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THE

THOMPSONIAN QUACK,

OR

THE MIRACULOUS CURE

AND

MARVELLOUS METAMORPHOSIS:

A

SATIRE ON SOMEBODY,

BY NATHAN ⁼NOBODY; *pseud.*

WITH A CRITIQUE

BY BILLY BOOBY.

~~~~~  
—“Shew thy famous might,  
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne  
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be donne.”

\* \* \*  
Her words prevail'd; and then the learned leach  
His cunning hands gan to her wounds to lay,  
And all thing els, the which his art did teach.

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

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1848.



THOMPSONIAN QUACK,

THE MIRACULOUS CURE

OF ALL THE DISEASES OF THE

SATIRE ON SOMERBY,

WITH A PREFACE



CRITIQUE ON THE POEM,

BY BILLY BOOBY.*

We think Mr. Nobody has done himself great disservice by the publication of this volume. He says, in his preface, that he had not time to finish the poem with care. That is the very reason why he should not have published it. His poetry bears very palpable marks of an undue admiration of Lord Byron's productions. The graver stanzas are imitations of Childe Harold, the funnier of Don Juan and Beppo, two of the very worst models in the English language. All the queer turns of his lordship's lazy muse are Americanized; even his verses are sometimes *parodized*, (I have lost my lexicon,) and his rhymes occasionally transcribed. The noble poet's ridiculous sham-misanthropy and babyish querulousness are unhesitatingly copied. For example, we have, instead of a Newfoundland dog, an ill-natured setter introduced to our notice, snapping off a piece of the coat-tail of his biped fellow-traveller. Now all these little absurdities are excusable in a very young dog, but they should not be brought before the public.

* This sage Mr. Booby has stolen most of his ideas as well as language from a criticism on YELLOTT'S POEMS, written by the editor of the WESTERN CONTINENT, and published in an issue of that paper, dated February 12th, 1843. How cruel to steal ideas from a man who has so few to spare!

N. N.



We are not disposed, however, unqualifiedly to condemn. This would be too cruel; for we presume this poet is a very young man, and has not yet learned to distinguish with accuracy betwixt the bray of a jack-ass and the roar of a lion, and might be annihilated with terror when he heard the bray aforesaid issuing from beneath the lion's hide which we have stolen. We will therefore endeavor to damn him with a little faint praise.

"THE SORROWS OF THE QUACK OVER HIS ASS," has many graceful thoughts and pretty turns of expression, and proves that the author might, if he would, do a great deal better. Let him choose a nobler model. Let him study the glorious old fathers of English song, and draw his inspirations from a more legitimate source than the haughty, wayward, fretful peer, the spoiled child of Fame. Of course a poet should *draw his inspirations* from the writings of some one who has gone before him, instead of relying upon the *inward prompter*, which should be chained like a dog, and ordered to lie down and go to sleep. Such, after running our *nose* through this volume, and smelling a few of the pages, is our opinion upon this poem in particular, and upon poetry in general. Next week we will give an elaborate opinion upon the subject of *rats*, which no doubt the public will look for with intense anxiety.

PREFACE.

Had the composition of this poem been attended with much effort on the part of the author, it would never have been written, the subject not justifying any great expenditure of labor. It constituted, however, the amusement of the mere idle hours of about a week, and afforded the writer many a hearty laugh during its progress towards completion. He does not therefore regret the small amount of time required for its preparation for the press.

If any one should be disposed to accuse him of a wanton attempt to wound the feelings of an individual, who figures somewhat conspicuously in these pages, he here meets the accusation with a full and flat denial. The object of the above allusion has brought this ridicule upon himself by his own unjustifiable conduct. Without provocation he attempted to do the author a serious injury. If he did not succeed; if his envenomed missiles did not reach the bosom at which they were aimed, it was not because the motive was wanting or the effort was not made, but because the puny arm did not possess power enough to render it an efficient coadjutor of a mischievous disposition. He thought he was attacking the shrinking modesty of youthful immaturity, and might do so with impunity. Alas poor man! his temerity may cost him some trouble. He has to deal with one who,

"So callous grown, so changed since youth,
Hath learn'd to think and sternly speak the truth;"

with one who never seeks an occasion for quarrel with any; but, if he does arouse the spirit of resistance within him, he may find to his cost that it is much easier to raise a spirit than to lay it.

There may be some, however, who may think that the author has put himself to an unnecessary trouble



in the composition of this satire. That the object of it is too obscure, and should be suffered to hide himself under the shade of his own utter insignificance. But why do you lift your finger to brush away an insect that is buzzing around your ears? Not surely because of its importance, but simply because it annoys you. We have caught this curious fly called a critic, and *bottled him in the spirits of poetry* for the public to examine, and wonder, and laugh at. We may have to capture a few more at some future day, but will wait patiently until such convenient season as will enable us to take a whole hand-full at once, when we will carefully put them up in the aforesaid *spiritual composition*, which is far better and more humane than to let them sink down and be smothered in the mud of Lethe.

This is not meant as a Quixotic declaration of war against all critics. The author is willing that any one should criticise his productions *fairly*, and point out their faults with candor, *after having read them*. He will even feel grateful to him for so doing, and endeavor to correct those faults for the future. But he will suffer no man, with impunity, *to run his nose through the pages and smell a few of the leaves*, and then set down to condemn the book by wholesale, making such assertions as plainly prove he has never read the volume, or, if he has, must plead the elopement of his brains as the only excuse for his absurdity.

In conclusion; the author begs most respectfully to inform all whom it may concern, that he has not assumed a fictitious name in order to escape from any responsibility which may be supposed to attach to the publication of this poem. If the hints given in various parts of the volume are not sufficient, the curious in such matters can easily obtain the real name of the writer, by applying at the publishing establishment from whence it emanates.

THE THOMPSONIAN QUACK.

Jack Thompson and BILL* THOMPSON;—all the rest
Had been called "Jemmy," after the great bard.

DON JUAN—CANTO VII., STANZA IX.

I.

Cano Virum;—I sing a famous booby,

Who is to be the hero of my strain;

To equal him, I ween, there very few be

From his own sunny Georgia unto Maine;

So I'll begin to warble; and if you be

Propitious, as of yore, Aonian train!

We'll blazon him abroad in all his glory,

And make this fool immortal in our story.

II.

For certes 'twere a pity and a shame

That he should hide his poor diminished head

In base obscurity, and have no name

To be by gaping crowds hereafter read,

Engraven on the monument of Fame.—

Ah no! when fools less famous have *gone dead*,

Men on that column shall the dirty speck show

This insect leaves, like Dennis or MacFleckno.

* The result of the grand inquest, however, has not been a *true BILL*,
but *ignoramus*.

III.

Up! climb that column now you lazy lubber!

To please the laughter-lovers you shall do it;
And if I hit you hard pray do not blubber!

Your task 's before you and you must go through it—
Up! up! or, like a ball of Indian Rubber,

I'll make you bounce, my boy;—and when men view it,
They'll candidly admit in me 'twas kind
To tap you with my fiddle-bow behind.

IV.

Some poets with a harp our souls entrance,

Or lyre; I play on any instrument;
And as, my lad, I'm going to make you dance

When you come safely down from your ascent,
I choose the fiddle-sticks, that you may prance

Unto some joyous jig which suits the bent
Of your fine genius; on your haunches rearing
Like a great bear, while all the folks are staring.

V.

And if you're stubborn you will get the whip

Upon your hide until it makes you *smart*,
(Albeit you ne'er were *smart* before,) from hip

To shoulder-blade. But come now! bless my heart!
Good Bruin don't be backward! Up! and trip

It gracefully; contributing your part
To our amusement; holding out each paw,
While all the urchins cry, oh la! oh la!

VI.

Maybe, to see the bear dance, my sweet Muse
Would ev'n consent to leave her happy hill,
Where doubtless now she sips the silvery dews
That feed the fragrant flowers, that by the rill
Pierian bloom in their celestial hues,
That may not be described by earthly quill ;—
Or it may be she swims the pool of Helicon,
Breasting the waves like penguin, goose, or pelican.

VII.

But as a tame swan, when my calls invite,
She gaily swims to shore, and like that fowl,
Mounts upwards on her pinions snowy white,
And, on the bosom of the air, like owl
Or bull-bat, sailing through the dusky night,
(While, deeming her a spectre, loudly howl
The critics and the curs,) she to my side,
In all her angel loveliness, doth glide.

VIII.

And there she smiling sits ; and from her wings
I pluck a quill and straightway make a pen ;
And then she tunes her heavenly voice, and sings
Such strains as might awake the dead again ;
And as she warbles I write down the things
She utters, to be read by mortal men,
Though much I fear 'tis casting pearl to swine ;
But stop ! I'll call this bonny lass of mine.

IX.

“ Oh ! thou in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth ! ”

This is an invocation filch'd from Byron,
For which some savage critic on the earth

Will seek to roast my Muse on his gridiron,
While he stands laughing by, in fiendish mirth,

To see her writhe and wriggle his fierce fire on ;—
At least he 'd do it if he were but able,
But on him I may chance to turn the table.

X.

Come, heavenly Muse ! leave your Parnassian palace,

Dont be afraid ! take courage ! come be spunky !

Fear not this funny critic's petty malice,

Albeit he is mischevious as a monkey ;

Unto his lips we'll force the accursed chalice

He meant for you, and make him drink till drunk he
Hath grown on the concoction in his draught,
While at his antics all the folks have laugh'd.

XI.

Come heavenly muse ! But to my incantation,

Alas ! my warbler turneth a deaf ear !

Though for her visit I've made preparation

She now for once refuses to appear !

It plagues my spirit like the very nation,

And tortures it with jealousy and fear,

Lest lady-love hath, jilting me alack !

Run off with some one else, and won't come back.

XII.

“Oh sweetheart! dearest! hast thou been so fickle,
And left me, cruel one! in such sad case?”

I cried aloud in anguish, while did trickle

The great big tear-drops down my pallid face,—

“My heart is broken! I’m in a nice pickle!

I’ll cut my throat! thy treatment is so base!

I’ll shoot! I’ll sacrifice myself! Oh no!

I’ll mount my steed and to Parnassus go.

XIII.

“Bring Pegasus! I have no time to tarry!

I must be off and learn at once my fate!”

I shouted out this order to old Harry—

Not the old gentleman so celebrate,

Who, with his ebon robes this name doth carry;

Byron, whom I of course do imitate, (1)

Had Bob and Fletcher—some prefer a Frenchman—

For squire and page—but Harry is my henchman.

XIV.

He is a blackamore, with brain that’s addle,

Yet sober, trusty, circumspect and moral;

He threw across my Pegasus the saddle,

And led him pawing forth,—a bob-tail sorrel—

Like “feather’d Mercury” I leap’d astraddle;—

(With phrase so common-place pray do not quarrel.)

The creature snort’d, kick’d, and gave a cough,

As I got on and hastened to be off.

XV.

I seized the reins, but, looking round, espied
Old Boz, my setter-dog, with "braw brass collar,"
Who took his station by my courser's side,
And wag'd his tail, as if he meant to follow,
As he is wont to do whene'er I ride ;
He skipt and capered, and did roll and wallow,
And whin'd, and did each canine mode employ,
In lieu of words, to testify his joy.

XVI.

Quoth I then, to my trusty blackamcre,
"Chain up the dog, or he perchance may bite
Some fool upon the road, for I am sure
He cannot bear a booby in his sight,
Since lately that confounded dunce—(the score
He'll pay him off)—jumped on him for a fight."
Whereat my henchman tuck'd him 'neath his arm,
And bore him off that he might do no harm.

XVII.

I seiz'd the bridle and began to pull it ;
Off dash'd my steed in a tremendous rack ;
Ne'er straighter from the cannon flew a bullet,
Kick'd by a keg of powder in the back,
Nor swifter swoops a hawk upon a pullet,
Than I was wafted then upon my hack ;
So fast we kick'd behind the stones and gravels,
I had no time to take notes on my travels.

XVIII.

At length we reach'd the foot of Mount Parnassus,
Up which we darted at a fearful rate ;
Along its sides lay several dead jack-asses,
O'er which the crows an inquest did debate ;
Each one had been some poet's poor Pegasus
Who'd stumbled here and broke his neck of late,
For none may scale the mountain over-head
Unless his steed be strong and thorough-bred.

XIX.

We left the carrion crows upon the jury,
Each cawing his opinion o'er each corse,
To give their verdict and away like fury,
Along the craggy heights my fiery horse
Unstumbling darted, so extremely sure he
Hath ever been of foot ;—beneath the force
Of his strong iron'd hoofs the sparks flew out,
From the hard flints, like lightning all about.

XX.

Those sparks like meteors then were seen afar ;—
For night had settled on the world below,
Though she could never drive her ebon car
Up these proud peaks that darkness never know ;—
The people wonder'd much ; some thought each star
Was *rearing mad*, as they beheld the show ;—
And all run out to see the strange phenomenon,
Which was pronounced by all hands an uncommon one.

XXI.

Each sage philosopher his glasses took
And rub'd the dust away that he might peep well ;
At peril of his neck running to look
At these mad meteors from some lofty steeple,
And afterwards set down to write a book,
Wherein he did instruct the common people,
Which book the critics greatly did commend ;
But Miller swore the world was at an end.

XXII.

Whereat some ladies—but I make no mention
Of names—believing in his marv'lous gift
Of prophecy, got ready for ascension,
And put their white robes on to *get a lift* ;
While those who had no robes, tax'd their invention,
But finally resolv'd to make a shift
And do without. Some run for absolution
Unto the priests, and all were in confusion.

XXIII.

Thus did he frighten each poor simple lamb
That bleated meekly pent up in his fold ;
But when next day they found 'twas all a *flam*,
And that things jog'd on as they done of old,
Each lamb look'd *sheepish* ;—till he, with a calm
And heavenly smile upon his features, told
Of errors in his reckonings sublime,
But said he would appoint another time.

XXIV.

Meanwhile my steed and I had reach'd the summit,
Which many bards to gain do vainly seek,
Finding, alas, poor souls! they cannot come it;
While those, whose coursers bear them to the peak,
Become so giddy that they tumble from it,
And, rolling down, their precious necks do break,
So that the bottom's all strew'd round with bones
As thick as on a turnpike lie the stones.

XXV.

But Pegasus and I felt quite at home;
He was rejoic'd to get rid of the flies,
Call'd critics, that are here forbid to come;
While I, with equal pleasure, saw arise,
In gorgeous splendor, a majestic dome,
Which truly was a sight "good for sore eyes;"
It was the bran-new palace of the Muses,
Whose outward beauty of a thousand hues is.

XXVI.

I am aware that that old gentleman
Call'd Homer did the Muses here locate,
In quite another sort of building than
The one I speak of; but I beg to state
I am a bold, free-born American,
And yield to no man, howsoever great;—
Let others to the dead be serfs and minions,
I stand a freeman even in my opinions.

XXVII.

I can't imagine how a book improves
In wisdom when the writer's dead and rotten ;
Yet 'tis the only lore the scholar loves,
O'er which he ponders till some misbegotten
Base knave the torch of inquiry to it shoves,
When it explodes like powder or gun-cotton.
Yet Homer lied not ; but the dome he talk'd of,
Hath rott'd down long since, or may be walk'd off.

XXVIII.

And so they reared one on a better model
Of a more recent and improv'd construction ;
Which, if you'll give me time to scratch my noddle,
I briefly will describe for your instruction ;
If any one hints 'tis but lying twaddle,
I'd bid the rest beware and his bad luck shun,
And he himself had better prime his pistol,
For, by the living powers ! I'll make him whistle.

XXIX.

First Mercury, blithe lad, had climb'd the tree
Of glory, where the stars for fruitage grow,
And, running out upon the branches, he
Shook down a shower upon the earth below ;
'Twas in November, eighteen thirty-three,
You recollect we all beheld the show ;
I saw it as I lay in bed quite lazy,
And thought the stars had all gone drunk or crazy.

XXX.

Then Phaeton hitch'd his horses to his wain.—

There's an opinion current here below
That this said famous Phaeton was once slain

By thunderbolts and tossed into the Po ;
But if he was he came to life again,

Which in a god is nothing strange you know ;—
He was the first of that mischievous breed
Of abolitionists of which we read.

XXXI.

For Africans he had so great a passion

He drove too near them and so miss'd the figure ;
He was their lover, but a very rash one ;

He scorch'd the people black, and hence the *nigger* ;*
Till Jove arose in anger, and did dash one

Of his red thunder-bolts at him with vigor,
Hitting upon the head poor hopeless Phaeton,
Who hitherto had thought himself a great one.

XXXII.

To hit fools on the head 's no feat to brag on ;

'Tis not the mortal part.—He did recover ;
And, as I said, he now did drive his wagon—

(For of that business he was still a lover)
Each horse as dev'lish as a fiery dragon—

Unto the spot where Mercury all over
The earth had shaken heaps of golden stars,
Which he pick'd up—assisted then by Mars.

*See Ovid's Met., Lib. II.

XXXIII.

This latter god, I know, mistook his calling
When he laid down his bloody sword and shield,
And, for a livelihood, had ta'en to hauling,
When he should be upon the battle-field
Where sturdy heroes are each other mauling ;
But I am told he for a time did yield
His office up unto a certain Benton,
Whom, as Lieutenant-General, he had sent on.

XXXIV.

So they address'd themselves unto the work
To haul away this mighty mass of stars ;
Each plied himself as lusty as a Turk ;—
Some hundred demi-gods as well as Mars,
Who handled stars as brisk as sword or dirk ;
Load after load they drew upon their cars,
Until they 'd sadly gall'd the horses' shoulders ;
Poor things ! it mov'd the pity of beholders.

XXXV.

And thus they toil'd till on Parnassus lay
A most enormous heap.—When, with his tools,
Old Mulciber came limping up, they say,
And brought his journeymen, those one-ey'd fools
Called Cyclops, who, without a cent of pay,
Save sundry kicks and cuffs,—the stupid mules !
In Etna ply the hammer and the bellows,
And are, in truth, industrious, faithful fellows.

XXXVI.

Vulcan arriv'd ; and, though they first did bandy
Some words about the price, engag'd the job,
And prov'd himself about the work quite handy ;
Building a wall of stars that caus'd the mob
Astonishment.—Instead of lime and sand, he,
With molten gems the crevices did daub,
Mingled with liquid pearls, so that like brick
And mortar he compell'd the work to stick.

XXXVII.

He caught and moulded sun-beams in a mass,
And from the solid blocks carv'd each pilaster ;
He from the milky-way cut panes of glass
Soldred with gold for putty or for plaster ;
And, when he thought the workmanship would pass,
He o'er it threw a roof of alabaster,
Then melted an Aurora Borealis
And with it smear'd the outside of this palace.

XXXVIII.

Apollo came, and finding fault aloud
With sundry things, caused Mulciber to bridle ;
For of his architecture he was proud.
Quoth he to Phoebus then, " Confound your hide, I'll
Show you a thing or two !" — Upon a cloud
He saw a rainbow sitting very idle ;
And so he beckon'd it, and bade it come
And span the structure, and compose the dome.

XXXIX.

There hung that rainbow, like the lamp of Crutchett,*

As I came cant'ring up upon my steed ;

On it an eagle sat, whose claws did clutch it ;—

He was a bird of Jove's immortal breed,—

And seem'd to say, " I dare you now to touch it !"

Along the avenue I went with speed,

With pounded diamonds pav'd instead of gravel,

O'er which my fiery courser fast did travel.

XL.

Along the road on either side a row

Of blooming myrtles, bays, and lofty laurel,

In more than earthly majesty, did grow ;

Though of the latter I beheld one tore all

To pieces by some heroes from below,

Who'd lately storm'd these heights and had a quarrel

O'er their respective rights unto the crown ;—

But Mars came out and drove the blackguards down.

XLI.

Amid the boughs some handsome fowls were sitting,

With plumage like the blue and yellow flame

Of burning brandy, singing songs befitting,—

In fact whate'er into their heads then came ;

While others through the grove were gaily flitting,

Building their nests.—These are the birds of fame,

A breed improv'd of mocking-birds and thrushes,

Red-birds and blue that build among these bushes.

* On the Capitol at Washington.

XLII.

One fellow flew and flutter'd on my shoulder,
The prettiest fowl I think I ever saw,
With wings as yellow as a piece of gold, or,
If that don't please you, as an oaten straw ;—
While Vulcan mix'd some gems, his work to solder,
He perched upon the barrel, but his claw
Slipping, he fell and like to drown, poor fellow !
And after that his wings were always yellow.

XLIII.

Now in his beak he brought a blooming sprig
Of laurel, and upon my cap did throw it ;—
Quoth I to him, " I do not care a fig
For all your laurel-crowns—I am a poet,
Not warrior who 'd of laurel make a wig ;—
I spurn such honors—bonny bird you know it—
For any fool can fight." At that, away
He flew and brought me a green bunch of bay.

XLIV.

I stuck this in a corner of my beaver ;
It is a badge by which you gain admission
Into the temple as a true believer ;
Unless some bird of fame should perch with this on
Your head, you'd here be deemed a gay deceiver,
Nor could by any means obtain permission
To enter in where dwell those lovely ladies,
Each one of whom of other folks afraid is.

XLV.

I tied my horse unto a golden staple,
Of which were many here in sundry places,
And walking towards the palace met a shape well
Known to me,—the prettiest of the graces,
Whom fashionable ladies think they ape well,
But *miss the figure*.—But I saw some traces
Of sorrow in her face, and, as I kiss'd her,
She something said concerning her sick sister.

XLVI.

Whereat I anxiously inquir'd of whom
It was she spoke, as being now unwell?
On which she answer'd with a look of gloom,
While tears, as from a chrystal fountain, fell
And water'd the sweet roses that did bloom
Upon her cheek—"Alas! that I should tell
A tale so sad! It is thine own Euterpe,*
Who e'er was wont those pretty songs to chirp ye."

XLVII.

"Oh me! and art thou then so sick, my dearest,
While I did deem thee fickle, false and cruel?
Alas! alas my bonny one! who hearest
My sorrows, tell me when and how she grew ill,—
But dry thy tears! for look! see how thou smearest
Thine apron!—and 'twill spoil thy beauty, jewel!
Oh tell! oh tell me! ere my heart is broken,
What makes her ill? Egad! I think I'm choking."

* One of the nine Muses, presiding over lyrical poetry.

XLVIII.

"Ah me!" she said, with look still growing sadder,

"'Tis all the fault of our Euphrosyne;*
Whene'er I think upon it I grow madder!

She lately went down to the earth, you see;—
You know that her propensity to gad, her

Besetting sin was always;—and now she
Went to a ball held in the Quaker City;—
She said she'd got a card from the committee.

XLIX.

"Cupid went as her page, and Mars gallanted;

And she imagined she would cut a dash on
The carpet there, of which she greatly vaunted

Ere she left home; for vanity's a passion,
It grieves me much to say she never wanted.

Alas poor thing! she knew not the late fashion,
And went in such a trim, when she got there,
The ladies giggled and the men did stare.

L.

"She wanted much, the smile, the laugh, the simper,

But more than all the latest mode alack!
I heard her tell, with a sad envious whimper,

How every lady bore upon her back
A load, 'neath which a mule could scarcely limp o'er;

You might compare it to a pedlar's pack;
Of what materials made I have forgotten,
But truly hope 'twas not *explosive cotton*.

* One of the three graces, sisters of the Muses.

LI.

“ ’Twas hid beneath a load of silk and satin,—
 Upon the earth I think the ladies must,
 Able to bear about a load like that in
 Their dresses, now be growing quite robust.
 She said she saw old Momus,* who doth fatten
 On mirth, sitting unseen on one who fuss’d
 And flur’d about ;—while there he waltzing rides,
 Grinning and laughing fit to crack his sides.

LII.

“ Alas! my sister found her mode defective ;
 Which made her wonted vanity forsake her ;
 The want of those additions, which effect give
 To Nature’s bounteous gifts of shape, did make her
 (However she resolv’d on the corrective)
 As plain and unpretending as a Quaker ;
 And so she hid her poor diminish’d head ;—
 But no ! that ’s not exactly what she said ;

LIII.

“ The diminution was elsewhere located.—
 Finding she was the jest of all the room,
 She finally went up to Mars and stated
 She thought ’twas time they had started home ;
 So they went to the door and there they waited
 For Cupid for awhile, who’d with them come ;
 Till Mars, impotent grown, swore at the urchin,
 And angrily went back, after him searching.

* The god of laughter.

LIV.

“ But there he found him not.—Alas ! poor lad !
A little modern god, whom they call Fashion,
A parvenu, who place had never had
Among the gods of yore, flew in a passion,
As he came in, and running at him, mad
With furious jealousy, gave him a thrashing,
Then kicked him from the door into the street, in
Which he lay most shamefully bruised and beaten.

LV.

“ He blubber’d there awhile, but, being immortal,
He soon recover’d from each bruise and wound ;
But, since he’d been kick’d rudely from the portal,
He fear’d to enter, and so wander’d round,
And, stopping ’neath a window, there did hurtle
O’er him a pile of papers, and a sound
He heard of something that resembled curses
From a loud voice, that said, “ Confound such verses ! ”

LVI.

“ The moving cause of this most curious caper
Were sundry poems, written by a ninny,
M’MAKIN nam’d, who edited a paper,
The MODEL COURIER call’d ; a lion’s skin he
Had sily stolen, but the bray and shape e’er
Told every body ’twas a jack or jinny.
He’d pen’d these poems to compose a part (2)
Of a book published by Carey and Hart.

LVII.

“It is a handsome and a huge collection
 Of poems which your Yankee bards did write,
 Out of whose works they’ve made a large selection.
 But when M’MAKIN came—unhappy wight !
 They show’d his verses very small affection ;
 For Carey laugh’d, and Hart declared he might,
 If he took hold of such vile trash—all joking
 Aside—ere long burst up and die Hart-broken.

LVIII.

‘Natheless they sent them off to Mr. Griswold,
 Borne by a boy upon a large wheel-barrow,
 Who, when he’d given them a squint, said this bold
 Eagle was nothing but a small cock-sparrow,
 And that his book should never trash like this hold ;
 So darted them, as swiftly as an arrow,
 Out of the window, while his lips did utter :
 A malediction ;—they fell in the gutter.

LIX.

“ ’Tis an ill wind blows no one any good ; ”
 The adage is time-worn and true.—Just when
 Cupid had snatch’d these papers from the mud,
 Mars, strutting like a cock beside his hen,
 (A game-cock certes is that man of blood)
 Came thither with Euphrosyne ; who then
 With Cupid for the poems had a tussel,
 But, gaining them, said they would make a *bustle*.

LX.

“The poet thought the *bustle* would be made
Below by his productions so sublime,
Which would enliven and enrich the trade,
And put into his pocket many a dime ;—
He was mistaken ; for as I have said,
Or am to say, ’twas made *above* this time ;
My sister, with this bundle, soon did rig her
Bustle up, and thereby much improv’d her figure.

LXI.

“Not long ago we had a little *spree*
Up on Parnassus here, and gave a ball ;
Sending out cards to every deity,—
They soon came flocking hither, great and small ;
And then it was that our Euphrosyne
Attracted the attention of them all,
By the new decoration she was wearing,
Which kept the gods and goddesses all staring.

LXII.

“’Twas the first time among us heathens that
A *bishop* had been known to claim a place,—
Each god astonish’d stared, and wonder’d what
The mischief was the matter with her *Grace* ;
Each she-god ey’d her, keenly as a cat
A mouse, with envy pictur’d in her face ;
And Venus, beauty’s most celestial goddess,
Offer’d for it to swop her magic bodice.

LXIII.

“ But she declar’d her charms were not for sale,
 Yet told how she’d obtain’d this thing of wonder,
 And I must candidly admit her tale
 Caus’d much astonishment ;—albeit like thunder
 Some envious goddesses began to rail ;
 One god did also join them, in an under
 Tone, when bully Mars, who’s just now her beau,
 Stept up and hit the saucy chap a blow.

LXIV.

“ This made the other fellows show respect
 Unto the bustle back’d by Mars’ huge fist,
 Who for his partner did her now select,
 And in the giddy waltz they gaily whisk’d
 Around so rapidly she little reck’d
 What she was doing, and so greatly risk’d
 Her treasure, which did then in contact come
 With Vulcan’s stomach, and burst like a bomb,

XLV.

“ Or like a boiler on the broad Ohio,
 Which floweth through the land of hog and homminy ;
 The fragments flew, while she exclaim’d, “ Oh my ! Oh !
 I’m *burst*ed ! ruin’d ! what will now become o’ me ?”
 Thalia* scream’d out with laughter, and even Clio,
 The sober Muse of History, and Melpomone,
 Whose dispositions are so grave and tragic,
 Now felt their gravity give way like magic.

*Thalia, Muse of Comedy,—Clio, of History,—Melpomone, of Tragedy.

LXVI.

" Alas Euterpe ! she but barely smil'd ;

She'd been so melancholy and sedate,
'Treated by you so cruelly, poor child !

Who 's flirted so with Thalia of late ;
Indeed my bosom 's oft with anger boil'd

When I have seen her look so desolate
And pale and languid, thinking you could prove
So false alas ! to her your own first love.

LXVII.

" She sadly smil'd, and gath'ring from the floor,

Where they were strewn in bountiful profusion,
The verses of the bard to whom before

You'll recollect I made a slight allusion ;—
And by the way Apollo loudly swore

Homer ne'er made a *bustle* and confusion
Like that ;—she with them to a window went
And sat " like Patience on a monument."

LXVIII.

" 'Tis said this virtue is in high esteem

By all the readers of this poet's verses ;—

That ebon gentleman, who, it doth seem,

Leagu'd with Job's wife,—'tis so your book rehearses,
Though I'm a Pagan—should have ta'en a ream

Or so of them, when he would tempt to curses
The ancient bard, who, when such trash he saw,
Would have obey'd the demon and his squaw.

LXIX.

“But poor Euterpe, being a love-sick lady,

Had not, alas! the energy to curse;

But hang this stupid bard! I am afraid he

Hath brought on her a woful fate far worse;

For, if not soon reliev'd th' unhappy maid he,

With his vile trash, hath hurried to her hearse;—

And he broke up our ball! confound the zany!

Just like a big bull in a shop of “chany.”*

LXX.

“I told her not to read them, but she would

Not listen, but upon me sadly smil'd,

And went to feast upon this mental food;

In fact I think that sorrow'd made her wild,

And foolish, ere for such unwholesome, crude,

And nasty stuff, she long'd as naughty child,

Who in his stomach unripe fruit will cram, he

Being warned against it by his anxious mammy.

LXXI.

‘She read some pages; when behold a pallor

Came o'er her countenance upon a sudden,

And made it look like to a piece of tallow,

Extremely sickly, and the crimson blood in

Her veins rush'd to her heart and left them shallow,

And, like a weakly puppy choked on pudding,

She gasp'd and heav'd as if she sought to vomit,—

But alas! 'twas all in vain! She couldn't come it!

* We think her Grace has murdered the king's English here for the sake of the rhyme.

LXXII.

“ The gods and goddesses who then did gambol
 Around the ball-room in the dance’s maze,
 Through the cotillion now soon ceased to amble,
 And, gath’ring round, on her began to gaze,
 As, like a poor lamb in the butcher’s shamble,
 Unable then her languid head to raise,
 Lay this most ruthless bard’s unhappy victim ;—
 Oh ! had he been there then some one had kicked him !

LXXIII.

“ The poet, as I said, broke up our ball,
 Which went to pieces in a strange commotion ;
 Of the wild panic which then filled the hall,
 ’Tis hard for me to give you any notion ;
 The gods turn’d pale, some goddesses did squall,
 And Mars, who ne’er was famed for his devotion
 And piety, swore like a savage Tartar,
 And vow’d he’d of this poet make a martyr.

LXXIV.

“ And so he borrowed Pan’s* great heavy shears
 And started off with eyes as red as flame,
 Swearing he would cut off this fellow’s ears
 And nail them to the pillory of fame,
 As warning to all scribblers.—Now, in tears,
 Round poor Euterpe all her sisters came,
 (Each tear they shed turned to a bead of amber)
 And on a pallet bore her to her chamber.

* Pan was the god of shepherds.

LXXV.

“Anon came hastening thither *Æsculapius*,*
 Who gently mov’d on tiptoe to the bed;
 He’d hurriedly been sent by our kind pappy, us
 To aid and comfort ;—but he shook his head
 And shrugg’d his shoulders, and oh ! how unhappy us
 He made ! when he expressed a solemn dread
 That her disease defied the power of medicine, —
 And that, alas ! she soon would be as dead as sin.

LXXVI.

“Most of the sister Muses set to bawling,
 When they heard him declare this was his notion,
 And copious cat’racts from their eyes were falling,
 Wrung rudely from them by their deep emotion.
Terpsichore and *Clio* both were squalling,
 And *Polyhymnia*† shed of tears an ocean,
 Who natheless was a very pretty Polly,
 And *Thalia* now for once look’d melancholy.

LXXVII.

“In short it was a mighty gust of sorrow,
 And the physician left them in “*dis gust*,”
 Saying that he would call again to-morrow
 And see the patient, if, as he did trust,
 She could procure a loan of life and borrow
 So much of time from fate ;— but that he must
 Now hasten down to earth below, where, sick in
 His chamber, was a hero, wildly kicking,

* God of physick.

† *Polyhymnia*, Muse of Eloquence,—*Terpsichore*, of Dancing.

LXXVIII.

In a mad frenzy from a furious frown
 Cast sternly on him by one Colonel Benton,
 Which, like a thunder-bolt first knock'd him down,
 And, when they rais'd him up again, he went on
 As if he in the circus were a clown,—
 Bereft of reason quite ; and so they sent on
 To Æsculapius to attend the case,
 Abandon'd by the doctors of the place.

LXXIX.

The President inform'd him in his note
 If to attend the case he had the leisure, he
 Could manage to procure a liberal vote
 For an allowance from the public treasury ;
 And so he left Euterpe ;—shabby shoat !—
 First giving her a nauseous pill—'twas azure*—he
 Went off in spite of all our prayers pathetic,
 But told us we should give her an emetic."

LXXX.

"A what?" I shouted here. "Why," quoth her Grace,
 "He said she should have something to remove
 The malady up from its resting place,
 And send it through the gullet with a shove ;
 Which to effect we did each means embrace,
 But found, alas ! that each did fruitless prove ;—
 It still doth cling below, and, by my soul !
 We know not what will bring it from its hole."

* We presume her Grace meant a blue-pill.

LXXXI.

Quoth I to her, "If that's what you are after,
I think that I can render you some aid,
And turn your woful wailing into laughter;
If means like this will cure, as you have said,
Throw to the dogs each vile and nauseous draught her
Physician's left her, poor unhappy maid!
I know a quack in whom she'll find salvation,
For he can always cause an eructation.

LXXXII.

"Why have you not already for him sent?"
"Alas! we knew not where to find the Quack."
"Look for him in THE WESTERN CONTINENT,"
Quoth I.—Said she, "Then mount! oh mount! your
hack
And to the world below make swift descent,
And seek him there and bring him with you back;—
Away! away! oh haste! be quick! oh quicker!
I hear them squalling! She is growing sicker."

LXXXIII.

Whereat I cried, "Adieu! adieu! I'll paddle!"
And leaving her in haste untied my steed,
And, with a nimble bound did leap astraddle,
And gallop'd off at a most furious speed,
Like Mephistophiles, sitting the saddle
At careless ease.—But oh my heart did bleed
And died my spirit with its crimson hues,
To think upon the sad fate of my Muse.

LXXXIV.

'Tis strange—but natheless true—the human heart
 (Which doubtless is of curious manufacture,
 Though now as cheap and common in the mart
 As any merchandise that was there unpacked e'er,)
 Will turn—confound it!—to what caused its smart
 In love's young days ;—and though long since we've
 sack'd *her*
 Or *been* sack'd—and although the prize was worthless,
 It sometimes plagues our thoughts and makes one mirth-
 less.

LXXXV.

And though we've quarrel'd and we now disown her,
 And hate her fiercely, and if she should offer
 Her heart again would scorn the gift and donor,
 Nor 'd for it give a red cent from our coffer,
 Yet let us see misfortune come upon her,
 Or sorrow, and we lay aside the scoffer
 And strangely feel our tenderness return,
 Like a stray pigeon,—why I ne'er could learn.

LXXXVI.

Such were my philosophic cogitations,
 Hurrying along upon my courser good ;
 Doubtless it was the recent bad relations
 Betwixt my Muse and me caus'd this sad mood,
 And made me give my thoughts not common rations,
 But feed them on a sentimental food ;—
 I wrote them in my pocket-book—'twere pity
 To loose them—and then enter'd a large city.

LXXXVII.

The city of the beautiful, I think,

'Tis call'd ;—and, riding to the public square,
I stopt awhile at Guy's to take a drink ;—

There is a pious critic, I'm aware,
Who faulted much my poem called the "Pink,"

Finding therein the huge nest of a mare,
And o'er the egg did seem inclined to bicker,
Who says that he believes I'm fond of liquor.

LXXXVIII.

I hate to spoil the cake which he is baking

From this most sweet and precious batch of dough ;
He seems to be my friend,—if I'm mistaken

I cannot help it, for he told me so,—
And fears that like a goose I'll dive the lake in

Of ruin ; but I'd kindly let him know,
That, though I do not brag upon my piety,
I am a decent member of society.

LXXXIX.

Had not his fancy fondly hatch'd the egg

The callow young had never crept to view ;
And then the songs which he pronounc'd a plague,

And over them into a passion flew,
Were for a certain *prelate* pen'd, I beg

To state, who'd lately ta'en to getting *blue* ;
He order'd them, but, when I sent them to him,
He would not pay me for a single poem ;

XC.

But at my servant's head threw a decanter, [him,"
 Which cut a huge piece from his ear and "down'd
 Who yell'd as loudly as a holy ranter,
 And run unto a magistrate and bound him
 To keep the *peace*.—His brother, a gallant e'er,
 (At least the ladies say they so have found him,
 Though they may wrong his piety and purity)
 Upon the bond was taken as security.*

XCI.

This doubtless was a most divine example
 To set, albeit some thought it was eccentric ;—
 This bishop bibulous was of the cramp ill
 Sometimes, he said, and needed liquor when sick ;
 And hence the feats of which I've shown a sample ;—
 Whereat another brother did his pen stick
 In ink, and wrote a pamphlet, and, upon a call
 I gave, read it—showing 'twas all canonical.

XCII.

I'd also got the cramp from drinking cold
 Fresh water from the Heleconian fountain ;
 So hurrying on my steed, as I have told,
 Unto the public square, and there dismounting,
 (I know the avowal is both bad, and bold,
 And very shameful, and there is no counting
 The injury 'twill do !) it came to pass
 I made a face and gulph'd a moderate glass.

* Does the author here allude to the two pious brothers, one of whom (made famous by a certain trial a few years since) was so eminently distinguished for his devotion to "women and wine?"—*PRINTER'S DEVIL*.

XCIII.

I hope the honest sober truth won't worry
This critic to a rage he cannot smother ;
I do not mean to put him in a flurry ;—
I drank one glass unto his health ; another
I had no time to take, being in a hurry,—
Albeit I love him like a very brother ;—
And leaving now this new Castalian well,
My steed soon brought me to th' Exchange Hotel.

XCIV.

The city clock the hour of noon was tolling
As I rode up, inquiring for the Doctor ;
I was inform'd 'twas likely he was lolling
In Morpheus' arms, in which he had been lock'd e'er
Since ten o'clock last night,—and still was rolling
And tossing on his pillow, and was shock'd ne'er
To hear the clock proclaim the mid-day hour,—
And if they woke him he grew very sour.

XCV.

“What ! still abed ?” I cried ; “Why bless my heart ! ere
Long 'twill be time to go to bed again !
This Morpheus of the man will make a martyr,
And like a monstrous boa constrictor strain
The hapless wretch to death before they part e'er !
Indeed ! indeed ! he'll sleep away his brain ;—
But no ! I did not mean to be so hard on
Him, and for the innuendo beg his pardon.

XCVI.

“ In sooth I did not mean to intimate
 (And now sincerely beg his pardon over)
 The presence of a brain beneath his pate ;
 At least its fruits none ever could discover,
 Either in word or deed.” This I did state
 Unto a Frenchman who did chance to hover
 About the steps ; who answered, “ *sacre bleue !*”
 What I had stated he believed was true.

XCVII.

I beg’d he ’d call him up. “ Vat’s dat you say ?
 Vat ! beard von angry lion ven he ’s snoozing !
 Von tiger ! bloody catamount ! Nay ! nay !”
 So, as he still held back and kept refusing,
 I thought I on his vanity would play,
 And told him that the French their spunk were losing ;
 And mentioned Jena, Friedland, Austerlitz,
 Where they had given the other nations *fits*.

XCVIII.

Whereat he *en avant* did loudly bellow,
 And at the *pas de charge* went up the stair,
 Vowing he ’d conquer or his life would sell e’er
 He ’d be disgrac’d. What happen’d to him there
 I cannot say—but he came down, poor fellow !
 With a most humbled and crest-fallen air,
 Like beaten Bony, while his lips did mutter
 French oaths, which we in English will not utter.

XCIX.

Finding the foe so valiant and so firm,
We to a stratagem resorted then,
Which my French friend a *ruse de guerre* did term ;
I told him to ascend the stairs again
And say he 'd seen a negro, like a worm,
Writhing within the clutches of the men
Which he the Abolitionists did call, and
Moreover state the Dutch had taken Holland.

C.

That words are things methinks some wise man preaches ;
This time at least they had a potent charm,
For soon I saw him come devoid of breeches,
And with his coat and vest beneath his arm,
Puffing and blowing, while his cheeks, like peaches,
Did brightly glow.—He cried out with alarm,
While with his hand he did the railing clutch,
“ What 's this about the niggers and the Dutch ? ”

CI.

Whereat I answered in most courtly phrase,
That, as regards the Dutchman and the nigger,
'Tis nothing but mere smoke—There is no blaze—
A false alarm. At which an awful rigor
Each angry feature in his face displays,
And he replied I'd have to pull a trigger
As sure as he upon the stair was standing,—
Quoth I, “ I'll do it—just to keep my hand in.”

CII.

But as I had no leisure for a trifle
Like that at present it could be deferr'd ;
If he awhile his gath'ring wrath could stifle,
Another time might do, when could be heard
The grave report of blunderbuss or rifle
Upon the subject. But I had a word
On more important matters for his ears ;
At that I spake of my sick Muse—in tears.

CIII.

Upon the road I'd studied well my speech,
And thought that I had made it quite pathetic,
Deeming if I his bosom's depths could reach
I'd rouse his ruth.—And so in energetic
And touching language I did now beseech
That he would give my poor Muse an emetic ;
But he swore like a Trojan or a Ranger,
And said he knew no Muse—she was a stranger !

CIV.

Besides he could not leave the CONTINENT,
Which by the *northern hords* would be o'errun.
When every argument I thought I'd spent,
I hit most happily at last on one
Which had great force.—I said the Muses meant
To pay him for the service well when done,
And would to Mr. Griswold send petition,
To put his poems in the next edition. (3)

CV.

At that a heavenly smile play'd o'er each feature,
 And shew'd his teeth like chips within a basket,
 Or if that homely metaphor don't meet your
 Views, we 'll liken them to pearls within a casket ;
 And now in fact he seem'd an alter'd creature,
 And said, " Dear sir, I'll do it if you ask it ;"—
 So told the Frenchman, who for squire did pass,
 To go and saddle with all speed his ass.

CVI.

Quoth I, " Good sir, you 'd better don your breeches
 And hide your nudity, which, bless my heart ! is
 A queer costume for grave and learned leeches ;
 Some one may take you for a Model Artist
 'Gainst whom th' indignant press now loudly preaches
 In angry eloquence which very tart is."—
 Besides I told him that I was afraid he
 Would shock the Muse, who was a modest lady.

CVII.

He thank'd me heartily for the suggestion ;
 And, lifting up a long and limber leg,
 He put it foremost, for it was his best one,
 Then, like a goose, stood on the other peg,
 And thrust it in his breeches, and so drest one,
 And then the other ; and around his keg*
 He bound his vest as tightly as a locket ;
 Then don'd his coat, which had a spacious pocket.

* Vulgarly termed stomach.

CVIII.

Meanwhile Monsieur, who had been gone a quarter
 Of an hour or more, unto the door did waddle,
 Leading the ass.—He order'd him to water
 His Pegasus, as he term'd him, at a puddle
 Amid the street, where men were making mortar,
 That, as it happen'd, then was fill'd with mud well,
 Which as a new-discover'd Heliconian well he
 Proclaim'd.—And here the creature fill'd his belly.

CIX.

He threw across his back, in lieu of saddle,
 A volume of the WESTERN CONTINENT,
 Which underneath him did then serve for pad well,
 As if 'twere solely for that purpose meant.
 He mounted up and then cried out, "Egad! well
 Methinks my brains are scarcely worth a cent!"
 "Amen!" quoth I—"But why 'gainst them such cavils?"
 "I have forgotten MAJOR JONES' TRAVELS."

CX.

He bade the Frenchman run and bring them; eke
 The spectacles with which he arched his nose.
 Quoth he, "Vich pair is it you now do seek?
 De von dat to your feeble vision shows
 De faults of books?" "The other pair;—my beak
 I thrust between the leaves, so need not those;
 The paper's odor shows the fault that lies
 Therein; my nose is wiser than mine eyes, (4)

CXI.

"Albeit the latter do the brain surpass."

Off ran Monsieur as blithely as a lark,
While he sat waiting there upon the ass,
Which look'd as aged as if in the ark
With Noah he the prime of life did pass.—

The rider's face I also did remark
Resembled much the features of the donkey
As baboon looketh somewhat like a monkey.

CXII.

I mention'd then to him that, by the way,
Methought he and his donkey much did favor;
Whereat a smile across his face did play

Which seem'd of vanity somewhat to savour;
Howe'er, he check'd it, and did blandly say,
With pleasant look, that gradually grew graver

As he went on, that what I said was true,
And other people had remarked it too.

CXIII.

"Albeit," quoth he, "of humble birth—his mother

A jenny*—yet some deem we are relations;
Indeed I feel towards him as 'twere a brother,

And if we could exchange our situations
At times we'd greatly gratify each other;—

I love the beast—don't make such observations
Too public, if you please—upon my life
As dearly as if he were mine own wife.

* The female of the assinine race is so called.

CXIV.

“In fact we are akin”—Here I did stare—

“Nay do not think I am infatuated !

I am a modest man, but must declare

We’re morally and mentally related ;

Our souls have, in a social way—I’d swear

Unto the statement—sometimes transmigrated ;

His genius and his spirit slyly pass

Into my body, mine into the ass.

CXV.

“This doctrine, if you take the pains, you’ll find

Establish’d fully by the sage Pythagoras,

Who stated that sometimes the human mind

And spirit went and settled in a stag or ass,

Or other creature of the bestial kind.—

I’m modest, as I’ve said, and do not mean to brag, or as

I am a living man, I would avow

I feel the donkey’s spirit in me now.

CXVI.

“Whene’er I sit, with inkhorn on the table,

To pen a poem or compose an article,

The donkey’s spirit cometh from the stable

Upon a social visit ; ere I dart a quill

Imparting inspiration ; and I’d ne’er be able,

I’ll candidly admit, to write a particle

To fill the columns of THE CONTINENT,

If he his genius had not kindly lent.

CXVII.

“ I feel his soul within me now ! and dear
Beloved beast ! thy body holds my spirit.”
Whereat the aged ass prick'd up an ear,
As if it did delight him much to hear it,
And then began to kick, and prance, and rear,
And then, no doubt to show he did inherit
His master's chivalry, ran at my steed,
And bit him on the neck and made it bleed.

CXVIII.

Now my Pegasus, who is somewhat spiteful,
Nor e'er to take a kick or bite inclin'd,
By no means thought such a caress delightful,
Nor in the creature took it very kind,
But was, in sad and sober truth, of fight full,
So, just to intimate to him his mind
Upon such rude and shabby conduct, wheels
And in return salutes him with his heels.

CXIX.

I know such conduct was not very meek,
But Nature, and not I, was then his teacher.—
'Twas in a paper lately a critique
I read, doubtless compos'd by a good preacher,
Which brought a sudden pallor to my cheek ;
My Pegasus he called a wicked creature,
And said, unless I rein'd him in, his evil
And fiery nature 'd take me to the devil.

CXX.

If this be true, why then I'll have to go,
For I can't hold him or I would, alas!
Nor could I hinder him from kicking so
Cruelly this poor luckless fellow's ass,
Which now lay prostrate on the ground below
As if he ne'er again would nibble grass,
While o'er him hung his friend, who thus began
To wail like David over Jonathan.

CXXI.

"Ah me! beloved beast! and hast thou met
From that accursed nag so vile a death?
Oh shameful doom! mine eyes with tears are wet!
From thy dear body he hath kick'd the breath!
Thy spirit! nay mine own! which lingers yet,
And hovers fondly o'er thy corse beneath,
And weeps and wails that thou, alas! alas!
Art kick'd so cruelly, mine ass! mine ass!"

CXXII.

I greatly pitied him, and felt distress'd
To see him thus so bitterly lament;
Therefore, to comfort him, I did suggest
That he should recollect the ass had lent
His spirit to him, which was now his guest;
So he could edit still THE CONTINENT,
If he the donkey's genius would but cherish
Albeit his own did with the creature perish.

CXXIII.

Like a young mother who hath lost a baby,
He stubbornly refus'd to be consol'd,
But talk'd of friendship's ties, and said that they be
Too rudely sever'd ; and he roar'd and roll'd
Upon the ground beside the beast, till maybe
The donkey's spirit, which he then did hold
Pent up within him, as he did avow,
Came out to know the cause of all this row ;

CXXIV.

And seeing the nobler creature lifeless then,
While over it the other's soul did float,
It told it to go back to its own den,
And crept itself down the poor ass's throat,
That straightway got upon his legs again
And gave an awful bray, thus to denote
That he was still alive and very spunky,
And was in fact a most courageous donkey.

CXXV.

Whereat his faithful friend soon ceas'd his moans,
And once again assumed a cheerful look ;
Just then Monsieur return'd with Major Jones,
That most sublime and very famous book ;
When, leaping to the saddle, from the stones
Whereon he stood, he told him, as he took
The precious volume, that, till his return, he
Must keep an eye on Greely and on Birney.

CXXVI.

Then off we went.—But here I'd merely mention
Of horsemanship a most unheard of feat ;
He 'd got a patent for the queer invention,
Which all who e'er beheld it said did beat
The *nation* ; for, when he had made ascension
Unto the donkey's back, he in the seat
Sat with averted face, contrary wise,
And to the tail had turn'd his nose and eyes.

CXXVII.

But as the donkey also had his way
Of doing matters in a funny manner,
He in advancing did his tail display,
Put foremost, waving like a warrior's banner,
While, like a valiant battle-cry, the bray
Came close behind ; the rider thus could scan e'er
Th' approach of aught, and had the means of knowing
The road they travel'd and where they were going.

CXXVIII.

Thus gaily now we went ; he turn'd about,
With the beast's tail advancing, as I've said ;
Some naughty urchins in the street did shout
To see him strangely going thus *ahead*—
But then their mothers knew not they were out,
Or they had whipt and sent them off to bed,
Which, with these bad and blackguard boys, in fact is
A very wholesome and convenient practice.

CXXIX.

We clear'd the town, with its confounded smoke,
And got into the fields, where birds did twitter
On every bough, as if they had a joke
Among themselves to see him ride his "critter ;"
The ass here wheel'd about ; and soon there broke
Forth from his lips an imprecation bitter,
As, with his face in rear, he on did jog,
And he exclaim'd, " Ugh ! ugh ! that ugly dog !"

CXXX.

I look'd ; 'twas Boz, the dog of whom I've spoken
Already, when I first commenc'd this tale ;
He had escap'd, it seems, his chain being broken,
And now came tracking on my courser's trail ;
When he beheld me he did show each token
Of frantic joy, and frisk'd and wag'd his tail ;
While my companion, showing signs of fright,
Drew up his legs and ask'd me if he'd bite.

CXXXI.

" Be of good courage !" quoth I then to him—
He is a dog of honor very nice ;
Albeit of disposition somewhat grim
At times, he seldom jumps upon a phice ;
So you are safe, and may let down the limb
Which you hold up in such an awkward wise ;
This dog, in fact, is a fastidious thinker,
In fighting matters—a proud son o' tinker.

CXXXII.

“None but his equals need of him be fearful ;
So you are safe and need not dread the animal.”
His eye, which hitherto was somewhat tearful,
As he gaz’d timidly upon this cannibal,
Now lighted up again with look more cheerful,
And he grew suddenly as brave as Hannibal,
And loudly swore, with emphasis and vigor,
That he fear’d not this ugly canine nigger.*

CXXXIII.

My valiant friend and I had jogg’d along
Meanwhile at somewhat of a lively gait,
And reach at length the famous hill of song
Which tower’d above. My steed, as I did state
Before, being thorough-bred, and stout, and strong,
Began t’ ascend at quite a rapid rate ;
But the poor donkey could not move a peg,
And halted as if he had sprain’d his leg.

CXXXIV.

First at the mountain he tail-foremost went,
But, failing there, he tried the other end,
Yet made, alas ! no progress in ascent,
Which greatly vex’d his dear beloved friend,
Who, seated on his back, began to vent
Impatience, and then gradually to lend
His tongue terms of abuse, and then alas !
Forgot himself and smote his own dear ass.

* The dog was black.

CXXXV.

Ah me ! that friends should e'er fall out and fight !

He swore some oaths—but in the nigger lingo—

Which with my pen I hardly dare to write—

That “drat his hide ! he'd make this stubborn thing
go.”

Here he again the hapless beast did smite

Upon his dapper neck, and said, “by jingo !

He'd crop the ears of his own faithful brother

Unless he went up with one end or t'other.”

CXXXVI.

The aged ass here turn'd upon his teaser

A piteous look, and, though his lips were mute as

They e'er had been, 'twas such a look as Cæsar

Is said t' have cast reproachfully on Brutus,

And seem'd to say, “pray tell us, if you please sir,

If your intent is now to stab or shoot us ?

Oh brother ! don't you see I cannot climb

This rugged height ? So spare me for this time !”

CXXXVII.

I pitied much the beast, and more the creature

Who sat upon his back and seem'd inclin'd,

Judging from the expression of each feature,

To go right frantic ;—if he'd had a *mind*

No doubt he would ;—so said to him, “don't beat your

Own bosom friend, but leave him here behind ;

He cannot scale this mountain rough and stony,

Not being a thorough-bred Parnassian poney.

CXXXVIII.

“So mount behind me on my fiery steed,
 When to yon bramble you your beast have tied well,
 He'll carry us both up, and little heed
 Th' increase of weight.” Then, fasten'd by the bridle,
 He left his much-beloved ass to feed
 Upon the brambles that did scratch his hide well,
 And drawing near and vaulting from the ground,
 He reach'd the crupper with a sudden bound.

CXXXIX.

Now Pegasus is a fastidious hack,
 Of fretful and of fiery disposition,
 And somewhat devilish, and, when on his back
 He felt the added weight of the physician,
 He thought within himself, that this new pack
 Put on him was a wrongful imposition ;
 So plung'd, and then, beginning to kick up, ere
 He was aware he hurl'd him from the crupper.

CXL.

Dash'd from his seat, he first did gently float
 Upon the bosom of the air, then fell ;
 When Boz, the setter, who the feat did note,
 As he beheld him settle, with a yell
 Attack'd him in the rear, and from the coat,
 (I am ashamed almost the deed to tell,)
 As he lay rolling in the mud and dirt,
 With a fierce tug did tear away one skirt.

CXLI.

As, when a mischief-loving puppy pounces
 On farm-yard fowl and pulls away his tail,
 A shrill and agonizing scream announces
 The horrid deed ; so now, with features pale
 And strangely horrified, he wildly bounces
 High in the air, and utters a loud wail,
 And capers round in mode so queer and antic,
 'Twould seem his dreadful loss had made him frantic.

CXLII.

“ Oh god of coat-tails !* what shall I now do ?

See how that ugly furious creature gnaws,
 Alas ! alas ! mine own ! my long-tail blue !”

I pitied him ; so snatch'd it from the jaws
 Of this stern unrelenting setter, who

Was fiercely tearing it beneath his paws ;
 He beg'd I'd stow it then in my valise,
 And said when he got home he'd mend the piece.

CXLIII.

I told him that his garment was a ruin,

Beyond the “ aid and comfort ” now of stitches,
 And that he'd have to mend it with a new one

As sure as he stood in his shirt and breeches ;
 Whereat I saw a gust of sorrow brewing

Upon his face, which writh'd with sundry twitches,
 And he confess'd, with cheek still growing paler,
 He could obtain no credit from the Taylor.

* We are not fully certain what particular member of the Greek Pantheon was the tutelary deity of this important appendage.

CXLIV.

" This Taylor kindly took me by the hand,
 And may be said t' have cloth'd and fed me too,
 When I was but a starv'ling scribbler, and
 (But don't repeat what I now tell to you
 To any living mortal in the land)
 I stung him even as foster'd serpents do,
 That some kind hand hath warmed before the flame;
 Or sought to sting him—which is all the same."

CXLV.

This Taylor being largely now his creditor,
 He said he of *his books* disliked the sight,
 And even in his character as editor
 Did seek to show the world they were not right;
 On each that came before him, ere he 'd read it, or
 Ev'n cut a single leaf, he would endite
 Some vile abuse, thinking, poor fool! he then on
 The publisher was venting all his venom.

CXLVI.

" By Jove!" said I, " if that same setter there,
 That from my hand 's obtained his daily food,
 Though not the coat he on his back doth wear,
 Ever treated me with such ingratitude,
 Sure as he is a living dog, I swear,
 Though not a cruel man, I'd have his blood;
 I would not let him live thus to disgrace
 The noble nature of the canine race:

CXLVII.

"But he 'll not do it—dogs are gentlemen—

Mine are bred so—and not such shabby fellows
As are the tenants of some critics' den,

Who feed on filth and offal.—But pray tell us
Why is it that you grow so furious when

You hear the praise of dogs? And are you jealous,
Knowing the meanest cur surpasses you
In gratitude and worth?" Said he "'tis true."

CXLVIII.

Thus did we talk—To shorten now my tale,
(My comrade's by the dog was shorten'd much,)
I'll merely state I did at length prevail

Upon my fiery steed to let him clutch
The crupper and get up;—he looking pale.—

Then off we went and soon his hoofs did touch
The highest peak,—and we had reach'd the dome
I told of—and were brought to the sick room.

CXLIX.

There lay Euterpe, with each pallid lid

Clos'd o'er her eyes, as if at the last gasp;
Yet looking far more beautiful than did

Th' Egyptian Queen coquetting with the asp;—
Compressing now the lovely lips, that hid

Her faultless teeth, she seiz'd, with frantic grasp,
The bed-clothes, and with piteous look pathetic
Seem'd earnestly to ask for an emetic.

CL.

This saw the Doctor and it mov'd his pity ;
 So from his bosom he drew forth the book,
 Which with him he had brought here from the city,
 And o'er his nigger slang began to look ;
 And, when he found a passage which was fit, he
 Read it aloud and she began to puke ;—
 Ah me ! that lovely mouth (so often from it
 I'd heard sweet warblings) now did vilely vomit.

CLI.

As Etna, when she doth begin to sicken,
 Pours forth a flood from her enormous kettle,
 Wherein her giant gentlemen* are kicking ;—
 But my poor Muse is like a mountain little ;
 So I'll compare her to a tender chicken,
 Whose life hangs on a thread extremely brittle,
 That heaves and gasps, while from its head have started
 Its bonny eyes.—Thus she with sickness parted.

CLII.

Ah ! who can paint the joy of every sister,
 As they beheld her sitting up again ?
 They hurry 'round her and each fondly kiss'd her,
 And ask'd her if she was reliev'd from pain.—
 The Quack had torn some leaves and made a blister
 Thereof, and it upon her stomach lain,
 Which at the contact gave another heave,
 When all the pent-up foulness took its leave.

* The giants were imprisoned in Mount Etna after their overthrow by the gods.

CLIII.

Whereat the grateful Muses now began
To counsel how they should reward the Quack,
Whom they pronounc'd a very marv'lous man,
Who had, it might almost be said, brought back
The dead to life again.—So every plan
Was now propos'd, but they could not, alack !
Agree ; and with their tongues made quite a clatter ;
When, Phoebus walking in, ask'd, “ What's the matter ?”

CLIV.

They told him ; when upon the Quack a look
He cast, and said, “ I know this man of yore ;
'Tis not the first time with his wondrous book
And nigger lingo he's perform'd such cure ;
Upon the earth he's often caus'd to puke
A feeble stomach. So now turn him o'er
To me and I'll reward him with all speed.”
To this proposal all the nine agreed.

CLV.

Apollo rose and wav'd a magic wand,
Which doubtless did possess some Circean charm,
For where just now the wond'rous Quack did stand
Was seen a small, uncouth, mysterious form ;
Yet proudly, like a lion in the land,
It stalk'd where'er it pleas'd, and with alarm
The boldest fled away like frighten'd rabbits ;—
Its name I do forget ;—bad are its habits !

CLVI.

It gave a saucy look, and wav'd its tail,
As terrible as that of baleful comet ;
At which Melpomone grew deadly pale,
And Clio seemed as if about to vomit ;—
For wonderful to tell, there did exhale
A foul and most unearthly odor from it ;—
While Thalia gasp'd for breath, and then did shout
With desperate energy, “ Oh turn it out !”

CLVII.

Apollo grasp'd his wand, and aim'd a blow,
To drive it forth ; but with its tail it stood
Waving defiance stern, and scorn'd to go
Ev'n for its master.—As in Nubian wood,
Lashing his sides, the lordly lion slow
Retires, when by a numerous band pursued ;—
Thus slowly forth it issued from within,
When soon I heard without a mighty din.

CLVIII.

The moving cause of all this wild uproar,
As I went forth, did my attention claim ;
It seems the setter, waiting at the door,
Beheld this curious creature as it came
In anger forth ; and, feeling somewhat sure
That of a thing like that he might *make game*,
Had pounc'd upon it, but soon ran away,
Deeming such sport was any thing but play.

CLIX.

Just then it is that bully Mars appears,

Walking with a most bold and valiant swagger,
Who, you must recollect, with Pan's huge shears,
Had gone below—he always was a bragger—
Swearing he would cut off some poet's ears.—

Now on he strutting came and chanc'd to stagger
Against the warlike creature in his path,
That charg'd upon him then in furious wrath.

CLX.

Mars threw the sheep-shears at its head, and then,

Like a mad bull, did run and loudly bellow ;
Not half so loud he yell'd out curses when

By the Greek's spear he got his wound, poor fellow !
(For Homer says the gods were thrash'd by men

Sometimes, and banish'd and beat blue and yellow,)
And on the ground he fell, and growing sicker,
He roar'd and roll'd as if he were in liquor.

CLXI.

Meanwhile his foe march'd onward, firm and spunky,

Its tail still serving for a free pass,
Until it came to where its darling donkey

Was gravely cropping briars and blades of grass,
Upon whose back it leap'd like nimble monkey ;—

When I last gaz'd it rode off on the ass
With a queer saucy look of self-reliance,
While its long bushy tail still wav'd defiance.

THE MUSE'S FAREWELL.

TUNE—ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

I.

Farewell ! farewell to thee, theme of our laughter,
(Thus warbled the Muse in her melody now,)
No creature that e'er may come hither hereafter,
Can waken a mirth so delicious as thou.

II.

Farewell ! be it mine to engrave on the pillar,
That stands in the front of the Temple of Fame,
To be borne o'er the earth on the breeze and the billow,
For mortals to laugh at, the honors you claim.

III.

Go ! go on your way, like the good man, rejoicing,
O'er the deeds you have done, full happy and proud ;
Oh hold up your head ! only think what a noise in
The nation you're making, so lasting and loud !

IV.

On the back of your donkey away you will amble
To the place so delightful whence you here come !
Oh ! let him not loiter to gather the bramble
That grows by the road-side, but haste ye now home !

V.

Oh go ! but I fear that the very queer hack ye're on,
As slowly he shuffles on into the town,
Like the ass whose mad capers kill'd poor old Anacreon,(5)
Will make all the people with laughter fall down.

VI.

As gravely you jog along into the city
Oh go not, I prithee, unto the Exchange !
The Mayor and the Council will call a committee,
To know what to do in a matter so strange.

VII.

They 'll hesitate long in a wise dubitation,
But grant you some honor I've scarcely a doubt ;
The Mayor will then swear like the very old nation,
And sternly determine that you must clear out.

VIII.

Away you will ride on the back of your "critter,"
Like the dove from the ark to hunt for a home ;—
Alas ! but I fear that your lot will be bitter,
Like the Jew with the curse on him ever to roam.

IX.

Farewell ! oh farewell ! ere I grow melancholy
And drop a warm tear o'er the sad fate I see ;—
But blame not the Muse, oh thou creature of folly !
Thine antics have brought all thy sorrows on thee. (6)

CLXII.

Thus Thalia, Muse of Comedy, did chirrup,
As she stood laughing in the portico
At the poor Quack—And now with foot in stirrup
And hand on mane, I told her I must go ;—
So call'd my dog ; but he, poor thing ! did peer up
Into my face with a sad look of wo,
And cough'd and heav'd as if he had the phthisic,
Or had been taking some vile nasty physic.

CLXIII.

After some time he gradually grew better,
Yet deem'd himself the most unhappy pup e'er
Was born.—I bow'd and canter'd off ;—my setter
Came trotting on behind the horse's crupper.—
How we got back I'll tell you in a letter
Another time.—I got home—order'd supper,
And to the stable sent my faithful steed,
And also order'd him a peck of feed.

CLXIV.

But, while the coffee boil'd and cakes were baking,
I took the torn coat-tail from my valise,
And from its spacious pockets then were shaken
Some curious documents, which piece by piece
I read, and was with laughter overtaken,—
In fact from laughing scarcely yet have ceas'd ;
And if you 'd join me in my merry mood,
Among the notes you 'll find for mirth some food. (7)

APPENDIX.

NOTE (1)

Byron whom I of course do imitate.—STANZA XIII.

By writing in the same measure we are of course guilty of imitation. There was a period when *originality* was thought to consist in boldness of *invention* and in *newness* of ideas and imagery. But this is not in accordance with the canons of modern criticism. The wonderful discovery has been made, that it must be sought for in those parts of poetical composition which can be mastered by the ingenuity of any schoolboy; that is in the *style and mode of expression*.

If a poet, in the mere mechanical parts of his art, follow the old beaten track, his production may be ever so original in other respects; if a narrative poem, the story may be altogether new, the thoughts and reflections bold, striking, and unborrowed from the writings of any of his predecessors; the imagery novel and appropriate; in short it may combine all the essential characteristics of the sublime and the beautiful, and yet, if the *measure* and the *mode of expression* are familiar to the reading public, it will be pronounced an *imitation*. But let him write in some *irregular measure*, and, above all, let him adopt some quaint and outlandish style, and though there is not a particle of invention in his production, and though the thoughts are as old as Solomon's Proverbs, he will be paraded before the world as a *great original poet*.

Hence the unpopularity into which poetry has fallen of late years. It has become so disgustingly affected and nauseous to the taste, by a departure from the natural modes of enunciation. The world of thought and imagination is boundless. By seeking for originality therein we may possibly equal "the glorious old fathers" themselves. The styles and forms of expression, which the genius of a language allows are limited, and have already been discovered and adopted by those who have preceded us in the field of literature.

To seek for *originality* there is mere childish folly. It is to leave the substance in order to follow the shadow. The style is the *vehicle*. The *invention* and the *ideas* are the *treasures* with which it is freighted.

Yet it is originality of mere style which the modern critic seems to demand; and the poor trembling poet, timidly acquiescing, departs from the legitimate modes of enunciation, which the experience of ages has shown to be most suitable for the purposes of poetry, and becomes unnatural, affected, and obscure; forever damning himself with posterity, because he has not the courage to meet the silly and contemptible charge of imitation from his contemporaries. His volume is, however, gradually puffed into popularity, bound up in elegant style, and laid upon our tables as a beautiful ornament, seldom opened, and rarely read. We have, however, several bright exception amongst us, at the head of whom stands Fitz Green Halleck, the best living poet in the language, simply because, in the mere mechanical parts of composition, he follows the beaten track, and never forces his muse to exhibit the contortions of a Pythoneness palming her impostures upon us for inspiration.

In the poem which we now give to the world, we of course lay no claim to *originality*. The stanza and the style in which we have written have been in vogue among the Italians for centuries. The queer modes of rhyming which we have practiced, in accordance with the genius of the language, were adopted by Butler, Swift, Byron, and other bards of less celebrity, long before our day. The *invention* and the *ideas* alone we can claim as our exclusive property. But these are, of course, the least essential parts of poetry.

Ere long, however, we will endeavor to give the world an *original poem*. Each line of said poem shall have at least twenty-six syllables, with a magnetic telegraph stretched from one end to the other, in order to keep up a sort of neighborly communication. It will therefore be about *three feet* more original than any line in "Proverbial Philosophy," or even in *Evangeline*.

By the way, the *paternity* of the last mentioned verses, (which have assumed a *longitude* of figure equal to the *latitude* claimed by the versifier,) could never be mistaken, for each carries his *patronymick* engraven upon his visage. As posterity will soon be called upon to

give them a decent burial, the genius of oblivion, hovering over the tomb, as each is lowered down to its final resting place, will mutter in a sepulchral tone, "Ah, that was truly a *long fellow* !"

NOTE (2)

He pen'd these poems to compose a part
Of a book published by Carey and Hart.—STANZA LVI.

This scribbler, it appears, belongs to the innumerable company of bards whom this country has produced within the brief space of a few years. He is one of the fifty thousand tadpoles that swim about in an enormous mud puddle, which they have mistaken for a Helicon, and, after undergoing the customary metamorphosis, hop ashore and sit upon the banks of the aforesaid puddle, uttering the most dismal croakings at all who do not happen to belong to their interesting fraternity.

He now edits a paper, which he has called "The Model American Courier," for he is one of the creatures,

"Who first for poets pass'd,
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last."

It will be seen by a notice to publishers in his paper of March 18th, 1848, that in his character of critic he coolly offers himself for sale; stating that if they will send him "a *duplicate copy*" of any work, it will receive a lengthy (and, of course, favorable) notice. We neglected to do this when we made a late publication, and received some very funny abuse from the Lilliputian. We intend sending him, with a copy of this volume, when "it strays to his table," an interesting little coin, called in the South a *picayune*, (which we presume will be about a fair *quid pro quo*,) and bespeak a *fip's worth* of praise; that is if he can find space for it in his paper, which is chiefly filled with laudations of its own merits,

"Leaving but little room for him to pack in
Murders, and fires, and verses of M'Makin."

NOTE (3)

"And would to Mr. Griswold send petition
To put his poems in the next edition."—STANZA CIV.

The demon of verse-making has also entered into the soul of this

unfortunate mortal. He is also one of *the* poets, and was greatly incensed with Mr. Griswold because he did not include his trash in his collection of American Poetry. Why he desired a place in the volume we cannot imagine, unless from a depraved ambition which induced an immoderate longing for the immortality of a dunce.

NOTE (4)

My nose is wiser than mine eyes.—STANZA CX.

We cannot better explain the meaning of these caballistick words, than by copying from an article which we find in one of the public journals, and which commences as follows :

“ We think it was the gifted and lamented Sands who humorously remarked, that when he was seated in his sanctum, with a pile of new publications before him, and felt somewhat lazily inclined, he often resorted to the novel expedient of running his *nose* through the pages, and if the book had a good odor about it, he would lavish upon it his laudations, but if the paper had a disagreeable smell, he would pronounce upon it a solemn malediction. This plan certainly saves the learned critic a vast deal of labor, but it sometimes leads him into most ludicrous mistakes ; especially if he ventures to depart from the stereotyped phrases of critical condemnation, (which like the bark of a phice, intimates the anger of the animal, without specifying the cause,) and descends into particulars.

“ We have a striking example of this in the last number of the ‘ WESTERN CONTINENT,’ in an article which professes to be a critique on YELLOTT’S POEMS. The editor seems to be a proficient in the new mode of criticism, and to depend far more upon the acuteness of his olfactory organs, than upon those which phrenologists have located in the frontal regions of the brain, experience having no doubt taught him, that in his case at least, the former would be by far the safer reliance.”

We cannot help coinciding with the writer in his views upon this important subject, and advise the sage editor alluded to in the foregoing paragraph, to follow his *nose* and go ahead.

NOTE (5)

Like the ass whose mad capers kill'd poor old Anacreon.

MUSES' FAREWELL, STANZA V.

We think (though we have not *the authorities* at our elbow) that it was Anacreon, the Greek poet, who lived to the age of eighty-five years, and then walked off the stage of life in a very extraordinary manner;—being suffocated with laughter at seeing an ass eat figs. We hope none of our readers will meet with a similar catastrophe from seeing this fellow's ass getting *beans*.

By the way, this stanza is somewhat faulty in measure, and spoils the music, which is that of the "Araby's Daughter." We lately heard it sung to that pathetic air with such effect, as to bring tears to our eyes. But the highly excited state of our risibilities opened the lachrymal fountain. When we laugh heartily this is most usually the case.

NOTE (6)

But blame not the Muse, oh thou creature of folly!

Thine antics have brought all thy sorrows on thee.

MUSES' FAREWELL, STANZA IX.

No one regrets more than the author, the necessity of the publication of this Satire. But he found it to be a stern necessity, and he obeyed it. He entered the field of literature with the most *peaceable intentions*, and, as he thought, in the most unostentatious manner. He published a volume of poems, which he endeavored to introduce to the public in a modest preface; carefully excluding from the collection some of his boyish productions, whose composition he regretted solely because they were calculated to wound the feelings of some, whom the maturity of manhood had taught him to respect. He had scarcely made his appearance before the world ere he was rudely attacked by one, who had never received the slightest provocation at his hands, but who, judging from the tone of his preface, deemed that he was some modest youth, timidly making his first essay, and would consequently be an unresisting victim, whom he could crush with a paragraph!

Under these circumstances what was he to do? Kiss meekly the rod that was brandished over his head? Such never has been, and never will be, his conduct in the world of letters, or elsewhere.

Owing to a rather large development of a certain organ, which phrenologists locate immediately behind the upper portion of the ear, he was prompted to snatch the weapon out of the hand of this literary ruffian who assailed him, and lay it upon his back. When stricken he will strike.

The author would here reiterate what he has already said in the preface. He does not wish to be understood as throwing the gage of battle at the feet of all critics. His desire is to contribute his humble mite to the literature of his country, who, with her present proud position among the nations of the earth, has done as yet but little towards the promotion of a cause which is, and ever has been, the source from whence all civilization springs; being in these matters still in a state of colonial bondage. With these views he has unostentatiously given to the world a volume of poems of humble merit, it may be. That they contain many faults he of course cannot but feel fully assured. Let any one who may have the disposition so to do, criticise the volume with fairness, and point out those faults, and he will endeavor to avoid them in his future publications. But if the critic thinks to find in the author of this volume an unresisting object for his illiberal attacks, he may perchance discover his mistake when the shaft of ridicule is driven through himself, and the world is laughing at his ludicrous contortions.

If any one is disposed to censure us for the very rough manner in which the hero of this Satire is handled, as well as for the final disposition which is made of him, we would beg such caviller to refer to the columns of the "Continent," and see for himself the *gentlemanly manner* in which individuals of the highest worth and standing in the community are assailed. He will there behold the highly respectable editor of the New York Tribune, week after week, ridiculed with *negro slang* and caricatures that would disgrace a comic almanack. With Mr. Greely's peculiar opinions on many matters we have nothing to do. But his unimpeachable integrity of character and purity of motives certainly entitle him to respect. We must confess that we have never opened the columns of the paper, containing this virulent abuse, without feeling a *peculiar sensation* of the stomach;—from whence originated the idea of the *miraculous cure* related in the Poem.

NOTE (7)

“And if you'll join me in my merry mood
Amongst the notes you'll find for mirth some food.”—STANZA CLXIV.

The “curious documents” found in the coat-tail, were sundry communications, addressed to the Editor of the *Western Continent*, signed “Jos. Jones,” written in *negro lingo*. We had, at first, proposed to publish them among our notes; not because of any wit or talent displayed in them, but as specimens of the style of one who has selected the “nobler model,” and devoted his whole life to the study of the “glorious old fathers of English song!” But on reflection, we determined not to print the vile trash, as our book was designed for circulation among *white men*, not *negroes*.



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" ' As lovely as the phantom of the morning,
Begirded with a rainbow, standing on
Some eastern eminence, dew drops adorning
Her locks, bound with the beams of the bright sun
In splendid braids!—so stood that beauteous one
Upon the rock that jutted o'er the deep;
Fairer than fairest dreams that beam upon
Two youthful lovers' intermingled sleep,
O'er which young rosy Hope her happy watch doth keep.' "

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