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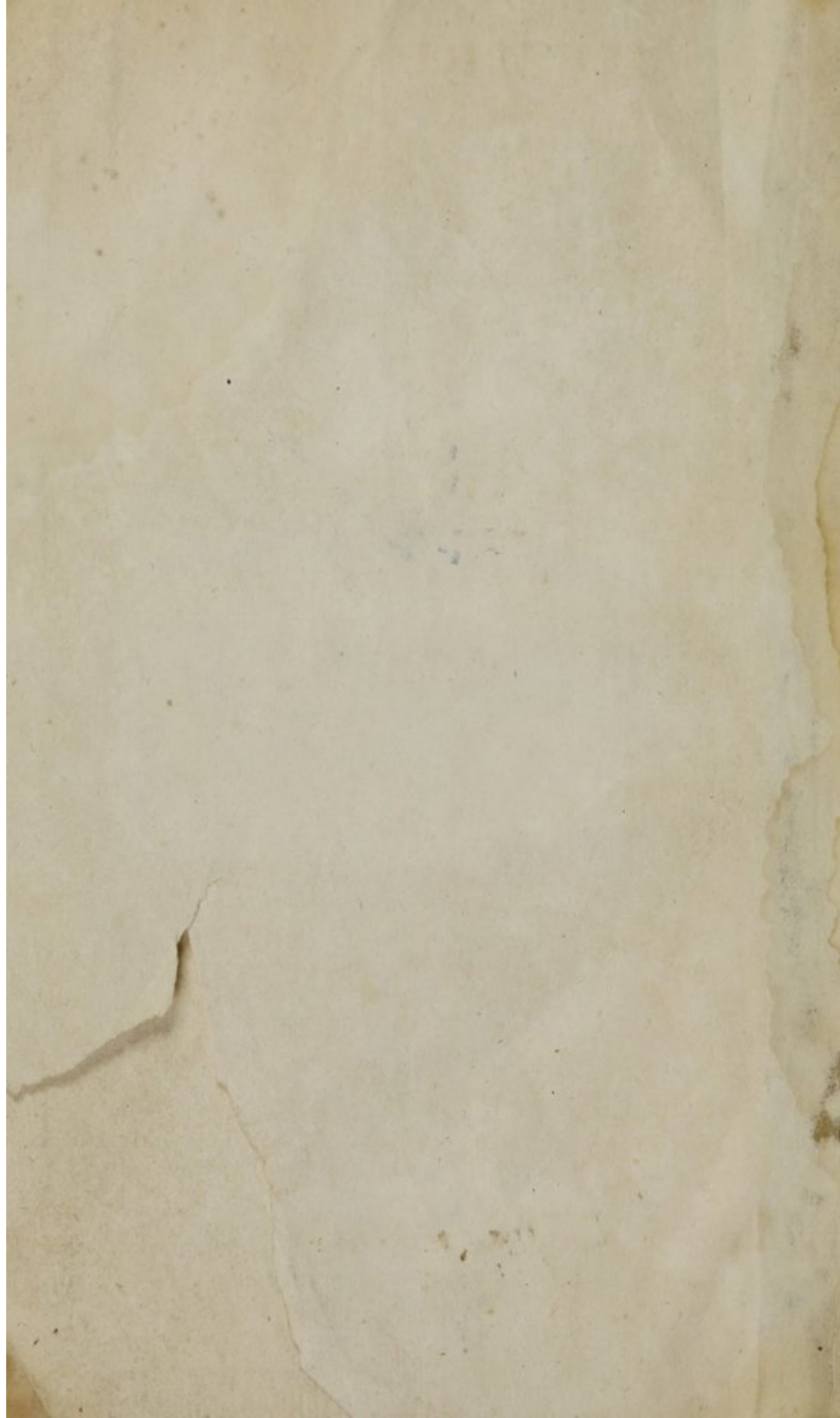
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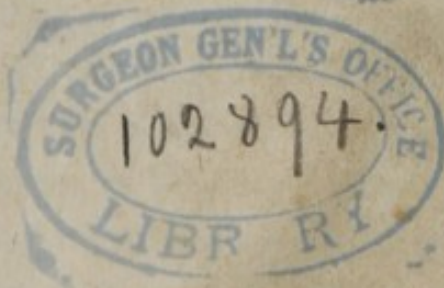


HUMBUGGIANA:

A POEM,

BY M. DEAVENPORT, M. D.

“Still there are follies e’en for me to chase,
And yield, at least, amusement in the race;
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
The cry is up, and *humbugs* are my game.”



NASHVILLE:

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PREFACE.

IN presenting the following Poem to the public, we have no particular apology to offer. Suffice it to mention, it was written during leisure moments, and meeting the approbation of those who should judge, we have resolved, at any rate, to hazard its publication.

Though satire is, professedly, our theme, still we trust we have been actuated by a spirit, neither of wantonness nor malignancy. For if we know our motives at all, to inculcate a sound and wholesome morality was certainly not the least incentive that urged us to the delicate undertaking. Whether we have failed or not, must be left of course, to the determination of the candid reader.

We have aimed to attack nothing in its proper and legitimate sphere—only when we conceived it to be diverted from its true channel, or rendered subservient to the purposes of humbuggery. For instance, we are no enemy to the great science of Phrenology, but the numberless pseudo-professors of it, who are prowling through the land, certainly constitute a proper mark for the arrow of the moral satirist.

A few harmless personalities have been indulged in, which seemed almost resistless, as it were, from their provoking fitness;—other than these, we have dealt but in broad and sweeping generalities. Should any, therefore, perceive their portrait too rigidly drawn, they must not blame the limner for the coincidence. If they should, however, the best extenuation we can offer is, that the sons of ugliness are so generally alike, that a correct resemblance of any one, will answer, with but slight modification, for every other. Thus an owl or an ape, the world over, most remarkably favours every other specimen of its respective genus.

It was exceedingly difficult, nay impossible for us to arrange the subjects treated of, in any thing like a natural classification. A somewhat arbitrary one, therefore, has been adopted for the purpose of including as wide a range as possible. Even from that arrangement, many minor matters seem to be excluded—and had to be introduced incidentally, or not at all. This will, then, account for some of the long preliminaries and episodes that have been purposely introduced to arrive at subjects, which no classification seemed to embrace.

The first Canto, it will be seen, but little more than introduces the subject. The second is devoted to the ordinary humbug modes of making money, independently of all other considerations. The third treats of the itinerant trades and professions. The fourth discusses the humbuggery growing out of the medical profession, directly or remotely, while the fifth is similarly devoted to the legal craft—and the last three are appropriated to politics. We profess, of course, to have our political sentiments; but to the humbuggery, so fearfully practiced by all parties, we are alike hostile and uncompromising.—We have said little or nothing of the humbuggery so lamentably rife in the religious world, because we believed our motives would not be appreciated, and therefore no possible good could result.

HUMBUGGIANA.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation and subject proposed. Humbuggery suggested by analogies in the physical world. Nature's volume best book to read. Hogarth and Lord Byron students of Nature. Nature the best umpire in all doubtful cases.—She decides, by analogy, that loafing is right:—also proves man to be an omniverous animal. Apostrophe to Truth—to Improvement—to Humbuggery. Recapitulation of the objects of the poem—and mode of treating the subject, &c.

WHILE mighty Homer grasps the graphic pen,
To scan the direful wars of gods and men;
Or Maro, basking in his prince's beam,
Shall swell the rural or the epic theme;
While Tasso strings his lyre to loftier lays,
And 'round the Cross, entwines his deathless bays;
Or Milton's muse, more daring in its flight,
Shall bathe its plumage in celestial light,
And sing the feuds by rebel-angels made—

Of Heav'n's bright host, in martial pomp arrayed;
 An humbler bard, ye noble Nine inspire,
 Whose lowly lays, to lesser heights, aspire—
 Who boasts no eye, to drink the solar blaze,
 Or gilded plume, to glisten in his rays;
 But faint and feeble, like some crippled quail,
 Which flops, not flies, and soon his pinions fail—
 Then, pour your balm, to brace his callow wing
 And tune his throat, in dulcet tones to sing—
 His path illumine with your beacon-light,
 To guide him safe, through tempest and through night.
 Blest with your fost'ring smiles, no more he'll ask,
 But bravely on, shall grapple with the task—
 Begin my Muse! in fearless strains, impart,
 To list'ning ears, the mighty modern art,
 Which teaches man, to humbug fellow-man,
 And gull the world, in every way, he can!

Is there some stickler to the slavish rules,
 Prescribed by prudes, or drawn from squeamish fools,
 Whose nurtured fears will sound the loud alarm,
 And swear the muse must mean the virtues harm?
 Or croak, from raven-throat, the sad "alas!"
 Like safety-valve, that vents the surplus gas?—
 Dull sophist thou!—we can but say, at once,
 A host of facts declares thee stupid dunce!—
 In Nature's book, thou dullard, go and seek
 The thousand truths, its teeming pages speak!
 Why seems the sky, a solid smooth concave,
 But yonder resting on the land or wave,

That, thither, lures the sanguine schoolboy's feet,
 In vain, to reach the fast receding cheat?
 Why doth the sun a silvery shield appear,
 Or seems his pathway to the earth so near,
 That the crude urchin marks the brilliant prize,
 And bars his shaft, to pluck it from the skies;
 Or smiling infant, in its first essay,
 Will reach its hand to grasp that god of day!—
 Why from the bark, appears to back the shore,
 And why recedes the moon, when clouds race o'er,
 Or why reflected in the glassy seas,
 She seems beneath, a luscious Cheshire cheese!
 In short, say why the world is all a quiz,
 And nothing looks, precisely as it is!
 'Tis plain design, to gull the human sense,
 Disguise the truth, and mock us with pretense!

And will not man from Nature's volume learn,
 Her hints improve, and humbug in his turn!
 The wisest sage, from thence will largely draw
 To rear some system, or confirm a law;
 Thus, on her page, did Hogarth first observe
 How grace and beauty revel'd in the curve;
 'Twas there he read, and caught the magic art,
 Which, from his canvass, made the life to start;
 Spell-bound, he pour'd and linger'd o'er each line
 Till art was nature—nature was divine!—
 In Nature's realms, the "noble bard" did roam
 And there, alone, he found his genial home;
 He fled from man, and art's tyrannic rule,

The wilds and wastes and mountains were his school,
 To beds of down, preferr'd the craggy lair
 To flatt'rer's breath the purer Alpine air;
 Commune he held, with earth and sky and seas,
 Till Nature, wooed, resign'd him all her keys!

In fine, dame Nature is the surest guide,
 Where doubts exist, she ever will decide;
 Thus, loafing, once, with mad, fanatic zeal,
 Was deemed a nuisance to the public weal,
 And must be done away, was loudly cried,
 Till Nature rushed, the query to decide,
 Who shaking high, fat sprigs of parasite,
 Spoke through the symbols, "loafing must be right!"

In learning's halls, 'twas long a grave dispute,
 What food did, best, the human fabric suit;
 "'Twas flesh alone" some ranters loudly swore,
 And spouted forth their whole scholastic lore,
 While others raved, in no less sanguine mood,
 That "herbs and fruits composed man's proper food"
 And some again—'tis not uncommon since,—
 Took neither side, but clung upon the fence.
 Thus, pro and con, the tough discussion went,
 Till Sophistry, her magazines had spent—
 Nature was ask'd, and *through her teeth*, she spake,(1)
 "That man was formed, of every food to take"—
 So, Nature, kindly, did the germ impart,
 Which we have ripen'd to the gulling art.—

Dull Truth begone! and all thy retinue,
 Of fact and reason, bid the world adieu!
 This modern race has grown too great and wise,
 Their wits have learned, far better things, to prize;
 The day has passed, when thou couldst raise thy voice,
 And at the sound, all human hearts rejoice—
 Thanks to the age! thy tyranny is o'er,
 And vassal-man shall bow to thee no more!
 Henceforth, he stands, unfetter'd by thy chain,
 Forever freed, and made himself again;
 Redeem'd and loose, defying thy command,
 He stalks, at large, and humbugs all the land!

Thou! guardian genius of the world below,
 O! grand Improvement! 'tis to thee we owe,
 The mighty throes, that gave Humbugg'ry birth,
 And frighten'd Truth and Reason from the earth!
 Humbugg'ry hail! a welcome warm we greet,
 While nations rush, the echoes to repeat!
 Ascend thy throne, and seize the purple robe,
 Thou sovereign empress of the modern globe;
 Abroad, thy sceptre wave, from sea to sea,
 A loyal world shall bow the homag'd knee!—

My restless muse proceed! no longer pause,
 But sing the rules and elemental laws!
 How man, in every grade, and every sphere,—
 The fool or sage, the peasant or the peer,
 The sniveling sot or dotard, 'tis the same,
 Though fame, or wealth, or honor be his aim,—

Shall still effect, no matter what he tries,
 And stamp success, on every enterprise!—
 As some there are, at least, in modern schools,
 Who, by examples, prove their general rules,
 So shall the muse—and give in proper place,
 Some special hints, to suit each special case.

Well may the muse, untried in tasks so bold,
 Too justly tremble, as her toils unfold;
 What can she do—committed to proceed,
 Afraid to start, and yet will not recede!
 Well may she pause, withholding still her strain,
 And loudly importune, for aid again—
 Could I, like Pope, but boast a magic lyre,
 Or burn with Byron's sublimated fire,
 My sanguine muse would plume her wing and soar,
 To dizzy heights, and untrod fields explore,
 Humbugg'ry's praise, sublimely would rehearse,
 And all her sons embalm in deathless verse!—
 My coward muse, no longer, haunt the brink,
 But leap from thence, and swear to swim or sink.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Fortune seekers addressed. Planter advised to quit the plough, and take to *Morus Multicaulis*. Bankrupts, Merchants, Tailors, Cobblers—all trades and arts, in fine advised to commence the Silk Culture. Blooded Stock recommended. Humbug towns do.—lythographed city described. Digression to a Medical School.—How to name a city—its streets, &c.—Mineral Springs another means of money making. How to start them, and manage them—Banking recommended. Who should be Bankers. Allusion to the Brandon and Union Banks of Mississippi. Banking House. Real Estate Banks, Clinton, Mississippi. Bank bill. When a Bank must suspend—when resume—conclusion.

Dost thou bow down the knee to Mammon's shrine,
 And all thy soul, to wealth alone incline;
 Who canst invoke thy sordid self contain,
 Nought else but one eternal thirst for gain;
 On whose delighted eyes, the gold doth rest,
 Like greenest isles, that gem old Ocean's breast;
 Or on thy ears, pour soft seducing chime,
 Like strains symphonious from the spheres sublime!
 Then, lift thy orbs, and view the spacious realm,
 Where sceptred Humbug sits, and holds the helm.

Poor planter thou! that strains, with ceaseless toil,
 A scanty pittance from the stubborn soil;
 Whose dripping brow declares the awful curse,

Thy only solace, that it cant be worse!
 Whose honest mien and quiet state of mind,
 Betray thee fool, and far too much resigned—
 Thou art asleep, O man! I charge thee 'wake!
 Thy slumbers scatter, and the chances take.
 Outrageous that! arise, sir, and rebell,
 Thy fields desert, nor more the forest fell!
 What! drive the plough, that life-time road to wealth,
 Thy sinews stiffen, and destroy thy health!
 When *Multicaulis* takes thee in a week,
 On cars so swift, they neither stop nor squeak,
 But onward still, and like a falling weight,
 Forever travels with increasing rate!

Ye, who are bowed beneath Misfortune's lash,
 Whose fingers ache, to feel again the cash,
 Now is the time, the very day, the hour,
 Ye can return to opulence and pow'r;
 Nor need ye pause, for want of funds to start,
 Such foolish fears betray the coward heart—
 When poplar-sprouts, in every grove abound,
 And spawning fish, in every stream and sound,
 What use for more, to grasp the golden prize!
 The hint you take, as hints must here suffice;
 Arm'd, then, with scions, and your silk—shad eggs,
 Humbug the world, till Fortune sues and begs!

Thou merchant too! so haunted to thy store,
 Art thou apprized, what passes out thy door?
 And not alarm'd with silks upon thy shelf,

When every man shall soon supply himself!—
 High time it is, to prove thyself no dunce,
 So sell thy stock, and take the trail at once;
 'Twill lead thee on far faster to the prize,
 Than short yard-sticks, or all thy honied lies!

Knights of the needle! from your boards arise,
 And snatch the scales, which clog and dim your eyes!
 Along the seam, your goose let hiss no more,
 Nor wicked wags chalk "cabbage" on your door—
 Let foolish fashions, from the world retire,
 And fig-leaves form the alamode attire;
 At any rate, emerge from lowly need,
 And Fortune track, to where she's snugly *treed*.—
 Join in the chase, ye crazy cobblers, too!
 And let the world go barefoot, as for you—
 Mechanics all, of every sort and grade,
 That push the plane, or shove the sullen spade,
 Rear up the massive wall, or stately ship,
 That work the metals, or the granite chip—
 Ye artists too, that make the marble live,
 Or breathing nature, to the canvass, give;
 Nay, every one, who toils with head or hand,
 That cultivates the arts, the trades, or land—
 Why will ye struggle in your callings low,
 When fortunes flourish, and invite you so!
 Then, hoist your heads, and snuff the scented breeze.
 Of silk redolent, and mulberry trees!—

Does some caprice seize hold thy fickle mind,

And make thyself to *Morus* disinclined,
 Redeem thyself, and take to *blooded stock*,
 Where Fortune opens at the gentlest knock—
 Hast thou a cow, with horns of stunted growth,
 She'll pass a Durham, of the rarest worth;
 Pamper'd and sleek'd, some one will surely buy,
 Poor sanguine fool! nor deem your price too high—
 Among thy scrubbish swine, hast thou some pet,
 Say, pig precocious, and still growing yet,
He's blooded sure! and when you set his price,
 Discard dame Conscience, with her scruples nice;
 For she, at best, is but a busy prude,
 Whom decent dealers never let intrude!

Doth silk nor blooded stock allure thy mind,
 And wouldst thou range in limits unconfined;
 With humbug-towns, see how the vista teems!
 With mineral springs, and modern banking schemes!

Hast thou some spot, where two mill-roads unite,
 Thy city-charter get—what splendid site!
 Just lot it off, for fools can soon be found,
 To pay thy price, and purchase all the ground.
 Be sure you swear, if chance 'tis on some stream,
 "Tis highest point, where vessels run by steam!"
 And roundly add, that "every thorough fare,
 Like spokes to naves, precisely centres there!"—
 Now, for thy lithograph, all huge and grand,
 Where all the parts, in bold perspective, stand;
 A splendid city! lanes, and streets, and squares!

Its orient "baths," and ottoman "bazars"!
 Here curves, along the stream, the crescent "strand,"
 And there some "naval monument" doth stand;
 See motley host thick swarming on the shore,
 While gondoliers chime, sweetly, with the oar;
 Here, men of war, in anchorage reclined,
 With canvass rustling in the wooing wind:
 There "walk the waters, like the things of life,
 And seem to dare the elements to strife,"—
 See wisely left upon the mammoth scroll,
 Some central space for future "capitol."
 And lo! the "Gulliana Institute"
 Where physic's "young ideas shall learn *to shoot!*"
 My muse digressive, here, must turn to trace,
 The bright halo, to circle round that place;—
 See Fell, the champion of the shooting art,
 Bandage his bow, and tartar as his dart!
 With all a barber's pomp, and Frenchman's brogue
 His tutur'd tongue affects, pedantic rogue!
 While mocking grins suffuse his pucker'd face,
 At every shoot, he'll slay or maim some case!
 No matter what, the *roller* round he'll clamp
 From "egg-shell fracture," to the cholera's cramp,
 While *tartar*, inward, like the Trojan horse,
 Disgorging death, shall stalk without remorse—
 Some cross-grained Spitfire, next! with eyes of green,
 And tongue of slime, to vent his canker'd spleen!
 There coiled up, like his sullen prototype,
 When spring departs, and dog-day suns are ripe,
 At random strikes, and blows his hissing note,

While pungent poison sputters from his throat!
 The mad eclectic, now, mounts on his stand,
 And splits the air, with voice and sawing hand;
 With demon-fierceness, and a cynic's hate,
 Against all "systems," hear him fulminate,
 And fain would raze, with vile vandalic heart,
 The proudest works of science, or of art!—
 View Easely, too! with what unblenching air,
 He, boldly, meets the *labors* of his chair!
 Now, wriggling 'long, with most *obstetric* grace,
 The rostrum gains, with professorial face!
 His crude *conceptions* ripen'd to a speech,
 The *teeming* lecturer rises up to teach;
 Now puffs and blows, like bellows, in full blast,
 While walls and benches echo bald bombast:
 With latin *quick*, and words of foreign growth,
 His *monstrous* scholarship's *deliver'd* forth,
 And while all tongues, he *mutilates*, by turns,
 He, blushless, steals from Bandelocque and Burns!—
 Lo! dull-disc'd Peter *last!* *poor* satellite!
 Whom Yandell's sun once *fed* with *living* light,
 Now, lawless rolls, a hollow asteroid,
 Of heat, and light, and decent form devoid;
 There, in his chair, he bought with intrigue vile,
 The dull professor proses all the while;
 Like some poor miring mule, or sinking steed,
 Now stuck—now struggling on with snail-like speed,
 Whose flinchless flanks, the spurless heels do jog,
 In vain, to drive him through the boundless bog—
 Or pilgrim-like, on wide Saharah cast,

A way-worn wanderer through the dismal waste
 Of scorching sands, where no oasis green,
 Nor shrub, nor slope, relieves the sterile scene!
 While, thus, he drags with slow and heavy pace,
 And drawls his drowsy monotone of bass,
 Dull Somnus flaps his dusky pinions 'round,
 And students stretch, and snore, in sleep profound!
 So, on some couch of hops, at noon reclined,
 When sultry heats oppress the sluggish mind,
 And lettuced meals stuff up the lazy vein
 With thicken'd blood, and stupefy the brain—
 The sense obeys the poppy-scented breeze,
 Or hollow hummings of the humble bees!

But here's the rub! where will you store the game,
 Which Fell shall bring with true unerring aim?
 'Twill never do—thy city wont contain,
 A space sufficient for the heaps of slain;
 Besides, in fact, 'twould carry on its face,
 The dreaded idea of a "sickly place!"
 Should which bug-bear get out—farewell thy town!
 Like frost-built work, 'twill soon be melted down;
 The "potters-field," then, on your map omit,
 'Tis policy—besides no room for it.

But to thy town—be sure you dont forget,
 To call it for the people's present pet;
 Great Jackson he, or 'Texas' swearing Sam,
 That's full of fame—and also full of dram!
 Or he, by death, so lately stricken low,

For whom, a nation wears her weeds of wo
 Nay, any general—has he fought or not,
 From Gaines or Jesup, up to Winfield Scott—
 Or commodore, or nation's president,
 Ev'n down to him, the child of accident!—
 Thy city christen'd with a genial name,
 The minor parts should next attention claim;
 The lanes and streets must not aspire too high,
 'Twill do to dub them, with the smaller fry;
 Just so you represent each sect and grade,
 From loco-foco Yell, to whiggish Slade—
 While "Blair" and "Kendall" one direction *lie*,
 See cross-streets *stretch* from "Webb" to "Hall" or "Nye,"
 While "Rives" and "Wise," sharp angling with the rest,
 Run neither north nor south, nor east nor west;
 Let "Bennet-sewers" end in "Trollope-street,"
 Where "Marryatt" and "Martineau" must meet!
 While "Cooper" runs, a dark and dirty lane,
 With crooks and turns, the "libel-row" to gain—
 See "McNutt" stop, a ten-pine *cul de sac*,
 And label'd largely—"Juleps, slings, and snack,"
 While "Norvell-suburbs" spread out flat and low,
 Where dead dogs rot, and filthy offals flow!
 View "Johnson" too, a straight and sloping alley,
 Descend from "Capitol" to "dusky Sally,"
 While "Foote" zizzags—to no direction true,
 Save "Congress-square" or "Office-avenue!"—

Thy chart endorsed by some news-paper puff,
 And arm'd, in fine, with all forestalling stuff,

Proclaim abroad, thy "cheap town lots for sale!"
 Buyers shall rush from mountain, hill, and vale;
 Thy sale commenced—all burn with rival fire,
 Fool vies with fool, and every bid climbs high'r!
 The drama ends—each dunce's cash receive,
 Say "thank ye sirs!" and giggle in your sleeve!—

If towns cannot thy sordid thirst assuage,
 Then, "mineral springs" may help to cool its rage;
 Hast thou some fount, that's fed by sluggish bogs,
 Its waters dyed with putrid leaves or logs;
 Whose taste and smell, the squeamish sense offend,
 While crags and cliffs around, their wildness lend?
 How all the facts, conspiringly, invite!
 For "watering place" what grand attractive site!
 Paste up thy cards—but puff it to the sky,
 And fools shall flock, to drink and certify;
 Thus, soon, 'twill spread, and surely be believed,
 What wondrous cures, the waters have achieved—
 An impulse gained—to hush each doubting dunce,
 Your springs should, now, be "analyzed" at once,—
 "But, then, again the test it will not bear!"—
 What! not the liquid, you yourself prepare!
 Compound it by receipt—a hint's enough—
 And send to Troost, the new factitious stuff;
 Honest himself! your trick he'll ne'er suspect,
 But straight, proceed, each mineral to detect—
 Lo! in his faithful flasks, what facts are told,
 A "Bath" or "Spa," his chemicals unfold!—
 Its fame confirmed—"improvements" now, erect,

And name each part, in Fashion's dialect;
 Call every hut a "cottage" alamode,
 And dub, with "promenade," each path or road—
 Let mock "verandahs" and "saloons" abound,
 While "parks" and "lawns" must thicken o'er the ground!
 For titles large are siren-strains to all,
 Alike attractive of the great and small.—
 But wouldst thou rest on footing still more sure,
 And, far and wide, a patronage secure,
 Be sure you have, though rich, yet wholesome fare,
 All lie in that, new scenes, and mountain air—
 Prepared for guests, and "watering season" here,
 Behold the host of patrons, that appear!
 All characters—a mixed up, motley mass,
 Of every sex and station, kind and class;
 The fashion-leading dame, the damsel coy,
 The gaitred gambler, and the ruffled boy,
 The bishop'd mil'ner, and the bodiced maid,
 The dandy dicky'd, and—his debts unpaid!
 The whisker'd rake, the shy, fastidious prude,
 The fop exquisite, and the hoosier crude!—
 There witlings flirt, with opera-glass and cane,
 Soap-lock'd, and flavor'd and—devoid of brain,
 While fancy-dressing wags, with crooked phiz,
 Deal—borrowed puns, or some unmeaning quiz:
 The heiress-seeker sighs, with face of brass,
 And smirks and smiles the husband-hunting lass;
 While belles coquette, and schemes of conquest shove,
 And bosom-smiting striplings dream and love;
 The she-match-maker lays her shallow plot,

And weds her pet to some rich—fool or sot!
 The spinster plump with—cork, and flushed with—paint,
 Though scolds a shrew, at home, there smiles a saint,
 While, with voluptuous wriggling, widows move,
 And sterile spouses, fruitful Sarahs prove!—
 There, spectre-like, the pale dyspeptic wight,
 Owns vast improvement in his—appetite,
 And gouty gourmands drink thy mineral w—ine
 To brace their stomachs—for thy dinners fine,
 While every cheek, in fine, turns rosy-hued,
 From exercise, fresh air, and healthful food;
 Yet, shall the waters, all the credit claim,
 And every drinker circulate their fame—
 But mind, since now, expenses must enlarge,
 Thy classic motto be—“*charge*, Chester, *charge*!”—
 Or better plan, improve the moment nice,
 And sell thy “springs” for some enormous price!

Do “mineral springs” unsated, leave thy mind,
 The grandest, surest scheme is yet behind—
 But lift thy lids—see paper-banks abound,
 More precious, far, than all thy banks of ground!
 From Mexico to Maine, look where you may,
 They crowd the vision, with their thick array,
 And stud the land, of every sort and rank,
 From Biddle’s Bubble, to the Brandon Bank!

Come bankrupt thou! who’ve seen a better day,
 Who, every body, owes, yet, ne’er can pay;
 That gives thy note, as free as solvent men,

And pays it with thy oath, or "call again!"—
 Ye sharpers vile, and speculating wights,
 Whose selfish souls abhor all equal rights,
 And brokers, too, ye sucking vampire-set,
 Who, like the frog, would swell still larger yet;
 Nay, desperate black legs, of the blackest heart,
 Ye are the men, a modern bank to start!
 What fine directors, ye will truly make!—
 To snatch the spoils, and each secure a stake!
 Your juggling tricks, that do not love the light,
 Will find a bank propitious as the night;
 Ev'n better far! for each and every man,
 May filch the funds, and swindle all he can,
 And almost beat that crew, far-famed and fled,
 That drained the "Brandon Bank" so dry and dead,
 When Shelton, scamp'ring, like a stall'd-steed, off,
 Left lean-limb'd Lynch to gnaw an empty trough! (2)
 Or greater, yet, that greedy "twelve" (3) hard by,
 Who made the "Union Bank" by millions fly;
 When patriots bold, the open truth, did tell,
 And bank-fed bullies cut a "monstrous swell"—
 When Hagan drove, and Howard clinch'd the nail,
 Which held transfix'd, King Reynard, by the tail;
 When boot-lick minions brandish'd Bowie knives
 And bath'd their blades in blood—less threats of lives!
 Still, none do them, as *individuals*, blame,
 The bank aside, they hold a spotless name—
 What corporations do, of course, is right,
They have no souls, hath grown a maxim trite!

Your banking house, its lofty head, should rear,
 With spacious vaults, to hold the precious—air!—
 What fool is he! what stranger to “finance”!
 Perhaps, he’s planet-struck, or in some trance,
 Who lingers in the long exploded whim,
 That banks must have foundations very slim,
 Where gold or silver doth not form the base,
 Or nought, equivalent supplies their place!—
 And is there one, so far behind the day,
 Whose eye ne’er drank Improvement’s piercing ray;
 Who does not know, that credit is enough,
 To bank upon, without your precious stuff!
 Or bonds of real estate, which means the same,—
 With this addition—’tis a deeper game!—

Of all the humbugs, yet, on humbug-earth,
 To which the brain of man hath given birth,
 Since Babel did, in bold blasphemy, rise,
 Whose impious walls would fain have reach’d the skies,
 To cloud-king Espy, who, the rains, provoke,
 Like hares from hollow trees, with fire and smoke!
 Ye banks of real estate must wear indeed,
 The glorious palm, and take the foremost lead!—
 Thus, wert thou, Clinton, doom’d to early wane, (4)
 Once fairest spot on Mississippi’s plain!
 ’Twas this humbug, whose foul, though flavor’d breath,
 Alas! seduced thee, with its song of death;
 Stained all thy wreathes, with blight and vile mildew,
 And turned thy day, to twilight’s dusky hue—
 With thy bright past, the muse would here commune,

And bask, again, in thy effulgent noon;
 How all thy splendors swell upon the view,
 And scenes and faces freshen up anew!—
 There, fairy forms and peerless sons did vie
 While fires of genius glowed in every eye;
 Virtue and wit—each gem of heart or mind,
 With grace, and youth, and beauty, was combined—
 Love warmed each gen'rous soul—each bosom thrill'd,
 While every vein, with gallant blood, was fill'd;
 Peace held her olive, Friendship oped her hand,
 And Plenty's horn pour'd fatness on the land—
 Yea lovelier thou! when Fortune beamed her ray,
 Than Auburn, hallow'd by the muse's lay!
 But Fate was stern—the vile Sirocco blew,
 Surcharg'd with death, and aim'd its blasts too true;
 Yet, 'round thee still, my fondest memories haunt,
 Thy ruins, even, and thy wrecks enchant!

Your music-rattling bills, so new and nice,
 With emblems margin'd, or some bold device—
 (Say locomotive grand, with length'ning train,
 Or spacious steam-ship, stalking o'er the main;
 Or staple plants, in soft perspective, smile,
 Those gulling-traps, the yeomen to beguile—)
 With pomp and form, now go off by the load,
 To all the land, a "currency" afford—
 Does some poor coward lose his rest and sleep,
 At shadows scared—your notes afraid to keep,
 And comes he in, with specie-craving crawl,
 With full intent, to make a heavy "draw"?

What will you do! your frolic's at an end—
 No specie funds!—but ah! you can “suspend”!—
 Your “paper,” now, will fast depreciate,
 You'll “buy it up” at almost any rate;
 Like pelted curs, each bill will rush back home,
 And, then, with self-sufficient pomp, “resume”!

When high in air, is spent the ponderous ball,
 To earth not swifter, straighter doth it fall,
 Than ye shall sail, on smoothest summer-seas,
 Forever fan'd by Fortune's prosperous breeze,
 To where your keels shall plough the yellow sand,
 Of golden shores, encircling fairy land!

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Itinerant Humbugs—The Dentist—The Phrenologist. Address to the shades of Gall and Spurzheim. Apostrophe to Caldwell—The Dancing Master—the French Teacher—Portrait and Miniature Painter. Pedlars. The Knapsack Pedlar. Clock Pedlar. Apostrophe to Yankee-land Beggars—Exiled Pole. Organ grinder. Harpers. Minstrels. Apostrophe to Music. Lastly Certificate Beggar.

WOULDEST thou, like sweet and sour in India's fruit,
Both fame and fortune blend in one pursuit,
Lo! then behold, in bold perspective view,
The legion-host that form the *trav'ling crew!*

First Doctor Snaggles, neat as new-made pin,
Who eyes you close, and should you chance to grin—
Behold! some tooth displays a "carius speck,
Which should be plug'd in time, its growth to check"—
Should spots nor specks disturb their parian hue,
"They are too close, they'll rub the 'namel through;
Filing, alone, will save them from from decay,
Or pull a few, to give the balance play."—
'Tis needless to demur—some fresh attack,
He has in store, to drive your scruples back—

"Too painful sir!"—"not with my instrument;
 Besides, I cut the 'Caldwell-ligament' "(5)—
 'Tis vain to strive—so give resistance o'er,
 But, first farewell to sound teeth ever more;
 Adieu to mirrors! hateful things, henceforth,
 And welcome tooth-aches, jaw-aches, and so forth!—

While Snaggles spoils your masticating pow'r,
 See Doctor Scull to loftier regions tow'r,
 Who, with a face as sombre as the grave,
 Will plainly prove some poltroon "very brave!"
 If thou makst haste to patronize his art,
 "Thy organs all declare thee very smart!"
 "What sceptic thou!" if thou creepst up like snail,
 Or "how the love of money doth prevail!"—
 If high and haughty though, your bearing seem,
 "What 'firmness' here, and also 'self-esteem'!"
 Pleased with his luck, Scull now demands aloud,
 Some noted head, selected by the crowd;
 Say *general* some one is the chosen wight—
 "This man is dangerous, sirs—he's sure to fight,
 The cannon's roar, the camp and battle-field,
 Alone, for him, a true enjoyment yield!"—
 Let Croaker next, like music-master, come,
 With measured steps, and breathe some lowly hum—
 "What tune!"—"ah! doctor, now, you did not hit"—
 "Perhaps, you have not cultivated it?"
 "Why sir, my life, in music-schools, was spent,"
 "Well, then, the fault lies in your temp'rament"—
 So, ever will he have some plastic phrase,

To mould the sense, at least, a thousand ways;
 Hast thou upon thy pate, some awful bumps,
 The monument of thy step mother's thumps,
 Or school-boy frays, it matters not a whit,
 "What striking signs" he says, "of mother-wit!"—
 Does Scull suspect thee liberal with thy gold,
 "What good *hard cents!* what *sterling worth* behold!
 With *diff'rent birth*, and *education right*,
 Thou *mightst* have shone, a second Stagyrte;
Perhaps, in *proper times*, a Cromwell-soul,
 With "*conscience*" less, have grasp'd the whole control;
 And even, yet, *with energy, might* gain,
 A niche, *perhaps*, in Glory's sacred fane!
 Fully convinced before, that you were smart,
 You smile assent, there's something in the art,
 And freely pay his fee—a "five" or "ten,"
 Confirm'd, no doubt, you are the first of men!

How must thou! Gall's or Spurzheim's hallow'd shade!
 Behold thy science, but a Juggler's trade!
 Thy glorious temple, vilely thus profaned;—
 With venal sons, thy sanctuary stained!—
 Oh! couldst thou, once again, but walk our world,
 Till each foul mocker, from thy fane, be hurled!
 Thou great Caldwell, and is thy prowess spent,
 Thy quiver dartless, or thy bow unbent!
 Ah no! though time has touch'd those locks with snow,
 A quenchless Etna burns and boils below;
 Ulysses-like, the boyhood's blood again,
 Can brace each limb, and revel in each vein,

Then lift thy bow—let truth-tip'd arrows fly,
And false scull-mongers, by the host, shall die!—

While teeth and head go through the sad ordeal,
See *Chassés* come, to drill the heavy heel—
What bungler he! that came along before,
And taught you steps, which monsieur cant endure;
“Unlearn them all!” the fretting Frenchman raves—
His predecessors all are fools or knaves:
“By gar! he is one very savage grande,
De alamode, he do no understand”—
The rubbish clear'd, and good foundation laid,
He runs you mad, to waltz or gallopade;
Farewell cotillon! and the modest reel!
“So vulgar 'tis, and vastly ungenteel!”
But social dances—waist inlock'd in arm,
What prude is there, that fears the slightest harm!

Perhaps the monsieur is an “exiled count,
Who dared to think, and lost some large amount,”
He comes “professor of the French accent”
To teach thy nose to speak, as well as scent;
And bores you crazy with his broguish gab,
His dangling limbs, and body like a slab—
Deluded fops! who deem no land like France,
No tongue but theirs, nor art but that to dance!—

While Frenchmen teach to *nasalize*, or scrape,
Think not thy features can the rub escape;
For here he comes, the artist lank and lean,

With brushes arm'd, to take to life thy mien—
 With charcoal, chalk, or crayon, up to paint,
 He draws, alike, brute, human, or a saint!—
 “What prize,” he says, “a likeness drawn to life,
 When thou art dead, for friends or weeping wife!”
 Hast thou, already, got thy pretty phiz,
 On ivory, cloth, or whatsoe'er it is?
 “For whom 'twas drawn?” he asks with meaning smile,
 “Or *daub'd* by whom?” how courteous all the while!
 This is enough—his question's understood,
 He slyly hints, your likeness is not good;
 If ever 'twas, he demonstrates it clear,
 Man's features change a dozen times a year;
 And ere you think, your picture's in a frame,
 So *pretty too!* you'll help to spread his fame!—

Thy features drawn, and nostrils caught the twang,
 See next arrive that host, the *peddling gang*,
 First cast thy eye athwart in swift review,
 The humblest of the tribe, the strolling crew;
 Do all the Gazettes teem with “wrecks” and “fire”?
 For knapsacks look, thy vision shall not tire;
 For sure as gnatlings hatch by solar rays,
 And swarm the thickest in the sultry days,
 So surely comes this bold amphibious race,
 When flood or flame shall desolate some place;
 What dost thou want,—he sells it very low,
 He gets its cheap—of course, can sell it so!
 See sparkling diamonds(?) in his show-case shine,
 You'd deem he owned Golconda's richest mine!

And glittering gold (?) refreshing to the eye,
 As if he lived beneath Utopia's sky!
 He sells, wholesale, or by the single score,
 Such splendid bargains! who will pass them o'er!
 Alas! there's none!—all rush with eager haste,
 And purchase largely of his—brass and paste!—

Next, rattling, rumbling o'er the hills and rocks,
 See whisker'd Yankee, with his wooden clocks!
 Wide open fly the doors and windows all,
 And children, loud, their acclamations bawl!—
 Too late, good dame, to ply the brush or broom,
Goggles is down—already in the room—
 “Good morning ma'am!” he greets with smooth address,
 “Pray tell me ma'am! what time it is, *you guess*;
 Poor woman grieves, she cannot, safely, say,
 No time-piece she to keep the hour of day—
 Not faster flows along the genial wire,
 The fleeting fluid of electric fire,
 Than smile-invoking thought across him flits,
 “He's good to sell a clock, before he quits.”
 A moment more, one decks the mantle-piece,
 And ticks off time, as if 'twould never cease;
 The matron scans it with enchanted eyes,
 And “oh! how nice it sets it off!” she cries—
 The landlord comes, perhaps a surly wight—
 “Ah! *Goggles*, now thy hopes are put to flight”—
 What foolish fears! when *Goggles*, but the more,
 Sees prospects brighten, and a sale more sure,
 He smoothes his way, with such a soft prelude,

The man's seduced into a buying mood.
 His clocks are fine—an importation new,
 Besides, they are the latest models too!—
 Is one supplied—that fashion's out of date;
 No funds to spare—he'll take his note and wait;
 His price too high—a third or half, he'll fall—
 The farce is o'er, 'tis fasten'd to the wall!—
 Not more secure, the huge constrictor's length,
 With crashing coil, subdues the lambkin's strength,
 Or slimes him o'er, with more sublime *sang froid*,
 A scanty morsel for his mammoth maw,
 Than thou art caught within the Yankee's clasp,
 While all thy struggles tighten but his grasp;
 His clutch is fixed—a clock you're bound to buy,
 So yield, at once, nor vain resistance try!—

Thine is the country, yet, O Yankee land!
 Where Hoax and Humbug have the whole command;
 Where concentrate, in all their strength and prime,
 The growth and product, of each soil and clime!—
 There turning-lathes accouch the soft buckeye,
 Of “Chinese corn” or “wheat from Pompeii,”
 While nutmegs, spices, mace, and pungent cloves,
 And hams of bacon load the groaning groves!—
 With Champagne-wine, there, every—turnip glows,
 And Cogniac from each—alembic flows,
 While “diamonds” glisten on thy granite hills
 And “Sardines” swim and revel in thy rills!—
 There every muscle-shell, or grain of rice,
 Neats just its weight in “pearls of costly price,”

And every bone, that bleaches on the ground,
 With "India ivory" largely doth abound,
 While "flints" and "tortoise" Pallas-like, are born,
 In ripe perfection, from each bullock's horn!
 There panaceal plants, amidst thy rocks,
 Drive back diseases to Pandorah's box,
 While every tree, with wooden clocks, is quick,
 And nothing's heard, but one eternal click!—

See "last not least" arrive the *begging fry*,
 That locust host, that fills and floods the eye!—
 First, *exiled Pole*—some Gullioski great,
 Poor patriot soul! that lost a count's estate;
 How plausibly he talks!—'tis strange to tell,
 "I guess" slips out, so brogueless and so well!—
 'Tis strange to all—I mean, save Doctor Scull,
 Who sees jut forth, his "language very full!"
 And looks around, with such triumphant smile,
 The sceptic swears, he will, no more, revile!—

The organ-grinding beggar, next appears,
 And harshly grates his music on thy ears;
 You pay him well, in purest self-defence,
 And fondly dream, 'twill sooner drive him hence;
 Besides, he claims it, on the "quid pro quo"
 That pithy phrase, which lawyers hackney so—
 See harpers too, and all the minstrel-train,
 Swell the tight chords, to music's softest strain—
 Italian lays, attuned to love's own lyre,
 Germania's hymn, that burns with holy fire;

Hibernian lyrics, thrilling, sweet, and strong,
Hispania's chant, or Scotia's simple song!

Oh! heaven-born Music! strong enchantress thou!
Whose magic wand becalms the stormy brow;
Subdues the passions to thy mild control,
And sends thy solace to the sicken'd soul!—
Seducress thou! whose ever siren-tone,
Thrills through the frame, and melts the heart of stone;
That draws the soldier, with thy stirring strain,
To dare the dangers of the battle's plain;
The savage stays, or stops the tyrant bold,
Or slacks the greedy Shylock's grip of gold!—
Whose dulcet airs—soft dialect of love,
The Gods themselves, communing, breathe above;
It grieves the Muse, to see each cherish'd gem,
That shines and sparkles in thy diadem,
Thus torn, degraded from its hallow'd place,
To serve the pass-port of a beggar base!—

Last, comes the wight, whom Fortune doth deride,
In whom, ill luck is full personified;
Whose life has drag'd through peril and through pain,
While scars and stripes, as monuments, remain—
All visitations sad, have been his lot,
Disease, or dangers, dungeons or what not!—
Does one but dare to look, or breathe a doubt,
No sooner done, his parchment-scroll is out;
Before you spreads his long certificate,
Signed by each—cabin boy or scullion's mate,

And shoe-black, too, one safely might divine,
 If spots or smut establish any sign!
 No chance to put him off—still less to fly,
 The scrawl you read, “with sad civility”—
 Some rude earthquake hath sunk his natal isle,
 And blown his parents up, at least, a mile!
 Perhaps not quite so high—they fell again,
 Upon some wreck, that floated in the main;
 Thus tossed and driven on a savage shore,
 As serfs they toil, or heave the galley-oar—
 Himself was saved, by sheer capricious fate,
 Thrown on the world—a wanderer desolate!
 To pay their ransom-price, some large amount,
 He *asks* a little aid, on *their* account—
 Perhaps it was some furious flood or fire,
 Or famine drear, that done the mischief dire;
 A thousand woful tales, that move thy grief,
 And prompt thy purse, for his or their relief—
 No matter, true or false, who will discuss,
 When rags and tatters flaunt before him thus!
 Look at the worst—a grand impostor he,
 A mite wont help him much, nor injure thee;
 But then suppose, he, really is distressed,
 Resistless thought, it moves the sternest breast—
 Thy mercy yields, no longer at a stand,
 And drops the penny from a willing hand!

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

The stationed crew. Prerequisites for a Doctor. Bolus described. His talking about his cases—never reads, why?—contrasted with a reading Doctor. Bolus' patients always dangerous. His courtesy—his patronage. Bolus charges low. Result. A Surgeon described—cruel and fond of cutting. Books on Domestic Medicine. Gun referred to. Rush, Chapman, Cooke, Ewel, Eberle must yield to Gun. Buckhan about to be dethroned. Goodlett. Nostrum mongers and Pill makers. Swaim, Sappington, &c. Apostrophe to Steam. Cauldron, the Steam Doctor, described, &c. &c.

THE stationed crew, attention, next demand,
Professions learned, that saturate the land—

Art thou some beetle-headed, bronze-faced fool,
Yclep'd "the infant" in thy waggish school,
Whose doating father raves and runs half mad,
At what to put his hopeful, booby lad!
Whose features are not formed for fashion's beaugh,
Who will not toil—too lazy or too slow;
Too vile for church, for tradesmen rather dull,
For politics or law, too thick a scull—
But art thou good, to dose a horse or hound,
And best cow-doctor in the country 'round,

Whose face as hard, with blushless impudence,
 As is thy noddle void of common sense?
 Pray! say no more—all things, at once, declare,
 Physic's thy sphere, and fame awaits you there.—

Wouldst, then, thou bow at Esculapius' shrine,
 Heed Doctor Bolus, if you wish to shine—
 Just, see him yonder on his straining steed,
 With whip and spur, invoking greater speed;
 Through pond and puddle, 'way he goes slap-dash,
 Nor cares a fig, who hears the mighty splash;
 See message-bearers bawling in the rear,
 He faster goes, and must not seem to hear;
 Stop! Doctor, stop! my master's dying—dead!"
 Heedless, he moves—afraid to turn his head—
 "What shall I do?" great Bolus cries aloud,
 And, whizzing, darts he, by the way-side crowd—
 Here comes he back—"Oh! Doctor did you save?"—
 Just was, in time, to snatch him from the grave;
 I found him pulseless, and his eyes were sunk,
 With cold extremes, and every feature shrunk!
 Five minutes more, the case was surely gone,
 But ere I left, he beg'd me for a *horn*!
 'Twas the worst congestive—but I forget,
 "Some forty calls are waiting for me yet"—
 See Bolus, now, upon a different horse,
 In fullest speed, he takes another course—
 "Great God!" the people, sympathising, cries,
 "When doth he eat, or drink, or close his eyes!"—

"But where's the time, that Bolus has to read?
 Of course, he does, or else how so succeed"—
 What! Bolus read! what use is there, I pray!
 When Nature form'd him out of *Doctor's clay*!
 He knows, indeed, some technicals by heart,
 And that is all essential in the art;
 He "learning took," in fact, so kindly too,
 It *took no time at all*, to get him through;
 And "through," of course, means every thing to know,
 If that's the case, how can he farther go!—

Poor fool art thou! who ponders o'er the page,
 And struggles hard to keep up with the age,
 Who suffers Conscience, that preposterous wight,
 To urge thy studies, both by day and night,
 Who deems it right, to cure the dire disease,
 Restore the patient, rather than *give ease*;
 In vain, thoult read, and lose refreshing sleep,
 Tend close to cases, or thy office keep—
 'Twere needless all—great Bolus, in his might,
 Who never reads, will beat thee out of sight;
 Whilst thou, great dunce, with manners soft and mild,
 Shall blandly coax the spoiled and churlish child,
 Like tumbling torrent, Bolus dashes forth,
 And rends the air, with many a horrid oath;
 It strikes clear home, and takes the vulgar ear,
 For "all good doctors sure to curse and swear."—

His cases all are very dangerous too,
 And should one *chance* to slip, his fingers, through;

Why! who could cure—death-stricken from the start,
 How bad the case! that baffles Bolus' art—
 But if he lives, 'tis Bolus' splendid skill,
 That *saved the man*, who was so very ill!

Does Doctor Bolus dread his brother-chip,
 Some rival new,—he will not let him slip—
 He'll not abuse downright—for that too smart,
 But gains his purpose, by a subtler art;
 By "*damning praises*," or his *friendly fears*,
 Like life is hugg'd away, by feeling bears:—
 "That *fellow* looks so young, I'm 'fraid indeed,
 'Twill be with him, a struggle to succeed;
 I'm sorry too! his luck begins so bad,
 In losing every case, he, yet has had!—
 Some folks, you know, might be so cross and ill,
 As choose to charge it to his want of skill;
 But, then, again, 'tis not uncommon though,
 Most young phisicians are precisely so;
 I know, with me, they died off by the host,
 But, *then* I never thought I *kill'd* but *lost*.
 He'll come of that, from hence, some year or two,
 When finds he out, *his science* will not do,
 And dashes *books* and *learning*, all aside
 And tades up *bed-side sense*, the only guide."
 Does Bolus find his efforts all to fail,
 And o'er his plans, his rival will prevail—
 You smile to think, his intrigues at an end,
 But pause awhile—thy risibles suspend:
 Now Bolus acts the patron—generous man!

And helps *the fellow* every way he can;
 Has he some hopeless case, or patient poor,
 Neglected so, he knows no one can cure,
 And, sportsman like, would shuffle out the scrape
 And all the censure of the death escape;
 How liberal grown! with friendship in his face,
 He *lets his young friend* take the *simple case!*
 'Tis soon, of course, the mangled victim dies,
 While tender hearted Bolus, almost, cries;
 So full, indeed, he hastens to each crowd,
 And, every where, regrets the fact aloud;
 Regrets, for fear, the circumstance might tend,
 To hurt the practice of his *youthful friend!*
 Thus softly, blows, the bog-envenom'd breeze,
 Which fans the frame, yet fills with foul disease;
 Or beams the sun, upon the frozen flow'r,
 That thaws 'tis true—but with a blighting pow'r!

Does Bolus fly to church, to steal respite,
 And take the nap, he cannot get at night—
 Unlucky man! here shoves a boy and note—
 (Familiar scroll, which Bolus, lately, wrote!)
 With knitted brow, and focus-sharpen'd sight,
 He seems put up to read—his own hand-write!
 Now rises, promptly, while devotions cease,
 And whisperings run, "poor man he sees no peace!"
 Go where he may, some social hour to spend,
 In festive crowds, or with an anxious friend—
 Here comes again, the self-same boy and note,
 To drag him thence, and break up all his sport!

"And can he get no rest!" his comrades cry,
 "'Tis sure a curse, to have a name so high!"—
 By scribbling bores, not half so haunted Pope,
 When thus his chagrin'd soul sought breathing scope;
 "No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me!"—

"Then, Bolus must be very rich indeed?"—
 You sadly err, he's, constantly, in need,
 He is so good, he has no face to charge,
 While "chips and whetstones" will, his bills, discharge;
 Hence, ever press'd, he borrows all he can,
 Some trifling sum, at least, from every man;
 The debt is lost, however small amount,
 Unless you take his physic, in discount;
 Thus, will his patrons wait—their faith so strong,
 Till Bolus comes, it matters not how long;
 For hours, and days, and even weeks or more,
 They'll haunt, like bees, around his office-door;
 While people, passing by, exclaim and fret,
 "Have mercy! sirs, some other doctor get!"
 Oh no! they come for him, and him alone—
 Two birds you see, 'tis killing with one stone;
 The patient first, and secondly the debt,
 Which, left alone, might live and linger yet!
 "Who but must *grieve* if such a *quack* there be,
 Who would not *own*, that *Doctor*—were he!"

Dost thou not envy a Physician's fame,
 Yet, fain, wouldst win the *Surgeon's* lofty name;

Then, Doctor Caustic, for thy model take,
 And let thy brow, no more unlaurel'd ache!
 But first find out, before thou actst with haste,
 If well agree thy genius and thy taste—
 Hast thou one spark of sympathy sincere,
 An eye that ever swam in Pity's tear,
 A human heart, that throbs for others' woes,
 Or single vein, where blood, unfrozen, flows!
 'Twere needless, then, to kneel at Surgery's shrine,
 No garlands, there, thy temples to entwine.—
 But art thou famed, e'en from thy earliest youth,
 A savage fiend, unfeeling and uncouth,
 On whose coarse ears, fall sounds, though harsh and sharp,
 Like zephyr-waken'd tones, from sweet wind-harp;
 Or on thy orbs, the bloodiest sights do lie,
 Like soft Oasis, on the Pilgrim's eye—
 Hast thou likewise, despite each sneer or laugh,
 With pocket-blade, oft bled some ailing—calf,
 Or sick—Grimalkin's pulse didst—rudely press—
 Or pull'd the sheep-scul's tooth with—crude address;
 As fond, in fine, to slash and lacerate,
 As is devoid of brains, thy hollow pate—
 Discuss no more! all facts, conspiring, serve,
 To prove the Surgeon's genius, tact, and nerve!
 Then, follow Caustic, faithful prototype,
 And soon, thy fame, with fulness shall be ripe;
 First mark him well, of stern and smileless face,
 A matchless model of the Cassius-race;
 A flexile shadow, long, and gaunt, and thin,
 With icy front, and lips of fleshless skin—

His patient-victim by, supinely laid,
 Watch Caustic, now, and view his cold parade!
 There, tarnished blades, in formal order, lie,
 While saws, and probes, and needles pain the eye,—
 Blood-thirsty sponges, styptic Kreosot,
 Lint, rollers, threads, and tourniquets—what not!—
 What purpose firm is graven on his mien,
 While cruel pomp preludes the cutting scene!
 Some paces off, now, Caustic takes his stand,
 His sleeves rolls up, and lubricates his hand;
 His watch first set, to time the—patient's life,
 With flourish grand, he brandishes his knife;
 A moment more, with impulse-giving gait,
 The surgeon forward tilts, to—mutilate!
 Behold him, now, sublimely undismayed,
 How hacks and hews he, with his bloody blade;
 Though dull his instruments, or gapp'd with flaws,
 It matters not, he tears, and pulls, and saws;
 The quivering flesh he chops, with—butcher mien,
 While fools applaud, though sicken at the scene!
 The cutter now concludes—his task is o'er,
 Which “just a minute took or less”—or more;
 His matchless skill, soon all the country fills,
 While all cry out, “with what despatch!”—he kills!
 Does some insist, all surgeons are not rough,
 Nor formed, like Caustic, of such savage stuff,
 And Physick, Pott, and Abernethy cite,
 Illustrious names, to prove their dogmas right?
 We say to this, these men have had their day,
 Their frost-like fame is fading fast away;

As food for moths, their writings lie unread,
 While cutter Gibson's lumber loads each head;
 No longer, now, do men withhold the knife,
 With prudish care, to save a limb or life;
 But reckless cutting is the modern rage,
 And truly is the genius of the age!—

Wouldst thou humbug, upon a grander scale,
 Thy book on physic, write, 'twill meet with sale!
 See Glorious Gunn! that family fowling piece,
 And when it fires, disease is sure to cease;
 Huge blunderbuss! whose pondrous balls are—pills,
 Whose barrel's brass, and sport is human ills!
 Whose loud report scares hectic from the cheek,
 While frighten'd fevers, from the body, sneak!
 The croup, no more, shall take its victims off,
 Nor children strangle with the hooping-cough;
 In vain, shall venom vile pierce through each pore,
 If Doctor Gunn but gets to shoot before—
 Unrivall'd Gunn! the time is rolling fast,
 All books, but thine, shall number with the past;
 Like Thebes and Carthage, 'twill be said "they were,"
 No vestige leave, like elfin tracks in air!—
 Proud Rush, that shone the sun-beam of his day,
 Shall disappear in thy refulgent ray!
 Facetious Chapman thou! whose nasal twang,
 Hath made thee pet of thy Virginia gang: (6)
 Whose ways eccentric, spread thy fame afar,
 That *strongest symptoms* of thy genius rare;
 Known through the land, for jokes and smutty puns,

Burn up thy book, it cannot rival Gunn's!
 'Tis true thy pompous, and inflated page,
 Work'd finely on the sympathising age!
 But pert pretence must yield to merit sheer,
 Gunn takes the front, and drops you in the rear!—

O giant minded Cooke! whose *cava-pills*,
 Have borne thy name, aloft, o'er vales and hills;
 Whose genius glows, on thy inductive page,
 (That proudest fabric, reared in any age!)
 Which shallow wits revile, who never read,
 And aim their shafts, at thy devoted head—
 Thou! too must perish in the general wreck,
 If Gunn shoots on—and pray who can him check!

Ewell adieu! whose patriarchal book,
 To which, for fond advice, the matrons look,
 And found, so oft, a faithful serving friend,
 Thou too art done—thy day is at an end—
 Eberle too! no more the world shall prize,
 Thy truths as wholesome, or thy precepts wise;—
 Thy cautions all and hints too clearly show,
 Thou dreadst disease, as some destroying foe—
 What quack art thou, who cant consumption cure,
 Nor human life, a century, ensure!
 Thy work, in short, so far behind the age,
 Shall yield to Gunn's proud panaceal page;
 Old Buckhan, too, he even shall dethrone,
 And reign, in all succeeding time, alone!—

Nor quite "alone"—for lo! a second look,
 And here comes Goodlett, with his pondrous book!
 The blended mass of Buckhan, and of Gunn,
 Like froth meets froth, and mingles into one,
 But hold my stooping muse!—"I'm too discreet,
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet!"

On wealth's by-paths, wouldst thou still yet repine,
 And gain the goal, by shortest, straightest line,—
 See nostrum-mongers, and pill-makers rise,
 Whose self-rung praises roll along the skies;
 First, in the long array, illustrious Swaim,
 Whose "sweeten'd juice" hath swelled his purse and fame;
 His bottle by, that keeps the world in health,
 He rolls and revels, in his "baths" and wealth,
 While all mankind employ the hand and brain,
 To forge, or counterfeit—but ah! in vain,
 Try when you please, here comes the both'ring bawlk,
 He writes his name right o'er the labell'd cork!! (7)
 His "fluted bottle" too, what idea grand!
 To make the scoundrels, at a distance stand!—
 See second saviour—mighty Sappington,
 Whom agueish Jews might deem the promis'd one,
 Whose coming ere, how saucy were the chills,
 But now they *quake* beneath his *sapping* pills!—
 Behold! the swelling host that strain the eyes,
 Still swelling yet, like "Alps on Alps arise!"
 Here, "head-ache drops" an everlasting cure,
 "Elixirs" there, will let you cough no more!
 See "tonic mixtures" too, "which if you take

While time endures, you'll never after shake,"
 While "liniments" for any hurt or bruise,
 Or gnawing corn—the child of modern shoes
 And "Panaceas," "Balsams" and so forth,
 Proclaim their virtues, and their *priceless* worth!
 Which Congressmen and Clergymen have tried,
 And more, to "wondrous cures!" have certified!
 Like Indian spy, in Plymouth's crowded town,
 Who mark'd awhile, then threw his notch-stick down, (8)
 The muse must pause—take pattern and desist,
 Nor strive, in vain, to struggle through the list!"—

Thou potent gas! whose puffing fills the air,
 That drives the blustering barge, or whizzing car!
 Whose fumes, with elemental life replete,
 Drive out the "cold," and reinstate the "heat"—
 And have I swell'd, in raptures on each theme,
 And slighted thee, thou wonder-working Steam!
 What! float along some petty river's tide,
 When ocean's bosom spreads so far and wide!—
 Invoke the shrub, to mock me with its shade,
 When yonder oak lifts up its hoary head!
 Or gaze enchanted, on the mole-hill nigh,
 When Andes' summits "mingle with the sky"!—
 See Doctor Cauldron, then, in might, appear
 Lobelia-arm'd, with "Number 6" his spear,
 Hyena-like, how slyly does he sneak,
 With bended frame, and countenance oblique;
 While "mineral Doctors" rail and persecute,
 He stops all pain with steam, or mild—poke root!—

What grand empirics ye, who fill the frame,
 With pois'nous drugs, that feed the fev'rish flame!
 Do ye not know, how mercury's vile compound, (9)
 Strikes in the blood, and spreads "the canker" round;
 Surcharging with its bane, each bone and pore,
 Which steam, alone, can extricate or cure!

His fame once full, and ripened to its growth,
 See Cauldron now—he stalks, more boldly, forth;
 To conscience deaf, he heeds nor scoff nor sneer,
 While nought can stay his swift and proud career—
 Do vile congestions choke the inner frame,
 Like too much oil, will drown and quench the flame?
 He first tells off, with all a Doctor's art,
 How heat or life doth stagnate, round the heart;
 And must be scatter'd, thence, to proper place,
 By steam, cayenne, and all the pepper race—
 Do fever'd patients burn with parched-up lip,
 And beg, like Dives, but one cooling sip?
 "The *living heat*" he says, "now crowds the skin,
 While *cold or death* congeals the blood within"
 And must be *thawed* by something strong and hot,
 The self-same steam, or smoking pepper-pot—
 O pleurisy! and bold consumption thou!
 Ye are disarmed of all thy terrors now;
 Nay, all ye host, that swell the mortal roll
 Great Cauldron comes to—dispossess the whole,
 He comes empower'd from the ebon throne,
 To take the rule, and reign himself alone:

How oft some chieftain crude becomes more wise,
And calls back home, his lazy scouts or spies;
And, in their stead, selects one faithful friend,
Some Burch or Smith, (10) and thither will him send;
So Death dismissing all his fatal train,
Gives Cauldron, hence, the undivided reign!

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

The humbug Lawyer: Prerequisites for—his College life—How to gain the character of a wit at school—What to do when leaving college. How to gain the name of being learned. His notions on religion—How to sign his name. Must study law with Capias—Capias described in his office—at the bar—his speaking, &c. Capias promoted to the bench. His character as a Judge—His manner when presiding officially. His charge to the jury—and conclusion.

ART thou an urchin, to thy household dear,
 Rear'd up in hot-bed of parental care;
 Whose flaxen head, the pedagogues have felt,
 Or kiss'd thy cheek, when thou hast "buzzard" spelt;
 Whose alto-voice has jarr'd the cottage sills,
 When squealing—"Norval on the Grampian hills"—
 Art thou too, hero of the fierce debate,
 With all its laurels, blooming on thy pate;
 Whose sanguine soul has swell'd in high dispute,
 "Which pleases most, Possession, or Pursuit?"—
 Does every gossip, in thy neighbourhood,
 Recite the wonders of thy baby-hood,
 And make the wide-mouth'd listeners gaze and stare,
 How thou, perhaps, didst cry for books!—to tear!

In short, has all the world—a mile around,
 Proclaimed thee wit, and made thy name resound!
 Most surely, then, thou art a genius rare,
 And formed to shine, and figure at the bar!—

Since all thy throbbings, to the law aspire,
 Come heed the muse, if fame you would acquire;—
 Wouldst thou, at college, not be deemed a fool,
 But rather form the prodigy of school?
 Be mindful, then, you lead the foremost rank,
 Of pilfering gangs, and every wanton prank;
 For who but knows, the boy that stole a deer,
 Was but the germ, that shooteth forth Shakspear!
 And where's the prudish dunce, of brainless pate,
 The world's great genius will not imitate!—

Do horrid revels rend the midnight air,
 Be sure 'tis not concealed, that you were there;
 Who has not learned, that all great men before,
 Have either drank at school, or when 'twas o'er;
 See Burns or Byron, for a specimen,
 Who would not drink, and emulate such men!—
 Does some reply—" 'twas not the sparkling bowl,
 That gave them genius, and inspired their soul,"
 And cases cite, in every clime and age,
 Of sober wits, that live on history's page—
 'Tis true, *perhaps*, that men of talents rare,
 Have *sometimes* lived, and breathed a sober air;
 'Tis, yet, more true, with drink they would have shone
 Still brighter gems, in Fame's mosaic stone!—

How oft some sober lad, to manhood lives,
 Nor one index to glowing genius gives—
 Accounted dull, in every crowd and place,
 A clumsy gawk, with neither sense nor grace;
 Until he takes to drink, when lo! burst forth,
 His mighty merits, and his wondrous worth!
 Through punch-bowl fumes, the giant genius gleams,
 Like gems, that glisten in pellucid streams—
 Foreseeing friends, now, view with prescient eyes,
 Already plotting to reclaim the prize.
 "What pity 'tis," they say, "he will drink so,
 He is himself, alone, his greatest foe,
 To wanton thus, away such talents great,
 That fit him shine, in any sphere or state!"
 In concert, now, they drag him from the mire,
 His rags tear off, and robe in good attire—
 What next you see—"Old Blackstone" in his hand,
 A second Wirt—soon spreads wide o'er the land!—

When the poor tradesman rises with the morn,
 And sees his sign, grotesquely changed or gone,
 Or in its stead, some barber's pole striped round,
 Reclining soft, and angling with the ground!
 Be sure thy name shall haunt his bother'd brain,
 And end the problem, by solution plain—
 Do eggs or rocks force through the window-sash,
 And rudely strike, some man of prayer, slap-dash!
 The very walls must echo forth thy name,
 And watch, no rival shall usurp the fame!—
 Is thy preceptor some dull, formal fool,

Who will enforce each pedagoguish rule;
 For instance, grates thy ears, with squeaking horn,
 Or horrid bell, to wake you up at morn,
 When thou, perhaps, has just retired to bed,
 And must have sleep, to ease thy aching head—
 His folly must be stopp'd—what will you do?
 “Freeze up the bell, or split his horn in two”—
 Then let him pull or blow,—and try again,
 His bell or horn—but ah! 'tis all in vain!
 Its tones are dead! no summons start from thence,
 No warning sounds, to wake the sleeping sense!
 Whilst thou, securely, on thy couch of ease,
 Shallst slumber on, and rise whene'er you please!—
 Does some collegian smile, or am I told,
 Such truant tricks are most too stale and old;
 That Oxford students done precisely so,
 To say the least, six centuries ago—
 Though old or new—it matters not a whit,
 'Tis truest index of a lad of wit!

Thy college fame is full—around thy brow,
 Another garland must be circled now:—
 Behind some huge segar, half hide thy face,
 And twirl the rattan, with a dandy's grace;
 Sprout from thy lip, the true brigand-moustache,
 And “fright the natives” with thy splendid dash!
 Or nurse thy cheeks, to make the whiskers grow,
 And turn gallant, and set up general beaugh;
 Or if thou would'st attain still higher grade,
 Intriguer turn, and triumph o'er thy maid!—

No cramping kerchiefs, must thy throttle deck,
 But uncravatted be thy Byron neck;
 Shave high thy forehead, to increase its size,
 And learn the mode of looking very wise;
 Read books, of course, it matters not what kind,
 So every learned word be borne in mind,
 Have them well conn'd, and kept in ready store,
 How long or large, they'll serve you but the more,
 For words, indeed, are valued by their length,
 And size is but another name for strength!
 'Tis time misspent, to read through any book,
 'Tis but required to take a glancing look;
 Run first thy eye, athwart the title page,
 Learn where the author lived, and in what age—
 The "Preface" scann'd, and "Contents" hurried o'er,
 You get the plot—what genius would want more!—
 Or better plan, snatch up some short review,
 And catch the outline, while you gallop through:
 Thus panoplied with every pompous phrase,
 In conversation, now, a star you'll blaze—
 Thy fame is stamp'd—'twill circulate around
 A man of reading, and of lore profound!!

Now is the time, to wipe out from thy brain,
 The nursery-notions which have left their stain—
 Hast thou, oft, bowed before the family-shrine,
 Or lisp'd thanks-givings, to the throne divine;
 Rise up and shake the shackles from the mind,
 Nor vile religion leave a trace behind—
 Thy genius prove, and spurn the sacred page,

That monstrous off-spring of a savage age—
 'Tis all a fable, or an Eastern tale,
 Where absurd wonders ever did prevail!
 Thus Babel-building, Moses' magic rods,
 Sinbad's escapes, or Homer's warring Gods,
 Sound just alike, the sacred and profane,
 And both the fruits of some prolific brain—
 Ransack Tom Paine, for all his common-place,
 And Gibbon's sneers will also help thy case;
 Volney and Hume, be sure you learn by heart,
 These men were wits—'twill also prove you smart—
 Just let it fly, on Rumor's wings, abroad,
 You disbelieve in demon, saint, or lord;
 A few old hoary heads, perhaps, may shake,
 To think their cherish'd fancies all at stake,—
 But far, the greater part—rely on it—
 Will own thy merits, and pronounce thee wit!

'Tis not the ton, thy name, in full to put;
 See Shocco Jones, or Mississippi Foote,(11)
 Whose middle names, like sickly pets, are nursed,
 While thin initials dangle round the first;
 For who should cherish vulgar Christian name,
 When fancy ones alone secure him fame—
 How prettier too, it looks!—"J. Humbug Gull,"
 Than horrid "Joseph" written out in full!—
 Besides, in Holy Writ, 'tis always true,
 That names, when changed, denote the favor'd few;
 Thus Abram lengthen'd into Abraham,
 To mark the spreading of his race and name;

While Jacob, doubtless, did his name lament,
 Till smoother Israel, to his taste, was sent;
 And sure the fact, familiar is to all,
 How Jewish Saul, became the Christian Paul!

Thy talents tested, and thy schooling done,
 The beckoning bar invites her "rising sun"—
 Now first of all, the life-blood of the plan,
 Hold high thy head, and deem thyself a man;
 Thy features mould before the faithful glass,
 To melt like wax, or harden as the brass—
 In other words, to school thy phiz and eyes,
 Until they learn to wear each passion's guise;
 Thou dost not dream, of what avail to thee,
 This useful art, in future day, shall be;
 For instance, say, thou hast some flimsy case,
 That needs the aid of well disciplined face—
 Without it, sir, how couldst thou look morose,
 Or screw thy features to the lachrymose,
 Stretch wide thy mouth, to show the fool's surprise,
 Or ape the toper, with besotted eyes—
 Thy nostrils swell, or bite thy lips with rage,
 Or mock the calmness of the saint or sage;
 In short, how couldst thou, all the while, affect,
 Still seem so natural, none will dare suspect?
 When all thy hopes to gain, depend on that,
 And slightest bawk will make thee look so flat!—
 To law's top-round, does thy ambition reach,
 Go learn from Capias—he, alone, can teach,—

With eye astute, and law-bespeaking face,
 First, mark him busy with some office-case;
 Profusely piled around, his ponderous books,
 How self-possessed, and amiably he looks!
 With head thrown forward to his drawn-up knees,
 His posture flex'd, blends dignity and ease;
 The "best authorities" he glances through,
 Then tells his client, what "'tis best to do!"—

See Capias at his proper place, the bar,
 His breathing element is truly there!
 Does his bold rival, versed in legal lore,
 Stand forth, and seem to bear down all before,
 And boding whispers, through the court-room run,
 That Capias, now, will find himself out done?
 What foolish fears! when Capias, all the while,
 Disproves the whole, with self-sufficient smile;
 Around his mouth, the placid grins do play,
 Yea, laughter loud will force, anon, its way—
 New hope, his friends receive—their dread is o'er,
 And crowds collect, when Capias gets the floor;
 All things he moves aside, that clog the place,
 And gives him, right and left, an ample space;
 In formal pomp, to mark his entrie grand,
 With lips compress'd, he moves his waving hand;
 Slow turns his head, as all great speakers do,
 With scanning eye, to take in all the view,—

With hems exordial, first, each guttural note,
 Drawls slow and solemn, from his swelling throat;

His feelings roused, he scorns the low and grave,
 And hoarsely squeals, upon the shrill octave—
 So strong his accents strike the bricks and stones,
 Old Echo, once, is surfeited with tones;
 No narrow limits can his voice contain,
 It flies through fissured wall, or shatter'd pane,
 And gathering volume, in the open air,
 Still swelling, rolls along each street and square,
 While every ear is deafen'd with the sound,
 And all cry out—"what legal lore profound!"
 Meantime, the jury, forward, lean to hear,
 And spread their mouth, to help the neighbor-ear,
 While foaming Capias, faster moves his jaw,
 And rants and raves, about the "common law";
 Now, runs he back, on history's ample page,
 To "magna charta" or the "feudal age"
 And tells how rights, by this, were not secure,
 Or how, by that were rendered safe and sure—
 "What says old Coke, or Blackstone, in this case?"
 And this, he asks, with such familiar grace,
 And quotes them too, so fast and fluently,
 By phrase or page, just as the case may be,
 The client smiles, with soft assenting mood,
 To see his case so clearly understood!

His voice, now failing, every breath falls lower,
 His speech is through—the giant effort's o'er!—
 He sits him down, sublimely, to repose,
 Like weary Hercules, from toil and woes—
 To fever'd frames, not half so sweet and cool,

The gushing fountain, or the gelid pool,
 Or icy beverage of the piled-up bowl,
 As this delivery calms his raging soul;
 Of pride disarmed, he bows his noddle low,
 Alike to gratulating friend or foe;
 Good natured grown, such softness puts he on,
 The haughty Capias, for the time, is gone—
 Volcano like, that kept all earth awake,
 Its crater cool'd, becomes a lulling "shake;"
 Or fierce tornado, tearing up the trees,
 Its ragings spent, is but a gentle breeze!
 Thus 'tis with Capias, now so soft and mild,
 You can approach him as the artless child,
 Who ere his speech had struggled into birth,
 Held high his head, and scorned the very earth!

The calm now passed—the elements of storm,
 Again collect, and reinflate his form;
 The hoisted head the self-same strut and cane,
 Proclaim that Capias "is himself again"—

Has Capias, long, reigned victor at the bar,
 And left no laurels green, ungather'd there,
 With frosted locks, and furrows on his brow,
 A member of the bench, behold him now!—
 Mark with what air of gravity and grace,
 He struts athwart the street, from place to place;
 With head thrown back, and in his streaming gown,
 He walks the wonder of the gazing town—
 "Aside" all cry, "here comes Judge Capi-ass!"

Stand out the way, and let his honor pass!"
 Do what he will, it savours of the bench,
 Alike his nodding head, or greeting wretch:
 Judicial sounds his every noise or note,
 To hems and hawks, that quiver in his throat;
 His very sitting down, and rising up,
 Or matchless mode, he holds the social cup;
 His pinching snuff, to greet his bump of cent,
 Or soft respondings to some compliment;
 Nay taking up, and turning o'er a book,
 No matter what, all wear a legal look!
 The very pen, that sticks behind his ears,
 In proper keeping with his cloth appears!—

With all a Persian monarch's pomp and pride,
 See Capias, now, officially preside;
 Fresh dignity and grace, around him, thrown,
 And if 'twere possible, more gravely grown!
 While poised, sublimely, on his sapient nose,
 The costly glasses, glittering, repose!
 "Dispatch" his motto for the court, he makes,
 All but himself—his proper time he takes;
 So central hubs roll, leisurely, around,
 While tires and felloes speed along the ground!—

Does any lawyer, speaking at the bar,
 To Capias seem digressing rather far;—
 Say, that he deals in some slight metaphor,
 Or anecdote, to make more plain the law—
 He breaks, abruptly, on his calm career,

And bluntly bids him, "to the law adhere!"—
 Does Capias, now, with hot impatience, burn,
 And anxious grows, to have his talk, in turn,
 And some one rises, begging to be heard—
 On point important, but to speak a word?
 Nine times in ten he'll crabbedly refuse,
 With this plain hint—"we've got no time to *lose*!"
 He's right—who likes to hear a case discussed,
 On which one's mind is settled from the first;
 The fact may be, 'tis near the dining hour,
 Who blames him, then to use his veto-pow'r!
 'Tis likewise true, the less the lawyers prate,
 The bench, more largely, can expatiate!—
 If Capias yields, 'tis with reluctant air,
 But holds himself, of course, not bound to hear—
 "Not bound to hear! when wealth or fame, or life,
 May rest upon the issue of the strife!"—
 'Tis even so—to listen would betray,
 That Capias owned himself less learned than they—
 "Most surely, then, he must be bored the while,
 What can he do, the tedium to beguile?"—
 Why! write a letter, read the recent news,
 Nay, any thing, that will himself amuse,
 'Twere better far, to twirl his thumbs around,
 Than writhe beneath the sore inflicting sound.

Hear Capias give the jurymen his "charge;"
 He slowly talks, and amplifies at large!—
 The history of the world, he gives, at first,
 It's every era, learnedly discussed!

Each science, art, and yea, religion too,
 And every thing, he passes in review!
 What truly constitutes the law, he tells,
 On what 'tis not, more lengthily he dwells,
 Now, spouts the technicals in sluicy strain,
 Then stops, anon, their meaning to explain;
 And now, he gives in patriarchal mode,
 Some gratis hints, for each man's moral code;
 While people cry aloud, "most righteous judge!"
 And Echo whispers back—"outrageous! fudge!"
 While Capias talks, no one must say a word,
 'Tis so important, that he's fully heard;
 So silent does he keep the court or crowd,
 Ev'n sleeping jurors dare not snore too loud!
 Wo to your case! if chance you disobey,
 "Clerk fine that man!" or "Sheriff take him way!"
 'Tis just,—silence should reign, beyond a doubt,
 Not only there, but every place without—
 The very rills should hush their lulling strain,
 Nor zephyrs "whisper through the broken pane,"
 The forest minstrels cease their warbling song,
 Ev'n saucy Echo hold her mocking tongue;
 The flocks should cease to bleat, the herds to low,
 Streams stand stock still, and oceans ebb nor flow!
 The clocks themselves, should neither tick nor run,
 Nor bare-faced planets roll around the sun;
 In fine, the universe itself should pause,
 While awful Capias doth expound the laws!!

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

Each man designed for some special pursuit—Except politics, in which all succeed. Politics compared to some soils—to the Island of Circe—to the Mississippi river. Character of *Stultus* described—must be taciturn, or eccentric—qualifications that make his character complete. Character of *Fungus* described—self-important and bold—his language—his history described by himself—self-made man—his calmness during the canvass—his actions when elected, &c.

For each vocation, Nature, in her plan,
 Has wisely made some special sort of man;
 Some suit professions, some the arts polite,
 While loafing, only, suits the lazy wight!
 For mere mechanics, these, it seems, were made,
 While merchants, those, to traffick and to trade;
 Others, again, to this nor that, inclined,
 To till the soil appear no less design'd—
 The petty tyrant, fond of sway and rule,
 Seems suited, solely, for an old field school,
 Where rods are sceptres, in the clutching hand,
 Each look a law, and every breath command,—
 To frown his vassal-urchins into fear,

And flog and ferrule, through the live-long year,
 Or spout the pedant, with bombastic phrase,
 And be a bore, the balance of his days—
 Fat templ'd men, who love a fine beef-steak,
 Says Doctor Scull, first-rate purveyors make,
 While hogshead looking dames, with tongues ne'er still,
 Are scolds or gossips, travel where you will—
 Their brittle bondage broke, the ducklings seek,
 Not half so soon, the tempting pool or creek,
 As wags inflamed, with hot *dramatic* rage,
 By instinct rush, to swagger on the stage:
 To sum up, in a word—man's finite mind,
 To one pursuit, alone, should be confined;
 Transcending which, he's bound to fail, indeed—

Except in Politics, where all succeed;
 No matter who he is,—a fool or sage,
 His noddle white with youth, or bleach'd with age,
 His calling what—profession or a trade,
 Or what his titles, birth, or wealth, or grade;
 Nay, every one,—the knave or honest wight,
 The cynic rough, or courtier more polite;
 Be he a sober man, or bloated sot,
 Blackguard, bully, sportsman or what not—
 Strange paradox! but ne'ertheless 'tis so,
 Things thus discordant, still harmonious flow,
 Yet Nature does, her parallels, produce,
 Whose hints before subserved the Muse's use.—
 Some soils there are, where every kind of growth,
 From dwarfish ferns, to mountain firs spring forth—

The poppy's plant, that taints the zephyr's breath,
 Or vile nightshade, whose juice is fill'd with death,
 The briar sweet, surcharged with rich perfume,
 Or rose that blushes, with perpetual bloom—
 The flexile reed, or proud and stalwart oak,
 That lifts its head, and braves the lightning's stroke!
 So 'tis with Politics, her nursery bed,
 Rears evergreens, to wreath each votary's head!—

Hail Politics! thou Circean isle to man,
 Thy charms resist, what stern Ulysses can!
 The fiat goes, who ever gains thy shore,
 Shall squeal as swine, and wallow ever more;
 On filth shall feed, in dirty sties shall dwell,
 Nor magic plant, to counterwork the spell!—
 As smaller streamlets, to the river roll,
 So run to thee, each human heart and soul;
 Indeed, how like yon patriarchal tide,
 Where streams, their tributes, pour in every side:
 Though, but at first, a purling, gentle rill,
 From lakelet filter'd, or some petty hill,
 Still, ever and anon, it gains new strength,
 And waxes larger, as it grows in length;
 Missouri, there, the Rocky Mountain's child,
 Heaves its huge torrent, hoarse with echoes wild—
 'Tis thus her Benton, on the field or floor,
 Whose stalk colossal, bears down all before,
 Whose eagle eye, of fierce, sun-gazing pow'r,
 Makes cowards tremble, and the brave man cow'r—
 Ohio, here, as smooth as shaven mead,

Bears the proud bark, and would not wreck a reed—
 So like the sage, who sleeps upon her shore,
 Whose requiem breathes in every passing oar!
 Here, Yazoo empties in its bog-born stream,
 Where pistols crack, and Bowies flash their gleam,
 That types, too true, some southern swarthy wight,
 Whose best stomachic is a dram or fight;
 Life-loathing man, that shoots for fun or fame,
 While human hearts form targets for his aim!—
 There, Roxo, too, rolls in its ruddy flood,(12)
 Whose hue symbolic, hints of human blood;
 In fine, due homage paid from every side,
 Majestic moves the Mississippi wide,
 Tumultuous mass of mingled mud and slime,
 And trophied wrecks from half Columbia's clime!—

Since Politics has charms for every mind,
 Come then, ye all, nor one remain behind,
 Her hosts behold, that swell upon the view,
 Of every sort and kind, a motley crew.

First *Stultus* hail! thou heavy-headed ass,
 Who fain, would for a giant-genius pass;
 Whose soul ambitious, thirsts for civic fame,
 Heed but the muse, to reach thy glorious aim!—
 Keep close thy lips, and bend thy awful brows,
 Thy noddle shake, or make assenting bows,
 Look wise, and seem to grasp the whole idea,
 While all thy smiles, significant, appear;
 Thy patience keep, nor let ambition cool,

'Twill soon leak out—"that fellow is no fool!"
 They'll prize thy worth, like music of the spheres,
 Which, though ne'er reaching *sublunary* ears,
 Still, must be sweet, as bardlings all declare,
 The moon-inspired, at least, who visit there—
 Or if thy lips, unused to durance vile,
 Can not keep shut, or silent all the while,
 Then, blab you forth, no matter what comes first,
 'Twere better thus, by far, than you should burst;
 'Twill still be right, provided what you say,
 Is but redeemed by some *eccentric way*;
 For instance, dress as oddly as you can,
 Nor talk nor act, like any other man;
 It soon shall sound, that though you are so queer,
 And mind so crooked, yet your thoughts are clear,
 Like rays, they'll say, refracted from their course,
 Will concentrate in all their focal force!—
 Hast thou, too, laved thy sacrificing soul,
 With sweet libations from the sparkling bowl,
 And swell'd thyself, to McNutt's shapeless size,
 Far-famed, like him, for *scents* and *humorous*—eyes;
 In fine, does every circumstance conspire,
 To form thee for a sleek and pussy squire,
 The general standard of thy neighbourhood,
 To value "strays," and arbitrate each feud,
 Then, say no more, for all the facts denote
 Thy claims are *large*, and worthy of support,
 Thy f(r)ame shall *spread*, increasing through the land,
 A man of *weight*, who takes *firm-footed* stand,
 And walks *upright*, nor stoops to lowly things!

(It saves thy buttons, and suspender strings!)
 Yea, soon thou'lt sit, in majesty of state,
 The "people's organ," sent to legislate;
 There, in thy proper place to vote and—yawn,
 Nor leave thy chair, except to get a—horn.
 Does, now, some wag attempt to raise a row,
 To mock thy claims, because no speaker thou,
 Or mouth it 'bout, thou art a breathing mute,
 Mere wax-machine, which would a show-case suit;
 Thy tutor'd mind, such venom must not chafe,
 Nor fear the least, thy character is safe;
 Thy host of friends will answer all such trash,
 And stronger missiles, on thy foes, shall dash,—
 "He cannot talk," they'll say, "in fluent strain,
 But better far, he has a thinking brain;
 While others rant, with run-mad eloquence,
 He ponders, coolly, with his sober sense,
 And when the voting time arrives—*he's there!*
 While other folks are frisking every where!"—

See *Fungus*, next, a double fisted wight,
 Who sprang from *nothing*, to his present height;
 A scrubbish imp, that soar'd to proud degree,
 Like shrubs, sometimes, will swell and seem a tree!
 With "self-esteem" as large as ostrich-egg,
 Your vote, he comes to *claim*, but not to beg;
 His hoisted head, and consequential air,
 And strutting step, alike his worth declare:
 With face, that shames the monumental slab,
 Hard-hearted man! he scruples not to stab,

With cruel thrust, his own dear mother!—tongue,
 (Assassin vile! the fellow should be swung!)
 Now, gains the stump, with voice as shrill and clear,
 And self-possess'd, as flopping chanticleer,
 And, boldly, tells the "gemman" or the "gents,"
 "Them's my idees, and them's my sintiments!"—
 If thou hast ears, that thus can be regaled,
 Hear Fungus' history, by himself detailed;
 'Tis so momentous, that he takes you through,
 Each fact and incident, in full review;
 Minutiæ ev'n, with interest so replete,
 He'll not withhold, if thou wilt hold thy seat;
 Poor boy, he was, whom Fortune would not bless,
 Left friendless on the world, and *fatherless*!
 With frowns and adverse fate, who had to fight,
 And grope his way, from darkness, into light—
 Inured to labor, from his very birth,
 To drive some trade, or delve the mother earth!
 He tells, perhaps, unheeding smile or scoff,
 How, he so poor, was cradled in a trough!
 How oft with hatless head, and shoeless feet,
 He trudged through winter's cold, or summer's heat,
 How oft he went to mill, or milk'd a cow!
 (It means—"see what I was!—what am I now!!")
 Hist! hist! all cry, he'll, surely, next rehearse,
 Like Romulus, some wolf was his wet-nurse!—
 Beneath chill Poverty's relentless rule,
 So bowed, at first, he never saw a school;
 Or if he did, so short a time indeed,
 Some week, or less, he merely learned to read,

Perhaps he "cipher'd to the rule of three,"
 Or got some smatt'ring small of "Jography"!—
 "But, afterward, of course, he went to college,
 Or else how came he stock'd with so much knowledge!"—
 Self-taught, forsooth! for burned he every night,
 Not "student's lamp"—but ah! the torch's light!
 Thus cheating Sleep of nearly all her due,
 He waded standard works as—Blue Beard through,
 Or pouring, read, wrapp'd in abstraction dumb,
 That ever spirit-stirring book—Tom Thumb!—
 He labor'd hard, throughout the livelong day,
 Nor did, one leisure-moment, while away;
 For every second, stolen from his toil,
 He sought refreshment in his favorite—Hoyle!
 And every hard-earned shilling gleaned that way,
 (By toil or Hoyle?) was saved for future day:
 Thus, mite by mite, he heap'd sufficient store
 To go to school again, full two—weeks more!
 At length, perhaps, as 'tis with wits, the rule,
 Alternately, he taught, and went to school!
 Stop! stop! no more! no matter what his plan,
 Enough is told, to prove him *self-made man*!

"What! self-made man!" let that get started once,
 I care not what he is—how great a dunce;
 Though one idea to strike his sterile brain,
 Volcano-like, would split his scull in twain,
 Nay, should it but conceive one puny thought,
 Sad word must come unless it could abort,
 That quickly too, before its slightest growth,

Or mental travail ne'er would bring it forth!
 Still all is right, his fame flies through the land,
 And patrons rush, to take him by the hand;
 All tongues are smear'd with *ad captandum* stuff,
 His claims to varnish, and his praises puff—
 Thus, anecdotes, of every self-made man,
 Raked up and treasured, since the world began,
 On tongues of Rumor, every where are rife,
 As happening first, in his eventful life;
 'Tis sure to run the rounds, how some pert wit,
 At Fungus' breeding, thrust a cruel hit;
 And how, he parried back, with keen retort,
 And "at his knees, chopp'd off the fellow short"—
 Does it so chance, that Fungus first was bred,
 The toughest plant, in Vulcan's nursery bed,
 But pull'd from thence, has grown, with pains and toil,
 A fat exotic, in some foreign soil—
 Some parvenu devoid of decent sense,
 Poor fool that's giddy with his eminence,
 With sneering smile, has dared to ask him where,
 His iron hammers, or his anvil were!
 When Fungus thus, as quick as Vulcan's stroke,
 "Made, sir, in manacles for your kinsfolk!"—
 All anecdotes, like this, are cull'd with care,
 While Fungus fathers all, like some sleek'd steer,
 That looks around, with patriarchal phiz,
 And fondly dreams, that every calf is his!

See Fungus, now, the canvass full begun,
 Like jockey steed, he shows no signs to run;

Although the fact has duly been revolved,
 How in the race, creation is involved;
 How stars and planets, in the fields of space,
 Depend on it, to hold or lose their place!
 Like waveless ocean, or the sky serene,
 No fears yet ruffle or becloud his mien;
 But, calm as Atlas, bearing up the skies,
 He looks sublime, so sanguine of the prize;
 Well may he be! for now the goal he gains,
 While, in the rear, the distanced field remains!

In shouts and loud huzzas, now friends rejoice,
 For mighty Fungus is the people's choice!
 The rushing populace, around him cling,
 Like loyal bees surround their faithful king;
 Now, on their shoulders, lifted high in air,
 He looks as hero in triumphal car;
 Undazzled still, he nods and smiles on all,
 Nor dreams for once—the mob might let him fall!

CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

Proteus, the modern demagogue. Characters to succeed as demagogues—the Stripling—the Lawyer, the Doctor, the Parson, &c. &c. Proteus—his appearance—his electioneering—non-committalism when—he comes out bold—compared to the chameleon. Proteus' mode of dealing and trading—for instance, with Merchants—Tailors—and Doctors. Proteus' actions in a ball-room—general in his attentions—motives for his conduct, &c.

SEE *Proteus*, last, that sly and slippery dog,
 In milder language termed, the demagogue,
 Hot focal point of all the arts and tricks,
 That radiate from modern politics—
 When elemental hues are all combined,
 A new one forms, composed of every kind;
 Thus, who but knows, the mountain's driven snow,
 Each tint contains, that streaks Jehovah's bow!—(13)
 So Proteus does present a mix'd compound,
 Where in the germ, each character is found;
 For Fungus poor, and Stultus void of sense,
 Are mere horn-books to teach first elements,

While Proteus does, the range entire, extend,
And these and all, in his great being, blend!

Art thou some stripling pert, with teens scarce out,
Whose well-till'd beard has just began to sprout,
Whose pate is teeming with thy party slang,
And voice has caught the shrill polemic twang,
"Thou art the man!" as Nathan told the king,
To mount the stump, and make the welkin ring.—
Some vile upstart may call thee beardless boy,
And would thy fortunes, in the bud destroy,
But thou must rise, in majesty, like Pitt,
Ward off the blow, and prove thy tact and wit;
In mock solemnity, lament the truth,
That thou art guilty of the crime of "youth";
Though worse than common place, and worn thread bare,
As keen retort, 'twill spread thy fame afar;
Indulge no fears, nine-tenths of every crowd,
Will deem them new, and huzza long and loud!
But wouldst thy bark, with safety, brave the tide,
Let Proteus be thy chart, and polar guide.—

Or art thou legal limb—lopp'd off its tree,
From law retired, or rather law from thee,
The rostrum mount, cravatted to thy ears,
Harangue the mob, and start the "stamps" and "cheers;"
Do not permit, thy failure at the bar,
To damp thy hopes, or drive thee to despair;
The fact but proves to demonstration clear,
Thou wert intended for a nobler sphere—

Say, if perchance, thou hast a lawyer's name,
 Wouldst thou rest quiet, with such flimsy fame!
 Napoleon first, with aspirations small,
 Was quite content, as "petite corporal,"
 But roused by rays that glitter'd from a throne,
 His steps soon, clamber'd Fame's steep slippery cone—
 Ev'n Satan, too, 'tis sung in Milton's page,
 Himself, rebell'd from heav'ns sweet vassalage,
 And gained a higher, though less blissful cell,
 'The prince of darkness, and the king of h—ll!
 Turn great examples, then, to wise account,
 Fresh courage take, and Fame's tall ladder mount,
 With Proteus for thy lamp, thy feet to light,
 To strike each round, and scale its lofty height!

Ye pill-box knights! Quixotic guards of life,
 Whose shivering lances end the doubtful strife,
 That gallant band desert, though lean thy purse,
 Though sextons starve, or creaks the corpseless hearse!
 Great Bolus thou! most famous of the crew,
 A loud and special call, we make on you;
 Although your fame outsweeps the—tempest's broom,
 And hoarsely echoed, from each—vault and tomb;
 Although, Sangrado's self, were he alive,
 With thee, great Bolus, would not dare to strive;
 Still come from thence, thy fame is brimming up,
 To treasure more, would overflow thy cup—
 'Thou art a wit, let who will call thee fool,
 As bright as—lead, to shine in Proteus' school!

Ye parsons, too, with Kendrick(14) fly the church,
 Where flesh, so oft, doth leave one in the lurch;
 At least, a while, your holy tasks resign,
 Since earth's concerns outweigh the things divine;
 Your sandals shake, and yield the sacred charge,
 And as for souls—why! let them stray, at large,
 'Tis not thy province, ever to ding-dong,
 Their worn-out ears with one eternal song;
 Dull stupid set! in thunder though you warn,
 Still sinners sleep, and saints themselves will yawn;
 Then, cease at once, thy soporific strain,
 The pulpit leave, nor waste thy wind in vain,
 But seek the stump, where greenest laurels grow,
 Already pluck'd, to twine around thy brow!
 It needs but Proteus, for thy beacon-light,
 To shun the sands, and steer thy ship aright;
 And then, thy fame, in speed, shall far surpass,
 The fleetest blazes, in the realms of grass!—
 Nay, merchants, bankers, and ye gentry host,
 Who, mind, or rank, or wealth, or leisure boast;
 Come all, in fine, who with ambition burn,
 And glory's path, from mighty Proteus learn.—

Then *Proteus* see, at first, when none can know,
 What high aspirings, in that bosom, glow!
 His half-shut lids observe—thou mayst descry,
 There quivering plays ambition's restless eye:—
 Now jut his orbs, and seem to penetrate,
 Dame Nature's womb, or fathom future fate,
 While lips compress'd, would choke the nascent grin,

That index true, to pleasing thoughts within;
 With no far-distant day, communes he now,
 When civic wreaths shall twine around his brow!
 Though bright the prospects, in the vista, seen,
 The path is still unpaved, that lies between.

View Proteus well,—his eye on future fame,
 So sly he works, no one suspects his aim;
 Each movement mark, his every progress heed,
 Like noiseless rill meandering through the mead;
 In adulation's oil, his tongue he dips,
 To shape each word, and smooth it for his lips;
 How soft he steps, while every man he meets,
 His best friend is, whom cordially he greets;
 Yea snatches off his gloves, and bone to bone,
 Accosts him thus, in fond familiar tone,
 "How hast thou done, old horse, this good long day,
 Thy wife, and cherubs too, pray! how are they?"—
 Though, in a palace, Proteus may reside,
 On sofas sit, or in his carriage ride:
 Though revels he, in luxury and ease,
 While every thing conspires to charm and please:
 How liberal still! he swears from—hollow throat,
 "Poor men have souls, and 'tis their right to vote!!"
 Nay, ev'n avows that horrid heresy,
 "Twixt rich and poor, no difference there should be!"
 As proof, how honest this concession grand,
 He scruples not, to shake the poor man's hand;
 Yea, Foster-like, will drag him home to dine,
 To crack some jokes, and drink a glass of wine!—

Does Proteus chance to stumble on a crowd,
 Where fierce discussions wax too warm and loud;
 For instance say, on church or government—
 He sits as mute as ungraved monument!—
 No part he takes, but keeps aloof and clear,
 Nor deems it quite polite to interfere:
 So non-committal, nay, his very phiz,
 Gives not an item, on which side he is—
 Does some officious one insist to hear,
 What Proteus' views upon these subjects are;—
 Ah! now you smile, to think he's check'd at once,
 But sir, too soon! each smile but proves you dunce,
 He clears his throat, with one long ling'ring hem!
 Then comes out bold and fearless as a—lamb!
 What generous soul, his unsealed lips declare!
 He thinks—"in every church, good saints there are,
 And patriots, too, of every politics,
 From modern whigs, to those of seventy-six!"—
 To prove that Proteus is a candid man,
 In church nor state, no clannish partisan;
 Alike, he listens to each sect and side,
 But which is right, he cannot *yet* decide!—
 Does every member of the crowd agree,
 Proteus, of course, sides with his company,
 Like weather-cock, he varies with each change,
 And sweeps the circle, in his ample range;
 Thus, will he rant, a methodist, one hour,
 A baptist, next, or "presbyterian sour"—
 To day, a whig, he puffs like pent up storm,
 Crying aloud "retrenchment and reform"—

To morrow, meets ex-office-holders fat,
 And swaggers tall, a clamorous democrat;
 Nay, any thing he'll be, it matters not,
 From "neutral arm'd" to nullifier hot!—
 Does any brain-bewilder'd, prudish wight,
 But dare maintain, that Proteus acts not right!
 Aside *his* conscience, which removes each doubt,
 A host of modern maxims bears him out,—
 For "courtesy it is, to those that's near,
 To think with them, or so at least appear!"—
 Chameleons, thus, by nature so polite,
 All colours change, from black to snowy white;
 Now, blending with the blade, as green as grass,
 So much alike, they may as unit pass;
 Presto, they blacken to the schoolboy's slate,
 Or bleach, as quickly, to his flaxen pate;
 Now, on his cheek, they blush carnation's hue,
 And, then, they deepen to his jacket blue;
 What's still more strange! to stretch the parallel,
 They, chiefly, on the fence, like Proteus, dwell!
 And if they have a natural hue at all,
 'Tis thence deriv'd, since there they mostly crawl!—

Some clannish men there are, contracted set!
 Who cannot deal, but with some favourite pet;
 Thus, trade they solely, at one shop or store,
 Illiberal that! nor will encourage more!
 One Doctor, only will they patronize,
 While one attorney amply doth suffice;
 But Proteus heed! how different is his plan,

He will deal some, with each and every man—
 Does Proteus' pride or vanity aspire,
 To clothe his carcass, in a new attire?
 From this, he buys the coat—the pants, from that;
 A third the vest—a fourth the boots or hat;
 This tailor makes a part—and that, the rest;
 Perhaps, a third is hush'd up with the vest!—
 Is Proteus sick himself—but still about,
 He slyly steps each grave physician out;
 The first he tells, how all his limbs do ache,
 But thinks, as yet, he should not physic take;
 The next upbraids—"why dont you doctors cure?"
 And begs the third, his case to ponder o'er;
 The fourth prescribes, with doctor-looking phiz,
 And never dreams, but that the case is his,
 While all the time his mouth is sore from pills
 Some fifth one gives him for still sorer ills!

Does Proteus' presence grace the festive hall,
 Some private party, say, or public ball!
 Seest yonder youth to "ladie love" too true,
 Or this one ogling with his "select few"—
 Not Proteus so—but busy all the while,
 Bestows on each, his blandest bow and smile—
 Here, with Miss Prude, he scarcely moves his lips,
 With Miss Flirt, there, he gaily jumps and skips,
 Now wildly revels, in the gallopade,
 With "Madame Tournourne," or some miln'ry maid;
 Then, runs the reel, and largely drinks of sport,
 With Mistress May Pole, or Miss Suky Short;

Nay, suffers none, by him neglected pass,
From frisky widow, to the flouncing lass!—
Ah! Proteus is no fool! rely on that,
Too well he knows, precisely, what he's at;
That women never vote is very true,
But, then, their husbands, fathers, brothers do!
So, humming birds, that cull from every bloom,
The juice nectareous, and the rich perfume,
Can gather sweets, as well from forest weed,
As fairest flow'r, that blossoms in the mead!

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Proteus continued. His feeling the popular pulse. Forms his politics to suit the result. When he remains on the fence. His mode of answering questions—a specimen. Proteus first a democrat, when he leaves the fence—his mode of proceeding—a specimen of his speech—Becomes a whig—his manner of turning over—How to reclaim him—his speaking—Defends himself against the charge of changing—Allusion to the reign of “Coon and Cider”—that period briefly adverted to—Apostrophe to Coon and Hard Cider—Proteus on election day, and conclusion.

NIGH draws the day, when Proteus must come forth,
 To claim promotion for his mighty worth;
 How pale his lips! how choked his heaving chest!
 Sleep shuns his lids—his couch refuses rest!
 That awful thought bears down with too much force,
 He must, at least, pursue some def'nite course!—
 But “second sober thought” bursts on his brain,
 And proves his fears unstatesman-like as vain;
 For, heed him hence—still diplomatic tact
 As, heretofore, shall tincture every act!

Will Proteus mount the stump, some short time hence,
 Meanwhile, he learns the people's sentiments;

Fully resolved, with them, he will agree,
 No matter what, their politics may be!—
 Observe him, first, how sneaking, soft, and sly,
 With steps as stealthy, as some secret spy,
 Or Paul Pry-like, that prowls the land about,
 The public mind to watch and ferret out—
 Some grave physicians, at the dead of night,
 Or if 'tis day, debar each noise, and light,—
 From whispering crevice, to the creaking door,
 Then, creep athwart the carpet-cover'd floor
 With noiseless tread, nay in their shoeless feet,
 To test the pulse's least-excited beat!
 So, Proteus, at the people's wrist doth find,
 Each thrill or throbbing of the public mind—
 Do all pulsations, plainly indicate,
 That no one party doth preponderate;
 "Poor Proteus! now—what will he do!" one cries,
 "What *can* he do?" another loud replies—
 "What do?" you ask! nought's easier to decide,
 No party man, he runs on neither side;
 Like neutral Rives, he acts the man of sense,
 And mounts the stump—ah no! I mean the *fence*!
 There, closely clings with eyes diverging wide,
 One watching this, and one the other side;
 Still, strangely, keeps his station on the fence,
 By special instinct, or some extra-sense!

Is Proteus worried now, by every bore,
 Who questions put, and tease him ever more?
 Yea, forced to quit his hold, in self-defence,

Ding-dong'd to death, unless he leaps from thence;
 Ah! now you smile again, and swear that he
 Must yield, at last, his neutral policy!
 Dull stupid man! and hast thou lived so long,
 Nor learned the richness of thy mother tongue!
 Not lived to know, 'tis plastic as the clay,
 Which potters form and fashion any way!
 That nought is certain, on this earthly ball,
 And human dialects least so, of all!
 That words, well fitted in the rounding phrase,
 May nothing mean, or mean a thousand ways!
 Heed Proteus, then, and learn from him to know,
 Though strange it seems—yet stranger still, 'tis so!
 Propound your queries all, I care not who,
 By mouth, by mail, or any medium through,
 Ev'n swell the columns, of thy party press,
 Inditing letters to his high address;
 Not Delphic priestess, in the days of old,
 To Cræsus spoke, more def'nite and more bold,
 Than Proteus, promptly, with his lips or pen,
 Shall answer each—and lo! a specimen—
 Say negro-slavery is the mooted theme,
 While north and south are like a balanced beam—
 "It seems," says Proteus, "signs would seem to show,
 That soot does not appear, so pale as snow;
 Again, it seems, when vice-versa put,
 That snow, in looks, seems not so dark as soot,
 It seems, therefore, all men, perhaps, have souls!
 And men are men, from tropics to the poles;
 'Twould seem to look, therefore, view'd in one light,

Congress, to free the slaves, may have the right;
 Though, other signs would seem to show as clear,
 She may not have the power to interfere;
 To sum up, then, 'with all the lights before,'
 I think precisely now, as heretofore—
 My published views will put the thing at rest,
 Which you may see, to sundry ones address'd,
 The same, I there, advance, as here, set forth,
 Long cherish'd views—yet take them at their worth!"

Does every sign, at length, to Proteus seem,
 One party or the other pulls the beam,
 Like thawing snow, he loosens from the fence,
 While slightest shake, will cause him tumble thence,
 'Tis very strange! 'tis accident of course,
 He falls the side, that counts the largest force!
 Not Reynard-like, who, when he leaves his tree,
 Is sure to leap, where fewest dogs there be!—
 Say democrats, they are, who have the day,
 No neutral now, he sides with them, straightway,
 A candidate right off, his claims he bawls,
 "To serve his country, in her council-halls!"—

"But pause awhile! 'tis all the ton or rage,
 To "call men out" in this too formal age;
 'Tis deemed not modest—nay 'tis quite abhorr'd,
 To mount the platform, of thy own accord!
 No matter what thy claims, or merits are,
 How long postponed! 'tis thine to wait and bear;
 Still longer yet, though hope may droop her plume,

And fondest visions fade away in gloom,
 Till through the press "Vox Populi" shall call,
 And grant thee privilege to run at all;
 Or "Many Voters" beg you but to yield,
 And rush to combat, on the civic field;
 Say, if perchance, these omnipresent men
 Pass Proteus o'er—shall he submit too then?"

Of course he should—could such a thing take place,
 But how can one suppose so strange a case!
 When mighty Proteus is the very elf,
 Who writes each "call," that importunes himself!—
 'Tis even so—but mark with what address,
 And warm solicitude, himself he'll press!
 "If Proteus only can consent to quit
 His private life, and will his name *submit*,
 So far as be, the people's candidate,
 To represent them in the halls of state;
 We need not further add, success is sure,
 His *talents* make it so, if nothing more;
 Besides, his *claims*, which friends or foes must own,
 All things aside, will turn the scale alone!
 At any rate, he'll get the large support,
 Of "*Many Voters!*"—or at least, one vote!
 But stranger still, "than this, than these, than all,"
 Here comes his answer to the pressing call!—
 "Dear Sirs," says he, "my thanks are doubly due,
 For flattering honors, thus conferr'd by you!
 Though, you, perhaps, my talents over-rate,
 I will not stop, that question to debate,—

I ne'er have sought to leave my private life,
 Nor push myself in scenes of civic strife!
 But since you urge me so, to take the field,
 I've no discretion, to refuse or yield;
 It is the people's, to command or say,
 And mine, their slave, to bow and to obey;
 Permit me, then, my warmest thanks renew,
 And thus assure, each one and all of you,
 That though the public, in their might, decide,
 In private life, that I shall still reside,
 This incense, on my soul, your kind hearts show'r,
 Shall be a solace, in my latest hour!"

See Proteus, then, in *formal mode* brought out,
 The "people's candidate" beyond a doubt;
 As every templar, ere he seeks the field,
 Will wisely buckle on his sword and shield,
 So Proteus proves his shrewd, sagacious sense,
 And arms himself, with notes and documents;
 His pocket teems, and groans beneath the growth,
 Of papers, pamphlets, journals and so forth!
 Or garbled extracts, stitches with his notes,
 From which, in proper time, he largely quotes.
 He gains the stump—but hear his bold harangue,
 A mix'd-up mess of common-place and slang,
 No dodging now, he speaks forth full and flat,
 And boasts himself, a right-stripe democrat—
 "Taught to revere," he says, "from earliest age,
 The precepts wise of Monticello's sage,
 My politics and views, dyed in the wool,

Came from that fount, the 'Jeffersonian school';
 The 'resolutions,' too, of ninety eight,
 My views and principles precisely state;
 From democratic dugs, indeed I drew,
 Those doctrines held by all Virginians true—
 'Tis my belief—yea, in my honest heart,
 That church and state should still be kept apart—
 Crown'd heads and potentates, the wide world o'er,
 All have their eyes, directed to our shore;
 And fain would see our fair republic crushed,
 And Freedom's voice, in death, forever hushed,
 But thanks to Him the great Umpire of fates,
 A different destiny our land awaits;
 'Tis fully proved, by fair experiment,
 That man is fitted for self-government;
 Then, where's the slavish wretch, who would be sold,
 Or yield his rights for paltry 'British gold'!
 Oh no! my countrymen! rise up! rise up!
 Taste not, I warn you, of the gilded cup!
 But dash it from thy lips, 'tis drugg'd with death,
 Its fumes are poison to the freeman's breath—
 In every form and shape, no matter what,
 I hate the bank, that Babylonian slut,
 That vile engine, that grinds to dust, the poor,
 And helps the Nabob, to increase his store—
 In short, I, always, was a Jackson man,
 And, now, I am as warm a friend to Van!"—

Do signs and symptoms, awfully, portend,
 When great democracy, its day shall end,

When mighty whiggery, now close at hand,
 Its swift contagion spreads throughout the land—
 “Ah! Proteus, now! caught nodding, sir, at last!
 Give up the ship—thy palmy days are past!”
 What misspent sympathy! when all the while,
 A whig he is, all but the name or style—
 “What! Proteus is a whig! it cannot be,
 When, yesterday, a democrat was he!
 And so abruptly change! of course, it must,
 Make every party mark him with distrust!”
 The change, indeed, comes o’er him like a spell,
 But quick conversions will not do to tell;
 He makes it seem, therefore, by slow degrees,
 Like gradual thawing does the limb unfreeze,
 He first comes out like Mussulman divine,
 And swears, he cannot stomach all the “swine,”
 The hoofs and hair, for instance, nauseate,
 Even ears and tail sit not so well of late;
 In other words, some trifling party acts,
 He pounces on and furiously attacks—
 “How liberal he!” sagacious whigs declare,
 While democrats will shake their heads or swear,
 Anon, his maw becomes so squeamish grown,
 Whate’er he swallows, back again ’tis thrown;
 Thus, measures grand, he once so wholesome thought,
 He now, finds out, with death and danger fraught,
 Both parties, now, with emulation burn,
 And ply their skill, the doubtful case to turn;
 While this one feeds and fosters the disease,
 That gladly would restore him wonted ease—

But ah! ye democrats, the more you nurse,
 And watch his case, the faster grows he worse;
 For even now, the crisis is at hand,
 When Proteus seems precisely on a stand;
 Arrived to that, he will not vote at all,
 Insidious calm, precursor of a squall—
 If Proteus can be saved, by desperate tact,
 Lose not a moment, 'tis the time to act;
 Fudge! for your arguments of no avail,
 Your fine spun logic must forever fail!
 Dost thou believe, conviction would him reach,
 Though, thou, from day to day, mightst prose and preach;
 Did man e'er thus persuade his fellow man?
 'Tis nonsense sheer! so heed the better plan—
 Is there no genteel way, he may be bought,
 No office fat, he long hath fruitless sought;
 Then take the hint, and ere it is too late,
 Great Proteus save, and snatch him from his fate;
 Wo to your cause! if yet ye play the fool,
 And still insist, his claims to over-rule;
 But crack your finger, at this juncture nice,
 He flies right off, like Eaton, in a trice,
 Or Runnels-like, through recklessness and spite,
 Will join the Whigs, no matter wrong or right!—

A bona fide whig, see Proteus now,
 He shakes dishevel'd hair from off his brow,
 And rises in the midst of huzzas loud,
 A mighty champion, to harangue the crowd!
 "Down with the vandals! down!" he loudly bawls,

While Echo, thousand-tongued, leaps from the walls—
 Away! away your vile sub-treasury plan,
 Which centres purse and sword both in one man,
 A bank! a bank we want! a bank must have,
 'That, only, will our sinking country save!'—
 Some one, no doubt, great Proteus will accuse,
 Of having changed his politics or views;—
 But mark how well he controverts the fact,
 And wards it off, with most resistless tact!
 On democrats he saddles all the blame,
 And swears, 'tis they have changed, while he's the same;
 And as to banks, he never said point blank,
 Nor hinted ev'n, he would oppose *a* bank;
 Nay, principles, he holds, this very hour,
 Which, General Jackson, carried into pow'r!
 Hold! hold enough! for all are satisfied,
 Thou art as fix'd and changeless as the—tide!—

Does Proteus have some special point to gain,
 No means unused, he suffers to remain;
 Unmeaning symbols, or no matter what,
 From slang to slander, every edge must cut;
 Say, that he deems, our sinking government,
 Calls, loudly, for a better president,
 He enters in the cause, with soul and heart,
 Like Hudibras, and amply plays his part—
 All must remember that momentous day,
 That awful era, scarcely passed away,
 When Truth and Reason, from their thrones were thrust,
 Their crowns and sceptres trampled in the dust;

When Faction gibber'd in her Babel-tongue
 And Justice slept "unhonor'd and unsung"!

When Humbug stalk'd, unfetter'd, unrestrained,
 And "Coon and Cider" joint protectors reigned,(15)
 Whose palace was a hut, whose throne a stool,
 And empty barrels, the symbols of their rule!

When vassals bowed, of every sex and age,
 Alike, the poor or rich, the fool or sage!—
 The merchant shut his store, the smith his shop,
 The farmer fled his field,—forsook his crop;
 The tailor dropp'd his goose, and half-made suit,
 The cobbler left his lass and unpair'd boot!
 The lawyer dropp'd his books, unclosed, unread,
 And doctors left the dying and the dead,—
 All trades, professions,—every one in fine,
 Like pilgrims, rush'd impetuous to the shrine!
 Even Parsons too! most wonderful to tell!
 Joined in the throng, and added to the swell;—
 Lo! in their fane, the midnight orgies rise,
 And echoes loud, are rending earth and skies!
 See Proteus, now, the laureate to the coon,
 Each ode he writes, and leads himself the tune,
 His voice grown hoarse, he begs they wont *encore*,
 What wind is left, he saves it for the floor—
 "A speech! a speech!"—the worshippers are still,
 While strains of eloquence, the temple, fill!
 What skill he shows in oratoric art,
 To suit his manner, to the varying part.
 At first, with "mock solemnity," like Bell,
 The studied phrases, in his throat, do swell—

Now, a' la' Foster, apes the ranting stage,
 And calm appears, though in a furious rage;
 Like orbs, whose swiftness beats the cannon's ball,
 Yet seem to us, they do not move at all!
 Now strikes, like Jarnagin, some humurous vein,
 And must indulge in fond facetious strain,
 Some anecdote or tale, though stale and old,
 So good and apropos, he cant withhold;
 He tells it slow, determined to be heard,
 While forward leans the crowd, to catch each word,
 The joke is reached, when laughter loud and clear,
 Splits every side, and deafens every ear!
 But Proteus mark! how silent all the while!
 No feature stirs, nor cracks a single smile;
 Thus, mules or asses, on a tread-wheel mill,
 Move vast machinery, yet themselves are still!—

Immortal Coon! whose claims have slept so long,
 Nor known to fame, except in ribald song!
 The time has come, a merit-loving age,
 Awards thy proper place, on History's page!—
 And thou! hard Cider, too, illustrious thou!
 A chaplet green shall ever deck thy brow;
 The sage and muse shall celebrate, henceforth,
 Thy grand achievements, and thy valorous worth!

Though Proteus has an easy race to run,
 The goal so near, the prize so easy won,
 It matters not, he toils and strives the more,
 As prospects brighten, and success insure;

Behold him, then, upon election day,
 How busy he—no time is thrown away!
 He takes aside, each member of the crowd,
 And whispers in his ear—but not too loud;
 The doubtful crew, and new-converted souls,
 He rallies first, and pulls them to the polls;
 Like melted metal, ere it grows too cold,
 Is briskly poured, to harden in the mould!
 Is there some one, whose brains, in liquor swim,
 With what fraternal care, he nurses him!
 His feeble friend, he gives his arms support,
 And counsels him, most gravely—how to vote!—
 Does Proteus chance to meet some unlearned wight,
 Unlucky man! that knows to read nor write!
 “Oh! what a chance!”—the idea makes him smile,
 Thinks he, “is here!” to try a harmless wile!—
 He must look at, the ticket of his friend,—
 “Is there no guardian genius will attend,
 No warning voice, no watching sylph that’s near,
 Suspicion’s tones, to whisper in his ear!
 Alas! there’s none! and justice cries alack!”—
 But what’s the matter! Proteus gives it back—
 No matter now! the juggling trick is o’er,
 And Proteus feels another vote is sure—
 That is, at least, when in the ballot-box,
 Of course, he sees to that, unsleeping fox!—
 In short, he leaves untried no scheme nor plan,
 But gets a vote, in every way, he can!
 At length, the conquest made! his heaving breast,
 Becomes composed, and lulls to perfect rest,

So mountains bellow, from parturient pain,
 Till comes the mouse, and all is calm again!
 Or oceans toss, in tempests, to the sky,
 "To waft a feather, or to drown a fly,"
 Then sleeps the surge, unrock'd by wind or wave,
 And Neptune slumbers, in his coral cave!

Humbugg'ry on! thy grand and glorious march,
 Shall be beneath one "long triumphal arch!"
 Still wider yet, thy flag shall be unfurled,
 To flash and flutter, o'er a dazzled world!
 Soon shall thy sons, desert the snail-like car,
 Snatch lightning-wings, and cleave the realms of air;
 Camilla-like, their pinion'd feet shall sweep,
 With fairy speed, athwart the foaming deep,
 Mount into space, with distant worlds commune,
 And reach, at last, their destined orb, the—moon!
 No more, mankind need strive, or sweat, or toil,
 For thy great art shall till, for them, the soil!
 Nay, thou, henceforth, shall reign and rule alone,
 And Truth and Nature tumble from the throne!



NOTES.

NOTE 1. PAGE 8. CANTO 1.

Nature was ask'd, AND THROUGH HER TEETH she spake,
Man's teeth, being constructed for animal and vegetable food, Zoologists infer he is an omniverous animal.

NOTE 2. PAGE 22. CANTO 2.

When Shelton, scamp'ring like a stall'd steed off,
Left lean-limb'd Lynch, to gnaw an empty trough,

Said Shelton was the President of the Brandon Bank, in its zenith of swindling. So crazy became too many of the Mississippians, in regard to him, they gave him dinners and toasted him as the Nicholas Biddle of the south. How are the mighty fallen! Governor Lynch was Shelton's successor—by the way however, a worthy and conscientious man.

NOTE 3. PAGE 22. CANTO 2.

————— *that greedy "twelve."*

The first directory of the "Union Bank of Mississippi," absolutely incurred liabilities, directly and indirectly, over a million of dollars!

NOTE 4. PAGE 23. CANTO 2.

Thus, wert thou Clinton, doom'd to early wane.

Clinton, Mississippi, like all small towns, was evidently affected by the severe pressure of '36 and '37—but it is more than probable, she would have soon rallied, had it not been for that painted bubble, the Real Estate Bank.

NOTE 5. PAGE 27. CANTO 3.

————— *'Caldwell-ligament'—*

A certain Caldwell (but not the great Caldwell) pretends to have discovered some new ligament, attaching the teeth to the gums. The profession generally, medical and dental, we believe, have decided upon it as a humbug.

NOTE 6. PAGE 44. CANTO 4.

————— *Virginia gang:*

The students, who visit the Medical colleges of Philadelphia, go by the citizens, under the general appellation of "Virginia Students."

NOTE 7. PAGE 45. CANTO 4.

He writes his name right o'er the labell'd cork!!

See Swaim's advertisement around his panacea.

NOTE 8. PAGE 46. CANTO 4.

————— *then threw his notch-stick down,*

Powhattan, the celebrated Indian chief, sent a secret spy with Rolfe, his son-in-law, to number the inhabitants of England. The spy on arriving at Plymouth, procured a stick and commenced notching down on it every individual he saw. He soon, however, became discouraged and threw his stick away in disgust.

NOTE 9. PAGE 48. CANTO 4.

————— *mercury's vile compound,*

Calomel is composed of about five-sixths of Mercury and the remainder of chlorine.

NOTE 10. PAGE 49. CANTO 4.

Some Birch or Smith —————

Harvey Birch, the hero of Cooper's Spy—and Deaf Smith, the celebrated spy of Texas, to whom that country is as much indebted for her independence as any one man.

NOTE 11. PAGE 55. CANTO 4.

See Shocco Jones, or Mississippi Foote,

The one signs his name "Jo Sewall Jones," and the other "H. Stuart Foote." We must here remark, that though we have freely used General Foote's name, on this and another occasion, still we are bound to acknowledge him as a man of no mean capacity—Nay, further, we are forced to accord to him talents of the very first order: Because forsooth, we dare to shoot our feeble missiles at the spots of the sun, it does not follow hence, we despise the dazzling splendour, and general brilliancy of its disc!

NOTE 12. PAGE 66. CANTO 6.

*There, Roxo, too, rolls in its ruddy flood,
Whose hue symbolic, hints of human blood;*

Rio Roxo is the Spanish name for Red River; the waters of which, every one knows, have a reddish tinge.

NOTE 13. PAGE 73. CANTO 7.

*Thus, who but knows, the mountain's driven snow,
Each tint contains, that streaks Jehovah's bow.—*

It is a familiar fact in optics, that when all the colors of the prism are blended, white is the result.

NOTE 14. PAGE 76. CANTO 7.

Ye parsons, too, with Kendrick, fly the church,

Kendrick, a preacher in one of the counties of Middle Tennessee, who descended from his high calling, in the Presidential canvass of '40, and distinguished himself on the stump, as a most wily demagogue and slang-monger.

NOTE 15. PAGE 92. CANTO 8.

And "Coon and Cider" joint protectors reigned,

To the lamented Harrison, we mean no disparagement; we feel convinced, from his character, he never sanctioned the vast amount of coarse humbuggerly that co-operated so powerfully, in elevating him to the presidency—but to the legions, who professed to follow him, and played so grand a part in that farcical era, we have nothing to offer, by way of extenuation.

ERRATA.

- Page 15, line 19, for "tutured" read "tutored."
 Page 16, line 19, for "Bandelocque" read "Baudelocque."
 Page 18, line 20, for "ten-pine" read "ten-pin."
 Page 18, line 26, for "zizzags" read "zigzags."
 Page 30, line 27, for "its" read "it."
 Page 36, line 1st of argument, for "prerequisites" read "prerequisites."
 Page 36, line 17, for "tradesmen" read "tradesman."
 Page 39, line 24, for "tades" read "takes."
 Page 40, line 21, for "scroll" read "scrawl."
 Page 44, line 28, for "symptoms" read "symptom."
 Page 46, line 7, for "repine" read "refine."
 Page 52, line 2, for "to" read "of."
 Page 60, line 8, for "cent" read "scent."
 Page 80, line 27, for "Tournourne" read "Tournure."
 Page 82, line 6th of text, for "at least" read "at last."
 Page 92, line 12, for "lass" read "last."
 Page 93, line 5, for "humurous" read "humorous."

Things which are a rare
Silk worm
Theirings
Get list of all

Next a long paper on the
with subscription list on this



22

U

70

humbly, Pat. & Bitters
which is a very good sort of all
the other sorts of cottons, which have
humbly.

John H. H.

also wrote "Novel on the Grampian Hills"
wrote "On Linden" &c - Campbell I think.

