

STANZA XXIII

*May within the forests' virgin womb  
 Tranced in the sweetest, ruffled, indolent,  
 Of the faint breeze and tropical perfumes  
 And all the music far has waters leant *S. J.*  
 But the masses of myrtle's bloom,  
 Till radiant lilies, and the golden scent  
 Sped by strong, clusters of more pallid flowers  
 And people thrice stream amid the twilight towers.*

I think it was on the 6th of July that I reached New York. In those days one was not bored by people who had never seen a real skyline boasting of the outrage since perpetrated by the insects. A mountain sky-line is nearly always noble and beautiful, being the result of natural forces acting uniformly and in conformity with law. Thus, though it is not designed, it is the embodiment of the principles which are inherent in Design. New York, on the other hand, has been thrown up by a series of disconnected accidents.

The vanity of the natives led them therefore to concentrate their enthusiasm on a rejected statue of Commerce intended for the Suez Canal. This they had purchased at secondhand and grandiloquently labelled "Liberty enlightening the World." They had been prophetic enough to put it on an island with its back to the mainland.

But, in those days, the spirit of Liberty was still intensely alive in the United States. The least sensitive visitor was bound to become aware of it in a few hours. There was no genteel servility. Nobody interfered with anyone else's business, or permitted busybodies to meddle with his. The people seemed prosperous and contented; they had not yet