

**THE WORLD'S  
PROGRESS:  
AND OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649737086

The World's Progress: And Other Poems by J. B. Greene

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**J. B. GREENE**

**THE WORLD'S  
PROGRESS:  
AND OTHER POEMS**



---

**THE WORLD'S PROGRESS**  
**AND OTHER POEMS.**

---

THE  
WORLD'S PROGRESS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

---

BY

J. B. GREENE.

---

WORCESTER, MASS:  
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.  
1856.

P

## P R E F A C E .

---

*"Fools rush in, where Angels fear to tread."*

In presenting this volume before the public, we expect as a matter of course, that the question will arise with those few with whom it may come in contact, (as the case should be with all other works,) what are its aims and objects, its merits or demerits? Of these, we have no remarks to make. It is our purpose, merely to relate some of the circumstances under which it was written, leaving the rest for the reader to determine. In writing, we could hardly claim to be impressed with purer motives than those which prompt others to write. That which prompts persons to write is usually the same which prompts them to do almost any thing else, whatever may be the other claims. Some write for money, some for fame, others, perhaps, because they feel an irresistible impulse so to do, while there may be a few who write from purest motives, that they may do a real good; but most, are probably influenced by all of these combined, and we claim not to be an exception to the general rule. We will briefly state, what will appear evident, that our

experience in literary composition is limited, and a large portion of the present work was written when employed as a mechanic. We will here say one word in reference to our life, as the preface is the place if the author feels disposed to egotise. From mere boyhood up to our seventeenth year, our time was mostly spent in the various cotton manufactories. From that, we were engaged in a business which gave us some knowledge of a seafaring life. From that, to positions where it required more mental exertion to get along. And although we would not claim to be of mature experience, we are fully aware that there are stern realities to be met with in every sphere of life, by those who make an effort, the result of which is to continue or perpetuate that which tends to civilization in the common acceptation of the term.

It was on the reflection of the different phases of life that we have come in connection with, which probably prompted us to write the principal poem of this work; and whatever others may think in reference to our drawing rather largely on the imagination, we feel that the business community act on a principle that will warrant us in quoting the following lines, with which we close:

“ When first the truth on earth was born,  
It crept into a hunter’s horn,  
The huntsman came, the horn was blown,  
And truth, since then, has not been known.”



## CONTENTS.

The Storm, - - - - -	9
The Beacon, - - - - -	10
On Fashion, - - - - -	14
Good Advice, - - - - -	17
✓ The Young Lawyer's Soliloquy, - - - - -	18
The Rank of Man, - - - - -	19
The Husband's Lament, - - - - -	22
Impromptu to Action, - - - - -	23
Lines to Mother, - - - - -	25
Found Wanting, - - - - -	29
The Humble Cot, - - - - -	30
To the Stoic, - - - - -	31
Close of the Term, - - - - -	33
The Query, - - - - -	35
They Deem us Odd, - - - - -	42
The Truly Brave, - - - - -	43
Lines, - - - - -	47
Lines on the Death of a Friend, - - - - -	49
Epitaph on a Friend, - - - - -	51
The World's Progress, - - - - -	51
The Badge, - - - - -	106



THE  
WORLD'S PROGRESS, AND OTHER POEMS.

---

THE STORM

A storm portends upon the sea,  
    May we survive the gale?  
A chart we've none, our compass broke,  
    Our barque seems weak and frail.

The helmsman would refuse his task,  
    The watch is drenched with spray,  
The halyards whip against the mast,  
    We onward wend our way.

Had plain experience been our guide,  
    A beacon on the shoal,  
We'd found the harbor with more ease,  
    And reached our destined goal.

No expeditions are sent out  
    To guide us on the way,  
Life's but a sea, where shoals abound,  
    Each makes his own survey.