

I fully intended to have written by this Steamer to my brother George, but have been so much engaged in a variety of duties that I really could not; be pleased however to favor me by sending him copies of the annexed verses, and say that I hope to write to him by the next Steamer, without fail. The "Song of Triumph" will explain itself; the first 4 verses burst out one morning at about four o'clock, as soon as I awoke, and the remaining ones were jugged together as I was walking about. The lines on "Connubial Love" were written at the request of a Mr. Smith, of Philadelphia, who is now on a visit to her Father, Mr. Carr, the engraver, who lives in Choudolgate, who had seen something of my writing in Elizabeth Ann's album. I hope she is a kind and affectionate wife, indeed I think she is, else she will sorely regret having asked me to write verses for her album. Mrs. S. expects to return to Phila on the 25th July and I purpose sending by her some specimens of Alfred's paintings &c. which I hope will be acceptable to my brothers. — I am glad to say your

Via Liverpool - by Royal Mail Steamer

22.

Mr. Edward & Marysville

Kentucky
United States.

My dear brother George
to be able to say me
Alfred

What the happy thought
the moment was
Alfred

about Stanley's health is rather better than it was; brother Stanley has been very ill of late, but is now, we hope, improving again. Cousin Ann Stanley is grown quite stout, but does not enjoy very good health. We have had a very fine and warm summer so far, with every appearance of continued fine weather, and the crops appear very promising. I am glad to say my dear wife & family are all pretty well at this time and my own health never better. Our friends at the Bridge & Kinder's House are much as usual. As I am short of time as well as room I can only say we shall be very glad to hear from your dear Father as oft as he can conveniently write & beg of him not to commit *felo de se* (by working himself to death) but to pay attention both to his own health and also to his dear wife. With best love to you all and to your Uncle & Cousins when you write to them, I remain your ever affectionate Uncle, Alfred Fox

Song of Triumph,
On the Repeal of the Corn Laws.

Thanks to Peel and to Cobden! the victory's won,
And the dawn of more just legislation begun!
Thanks to Thompson and Villiers, to Fox and to Bright,
And all who have pleaded for justice and right!
From thousands of hearts grateful prayers will ascend
For those who have stood the poor Labourers' friend;
Who from Commons wrung a reluctant assent,
And made even Lordlings, at last, cry "content"!

Yes! these are the triumphs, — the triumphs of Mind,
Which leave no compunction, no sorrow behind;
Which cause not one tear from the widow to start,
But to millions of bosoms pure gladness impart!
These, alone, are the conquests we hail with delight,
When men of superior wisdom unite
To wrench from the grasp of oppressors the power
The fruit of the honest man's toil to devour!

These, these are the victors we hail from afar,
And not the infuriate leaders of war.
Where men, with the spirit of demons possessed,
Every generous feeling expel from their breast!
It is not by heroes like me must be weaved
The garland for men who this triumph achieved,
Since a wreath far more brilliant encircles them now
Than ever yet shone on a conqueror's brow!

Yet what head that can think, or what heart that can feel,
The honest emotions of joy can conceal,
Or the feelings of gratitude seek to repress
Now the struggle for justice is crowned with success?

Then thanks to the men through whose virtue and sense
We have lived to behold a new era commence!
Thanks to Cobden and Thompson, to Peel, Fox, and Bright,
And to all who so nobly have fought the good fight!
30th June 1846. A.C.