humble list enroll,
Does not attract man's avaricious soul.



The Christian claims Christ's teaching as a guide ;
But where in life has he Christ's words applied ?
The Sermon on the Mount is laid away :
What the apostles and some others say,
Though human all, is taken as a base,
To build up a religion for the race.
The mode of using water in baptism,
Transubstantiation and such schism,
That are but empty forms and nothing mean,
But used for avarice and crime to screen,
Detract attention from distasteful teaching
Make up religion and religious preaching.

The words of Christ are simple and so plain,
No doubt about their meaning need remain ;
They are so clear they can't be misconstrued,
But readily by any understood.
Because it is a task by them abide,
They're not regarded but are laid aside ;
There is not one throughout this Christian land,
That ever did attempt by them to stand ;
Man much prefers man's dubious expressions,
To hold on to his wealth and his possessions,
"If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out,"
There's nothing in this line that leaves a doubt ;

“Swear not at all, but answer yea and nay,”
This all do understand but none obey,
There’s no affair in government or court,
But what somebody’s oath must it support ;
“When man smite thee on one cheek turn the other”
This is ne’er done when struck by one’s own
“If man by suit at law thy coat does take [mother ;
Then of thy cloak do him a present make.”
How well this mandate people do obey
Is illustrated in our courts each day ;
“No thought take of your lives nor of your fare,
Neither of your bodies nor the clothes you wear,”
How nicely style does with religion go,
How many go to church nice clothes to show,
How grand the edifice, how bright the pew,
How thoughtful that all things appear like new,
How sumptuously man does love to feast,
His garnered stores would last ten years at least,
What time and thought are used in making clothes
In priming and adjusting, no one knows.

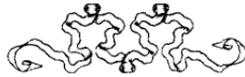
“Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor
And follow Christ upon his missive tour” [they,
Where are the righteous? Where, oh, where are
These words of God have ventured to obey?

Man's cities line the mighty ocean's shore,
The bowels of the earth are entered for her ore,
Down deep beneath the wave are cables laid,
On elevated steel are transits made,
His iron chariots outspeed the gale,
Like rolling thunder rumble o'er the rail [fire,
Through tunneled mountains dart like flaming
And lightning bears his message on a wire.

His marble palaces and granite streets,
The morning sun his towering columns greets,
The humming mills form one harmonious sound,
And wealth on wealth is heaped the world around ;
All interspersed with hovels of the poor,
Where hungry wolves stand howling at the door.
Again I ask, Where is the man so odd,
Who carries out the mandates of his god ?

I do not say these teachings we should heed
And disregard all things that people need ;
But to our principles we should be true
And not one thing profess and others do.
That all religion's free is well and good,
Which is the best is not well understood ;
But it is hard to see how man can pray
And vow the wishes of his God obey,

Admit he spoke the words, admit they're true
And then the very opposite pursue ;
Not one of all His sayings does he heed,
But from His followers he takes his creed ;
Not by his merits, but by begging low,
Expects to heaven on His sore shoulders go.



A marriage is a blessing or a curse,
It makes a man far better or far worse ;
More happiness or misery's entwined,
In nuptial ties than others all combined.
Man claims that love is prompting all his wooing,
His heart through love its idol is pursuing ;
His lady's virtue, character and love,
To him is dearer than the heavens above.

In truth it is her wealth that takes his eyes,
And for her wealth the powers of love applies ;
The daughter of some millionaire is first,
Through whom he longs to satisfy his thirst,
If her he can't attract his heart is prone
To daughters of those who some thousands own ;

But if he cannot even get a smile,
Some other blossoms from a poorer soil
His heart will scrutinize if they are thrifty,
Five hundred pounds are better far than fifty ;
And she who fifty owns, a sweeter honey,
Than she who is entirely without money.
At last he goes among those he can woo,
And bears his courtship all its stages through,
With hearts full of affection they will wed,
They both are happy, 'tis by many said.
Their nuptial bonds are bound by love alone,
For neither does of wealth a shilling own.
But few do e'er suspect the reason why
Love conquered all and wealth did not apply,
That 'twas because they never had a chance
From one of wealth to catch a wistful glance ;
'Twas not from choice, desire or love so pure,
But from necessity they married poor.

Man in the realm of love, by subtle stealth,
Will pillage sacred hearts in search of wealth ;
To hunt for gold while in love's clothing dressed,
By all is practiced and by none confessed.
True love is nature's guide for blending lives,
For joining hearts of husbands and their wives,

Till married, lovers should this rule obey :
As to the property affairs of each,
No information should the other reach ;
A strong and telling influence it wields,
Perhaps unconsciously thereto he yields
In course of time a canker it appears,
And brings unhappiness, divorce and tears.

Divorce ! Where lies the secret of this curse ?
Would it be better, or would it be worse,
If one divorce no longer could obtain,
Who married is must ever so remain ?
Would that esteem and faith again restore,
And ill-directed love be love once more ?
Or would they live apart on every hand,
With frank adultery beset the land ?
Build customs that would marriage nullify,
Licentiousness make decent to the eye ?
This much is sure, though all conclusions draw,
The fault is with the people, not the law.

When prime of life has been in discord spent,
The natural bonds 'tween man and wife are rent,
Unnatural love is turned to natural hate,
They can no more control their coming fate,
Then to the lawyer go their barge to mend,

Their way o'er rocks and breakers to attend,
Undo the folly of their youthful age,
All their affairs in proper shape arrange
And start them out afresh on life's high sea,
Much bigger fools than e'er before to be.

How many laws the penal codes contain,
Those to protect who can't their rights maintain,
The women, children, indigent and blind,
Those weak from age, and those of feeble mind,
Must shielded be by penalty and ban,
Against the pillage of their fellow man.

A woman is the idol man reveres,
His mother, wife, and daughters all so dear,
Each one his life would yield in her defense,
Is each one's saying and each one's pretense.
Such crimes as bigamy, seduction, rape,
No one but man does ever perpetrate.
Man may through life pure virtue have possessed,
But what he would have done cannot be guessed
If opportunities had been presented,
And fear of being known had not prevented.

Who would have thought an infant not yet
born,
Had aught to fear of danger or of harm ;

Or that decrepit age at any time
Would e'er be robbed by others in their prime?
Who would have thought that man would e'er
The one he vowed to honor and protect, [neglect
Would gamble, drink and all his earnings spend
And while at home the air with curses rend;
Abandon wife and child and then elope
With one deprived of character and hope?
This all is done yet penal codes contain
Harsh penalties from crime man to restrain
And all by man alone, the brute creation
Not subject is to such vile degradation.

While seated in my office in my place
And musing o'er the struggles of our race,
There was a rap, a woman entered in,
Quite young, yet in her teens she must have been.
Her dark eyes sparkled, and hair with ease
Curled down her back and almost touched her
knees.

Her countenance was smooth, abashed yet clear;
Her form angelic seemed as she drew near,
A model figure which in nothing lacked
And would a sculptor's practiced eye attract;
The tender heart within her breast concealed

A sympathetic nature soon revealed.
Her voice was sweet, her disposition kind,
Yet one could see she had a troubled mind ;
Her feelings to repress she vainly tried
When asked to state her mission, she replied :

“How great a change, not twelve months has
That I was held universal esteem ; [it been
All parties, gatherings and whatever tends
To make the heart feel glad among its friends,
Whether in parlor or in banquet hall would meet,
Without my presence never were complete.
The idol of our home, my father’s pride,
How many to protect me would have died ;
Suspicion or distrust ne’er pierced my mind,
I had abiding faith in all mankind.

“O love, within our breasts, a demon’s flame
For this, not we, but nature is to blame,
Most faithless attribute, of most treacherous kind,
Deprive a woman of her strength and mind !
In plotting your career from zone to zone,
How many hearts you’ve broken, and lives
o’erthrown !

Had I been maker of our own desires,
Ne’er would I have imbued such baneful fires,

Which rob innocence of virtue and her name,
And bring her to disgrace and endless shame.
Yet would this curse, if not abused by man,
Bind heart to heart as only true love can;
From happiness which thereon would grow,
Perennial fountains of bliss would flow.

“When but a youth he seemed so bright and
More noble than the other youths I knew, [true,
Good natured, pleasant, and so very kind,
Produced esteem within my girlish mind.
When he became a man he said to me,
‘Without your love a burden life would be;
Accept my love and let your love be mine,
Within each other’s hearts our hearts entwine,
When rent by death, and future life’s begun,
Let both our souls be blended into one.’

“A sweeter message ne’er my ears did greet,
We vowed, our vows renewed seven times each
week;

Of wrinkled brows and silvery locks we spoke
When burdened down by time’s oppressive yoke,
Through age infirm how closely we would cling,
And if together die death be no sting.
His virile arms my throbbing heart embraced,

A kiss upon my fervent lips he placed, [seeing,
My strength was all dissolved, my eyes ceased
I was but part and parcel of his being.

“If he his own desires could not resist,
Could I control all forces that exist?

His pleas, his prayers, his love, his promise true,
His passion’s fire, and my own passions too?
He said, ‘We’re joined by God, though not by
man,’

Renewed each vow, reviewed our marriage plan;
A maddening frenzy, a nervous strain—
I struggled, though my struggles were in vain;
This whole array of force at once combined
Would prove too much for most of womankind.

When he discerned that he had ruined me
And that concealed it could no longer be,
He seemed so strange and different than before
And did not seem to love me any more.
The vows, which we renewed a thousand times,
Seemed like the snows that fall in torrid climes,
As often as I’d him of them remind
And urge that we our bond of union bind,
So often for some cause he would postpone
Until he fled, and I was left alone.

“They say he’s on the isles beyond the sea,
That from some girl he was compelled to flee—
Compelled to flee? I hold him far too dear
That when his love has flown, I’d persevere
To be his bride, enforce his pledge to try,
Much rather would I be disgraced and die.

“Instead of married and a happy bride,
Each vow is broken and each pledge belied,
My heart is crushed, ’twas more than’t could
My child is the result of love as pure, [endure—
As any child that was in wedlock born—
An outcast still; despised, disgraced, forlorn,
My friends unnumbered once, I have none now;
The men no longer greet me with a bow, [me,
When no one’s near, some speak kind words to
But womankind a stranger seems to be.

“You’re learned well in law and custom too;
Tell me, by searching social customs through,
The one which shows the way a woman can
Get absolution from this social ban.
You say there’s none? Such sin is ne’er forgiven
By society; though helpless thereto driven?
Though plighted faith and love proved but a cheat,
Though pure in heart a victim of deceit,

Though trapped with lies, and robbed of strength
and mind

It ne'er forgives a sin in womankind?

"To man no deed is an eternal bar,
The gates of reformation stand ajar;
Beset by guilt, perplexed by tarnished name,
Can yet return to honor and to fame.
No matter what a sot or beast he's been,
Or outlaw and enriched by ill-got gains;
No matter how debauched, what misery wrought,
Iniquity and vice to youth he brought;
No matter 'bout the vows and hearts he broke,
Or vulgar, slanderous words of virtue spoke;
If he'll abstain from all ignoble strife,
Amend his ways and lead an upright life,
Old friends will bid him welcome, cluster round,
Society rejoice, that the lost is found.

"I look into the future and behold
All stages of my life, till I am old,
And then, cannot regain my honored place
Though all my life I spend in deeds of grace.
For her who erred, though not through evil
thought,
One single stain upon her name has brought,

All virtue known to woman, if combined,
In social circles, would no favor find ;
There's no incentive now to virtue left,
A fallen woman's of all hope bereft,
The human voice, harmoniously saith,
'She has her choice, an abandoned life or death.'



Mankind has heard how sweetly Sirens sing,
How beauty, grace, and love around them cling,
How man, by them attracted day by day,
Falls victim to enchantments by the way,
And like the Siren plays the Siren's part
And seeks to please by decorative art.
Æsthetic does the shears and razor ply,
The gray and sandy hair does richly dye,
So gracefully the toilet puts in place
And with cosmetics hides the homely face.

The garments all designed to be a charm,
Although at times of most abnormal form.
Affected smiles with cunning, flattering speech
And friendship feign the confidence to reach,

Appears so good, so dignified, so just,
So wise, so neat, so true, so full of trust :
And like the Sirens with external show,
The eye does please and seem with virtue glow.
Judge not a man from dignities or prayers,
From his good-looks or from the clothes he wears :
For oft in those quite destitute of art
Lies unrevealed the truest, noblest heart.

In lotteries does man seem to delight,
Though oft concealed by pious names from sight :
He gives a penny on the deacon's rounds
To draw a palace worth a million pounds :
Or placed on interest at such early date
Bring millions in celestial real estate.
If Satan had the heavenly battle won
And God in chains into the pit had thrown,
Then Satan would be praised and asked for grace
And helpless God would cursed be to his face :
God's kingdom all mankind would then abhor
And Satan's golden streets seek from afar.





Of all the animals does man make use,
By his superior mind and genius
Offensive and defensive weapons makes,
With which he them subdues, their lives he takes;
Their lives destroy and bodies use as food,
Is only right because he is more shrewd.
Their lives has nature given, they hear and see,
They love to live and dread to die, as he;
They breathe one air and from one fountain drink,
Enjoy the sunshine and from danger shrink;
All things in nature also nature's plan,
To them adapted are, the same as man.
The plant out in the field is living too,
Is nourished by the soil, the sun, the dew,
Upon its birth-place, stands a helpless flower,
Man roots it up by his superior power.

This world for man alone was never made,
Had he ne'er been, the flowers would bloom and
fade,

The brute creation mate and multiply,
The eagle and the crane go soaring high,
The trees would grow with leaves on every bough,
And all save him would be as it is now.
Long ere his foot this earth had ever trod,
Long ere his selfish prayer was raised to God,
The sun had shone and nursed it into life;
Long ere desire to rule produced a strife,
The birds their merry notes of love had sung,
The crystal waters from the rocks had sprung,
The vernal fragrance filled both hill and dale,
The sky as now, an arched and azure veil.

Where is his claim he so presumptuous made,
When cold and stiff he in the earth is laid?
And when the worm into his cell does creep,
To perforate his body in his sleep,
Will he respect him as a fallen god,
Or sacred hold his person or his rod?

Cannot the worm man's own proud boast repeat
That everything was made his wants to meet,
That man was only born, does only die,
The hunger of the worm to satisfy?
Then why should man through selfishness insist
That all for him was made that does exist?

Let man accept the truth in modest way,
Accept his fate, be it whate'er it may ;
For when he's dead, his course of life is run,
The Earth will still revolve around the Sun,
The planets in their circling orbs will shine,
And speed along the pulseless paths of time ;
New systems form, the old grow still and cold,
New life appear, again return to mold,
And nature's law continue its control,
As time throughout eternity does roll ;
And everything will run just as it ran
Through ages past before man's life began.



Though man presumptuous would the earth
And selfish interests animate his soul, [contol
Though few feel aught beyond the laws restraint,
Things as a whole admit of small complaint.
His myriad labors beautify the land,
His laws imperfect stay the grasping hand :
As age on age in endless cycles roll
He still advances and improves the whole.

A beast with beasts his early life began,
The curse of nature on his fellowman ;
Behold him now ! Transcendent and alone,
Laws made to guard his neighbor's and his own,
Through Earth's extent, uninjured he may roam
Abroad protected as when safe at home.
Whate'er by fortune hath become his store
Is his to use or to increase with more ;
When sleep refreshing bids his eyelids close,
He safely slumbers through his night's repose
And when the sunbeams streak the eastern skies
And rested nature bids his spirits rise,
He seeks his labors undisturbed once more
Assured to find them as they were before.

Not so of old, could men such safety boast,
'Twas in their castle or the mustered host.
Prone as he is to envy and to strife
Law gives to man each needful right of life.
Though legal action fails at times to find
The just relations that exist in mind,
Or to the owner rightful goods restore,
It does it better than e'er done before.
Not long ago he who had justice done,
Oft sacrificed his all before he won ;

Inhuman pains were then imposed on crime,
Yet human safety has increased with time;
'Tis seldom now that innocence is tried
For crimes committed, or for oaths belied;
If now and then some guilty wretch goes free
Enough for safety still will punished be.

No human intellect can comprehend
The scope of law, its varied use and end;
It comes by growth, in age its power lies,
As mighty oaks from little acorns rise.
All that we have, all that its foes enjoy,
Rise from its exercise and just employ;
No greater friend can human weakness boast,
Once lost its powers, all good of life is lost.

