

NEW YORK'S WONDERFUL NEW SUBWAY

MOST EXTENSIVE PUBLIC WORK IN THE WORLD NOW IN PROGRESS.

IMAGINE a tunnel six feet high and three feet wide, from New York to Chicago, and you have some conception of the colossal contents of the New York subway when completed. Now imagine that from New York to Cleveland there was a solid road, a considerable distance a street-car service had to be maintained unimpeded above the digging toilers, and that water mains, gas pipes and sewage had to be moved whenever the path of the tunnel intercepted them, and you may realize what a tremendous engineering task is being pushed forward now in New York City months ahead of contract time.

The comparison is not quite accurate, but it serves its purpose of calling attention to the most gigantic piece of engineering in modern times. Three million cubic yards of space, underneath a teeming city, are to make room for a \$55,000,000 railway. Sixty-five thousand tons of steel will be used in the arches, pillars and rails. Ten thousand men will have been engaged for nearly four years in bringing this marvel about. All this is to the end that the New Yorker and the visiting stranger may be whisked from one extremity of Manhattan Island to the other in a hurry.

At the present time millions of feet of lumber are being used to maintain undisturbed the street surface with its ceaseless traffic going on above the excavations. If this timber had been used in building houses for the army of 10,000 workmen employed there, would have been sufficient for a two-story frame house for every man. The 2,500,000 tons of rock which are to be taken out would make a solid wall three feet thick, six feet high and nearly 500 miles long, and if the dirt were spread over Central Park the entire area would be covered 10 inches deep. As a matter of fact, acres and acres of New Jersey swamp land are being made habitable since the Rapid Transit Commission began to dispose of the surplus dirt and rock upon them.

It is a veritable city under a city which the engineers and contractors are building, a city of one street, to be sure, now with two roadways, now with four, but it is an electrically lighted, clean, well-ventilated avenue of travel, and millions of passengers will be carried over it every year.

Those who wish to see strange sights

ings, now each several hundred feet long. It is like going into a mine. The heavy elevators sink slowly out of the daylight, first into a dim haze and then into the black smoke made by the blastings and by the miners' lamps which the workmen carry. At the bottom, 125 feet below the surface, one may go either north or south. It is impossible to see more than a few feet ahead in either direction. The writer made the trip one afternoon recently just after the workmen had gone. The guide picked a path through the mud and water and related details on the way. "Twenty-six feet high here all along—two tracks. Look out for this mule stable. 'Come here, Jenny,' he called out to a moving shape in the darkness ahead. 'There are six of these animals down here, and most of them haven't seen daylight for a year. Right above us,' pointing upwards through the gloom, 'there used to be a big boulder. When it fell it caught two men under it. That's the only accident we've had up here.'"

The mules, the little dump-car tracks, the drills at the ends of the headings, the blasts and the cavernous gloom throughout remind one of nothing so much as a huge mine. For two miles the work in this section is carried on by boring. On the surface no sign of an excavation is to be seen, save at the shafts, but next to the hoisting tunnel, this piece of the New York subway will be the largest piece of single-tube boring in this country.

These scenes are not familiar to many New Yorkers, because they are so far up Manhattan. There has just been completed, however, another section in which the same kind of work was carried on. When the contractor for the section which runs under a corner of Central Park undertook this piece of work his task was that of boring a tunnel through the solid rock without disturbing the surface of the park. There were many near-by buildings, and every unusually large blast was a menace to the neighborhood. Still the contractor accomplished his difficult task without a mishap. As an instance of the beautifully exact calculation which has been made in connection with every part of this work, the experience of this contractor in connecting his two headings may be cited. When the blast had blown out the separating rock it was found that the two headings had joined in one straight tunnel. There was not a fraction of an inch difference in the calculations of each as to the location of the other.

In marked contrast to the scenes of min-



VIEW NORTH AT BROADWAY AND 69TH STREET—SHOWING ANSONIA HOTEL.

Over on the other side of Harlem another extraordinary operation is going on. The Bronx division has to dip under the river, and this section has not been done in the regular sub-river manner. A wooden structure, half the width of the river long, into whose cross-section an archway of the subway would fit, is built and floated from one bank. Then this structure is weighted and sunk, and the pressure of the water above and around it makes it air tight. The river bottom is then dug out under the framework, and dirt and rock is placed on top of the structure to hold it down. When the trench is practically all that is regular tunnel masonry is put in, and one-half being thus completed, the wooden structure is released and floated to the other side, when practically the same operation is gone through with again.

The Most Expensive Mile.

It is the ordinary surface cutting which may be seen by everybody, and this, because it is the simplest kind of work connected with the subway, is the least interesting. The crowds, however, never seem to lose their curiosity. A network of timbers, supports, gas, water and sewer pipes is practically all that is visible. Through convenient openings huge buckets are lowered to be loaded with rock or dirt, raised again and run along the cable way until they are dumped into the waiting carts. Great chains lock together the timber supports of the street-car tracks. Pillars of wood and steel hold the top of the street surface. And thousands of people pass over these yawning holes daily without a thought of danger, despite the accidents that have happened. The work is carried on with the greatest margin of safety. No sooner is the smoke of a blast cleared away than timber supports are driven into place. Wherever an open trench is dug the side drifts are safeguarded as much as possible. Indeed, the wonder is that the work of excavation can go on at all in the tangle of steel and timbers which are used to maintain the surface.

The most expensive mile of the subway extends from Thirty-second street under the street railway tunnel to Forty-

second street, thence around a curve to Broadway, and around another curve to Long Acre Square.

The construction of these two curves alone is a most serious undertaking, because it is necessary to pass under buildings in order to get space for the tunnel. At both of these corners, however, the Rapid Transit Commission has purchased property which the excavations might have injured, and it is understood that a

big hotel will be located over the stations at each of these turns.

Within the limits of this mile have occurred the most disastrous accidents of the subway. The dynamite explosion came first, wrecking two hotels and several houses; then, two blocks below, followed the cave-in of three houses. The Rapid Transit Commission has recently purchased this property in order to save itself from costly damage suits. It is said that up to date \$3,000,000 have been spent by the Commission in making similar purchases of damaged property.

Subway's Official Photographer.

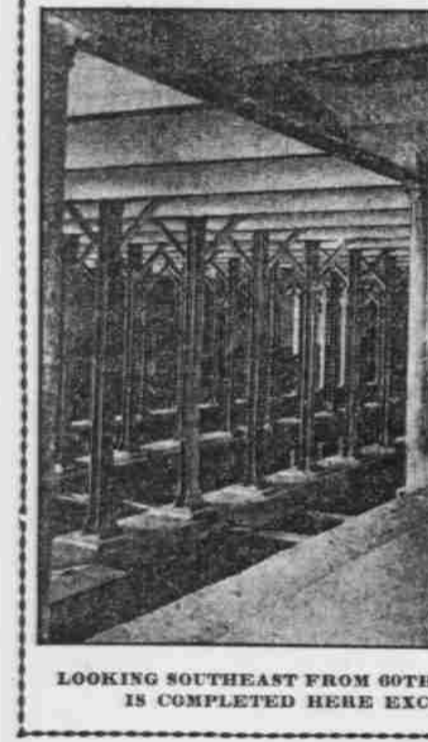
"Do you see the long crack down the side of that building?" he inquired. We were standing in an excavation 90 feet below the surface of the street, and the bare wall of a building towered 150 feet above. Suppose the owners claimed that the excavations here had caused that crack. I would go over my photographs taken here before the work was begun at all, and I would show a picture of that building with the same crack in it. I have taken hundreds of pictures just as a matter of record to show how buildings, streets, sidewalks, etc., looked before we began work, and how these have actually been affected by the excavating. You would be surprised at the number of damage claims which we can stop in just this way."

A year from next Fall, when trains begin to run in at least a part of the subway, New Yorkers will begin to appreciate the genius and energy which has been devoted to this great enterprise. Not only New Yorkers, but all Americans as well, may be proud of the men who have carried the project from its first inception to within sight of its final completion. To William Barclay Parsons, the chief engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission, more credit is due than to any other single man. It was Mr. Parsons' pet plan for years before the Legislature of the state passed an act by which the work could be taken up. It has been the indefatigable labor of Mr. Parsons and his corps of engineers which has made possible the formation of plans for every detail now being carried out successfully.

During the months preceding the letting of the contracts Mr. Parsons' office were the busiest rooms in New York. Every street-car line, every support for elevated structure, building, sub-cellar, every water, sewer or gas pipe, together with house connections, every conduit was located; indeed, the character of the rock or soil in the path of the proposed subway was determined. Before the first pick was stuck into the ground Mr. Parsons knew that six and a half miles of sewer pipes alone had to be moved; he knew where lines of water and gas service would have to be changed entirely; he knew one place where it would be necessary to shift several blocks of street-car line in order to carry on blasting successfully under it. When one stops to think of the engineering problems which were encountered it is all the more surprising that the work has gone on so successfully thus far. At the present time nearly a million dollars a month are being expended.

It is not at all unlikely that another line of subway will be tunneled under the East Side of Manhattan. The Brooklyn subdivision is already assured, as is the Pennsylvania tunnel from Jersey City to Long Island. Before long New York may be known justly as the city of tunnels.

HERBERT WALLACE.
(Copyrighted, 1902.)



LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM 69TH STREET STATION—EVERYTHING IS COMPLETED HERE EXCEPT LAYING OF TRACKS.

In the metropolis can find more variety in a trip along the line of the subway in its present stage than any other excursion in Manhattan. New Yorkers have not yet accustomed themselves to the upheaval of streets, the jacked-up street-car lines, the swinging cranes and the cable ways on which timbers are carried at a time. Now and then the pedestrian is confronted by a working man who waves a red flag and cries out: "Fire, fire, fire!" and the wonder when all the confusion and muss will be over.

Down below, on the damp, sunless bottom of the many openings, the real state of the subway may best be seen, provided one is fortunate enough to secure permission to explore the cuts and headings. At City Hall Square, the lower terminus, fully two-thirds of the work has been done. One section of the loop is already covered over, and the floors, arches and entrances of the station are now being completed. The City Hall Station is to be a local train station only. Originally a great loop was planned here, which was to circle a part of the Postoffice and furnish room for the main station, and it was understood that all the trains, both express and local, should pass this way. The task, however, was too difficult. It was not possible to pass under the Postoffice Building without weakening that structure, and the plan to tunnel to Brooklyn also made it advisable to locate the main station at the bridge. Accordingly Mr. William Barclay Parsons, the chief engineer, planned a smaller loop and a local train station, which has aroused the admiration of all the engineers. There is not a straight line at this terminus. The station is a curved platform, the roof is a series of domes and arches within arches. The change in the loop made necessary a switchyard for trains, and this was tunneled out under Park Row.

Only a short distance up from the loop is the main station. That is to say, the main station will be located here, close by the New York end of the Brooklyn bridge. It is one of the best pieces of work to be taken up. On both sides of the locality work has been going on for nearly two years, but, owing to the continual crowds in this neighborhood, it has seemed best to complete one part before beginning another.

A Mine in the Big City.

From the bridge station the four tracks will extend in practically a straight line to Forty-second street, thence over to Broadway, and up Broadway to One Hundred and Fourth street. From this point there are two branches, one extending up or near Broadway to Two Hundred and Fifteenth street, the other cutting through a corner of Central Park, under the Harlem River, and up into the suburbs as far as Bronx Park. Over this line all kinds of operations are being carried on from the sinking of shafts 150 feet down in solid rock to erecting high bridges and elevated structures.

The most interesting experience the explorer of the subway can have is to go down the One Hundred and Eighty-first-street shaft and walk up one of the head-

ings, now each several hundred feet long. It is like going into a mine. The heavy elevators sink slowly out of the daylight, first into a dim haze and then into the black smoke made by the blastings and by the miners' lamps which the workmen carry. At the bottom, 125 feet below the surface, one may go either north or south. It is impossible to see more than a few feet ahead in either direction. The writer made the trip one afternoon recently just after the workmen had gone. The guide picked a path through the mud and water and related details on the way. "Twenty-six feet high here all along—two tracks. Look out for this mule stable. 'Come here, Jenny,' he called out to a moving shape in the darkness ahead. 'There are six of these animals down here, and most of them haven't seen daylight for a year. Right above us,' pointing upwards through the gloom, 'there used to be a big boulder. When it fell it caught two men under it. That's the only accident we've had up here.'"

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BIRDSEYE VIEW LOOKING NORTH AT UNION SQUARE.



150TH STREET AND BROADWAY—LOOKING NORTH IN THE ROCK HEADING.

Fables by George Ade

THE PROMOTED SUBORDINATE, THE UNFORTUNATE HAS-BEEN, AND THE FIGHT FOR LIBERTY.

ONCE there was an employee who was getting the Nub End of the Deal. He kicked on the long hours and small Salary, and helped organize a Club's protective Association. He was for the Toller against the Main Squeezers. In order to keep him stammered down, the Owners gave him an interest. After that he began to perspire when he looked at the Pay-Roll, and it did seem to him that a lot of big lacy Lummixes were standing around the Shop doing the Soldier Act. He learned to snap his Fingers every time the Office Boy giggled. As for the faithful Old Bookkeeper, who wanted an increase to \$3 and a week's Vacation in the Summer, the best he got was a little Talk about Contentment being a Jewel.

The Associate Partner played Simon Legree, all except the make-up. The saddest moment of the Day for him was when the whole Bunch knocked off at 6 o'clock in the Evening. It seemed a Shame to call 10 Hours a Full Day. As for the Saturday Half-Holiday Movement, that was little better than Highway Robbery. Those who formerly alaved alongside of him in the Gallies had to address him as Mister, and he had them numbered the same as Convicts.

One Day an Underling ventured to remind the Slave-Driver that once he had been the Friend of the Salaried Minion.

"Right your are," said the Boss. "But when I plugged for the lovely Wage-Earners I never had been in the Director's Office to see that beautiful Tableau entitled 'Virtue Copping Out the Annual Dividend.' I don't know that I can make the Situation clear to you, so I will merely remark that all those who get on our side of the Fence are enabled to catch a new Angle on this Salary Question."

Moral: For Educational Purposes, every Employee should be taken into the Firm.

The Unfortunate Has-Been and the Sympathetic Conductor.

In an open-faced Car sat a glib Person and a decrepit Old Gentleman with a laggard and sorrowful Frontoplace.

The two dropped into a Conversation and soon began opening up their Private Affairs, according to the Western Fashion. The glib Party told how much he was drawing and how he invested and all about several gigantic Schemes that he had under his Cuff. The Antique with the pall-bearing Face did not enthuse.

"Young Man, you will learn that Life is a series of wasted Opportunities and vain Regrets," he said. "When you are all in and a new Generation comes along and gives you a good swift Bump and you light on your Back over by the Fence, then you can lie there and look up at the Sky and count the Good Things that got past you."

With that the broken-hearted Patriarch sprang a lonely Bundle of Hard Luck Talks. He pointed out a Corner Lot now valued at Half a Million that had been offered to him for \$50. Once he had been given a Chance to trade a second-hand Buggy for a half-interest in a Patent that netted a couple of Thousand each Day. The Stock in the Street Railway Company he closed out at 7. Afterward it went to 23.

"I used to own the Ground where the First National stands," he said, with Tears in His Eyes. "Like a blithering Pinhead, I traded it for a Team of Mules. If I hadn't been all kinds of a Ninny, I could have got in on the Ground Floor."

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of the Standard Oil. And now I'm getting too old and weak to kick myself."

At the next Corner the ancient Wreck alighted and tottered on his Way.

"Is it not a Sad Case?" said the Young Man to the Conductor. "How bitter must be his Reflections when he counts up what he might have gained, if he had been Foxey."

"Yes, I feel sorry for him," said the Humane Conductor, who was drawing \$3 per week. "All he can show is a measly Two Millions. What breaks his Heart is that he doesn't own both sides of the street and the Green Cars that run in between."

Moral: The Kicker is the Man who gets Part of it.

The Single-Handed Fight for Personal Liberty.

A Traveler landed in a Blue-Law Town one Sunday Morning and found it as dead as a Mackerel. There were only two Horses hitched at the Station, and in every Window the Curtains were down.

"Why and wherefore this, General Hush?" he inquired of the Hotel Clerk.

"The Sunday-Closers have been at work," replied the Clerk. "You can't get a Nip today for Love or Money."

"I can't, can't I?" demanded the Traveler indignantly.

"Do the Enemies of Personal Liberty think that they can deprive me of my just rights? Not on your Dreamy Eyes! Watch me!"

He cut for an Alley and began trying every Back Door. He would rap three times on a bluff and say "It's me," but there was nothing doing.

However, he was not to be thwarted. In the absence of the Blind Pig and the Speak-Easy, he fell back on the Prescription Gag. Inquiring his way, he walked \$ Blocks to a Physician's Residence and caught the Doc just as he was starting to Church. He gave the Doc the K. P. Grip and begged him to save a Life. He said he had Cramed and nothing but a large Slug of the Scandinavian Joy-Producer would relieve his Acony. Doc wrote: "Spirits Frustrant—take as directed," and said it would come to One Dollar.

Then the Sufferer went out to find a Drug Clerk. After a long Search he found Mr. Himmerson, of the People's Pharmacy, down at Main Street Bridge, pushing a Baby Carriage. At first the Druggist balked on opening up, but the Traveler said he was a Dying Man and handed over a good 10-cent Clarifier.

At 2 P. M. he went back to the Hotel, wearing in his Pistol Pocket a Flask of Squirrel Whiskey, the color of Keroseene. He was flushed and happy, for he had made a Monkey of the Law. He invited two other Drummers up to 62. They pulled down the Curtains and tapped the Polson and nobody could talk for 5 Minutes.

Two months later the same Traveler struck the Town one Sunday, and found a Baseball Team giving a Parade.

"Everything is wide open since the April Election," said the Clerk. "I can get you whatever you want."

"All right," was the reply. "Send up a pitcher of Ice-Water."

Moral: Trust follows the Prohibition Clause.

(Copyrighted, 1902.)

Didn't Reprimand Her.

A little Cambridge girl was discovered whispering in school, and the teacher asked:

"What were you saying to the girl next to you when I caught you whispering?"

The little culprit hung her head for a moment, and then replied:

"I was only telling her how nice you looked in your new dress."

"Well, that—yes—I know—but we must in the class in spelling will please stand up."—Christian Register.

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FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

The Minuet.

Grandma told me about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human roses—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheeks, too—oh, how funny,
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet,
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandma's stocking—
(Every girl was taught to knit,
Long ago.)

Yet her face is so so sweet,
And her eyes so steady and true,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentleman,
Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Giving slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying, back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet,
Long ago!

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.

In time to come, a if perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way,"
Long ago."

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Bedouin Song.

From the desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy shadow I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry;
I love thee, I love thee,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold!

—Bayard Taylor.

Springtime.

You cannot hear the waters for the wind;
The brook that foams, and falls, and bubbles
By
Hark! hark! his voice—but ancient sleepies sigh,
And heaves his nose—and crazy clouds confound
In dark courts weep, and shake the shuddering
gates,
And cry from points of windy pinnacles,
Howl! thro' the bars, and plain among the
hills
And shriek and wail like voices of the Fates!

And who is he that down the mountain side,
Swift as a shadow flying from the sun,
Between the wings of stormy clouds knit
With fierce blue eyes and eyebrows knit
pride:
Thy' now and then I see stout laughter play
Upon his lips, like moments of bright heaven,
Throws 'twixt the cruel brows of morn and
even,
And golden locks beneath his hood of gray.

Sometimes he turns him back to wave farewell
To his pale sire with long beard and hair;
Sometimes he seems before him thro' the air
A cry of welcome down a sunny dell;
And while the echoes are around him ringing,
Sudden the angry wind breathes low and
sweet:
Young violets show their blue eyes at his
feet,
And the wild lark is heard above him singing!

—Frederick Tennyson.

To the Cuckoo.

O blithe newcomer! I have heard,
O hear thee and rejoice!
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?
While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.
Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Turloe welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;
The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush and tree, and sky.
To seek thee, did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.
And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do forget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fair place,
That is fit home for thee!

—William Wordsworth.

To Thomas Moore.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!
Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate!
Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert shall surround me,
It hath riches that may be won.
Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gazed upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
"Tis to thee that I would drink.
With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

—Lord Byron.