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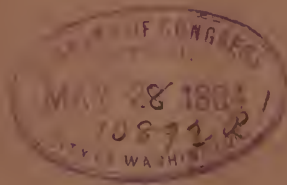
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Noş, Victuri, Salutamus.

Judge Geo. W. Thompson

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NOS, VICTURI, SALUTAMUS.

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At the close of a long life, reaching near the four-score years, few of the early friends are to be found to recall the past or exchange impressions of the future, yet if one has made the best use of his memories, and his hopes have become clearer as he has threaded the mazes of life he will have many sympathies with the young, and will be disposed to take old friends by the hand as we pass *over*. A few words as to some new thoughts and their mode of treatment. He stands as it were on the inner or thither side of nature and speaks of the phenomena of existence from that side, rather than from the outer side of things. From watching the operations of his own mind, and the courses of action by others, and seeing that all *loves*, whether conscious or spontaneous, centre to the self, and that the muscular or physical force of centralizing to the self is the prominent agency in *drawing* to and centering to and around the self, even as attraction draws to its centre; and that in all outward action, conscious or spontaneous, the muscular or physical force of projection, repulsion, is the prominent agency in such facts; and that the mind *creates* its own forms for embodiment in the various acts of life and works of fancy, he therefore treats the physical forces of nature as *representative* of mental or spiritual powers. The demonstration of this law of the universe he has made elsewhere in a more precise and formal manner. The use he has made of the *ether* as the nerve of the universe is fully justified by science, when it demonstrates that the sun is a

great electric battery, and the earth a great magnet, and most of the growths and changes which take place on the face of the world are produced by the action of the sun on the earth through the *sensibility* of this universal *ether* which extends everywhere and conveys to us the light of the farthest stars, distant from us myriads of millions of miles, so that thousands of years are necessary for the light to reach us, and beyond that is infinite. It is true our earth is but a *dot*, yet our minds go out with an infinite grasping to the stars and the nebulae on the waves of the *ether*, in the measurement of its vibrations, much as we measure the forces along our nerves from the brain to the extremities. Having a moral system to which these and all other facts are subsidiary, it is proper that one who is about to live (*victurus* is the future participle of both *vivo* and *vinco*) should make his parting salutation.

Steenrod, May 14th, 1884.

The Crucial Life---The Transition of Humanity.



I.

Bring cypress and myrtle to crown the Dead,
 The dying Present, and the Past
 With dust of ages on him cast,
 And the sere leaves of Autumn lately shed.
 Autumnal leaves in dying glory shed
 Shall turn to dust whence forth they came,
 Or go to make some future flame,
 Or flowers for spring-time, in their early bed.
 Time died yesterday, and to-day he lies
 In death,—and he, to-morrow dies
 'Mid laughing sounds and wailing cries,—
 And not a soul could live unless he dies.
 Time is immortality,—and time is life;—
 Its changes are the mortal span
 That measure all the life of man,
 Which by the *forces* make his field of strife.
 Bring cypress and myrtle to crown the dead;
 Emblems of death, emblems of love!
 Whence come they;—beneath or above,—
 Dark shadows of Fate, or symbols of Jove?
 Bring cypress and myrtle to crown the dead,
 For from dying and living come

Wail and laugh, and life's busy hum,
 The hurrying tramp, and the burying tread.
 Death moveth onwards, and onward moves life;—
 Force into *forces* is changed,*
 And atoms in order are ranged,
 And Order rules over *or* comes out of strife.
 Strife, from the forces forever shall come;—
 Attraction to centres shall draw,—
 Repulsion these centres shall flaw :—
 Atoms,—these centres—are Nature's whole sum.
 Nature's whole sum, in these atoms of strife,
 Incessantly works into form,—
 Th' ice that is cold, the blood that is warm,
 The death that destroys, the *life* that gives life.
 Attraction is shaped in manifold laws,
 Yet by one law *draws* to its ends :—
 What is Love that *draws* and that blends,—
 That centres to self, and self is its cause?
 So Repulsion comes from heart and from brain,
 Offensive,—defensive in strife;—
 And passion and love make the life,—
 A life of *forces*,—or a life in vain.
 A life in vain,—if empty, causeless thought,
 And causeless love shall be no cause
 To move the nerves, give force no laws
 That in our conscious *deeds* our *life* be wrought.

 Myrtle and cypress from ashes of life,
 And grasses, fruits, flowers and grain,—
 Needs of the poor, wants of the vain,
 Come from the fires and the ashes of strife.

II.

Bring wine-cup and ivy to cheer the Heart,
 The heart,—the hearts that are sinking,
 The head,—the heads that are thinking
 Of wearisome days,—and would sadly depart;—
 Depart to the land of shadow and dream,
 For that is the whole which we seem,
 Light on the cloud, shade on the stream,
 When the *real* is gone,—shadow and gleam!
 Light gleams through shadows,—the shadow is life,
 Glooms of the day, gleams of the night,
 Woven from gloom, weaving to light,
 And the woof and the warp is love and is strife.
 And the shuttle of life with colors we fill

*One of the scientific theories of forces.

Which picture the tints of the weft,
 As it passes to right and to left
 By pulse of the heart, by thought, and by will.
 And the mottled web of our life is spun
 From threads of woof,—from threads of weft
 Across the warp from right to left,
 From glooms of night and rosy gleams of sun.
 And this many-colored web of life is spun
 By darkened thoughts, by brightened deeds,
 By lightened eyes, by heart that bleeds,
 Until our mystic work of life is done.
 Until the mystic work of life is done,—
 By thought is done, and web is wove
 In pulse of guilt or throbs of love,
 In colors, like changing hues from sun.
 And the fateful web of our life is *laid*
 From tints in the thread of life,
 By the skill, and the work and the strife
 Of the mystic self—the maker, and made.
 Maker and made ! there are Powers that give
 Forces which this Maker may use,
 Other forces to use or abuse,
 And fashion and weave the life he may live !
 'Tis *power* of will that rules to outward *fact*,
 Projectile force for conscious deed ;
 And so attractive force we read
 When conscious love gives life to conscious act.
 And life's picture, with bright lines and with stain
 In the web of the life remains
 Lighting the heart, darkening the brain,
 As we labor in love,—or labor in vain.
 Serpents come forth and cross our human path,
 The lamb its gentle nature owns,
 And human nature sadly moans
 The human nature's folly, wrong, and wrath.
 Man labors in love, though a love that will stain ;
 Mind has its glooms, hearts have their stains ;
 Ape, serpent, and tiger have *brains*,
 But man labors in love, or labors in vain.
 If brains to ape, serpent, tiger, belong,
 And their acts respond to their brains,
 And all shades of light are *its* stains,
 Whence cometh *the* right, and whence cometh wrong !

III.

Bring flowers to crown the ghastly skull,—the skull
 Once many-thoughted,—wildly dazed,—

In its own light and gloom beerazed,—
 Dazed and beerazed;—with its own light too full.
 But now the thinker gone, no thought is there;—
 No thought is there,—no love for thought,
 From heart to ashes turned, is brought
 To give a bliss, or *cause* a future care.
 The ashes of the life are gone,—are gone;—
 Where gone;—whither! Gone where they serve
 New sense to make, and newer nerve
 Of the universal Life that hurries on.
 The empty skull,—the emptied skull is here:—
 No thought, no love,—the real gone,—
 Gone with the Life that hurries on
 And thro' this skull no more shall think or fear.—
 Bring flowers to crown my life;—bring wine—
 Bring ruby wine and woman's smile,—
 True or false:—shadows will beguile
 The passing moment:—passing shall be mine.
 Be mine,—be mine;—snatched from th' Eternal Now,
 Shall now,—shall *now* be mine, and mine
 In my divinity divine,
 The passing life with pleasures I endow.
 And mine in my divinity divine,—
 The wine of life inflames the soul,
 The wine of life inflames the whole,
 And sense, and joy, and love I drink as wine.

IV.

To-morrow,—to-morrow is the fool of time,
 Which is, and is not till it come
 With cant of prayer or roll of drum,
 And all the *rights* it brings are linked with crime.
 Linked with crime, and grimmed with blood, and gained
 By indirection and sharp deceit,
 Which all the ages oft repeat,
 And Rights by Wrongs are founded and sustained.
 'Tis war for life, 'tis toil for daily bread;
 'Tis war for rights that must be won,
 Heroic deeds that must be done,
 Till human rights o'er human wrongs shall tread.
 To-day,—this day we are the fools of time;
 In thought, in love, in busy deed
 We idly laugh or inly bleed,
 And curse what yesterday we deemed sublime.
 What yesterday we did and deemed sublime,
 And walked the earth with port erect,
 To-day the very fools detect

As errant folly, or as arrant crime !
 Bring wine ;—with radiant wine dry up the tears,
 And let the blood flow freely on,
 And fill some other use when we are gone,—
 The empty skull holds nor thoughts, nor loves nor fears.
 And painted imagery of woof and weft
 Of passion, changing love and thought,
 With changing phantasies o'er wrought,
 Perish in their own law of change,—nor trace is left.
 No trace is left except the law of change,
 Which on the Past the Future builds
 And with the ash of death still gilds
 The varied change of nature's mighty range,—
 Changing and changing still. All things
 Are changing in perpetual flow ;
 The changing forces come and go,—
 Earth's mutability but changes brings.
 'Tis toil for daily bread, and they shall keep
 Who have, and they will get who can ;
 'Tis man at war with fellow man ;—
 The weak and poor must sow, the strong will reap.
 They who have, they who thrive will learn to keep,
 Or there's no proper state for man ;
 Such is the law since life began,
 Tho' some may laugh, tho' many more may weep.
 And rank, and wealth, and state and church are built
 On human rights—it so will be,—
 And contests fierce shall constantly
 Record this two-fold sum of human guilt.
 Wrongs lurk in rights ; rights in endless toil
 And heart-break struggle must be found ;
 And so we pace life's weary round
 To find at every step some sad recoil.
 Bring flowers to crown the skull ; bring wine
 To cheer the heart and make it ring
 With thoughts the living brain shall bring,
 With thought and love the moment make divine.
 This much we catch, but may not, cannot keep
 Succession of these lights and shades,—
 Gloom that changes, and light that fades,—
 And in the gloom of all life sinks to sleep.

v.

Earth—Time, the great kaleidoscope, revolves,
 And many pictured changes brings—
 Shadows of earth's all changing things,
 And *movement* is the only truth it solves.

The infinite life is hurrying on,
 And space the changing phantoms fill,—
 Changes of thought, of love, of will,
 With which to seek the Unchanging One.
 The Unchanging One!—if such there be,
 In mutability is lost,
 And Self, by every tempest tost,
 May find no rest upon the shoreless sea.
 May find no rest upon this shoreless sea,
 Where every thing in change is lost,
 And where this self is tempest tost,
 But would not rest in sloth eternally :
 But would not rest,—and would not change—yet be
 A self-directive power to act—
 Self-creator of conscious fact,
 And by conscious facts proclaim that he is free :
 That he is free to do, and free to dare
 And win some conscious prize of life,
 A self-reward, tho' born of strife,—
 If strengthened by the struggle with despair.
 And strengthened by the struggle with despair,
 And worn and weary never quails,
 And worn and weary never wails,
 Looks to his toil and *peace* is smiling there ;
 Hope, tried and firm,—not she of silken curls—
 Holds steady helm,—o'er Fate prevails,
 Looks to himself, and sets all sails
 Into the dark sea that circles all the worlds ;
 With burning thoughts that press him to the sea
 Of time and space—immensity,—
 Where his own self, by truth, shall be
 The measure of its dread eternity.

VI.

And the mystic work of life is all done
 By the forces of life in each,
 As upward and onward we reach,
 And the summit by toil of brain is won ;
 And the summit by heart and by brain is won,—
 For there is high, and there is low
 In mind to which this self may go,—
 Dark deeps that are conscious, heights light as the sun.
 'Tis foulness of depth, or grandeur of height,
 As truly and clearly the goal
 Is the noblest summit of soul
 Where love is all pure and knowledge all light.
 And knowledge and love are the Powers of life

Which to him who wins may belong :—
 Baffled in right, baffled by wrong,—
 He is th' autocrat who rules in the strife.
 He moves thro the strife in his own manly air,
 And weary and worn never wails,
 And weary and worn never quails,
 His light in his soul, his heel on despair.

Bring cypress to crown the dead,—myrtle bring
 For chaplets on the living brow,
 For all,—for all is passing now,
 And wail and wassail in earth's echoes ring.
 And wail and wassail thro the ages ring,—
 But for a higher, broader brow
 Which truth and genius shall endow,
 The laurel, palm, oak, and olive bring;
 And the coming man in his place shall stand,
 Bearing the torch of all the lights,
 Bearing the sword to guard all rights,
 Bearing the lofty soul of just command.

VII.

Memories !—The sad memories when hope is none,
 And dead—the hope forever dead,
 And on the dust of life we tread,
 And there is no goal of Love which may be won !
 No love to woo the heart and win the mind !
 Whence, how, and why or mind or heart ;
 Joy when we come, grief when depart,
 Love for the lost, or those we leave behind ?
 No mind no thought,—no love, no *purposed* mind ;—
 All *ends* are in some purpose *fixed* ;—
 All *deeds* are thought and purpose mixed ;
 And thought, and love, and will are *powers* combined ;
 And to the outward world their strength display
 By *forces* that thro' muscles move,
 As ponderous weight in iron groove,
 And *their power* of cause stands as open day.
 Memory and hope in life's full current flow,
 Make all the past and future one—
 Make life continuous life begun,
 And on the future all the past bestow.
 Scene passes scene, and nobler aims of strife
 With newer forms of thought appear—
 Higher in each coming year
 With richer memories and with fuller life ;
 As if through all a conscious moving soul

The onward life of Thought diffused,
 The upward life of Love suffused—
 Brought from the past, into the future roll.
 And in the whole all to one issue tend ;
 Love and thought unfold the plan,
 Completed in perfected man,
 The salient aim in such a *salient end*.
 Nature, *in grades*, ascends to higher planes,
 Man on to broader life *deploys*,
 To higher aimings, richer joys,—
 'Tis the same power which man more fully gains.
 'Tis in the Book, God said that all was good,
 Fitted to changing time and place,
 Tho' God's own image we deface
 And write all human rights in blood.
 Such goodness, then, is in some far-off' end
 Which growing goodness may attain,
 And human will, thro' toil and pain,
 To this great issue all its powers must bend.
 So reads the regal law in nature's page,
 And measures all the acts of men,
 And doom prescribes with iron pen
 When base corruption spreads from age to age.
 End :—concordant means thro' all changes shine :
 Tho' shadows mix with broken light,
 The very shadows mould the sight,
 As thro' some screen is poured the light divine.
 The shadowy changes are but forms of light
 In soft or darker shadows cast,
 And shadows passing, shadows past
 Are pictures on the screen of human sight.
 And pictures come ; they live, they go, each fades
 As shadows cast their darkness o'er,
 But ever and for-ever-more
 Thro all a nerve of life and power pervades.
 Slight *tact* for touch, slight touch for every nerve,
 Slight touch upon the talking wire,
 Deep *throbs* which spring from each desire,
 Bespeak a *cause* all fitted *ends* to serve !
 Bespeak a cause all *fitted means* to serve,
 All ends in matter well to gain,
 All functions of the active brain
 That send their forces thro each living nerve,
 Where mind presides to alter, change, supply,
 And give the impress of *its* cause,
 And stamp intelligence in laws
 Where *means and ends* to conscious *wish* reply.

And what is wish but love,—and love is *fear*
 T' offend the majesty of mind,
 And binds the good in kind to kind,
 And *meaning* gives to time's unfolding year.
 Forces, *in forms*, thro nature's changes wind;
 They fill the ether's starry deep,
 And order give, and order keep—
 Memorial and prophecy of Mind.
 So mind is there: an universal nerve
 Whose touch to deepest, farthest space
 May reach, in slow or swiftest pace,
 Is there and everywhere that *mind* to serve.
 Across the deeps of time and starry space
 The nerve of Ether gives the ken
 Of kindling worlds and dying men,
 And the whole moves within its wide embrace.*
 Within, without the range of human sight
 It moves, an universal sense,
 Moves and works in omnipresence,
 And forms of matter are richer *nodes* of light.
 Light was in earth's billowing atoms nursed,
 And the first germs of nature fed,
 Remoulds the ashes of the dead,
 And in the *last* produces still the *first*.
 And light thro all the mazy courses runs,
 Gives form to flowers, gives life to seeds,
 And with abundant bounty feeds
 The living movements of the worlds and suns.
 Light in crude nature moulds the flow of all,
 And light is life, and light is mind,
 And binds all men in kind to kind,
 And breaks the *darkness* of the eternal pall.
 The darkness when no law or order was;
 No law in force to rule the deep,
 No order law to give or keep,
 And nothing was, or *nothing* was as cause.
 For light is but a blank and arid cause
 That science measures in the waves
 Of ether; *living* self-hood craves

*When Dr. Samuel Clarke (1675-1727) published his great work, "The Being and Attributes of God," Bishop Butler (1692-1752) took exception that he made *space* a self-existent something which filled and pervaded the infinitude and was therefore evidence of any eternal omnipresent *entity*. Later writers hold that Clarke made no such vain proposition. Space, in itself, is not a power, agency, or entity. It is but the nominal emptiness in which powers, forces, entities are and work. Had Dr. Clarke known, as all scientists now know, that an actual and communicating *ether* filled all space, that portion of his argument would have had a more solid base and a clearer significance. Those readers who may be curious to see how great minds do not, sometimes, understand themselves, and cannot interpret themselves to each other, can find a remarkable instance of this in the correspondence on this subject between these two able men, contained in an appendix to the Life of Bishop Butler.

The higher truth that speaks from *living* laws.
 If cause affects the mind, then what is mind
 So to explore, and feel, and know
 Cause in its universal flow,
 And as conscious cause its own self-hood find.
 In conscious cause its conscious self-hood find,
 And know the *light* behind the light
 That gives thought, love, will, clear insight
 That so in *life* thro' all the darkness wind ;
 And darkness knows as *absence* of the light,
 And so the light is known as cause
 That giveth life, that giveth laws,
 And gives to man, alone, the sense of right.
 So nature is transparent screen impressed
 With forms of all we see or know,
 And lights behind it thro' it flow
 In living warmth, and living cause attest.
 If nothing was, whence all this moving cause
 Of *series* in successive flow ;
 If *cause* moves all things here below
 Whence *order*, in its multitude of *laws* ?
 If evolution—*and naught else*—then blank
 All nature in beginning was,
 And involution was not cause ;
 But cause and involution equal rank.
 If involution,—all involved in *seed*
 Of possibilities to act
 And make the universal *fact*,—
 Then all *potentialities* of deed
 To provision th' universe were there,
 And the great whole in system bind
 And give the crown of mind from Mind,
 And *mind* was more than formless plasm, *or air*,
 Or aught that evolution can suppose
 For cause, or chance, or sightless law,
 Or thought, or will, or love, or awe,
 For instinct, races, or the mind that knows.
 Man's mind, that plans by its creative force,
 Reads the great system of the whole,
 And draws, in richness, from his soul
 Bright *provisions* of natures wisest course.*
 And endless cause, which all the future moves,
 Is Immortality of Power ;

*It is certain that men have demonstrated problems in science and mathematics before it was known that they had been *employed* in the structure of the universe, or in the movement of its parts. It is also certain that without this *provision* of the mind of man many of the discoveries of the laws of nature would not have been made, or would not have been made as early as they were. Many important instances could be cited.

If Future has no *fated* hour
 Its past, eternal as the future proves.
 If formless plasm,—then it again may be,
 And all the phantom-scenes may pass
 Like pictures mirrored in the glass,—
 But how the picture, how the glass I see?
 If pictures mirrored in the glass I see
 But endless changes aye present,
 Their endless cause they represent
 In moving order to this thoughtful *me*.
 If in the *causes* as they onward trend
 Thought, love and will I trace or find,
 Then all the elements of mind
 Are there, and to that Mind my brow I bend.
 Mind which, in certitude, in varied laws,
 O'er all, its order supervenes,
 In system moves the shifting scenes
 By wisdom, love and power, is Primal Cause.
 Then what is mind? Self-consciousness of Power
 To mould and move *in forms of thought*,
 Thought or matter into action brought
 For act and END of love, earth's noblest dower.
 There is no deeper base for universal cause
 Than thought, and love and will ;
 And these, in energy fulfil
 The varied change of life ; and nature's laws,
 In like results, fill all her vast domain,
 And, like the picture-books in schools,
 Teach wisest men her wisest rules,
 But first, the mind to know leads all the train.
 And Love must combat Wrong, and suffer seathe ;
 How else could Love its nature prove ;
 How else can wisdom *wed* with love,
 And reach to Him, thro' discords, but by *faith* ?
 And *what is faith but thought; and love, and will,*
 Seeking their full accord of life,
 And thro' the dim and mazy strife
Their own concurring oneness to fulfil.
 For Love attracts, tho' knowledge vague and slight
 May *guide* its wandering, devious ways ;
 Love impels, aspires, gathers rays
 Of thought, deeper love and power, in trifold light.
 Love *attracts* in love, and will *projects* its force,
 And Reason's laws we all can see,
 And man, in his divinity,
 Is the rich emblem of his living source.

God creates ; man creates in kindred kind,
 And power and force to both belong ;—
 Noble life is the epic song
 Of mind which represents eternal mind.
 The trifold *light* thro nature's shadows shine,
 In wisdom formed, by love inspired ;
 In wisdom and in love attired
 Creative power proclaims itself divine.
 And in the *causes* as they onward roll
 Wisdom and love and power I find,
 And as nature's mirrored *to* my mind
 This higher truth is mirrored *in* my soul.
 Earth to earth, ashes to ashes ; nature gives
 And takes, and moves her means of life,
 And all our days are change and strife,
 But 'tis by truth and love the Spirit lives ;
 Truth gathered in each sad and flowing year,
 Truth garnered from the awful past,
 And love like light on hill tops cast,
 To fill with joyance all the rolling sphere.

VIII.

In nature all things place and fitness find,
 Crude, fierce, wild, wayward tho they be :
 Each perfect in its sort we see ;
 The perfect whole reflects the perfect mind—
 So far ; and all the parts in eddying whirls
 Of movements in their systems joined,
 And systems into system groined
 Is thought infinite arching all the worlds.
 Think matter ! 'Tis of forces that we think,
 That many forms of show assume.
 And change like pictures of the loom,
 But still there is a *factive* missing link.
 Think mind ! and Power at once comes forth to view,
 And thought must have its fitting place,
 And Love will come in charm and grace,
 And Person—God and Man—these will endure.
 Man, thinker, lover, actor, systems finds,
 Of evil, which to evil moves,
 Of good, which all goodness loves,
 And here we find the work and test of minds.
 'Tis love of evil, and 'tis love of good,
 And 'tis this self which must decide,
 This deepest, inner conflict guide
 In council of his spirit's solitude.
 And shall we think and love and act in vain ?

No : by knowledge of the *right*,
 By power of love, stronger than *might*,
 Unite all powers in love and summit gain.
 This deepmost, inner Life shall rise thro' night
 With Powers unfolded in the strife,
 Perfected in the *life* of life,
 And from itself shall find the *light* of light.

IX.

Each self is free to do and free to dare ;
 Self-director of conscious *act*,
 Self-creator of conscious fact,
 And by thought, love, and act of all is heir.
 What if he toils and struggles with the wrong,
 And love and hope, and knowledge gains,
 And thus his higher end attains—
 Then life is the true melody of song,—
 Then life is the full melody of song
 Upon this brink of shoreless sea,
 The anthem, toned eternally
 To truth and love which win the right from wrong,
 That win the right and leave no wrong behind
 To stain the pathway of the past—
 To stain the love the Father cast
 O'er all his works, from his omniscient mind,
 Mind from *his* universal centre sends
 Life in glorious plenitude—
 Life, flowing in infinitude,
 Blending in love, and in his wisdom blends—
 Hope, tried and firm, her victor's flag unfurls—
 Holds steady helm—o'er fate prevails—
 With conscious purpose sets all sails
 Into the sea of light which circles all the worlds.

X.

Life—of its noblest heritage be heir,
 Face wrong, the Right maintain, nor let Despair
 Stain the rich thought and Love thou hast.
 Memory and Hope from out the Past,
 Like Light into the Morning cast,
 Like Morn which filled the *formless* Vast
 With Light and shade for Time's immortal year
 Shall weave the robes that Purity shall wear.

Bring olive and palm—the Olive and Palm
 Sing life's choral hymn, chant life's choral psalm

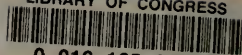
When the undying dead lies here,
And thought and love conquer despair,
And man's son shall be God's own heir,
Robed in *truth*, the light he shall wear,
Wearing the olive crown, wearing the palm,
Whose thoughts were a Hymn, whose deeds were a Psalm.

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