

11125

The Hospital Burial.

Folting and rumbling the stony street o'er
The ~~Dead-cart~~ is brought to the hospital door
"Bring out the dead from No. One!"

'Tis ~~Two,~~

Wrapped in his blanket the ~~uncleansed~~ corpse

Greeted with many a meaningless curse

This way and that is crushed and oramand

As into the cushionless box 'tis jammed!

The legs are bent and the arms outstretched

Till he fits the box the jobber has fetched; —

— The jabber who wishes Procrustes' bed

Were for sale to adjust the lengths of the dead.

And there he lies

Like the dog that dies

And is hid from sight, lest the delicate sense

Receive from the mouldering carcase offense!

Oh! worse than death to be thus inurned!

His head on the side by violence turned

The massy locks that once crowned his brow,

Dishevelled o'ershadow his countenance now,

And the ebon masses his forehead hide

Which Love has fondled soft with pride
And the glossy beard that fell over his breast
Which the dandled infant has oft caressed
— The hand of the jobber who huddled him in
Uneasily has ~~huddled~~^{wadded} it under his chin!

On goes the lid — so frail and thin
Ere he's half inurned it must crumble

But the jobbers contract secure and good
Is but "to incase the bodys in wood"

And naught is said, whether thick or thin
Be the lid of the box they are buried in!

So, "Just to dust", in a literal sense,

Up with the body and bear it hence

Rumble and jolt o'er the stony way

Make at the grave but little delay

~~Hastily lower the innocent body~~

~~Quarry the chaplain of the box~~

— The chaplain, who ne'er while he was alive
Would ask how his struggling soul might thrive

Three hasty volleys from eight or ten

Earnest and honest, — but unknown, — men

And write on the board that serves as a stone

This word alone

"UNKNOWN!"