

The Triumph of Civilization

Freedom Press

October, 1886

On the outskirts of a great city,
A street of fashionable mansions well withdrawn from all the noise
and bustle;
And in the street—the only figure there—in the middle of the road,
in the bitter wind —
Red-nosed thin-shawled, with ankles bare and old boots—
A woman bent and haggard, croaking a dismal song.
And the great windows stare upon her wretchedness, and stare across
the road upon each other,
With big fool eyes;
But not a door is opened, not a face is seen,
Nor form of life down all the dreary street,
To certify the existence of humanity,—
Other than hers.

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