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DAVY CROCKETT;

OR,

THE NIMROD OF THE WEST,

THE ONLY CURE FOR THE HARD TIMES.

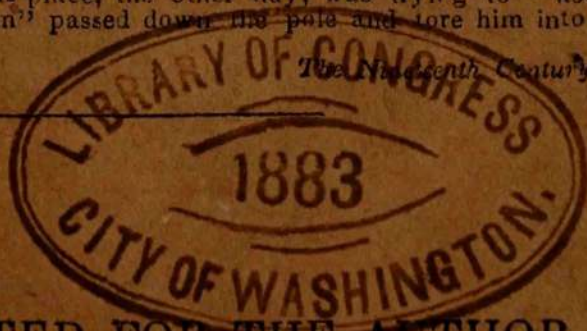
A POEM.

BY A FRIEND TO THE COLONEL.

CANTO I.

Dear sir;—Be so good as to send all the Cantos of my friend, the Colonel, down here; as there has nothing been published, since America was settled, that has such a “*taking way with us.*” In fact, Animal Magnetism, the Perpetual Motion, the System of Ballooning, and all the “*Humbugs*” of the day, are blown sky high now. “*They were striking at thunder with a long pole!*”

I will, my lord! for a “*feller*” in this place, the other day, was trying to “*hook a streak of lightning,*” when the “*Magnetism*” passed down the pole and tore him into ten thousand flinders!



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PREFATORY REMARKS.

I ONCE thought, and particularly when I commenced this Canto, that a man who could walk the Ohio, swim the Mississippi, and cling a bear on the opposite shore too close to be comfortable—a man who could ride through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning without getting a scratch—a man who could climb a skinned persimmon, backwards, ninety-nine times in a minute, to keep from freezing—a man who could jump down the throat of an aligator, and choke him to death before he knew it—I say, a man who could do all *this*, I thought could beat the devil! But I was mistaken: there is no doubt about it; for I had forgotten the *Editor* of the “*Sunday Morning News !!!*” Oh! monstrous! to call the Editor of the *Herald* a “*liar*”—wonderful! And that on a Sunday morning, too! Miserable! A “*scoundrel*,” besides! Oh! Nicodemus! ruler of the Jews! Oh! Xantippe’s husband! Oh! Socrates and Plato! what will become of us? Why, the man’s got the *hydrocephalus*! or the “*big head*,” as the farmers call it in their horses! Oh! thou *snappin* terrapin! Oh! thou half horse, and half aligator! Oh! thou *Oceola*! Oh! thou Jim Henry! Oh! thou Black Hawk! Oh! thou son of thunder! to call all the “*Editors*” in

the world, "*small fry*," but *yourself*! Oh! thou immortal automaton of self-esteem! thou personification of impudence! thou audacious compound of crab-apples and onions! thou sublime embodiment of incongruities! thou moving machine of chaos! thou shadow of a shade! I have been listening every moment to hear that his brains have been knocked out! Grind him up in a machine, and he'd come out all "*shin-plasters*!!" Oh! thou transcendental—thou—thou—

The whole of the next Canto shall be written for *thy* "BENEFIT."

A FRIEND TO THE COLONEL.

DAVY CROCKETT;

OR,

THE NIMROD OF THE WEST.

CANTO I.

L—d! said my mother, what is all this story about? A cock and a bull, said Yorick, and one of the best of its kind I ever heard. So don't think it amiss.—All I wish is——that it may be a lesson to the world, to let people tell their stories their own way.

Tristram Shandy

I.

LORD BYRON wished a hero—what a want!!

And rode Pegassus down to hook Don Juan!

Since Tennessee, we all politely grant,

Has sprouted forth, at last, the true one!

He, doubtless, now, the Ægis of all cant,

Whose life I mean to show has been a blue one;
Was born the Nimrod of the western wild,
And but for this had been like Hagar's child!

II.

Then "hail, Columbia! happy, happy land!"

And all the other lands beyond the waters!

We have one wonder ye can not withstand,

So, give him praise, ye happy sons and daughters.

He has one half the world at his command,

And Oh! ye habitants of England's quarter!

There is no Pakenham beneath your sun,

Can hold a light to this our King of fun.

III.

Now, all ye who are parasites of song,
 Come listen with attention to my story—
 It hits upon the truth so wondrous strong—
 The *ne plus ultra* of the Colonel's glory—
 And proves what ye have often heard is wrong,
 As any other falsehood met in History—
 That now my muse, exalted to this flight,
 Will show the truth by bringing it to light.

IV.

Ha ! you may laugh at laughter !—then laugh on—
 Yes, grin, ye lean and fat, and all together !
 There is much potency in grins of *ton*—
 A *virtuous* laugh is lighter than a feather.
 Some laugh potatoes-like, and grin *right down*,
 With palls upon their brows like cloudy weather ;
 And sphinx-like with their gabbling cachinations,
 Shake corpulence beyond its machinations.

V.

Laugh on—'t will cancel all your drowsy feelings—
 It is an outlet to awakened sense—
 A channel through enlarged pneumoniatic ceilings,
 That gives out awkwardness in one's defence ;
 But some throw back their heads with wondrous
 pealings,
 And warp their thorax with a deathlike wrench—
 Or grin existence from its very socket,
 As did the wild-cat over Davy Crockett !

VI.

Some make a noise as though a pistol fired,
And then relapse into the modern style ;
Some laugh like flying eggs till they get tired,
While others light their features with a smile.
The former never were by me admired—
The latter animate me all the while ;
But when it comes to roaring out and screaming,
It makes me feel like lightnings round me streaming !

VII.

But those who wish to laugh till they look hale,
May take a lesson from the Colonel's hunting ;
And those who wish to grin till they turn pale,
Or make their faces look like flying bunting,
Should hear him modestly repeat the tale
About the racoon and the bull-frog's grunting ;
And that enchantment should take on abortion,
Should see him grinned into a rapt contortion.

VIII.

Now, you may laugh as most of people do,
Because you have no thing to laugh about ;
You laugh at him, and he will laugh at you—
But whether you survive it is a doubt !
Be cautious, therefore, he could laugh you blue—
As he once did the lion—turn him out—
The time he whipt three wild cats at a match,
And rode a streak of lightning without even a scratch.

IX.

One hundred stanzas, added twenty five,
 Shall be the number of each glowing Canto,
 Which shall continue, if, perchance, I live,
 Until I fill "*chock full*" my old "portmanteau ;"
 Which, like his fame, shall all things else survive,
 And all the world may quarrel if they want to ;
 For what upon this world can ever mar
 The glorious brightness of this western star ?

X.

And first, it would be right to say, his mother
 Was a woman, and his father was a man !
 And that he lived unique, and had no brother
 That we have heard of, since the world began !
 About them it would not be right to bother,
 But just to hint at now and then we can—
 His first progenitors—we know he had 'em—
 But were they any kin to Eve or Adam ?

XI.

I say the Colonel has been treated wrong,
 And stigmatized in all his wondrous dealings—
I, therefore, write his character in song,
 And hope it may accord with all your feelings.
 Not that my argument is not as strong
 As that which haunts the world with prosey pealings ;
 But a far better way, in truth, to tell
 Where he was born, and how, and what befel.

XII.

When Israel's jackass went up the mountain,
 He brayed to all the nations round about ;
 And, thirsting for some drink, he struck the fountain—
 The blood of seventy brethren gushed without !
 But stumps were all the hills he went to mounting,
 Which made him first so wonderful, no doubt,
 For all poor Jotham said on Mount Gerizim
 Did not reform Abimeleck—and we despise him.

XIII.

His birthplace was, I think, a land of *bogs*,
 Which lies beyond the crystal Tennessee !
 His castle, I believe, was made of *logs*,
 The greatest architecture, doubtlessly,
 That ever bore an atmosphere of *fogs*,
 Or held a man of more renown than *he* !
 Who leaves it every summer with bear-fevers,
 Which he abates before he quits the king of rivers.

XIV.

Oh ! for a pen of steel—for ink of fire—
 To paint you all the hues of his complexion !
 To please you is my heart and soul's desire,
 Then take the song—perhaps 'twill bear inspection ;
 But if you hate the likeness, vent your ire,
 And publish to the world the false detection ;
 But ere you come to your unkind conclusions,
 Be not coerced by optical delusions.

XV.

I'll prove at first his magnanimity,
 And then develop what you all should know ;
 That he was born to blaze in that sublimity
 Which ne'er was known to stand *in statu quo*.
 But shall outlive his noble consanguinity,
 Or any other earthquake that might overflow
 The temple that his hardihood may frame,
 And live, which he will doubtless do, in deathless
 fame.

XVI.

There is no evidence beneath the sun,
 Why David should not be a mighty man—
 No *speaker* in Columbia ever won
 More fame than he has, since he first began ;
 Nor have they understood one half his fun,
 Nor old John Bull, with all his wondrous clan—
 The fact is—and the truth we all should own—
 His knowledge is so great it never can be known !

XVII.

There's Webster, Forsyth, Holmes, Calhoun and Clay,
 And forty wise men at the present session—
 Who fade like night before the break of day,
 Whene'er they come within his own profession ;
 And like a wolf that keeps the moon at bay,
 He guards the District as his own possession,
 And swears he loves her with his own devotion,
 " *From wide Atlantic sea to big pathetic ocean.*"

XVIII.

He is the *Pater Patriæ* of the western world,
Who never fought a battle in his life,
Except with wild cats, which to darkness hurled—
And some one said he gave up to his wife !
A cooler heart its waters never purled—
Who never felt but once a moment's strife,
And that was just to think, that when he died,
No mortal man could in his name preside !

XIX.

If Adam should be hurled from Paradise,
And Dante should be exiled from his home ;
And just Aristides before his eyes,
As was the very builders of old Rome—
Why in the nation should he take this rise ?
Or stand as now he stands in days to come ?
And why should all the world believe in Crockett,
And see him not blown up like a sky rocket ?

XX.

Because he was not made for more nor less
Than the most wonderful of every wonder !!
A real bull-dog from the wilderness,
Whose very bark is like a clap of thunder !
So fearless and intrepid in distress,
That he would tear the ocean's waves asunder !
Nor pull off breeches, shoes, nor coat, nor hat,
But cling a bear, and swim out with a cat !

XXI.

Of all the sixteen sons of Niobe,
 There was not one could match this forest lion ;
 A braver wight " you'd never wish to see,"
 Although his heart was neither steel nor iron ;
 For he would never shrink from fun or glee,
 And liked to travel just as well as Byron,
 Who, had he lived to see, and hear, and know him,
 Had made a greater hero for his Juan-poem.

XXII.

This poem was begun in leisure hours,
 As now and then my muse could soar to sing,
 Who set off, as if with redoubled powers,
 As if to soar upon an eagle's wing.
 I thought full oft of cool and shady bowers,
 Where I might loiter by some cooling spring,
 Like the Pyerian, worth a mortal's tasting,—
 For deepest draughts are always the most lasting.

XXIII.

'T is right that I should have a good beginning,
 That I may sing the better in the end—
 I must admit the thread which I am spinning
 A most delightful one to darn and mend ;
 And, knowing this, I am much credit winning
 From those who know to what good morals tend ;
 For who would think my heart to virtue stoney,
 Were I to swop Pegasus for an Indian poney ?

XXIV.

He had a father and a mother, too,
 Who, no doubt, left him at his own discretion ;
 And then they did what no one else would do,
 For David needed much of strict suppression !
 When but a lad, he waded rivers through,
 Without regarding it a small digression ;
 And, rather than be nice about the track,
 Would “ *toat* ” a steamboat over on his back.

XXV.

His mother died when he was of an age
 At which the world was not of much concern,—
 A time when he would get into a rage,
 And every “ *lick* ” was followed by a “ *durn !* ”
 I wish to write my book by “ *Gunter’s gage,* ”
 That all the world may half his goodness learn ;
 And how the name of sense, with all his blunders,
 He ever came to be the first of wonders !

XXVI.

Before she died, she used to talk sublimely
 Of prophecies—redemptions—revelations—
 Her death was, therefore, unto him untimely—
 But little cared he for his own relations ;
 For all were gone—except his cousin Imely—
 And he was left the Patriarch of the nations,—
 When, all at once, he took him off to sporting,
 And ending with this song—“ *he went a courting !* ”

TO EVERY BODY WHO MINDS EVERY BODY'S
BUSINESS BUT THEIR OWN.

1

Since first I crossed the mountain's height,
And came to Tennessee,
I've tried to be the most polite
That mortal man can be ;
But now they say I'm courting here !
The half I mean to own—
*I wish they'd mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.*

2

I do not say they tell a lie
About my self-repute,
For that I mean to guard or die—
Which no man shall dispute.
But still they say my actions speak
Than words a louder tone—
*I wish they'd mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.*

3

I do not say they treat me wrong
By telling what they see,
But when they wish to "push along,"
They need not "push" at me.

But then they say it must be so—
 The thing is too well known—
I wish they 'd mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.

4

God knows I love them all as well
 As they deserve, I ween,
 But then they know the thing so well—
 What strangers they have been !
 I scarce had been in town a day,
 Before the thing was known—
I wish they 'd mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.

5

The grandees of the town will sup—
 'T is hard, I do declare !
 And eat the cakes and good things up,
 And still I can 't be there !
 And when they finish, each one says,
The thing is now well known—
I wish they 'd mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.

6

And then they all go angling, too,
 But I must stay at home !
 I wish to God that I could do
 Just as they do in Rome.

And when the party gathers round,
They say, *the thing is known*—
I wish they'd mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.

7

The Doctor, whom I used to see
So often in the day,
Has now forgot to visit me,
And keeps himself away!
I wonder if, like other folks,
He says, *the thing is known*—
I wish he'd mind his own affairs,
And let mine be alone.

8

I don't care how they tell their tales,
If they would keep in town;
Although they nail me with their nails,
From forty-pennies down!
And now, I say, just crack your jokes—
But then the thing's well known!
I wish they'd mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.

9

The ladies, too, may fish and sport,
And see "*their lots of fun,*"
And talk about the late report,
And what is to be done;

But though I wish them all good luck,
The truth we all must own—
They'd better mind their own affairs,
And let mine be alone.

XXVII.

King David whipt Goliah once of old,
And Judith also murdered Holophernes ;
And Cacus fell by Hercules, the bold,
And Satan fought with serpents in a furnace !
And Hector fought Achilles, we are told,
And brave Archimedes old Rome, to learn us
A single arm, when wielded with good aim,
Will make as many subjects as *his* name.

XXVIII.

The Goth and Vandal leveled with the dust,
Thebes, Ammon's Oracle, Memphis—all !
And now the serpent crawls upon each bust,
Where long Æolus sung of Delphis' fall !
Shall Plato, Zeno, Tully, Philip rust,
And Rome be silent in each Curia hall ?
And David live through Time's eternal ages ?
As now he shines on these immortal pages ?

XXIX.

Are Solon and Lycurgus laid as low ?

And are the Porch and Lyceum desolate ?

No Forum echoes now for Cicero !

And shall our *hero* meet this glorious fate ?

Or shall he need Apelles' pencil, to

Bring back to light the name that once was great ?

Or Homer's song to consecrate his name,

And raise him up from indigence and shame ?

XXX.

Let Milton, Dryden, Shakspeare—all, undying,

Just write whate'er they please, and so will I ;

I am now living—they are all now lying

In their graves,—their souls can never die !

And we, to imitate them, fail in trying !

For who can see beyond an eagle's eye ?

Then let me stick to Crockett, page by page,

And show him handed down from age to age.

XXXI.

Then read and laugh—but are you not to blame ?

No more than Milton was for writing battles

Fought in heaven—much to the devil's shame !

Where all the elements were made to rattle,

That he might win a victory—gain a *name* !

But, like the *king*, was made to graze like cattle !

And, after all, to have his "*noggin*" bruised,

Because he had his Master and the world misused.

XXXII.

Elijah did whate'er the Lord commanded,
And went to Cherith's brook, and there he ate
The food the ravens brought him, and demanded
A lonely widow's bread beside the gate—
The which the tender lady softly handed,
But stated that he had been rather late,
Without one clue to his prophetic zeal—
Who fed her oil, and multiplied her meal.

XXXIII.

He also saw on Horeb many sights,
Which should have been, and were, in days of old ;
But, in this dispensation, such "*big lights*"
Are never seen, nor would they e'er be told—
Though not less true—because inspired wights
Proclaimed them to the world with honor bold,
And no one can deny what they have stated,
Or find one fault with that they promulgated.

XXXIV.

Now David was a youth of pleasant turn,
And did not like to tarry at a place
Much longer than 't was possible to learn
The people's notions, and, with quizzing grace,
To leave them, lest they might at last discern
The glorious talent that begrimmed his face—
When lo ! he filled him up his empty flaggon,
And drove to Boston in a pedlar's wagon,

XXXV.

Though David had no credit, and less money,
 Yet, still, his heart was pregnant with good worth :
 I know you all will think his trip was funny—
 And so it was—but suffering kills all mirth !
 This proves that gall is mixed with all our honey !
 For he was doomed to lie upon the earth !
 But all his hardships were forgotten quite,
 When first the city burst upon his sight.

XXXVI.

He passed him onward over hill and dale,
 And came within a squirrel's jump of starving !
 He met no body who had meat for sale,
 And, therefore, killed a deer, and went to carving ;
 But as his all of hopes began to fail,
 Up came a fellow by the name of Darving,
 Who told him all that one could tell another ;
 So David loved him as he did his brother.

XXXVII.

The fellow asked young David whence he came ?
 Who plainly told him, from the Indian nation !
 He then requested him to tell his name,
 And if he had on earth a live relation ?
 And David told him that were all the same,—
 For thoughts of kin will sometimes give vexation—
 Who told an anecdote, from no one quoted,
 Which, from that day to this, has been much noted.

XXXVIII.

He said, that he went out a hunting deer,
 And killed sixteen—which he considered luck !
 When something else came bounding in the rear,
 Which he perceived to be a splendid buck.
 His rifle then was empty as his ear,
 And every feeling was in such a ruck,
 That he took out a peach-stone from his pocket,
 And rammed it down—hurrah for Davy Crockett !

XXXIX.

About three years from this, he went again
 To start some cattle which he herded there :
 Three days before this, fell a washing rain,
 Which made the chance for tracking pretty fair—
 When, all at once, a buck leaped o'er the cane,
 And on his back—which made the Colonel stare—
 A peach tree stood—(this hint a moral teaches)—
 Which grew from that same stone—all full of peaches !

XL.

The Colonel halted, and he tied his nag,
 And raised his fuzee to his face and fired !
 The bushes rattled, and down fell the stag,
 And kicked, and bleated, till his life retired !
 Now, how could David's spirit ever flag ?
 But just before the victim had expired,
 Up came to his accord a mister Johnstone, [stone.
 Who said, Well ! you have killed two birds with one

XLI.

I once went out, said David unto him,
 (My fuzee was not used to throwing stones,)
 When, lo ! ten turkeys lit upon a limb,
 Right over where I stood—and, by Tom Jones !
 I had no bullets, but began to trim
 A musket ball, which I rubbed on the stones,
 Which ramming down, I split the limb at last,
 And caught ten feet, and held each turkey fast !

XLII.

His conversation with the pedlar I postpone
 Until a more convenient, and respectful season ;
 And other things, *per force*, I 'll let alone,
 For the next Canto—as I have a reason—
 Which thus forbids me now to make them known—
 Not that the Colonel there committed treason—
 But in that rhyme I mean to make him better
 Than many think—therefore, the world 's my debtor.

XLIII.

Where is Dian's Temple ? Gone to the dust !
 Palmyra, Balbec, and Jerusalem ?
 Olympion Jove, with his collossai bust,
 And Tully, who once wore the diadem ?
 Their bones are bleaching in unconscious rust !
 But shall destruction ever overwhelm
 The mighty hero of this fruitful west ?
 Or, shall his name survive to animate each breast ?

XLIV.

The oak may stand aloof a thousand years,
 And brave the whirlwind's and the lightning's blast ;
 But when it falls we shed no mourning tears,
 And quite forget it ever stood the past !
 But when man dies, our conscience goes and rears
 A tablet to his memory that may last ;
 And, if his deeds can only fill the rent,
 We go and write them on his monument.

XLV.

And thus it is, we grow mature and old,
 While Hope's delusions dance around us ever ;
 But soon we find existence wan and cold,
 And then the grave devours our hopes for ever !
 And David, who is stong and wondrous bold,
 May *grin* down wild cats, and be monstrous clever,
 But ere he knows it, Death will give him warning,
 And then good bye—that darkness has no morning!

XLVI.

He may be competent in politicks,
 And swim the Mississippi with a bear ;
 But when he comes to cross the river o' Styx,
 I think his hide will feel the wear and tear ;
 And he will "*kick against*" "*the keenest prick's*"
 That ever mortal felt—and choose to bear
 "*The ills that life is heir to,*" than to wade
 That cursed river "*what the Devil made !*"

XLVII.

This way of fighting wild cats, is quite tough,
 And living under water half a day
 To drown an Aligator, is enough
 To make one think him not of common clay ;
 But, like old Jupiter, so "*tarnal*" rough,
 That he might turn the thunderbolt away,
 And grin the lightning into pure devotion,
 As he did once when'er he took the notion.

XLVIII.

There are ten thousand ways to kill a dog,
 Besides our hanging him to death by choking;
 There are as many ways through which to jog,
 Without tobacco-chewing, much less smoking ;
 There are as many ways to be a hog
 As either—which is truly more provoking—
 And twice as many ways to live much better,
 Than drinking whiskey as the Devil's debtor.

XLIX.

Now whether this be David's way or not,
 We all must judge from what we see and hear—
 I do not think it ever was his lot
 To grieve about this world, or shed a tear !
 However clear he is of every other blot
 That may against his character appear—
 Although if this extended unto all,
 Our hopes of the millennium would be small.

L.

I like to see a man protect his own,
And never stint his family in bread ;
I like to see a husband's riches known,
For fear his wife may suffer when he's dead ;
I hate to see a husband left alone,
For when together they can go ahead—
It looks so kind when they are both united,
For when they part—they never can get righted !

LI.

Now whether David ever left his wife,
Or stinted her in either meal or meat,
Should not be noticed in his wondrous life,
For fear the writer might get slightly beat !
And all I quote about his domil strife,
Is what I've heard—and that is quite discreet—
That when her shoes wore out—for want of riches—
He made a pair out of his buckskin breeches !

LII.

I think this made a part of Fitz's speech,
When he accused him of unmanly lying,
Who swore if he would come within his reach—
(The Colonel then was on the stump replying)
That he would make upon his life a breach !
But David had no notion then of dying,
For his opinion was, that he was more
Than Fitz could be, or *he* had been before.

LIII.

He never needed Æsculapius' aid,
 Though Venus played full oft about his heart ;
 And knew no more about what Brutus said,
 Than Cæsar—when he struck him with his dart !
 And, like Mark Antony, is not afraid
 But that each man must act his little part ;
 And that each fault of life shall rudely gore'em
 As he did once when in the Roman Forum.

LIV.

I am not sorry I began this song.
 And now to quit—I cannot bear in mind—
 Not that I am to fail by going wrong—
 Or that Pegasus seems like getting tired—
 For I intend to ride him late and long—
 For mine shall be a theme of its own kind
 The *ne plus ultra* of the life of one
 Who never found a match beneath the sun.*

LV.

The world is made up out of many kinds
 Of beings—Bipeds, quadrupeds, and things
 Unsightly to a decent eye—the minds—
 With serpents of a thousand deadly stings,
 Whose venom round our hearts forever winds,
 And tears the feathers from our turtles wings ;
 And then glides off, and leaves a sting behind
 More deadly than the one that made us blind !

* Except the Editor of the "*Sunday Morning News*."

LVI.

The world is said to be a bag of nails—

That some are flats, and others sharps, and queer
ones—

The winds blow on us, and we set our sails,

And ere we reach the coast we find them dear ones!

Our hopes get sick, and then our prospect fails,

And soon we find us left of all our dear ones!

When all at once, Behold! we have no breath!

For all we have falls to the heirs of Death!

LVII.

The world, says Shakspeare, is a stage,

Where every mortal acts a comic part;

Who now and then in Tragedies engage,

Which stirs up every fountain of the heart!

For marriages have been so long the rage,

Each actor seems to “damn” them with an art—

For common things have never failed to sate us,

Till something should succeed to reinstate us.

LVIII.

Man is a compound being, as we know,

Made out of soul and body—both divine—

But why the heart is mortal, and must go

To dust again—is not a work of mine.

We see it thus, and know it should be so,

And should not for mortality repine;

But let our hearts attend to life's first cause,

And live obedient to the moral laws.

LIX.

The world is definite—and so are we,
And tend in our relations to each other—
Proving that we are just as we should be—
That every man should be his neighbour's brother—
For all must meet in that eternity,
As children of the same immortal mother—
Then why the nation do we scratch and fight,
When Pope has said, "*Whatever is, is right?*"

LX.

The mountains, and the hills that deck the earth,
Are glowing with immensity around us !
The sun—the moon—and all we see at birth,
Confirm of His love, and quite confound us !
Then why should we not live and have our mirth,
When every thing that we can ask surrounds us ?
The Book of Nature rusts upon our shelves,
And we forget the duty owed ourselves !

LXI.

The rivers, and the lakes, and all the floods,
And all the forests, and the deserts wide ;
And every blossom that bedecks the woods,
With thousands, and ten thousand gifts beside—
The green clad isles—the fairy solitudes—
And all the feelings that can flow from pride—
Now tell us with a voice divine as deep,
That death is but a life for all to reap.

LXII.

'Tis right that every man should moralize
Upon the precepts that pertain to good ;
'Tis also right he should not sacrifice
Upon the Altar of his solitude,
His better feelings, when his passions rise ;
'T is right that every thought should be imbued
With something holy, that his soul may know
By its own deeds the place where it should go.

LXIII.

'Tis folly for a wise man to be sad,
When all around him, in his younger years,
Redound to benefit and make him glad,
And wipe from off his cheek the briny tears !
It is an ugly sight to see him mad,
As if he had as many tongues as ears,
And nature, like a wild horse, had got frightened
At his own shadow— which should have enlightened.

LXIV.

Descartes placed the soul within the gland
Called Pineas—a close and narrow place—
Perhaps he wished to have it safe at hand,
When he should meet his Maker face to face.
It was a curious idea to command,
And worked materially to his disgrace,
Although he may have spoken from the glance
Of his dissections—and his ignorance.

LXV.

There was a mighty king, called Adromandius,
 Deep skilled in all the wisdom of the East ;
 There was another titled Capadocius,
 Who met Belshazzar at his impious feast ;
 There was another who was called Bosphorius,
 And Babylonius—the worst and last—
 With Pontius, Dodorius, Subterraneus,
 And Persius, Polignius, and Mediterraneus.*

LXVI.

Now as to David's soul—his wisdom—worth—
 And all that appertains, in any wise,
 To make him wonderful upon this earth—
 Is written plainly in his very eyes !
 And now, that it may give us more than mirth,
 And not that it can touch his early rise,
 I would suggest that he has made his station
 The *magnum bonum* of the Indian nation.

LXVII.

Poor David ! may thy deeds be ever clear,
 And every thought, through life, be unmolested ;
 May both thine eyes be closed without a tear,
 And all thy goodness by thy virtues tested ;
 May prudent caution, and expectant fear,
 Be poler stars to all thy judgment vested ;
 And may all wisdom be your daily banquet,
 And let no winter catch you without cloak and blanket.

* Tristram Shandy.

LXVIII.

But to return, and not digress so soon,
 The Colonel roved about the famous city,
 Near all the day, until the afternoon,
 And thought, full oft, it was a cursed pity
 To be so indigent in life's full moon ;
 And there he fell in love with one Miss Kitty,
 Who paid the compliment with all her heart,
 And wept all night because they had to part !

LXIX.

The reason that I derogate so lightly,
 Is, my Epic is a moral from the stump ;
 But I would warn him death is very sightly,
 Though he may think it but a squirrel's jump ;
 And I would merely hint, and that politely,
 That such a leap would give his soul a thump,
 Which might procure him an eternal station—
 But not exactly in the Indian nation.

LXX.

The first exploit of his that claims our mention,
 Is that which had its birth in prime of life—
 A time when men are full of deep invention
 To know how they should manage with a wife.
 I would that this should claim your whole attention,
 As it contains some pleasure mixed with strife,
 Which every body knows is every body's portion,
 Who loves as David loved—with pure devotion.

LXXI.

This was the time the Colonel called his time,
 Though he was on the eves of falling through—
 That is, when he was at his very prime
 In every thing—but knowing what to do.
 And if I can conform it to my rhyme,
 It will not be amiss to give a clue
 To his proportions—that my glorious story
 May occupy some weeks to give *him* glory.

LXXII.

Had he not been unfortunate we know
 He could not have been fortunately wise—
 The wise man prayed that God should make him so,
 So, David's trip to Boston oped his eyes.
 He prayed for wisdom, and a heart to grow
 In knowledge of all kinds, from which doth rise
 All happiness—though gall is mixed with honey,
 As David found out when he lost his money !

LXXIII.

They parted as most people do, who love,
 And, faith ! the parting was a fatal kind !
 She soon got restless, like the mateless dove,
 And took to wandering both in heart and mind !
 At length she died, and went safe home above,
 And left the world with all her friends behind ;
 Who mourned sincerely her untimely loss,
 And wonderred how she met with such a cross.

LXXIV.

The Colonel met her, and the meeting gave
 Untimely birth to primature distresses !
 He came back home—she went into the grave,
 In spite of all her mother's fond caresses !
 She lacked one thing—the firmness of the brave—
 And that long fortitude which often blesses—
 Perhaps he was to blame—or she—or both—
 For surely she had seen much finer cloth.

LXXV.

Some men are like a southern aligator,
 Or Tarapin recumbent on a log—
 They steal the sunshine from their great Creator,
 Until they grow as lazy as a hog ;
 And when you chide them, say, "*It is my nature*"
 Nor make themselves more useful than a frog—
 Till, when Death comes, they meet the dreadful
 slaughter,
 Just like a Tarapin falls in the water.

LXVI.

Some, like a bull frog, groan in a morass,
 When e'er they can collect their partial party ;
 Then magnify, as doth a broken glass,
 Until their very feelings grow fool hardy ;
 And thus, in politics, they form a class,
 Till each one makes his soul extremely darty,
 Till vainly trying who shall be the first,
 They swell themselves immoderately—and—burst !

LXXVII.

And here I would suggest a better plan,
 Perhaps, than ever was conceived before—
 That is, to make yourself your own man's man—
 Be satisfied with self, and wish no more.
 Nay ! mix with no one who prefers a clan,
 For he will ride you till your back is sore—
 But do just like the Colonel—make your bed—
 And, whether thorns or roses—"Go ahead."

LXXVIII.

But to conclude—it should be to return—
 The Pedlar and the Colonel went to bed,
 And slept, from all that we could hear or learn,
 As soundly as if they had both been dead !
 But what they said is none of my concern—
 Enough to say, they had no sort of dread,
 But that the morning would be fair and sunny,
 When all at once the Colonel missed his money !

LXXIX.

But, like a prudent man, he held his tongue,
 Expecting on the morrow to find out
 How in the mischief he had been so stung,
 Without experiencing a single doubt
 As it regarded him, who was as young
 As he himself—perhaps he was as stout—
 And went to thinking how he'd take a banter,
 Which you shall hear of in the second Canto.

LXXX.

There are as many ways to wake reflections
 Of our childhood—which is past and gone!
 And make us love the love of our connections,
 And cherish all the good things they have done,
 As trees that deck the forest—recollections
 Of their kindnesses, when we are left alone,
 Must now and then call forth the sleeping tear,
 And make us wish that they were half as near.

LXXXI.

It takes a heap of folks to make a world,
 As different in their manners as their minds;
 Some men are wise—a Dandy's locks are curled!!
 And there are ladies, too, of many kinds;
 And some are predestined to live unfurled,
 And some are poisoned by the hope that blinds;
 And some are blasted by their sins imputed,
 Which are, in every sinner's heart, deep rooted.

LXXXII.

He stopped that night with one called Reuben Hicks,
 A noted place for gambling and much sinning;
 And there he first commenced his politics,
 Which seemed, to all, a very good beginning;
 And there he made his *debut* into tricks,
 Made up of jokes, and much of frightful grinning;
 And *there* it was the fortune-teller quoted
 A psalm, to prove that he would be much noted.

LXXXIII.

He had an interview with many people,
 Of many colors, and of many nations ;
 And now and then would gaze upon the steeple,
 To which he thought a cane-brake bore relations !
 He had an interview with one Jo Beeble,
 Who told him of the ship and all her stations ;
 And how, of late, his pilot's eyes were failing,
 And wished that he would spend his life in sailing.

LXXXIV.

He met with forty Irishmen, and sixty French,
 Some Swiss, Italians, and some ugly Dutch—
 Among the number was a mister Hentch,
 Who owned a ship,—but walked upon a crutch !
 Who said his leg was broken by a wrench,
 Which, at that time, was fractured very much—
 When David said, there is for all men's ills
 But one safe cure, and that is "*Brandreth's Pills* !"

LXXXV.

One Jacob Gainger, and some dozen Jacks,
 As many Jims, and Bobs, and jolly Peters,
 Began to joke him on the Indian acts,
 And whether they were not inhuman "*creatures* !"
 Which he denied by telling them some facts,
 Rebutted and misquoted by repeaters,
 When all at once he wished them at Erebus,
 With all the "wild romance of sparkling Phoebus."

LXXXVI.

We all love praise, and like to have a name,
 And sacrifice our rest, and labor too,
 To reach beyond the mountain height of fame,
 Which is allowed on earth to very few !
 And when we get there, just to keep from shame,
 We labor all our lives to bear us through ;
 And then the next thing that we do, is just
 To lie down in our graves, and turn to dust !

LXXXVII.

Oh ! what a glorious thing it is to marry,
 And by that marriage have a pretty child—
 For if man's heart should ever come to carry
 As burthen, *then* it is that he is mild.
 For every thing from what it was must vary,
 And through his wife all things seem undefiled,
 And that which was impurity before,
 Looks like the white-washed sand upon the shore.

LXXXVIII.

Oh ! what a glorious thing it is to lean
 And see a steam-boat coming in full sail ;
 And then to look at Davenport's machine,
 And think how hard it is for him to fail !
 It must be right—there is no go-between—
 Though every thing is now upon the gale,
 For the same principle pervades all nature—
 To fail would lay him cold as a potatoe !

LXXXIX.

There are three eras in a woman's life—
 'Tis no such thing—she is throughout, all woman—
 Or, she is nothing—that is, when a wife—
 And when she is not, she is most inhuman,
 And cares not much for any thing but strife !
 Which soon must break the heart of any true-man !
 But when she is all woman—not a light
 That shines in heaven but that she makes more bright.

XC.

Oh ! what a glorious thing it is to rhyme,
 And to create out of creation things
 Which are not of this world—and give to time
 A whole eternity—whose golden wings
 Shall fly o'er prostrate nature, when the clime
 In which we live shall be no more !—this brings
 The soul within the sphere of its attraction,
 And makes it scan existence to a fraction.

XCI.

Oh ! what a glorious thing it is to live
 With one whose very sympathies are sighs,
 And drink the smiles of love !—I would not give
 The two immortal glories of her eyes
 For all the stars in heaven !—for we forgive
 The little frailties of the sex, and prize
 Them more because they need our help about them—
 For what the devil would we do without them ?

XCII.

Oh! what a glorious thing it is to see
 A little animal, like man, make fools
 Of half creation! just that he may be
 The lord of all his proselytes—the tools
 With which he builds a bark for his own sea,
 To steal, alas! the merchandise of schools,
 And freight away the brains of pure devotion
 Into that midnight gulph—the Devil's ocean!

XCIII.

And what a glorious thing it is to see
 All round the universe at the same time—
 This beats all poetry!—it is the mystery
 Cf “*Animal magnetism!*”—how sublime!—
 To look from time into eternity,
 Is nothing for a dying man!—but prime
 The senses with a little humbug, and the soul
 Will go all round the universe from pole to pole.

XCIV.

Alas! for all the fools are not dead yet!
 And if my ink were lightning, and my pen
 A thunder-bolt, I'd magnetize a set!
 And see if I could make them act like men,
 And not like *fools!*—but they must pay the debt
 Of their own ignorance to fools again;
 Or, at my bidding, they should end their quarrels
 By firing off two guns with double barrels.

XCV.

And what a glorious thing it is to write,
 And teach the soaring soul to contemplate
 The fullness of all wisdom, in its flight—
 And through the boundless fields of space, to sate
 It with the ocean of eternal light !
 For fools are all made wiser by our fate—
 And, like wax candles, we can bare abuses,
 And burn away our souls for other's uses !

XCVI.

And what a glorious thing it is to be
 A poet in America ! how deep
 Are all the fountains of pure poetry !
 For over Castaly the stars doth keep
 Eternal watch to guard its purity—
 For they shall last when we are all asleep !
 But when we get the blues—they let the Bard in—
 We get right up and go to *Niblo's garden* !

XCVII.

Of all the ages ever in an age
 Was noted, this, of all the humbug ages,
 Is the greatest !—'tis the very rage
 Throughout the Union !—for the best of sages
 Are writing books by moonshine !—for each page
 Is smothered by the smoke, which, from these pages,
 Shall be made sunshine, just to show how bright
 The truth of nonsense is, when brought to light.

XCVIII.

Behold ! the curtain of the Park is up,
 And every box is roaring out like thunder !
 And see how Forrest drinks from genius' cup
 Immortal glory ! *he*, that was the wonder
 Of Old England, has returned to sup
 With young America !—*he* rent assunder
 The barriers to American renown,
 And made a land of genius tremble at his own !

XCIX.

God bless thee, Forrest ! may thy life be long
 And prosperous—may thy joys on earth increase—
 The cup that shall be quaffed for thee, in song,
 Shall leave its nectar on the lips of nations—peace
 Shall then attend thee to the grave, among
 Thy fathers—gathering music from the seas—
 To lend an anthem to the coming years,
 When memory shall return to thee in tears !

C.

God bless thee, Edwin ! thou hast soared above
 The minds of common men ; thy name is feared
 In all the nations with an awful love !
 For thou art like the glory of the bird
 Whose home is in the sun—and thou shalt move
 On down the stream of time, and shalt be heard
 By future ages, like some mighty river,
 Whose waves shall wash America forever.

CI.

Thou art th' immortal earthquake of pure passion,
 And the eternal whirlwind of the soul
 Embodied in sublimity !—no fashion,
 Or formality can rule thee, or control
 The thundering river of thy genius !—then rush on,
 Thou mighty catarac of pure pathos !—roll
 The time-illumined volume of thy mind
 For future ages—as the greatest of thy kind.

CII.

And thou, sweet Emma ! Nightengale of heaven !
 Who art the glorious compound of the soul
 Of nature and of art !—thou who hast given
 The mystic glory that surrounds the whole
 Of Shakspeare's plays—a living beauty !—even
 Beyond the magic of thine own control—
 I kneel with adoration to thy mind !
 And own, sweet lady !—thou wilt treat me kind ?

CIII.

And thou who art the wall-flower of the love
 Of this world's wilderness ! the Melpomene
 Of all that is most beautiful !—the dove
 Of Heaven embodying Desdamona !—Queen
 Of all that is delightful !—let me rove
 Upon the pastures where thy flocks are seen—
 Thou, lightning of my chaos ! let me seek
 A refuge in thy love—or else my heart will break.

CIV.

Thou art the jassamine of flowers ! the rose
 Of all life's joy !—the moon of poetry !—
 The blossom from the tree of life that grows
 In Paradise !—an island in the sea
 Of all life's melody !—around which flows
 The shell-tones of my soul !—Oh ! thou shalt be
 The star-light of my being ! thou who art
 The boquet of Parnassus ! come into my heart !

CV.

Truth is the glory of all time, and is
 The hand-maid of eternity !—the light
 Of all that is most beautiful !—the bliss
 Of all that is most perfect !—the delight
 Which flows from all that gives us happiness !—
 For all that she has smiled upon is bright !
 And from the tree of life, by Siloah's waters,
 She plucks the fruit of joy for all her daughters.

CVI.

'Tis said that Jabal, son of Lemeck, first
 Invented tents—that Noah, when he came
 From out the Ark, lived also as the worst
 Of Indians live—and, we may say the same
 Of Abraham who lived in Mamre—nursed
 His children—and of Deborah, whose name
 Was known upon Mount Ephraim, where she was
 A prophetess, and told the things that came to pass.

CVII.

'Tis also said that Thebez cast a stone
 Upon Abimeleck, and broke his head !
 And to the Israelites the law was known—
 “Thou shalt not pledge the nether millstone”—said,
 Because, dependent on that thing alone,
 They could not live without it—for, the bread
 They ate, as now in Scotland, came from turning
 The thing that sent Abimeleck to burning.

CVIII.

'Tis said, that David, in the wilderness
 Of Judah, longed for water from the well
 Of Bethlehem, which he used to drink as his,
 And thirsted for it greatly—we could dwell
 Upon this moral—for there is no bliss,
 (As we are told by travelers, who should tell)
 To an Egyptian greater—you may smile—
 Than drinking water from his native Nile.

CIX.

An Arab loves the desert of Saharah,
 And lives on locusts as his daily food !
 Of old the people used to drink of Marah,
 While others drank the rivers of pure blood !
 But in that land where Abram courted Sarah,
 There were as many people who were good,
 As others who were not like Israel's daughters,
 And therefore drank not of the living waters.

CX.

There can be nothing in the birth of men—
 For Moses left the court of Pharaoh for
 A shepherd's life—and see what happened then!
 And Gideon threshed his wheat upon the floor,
 When first the Angel came to him.—Again,
 Rebecca watered camels—Zipporah
 And Rachel fed their fathers' flocks—we know
 Of none so great as those who make them so.

CXI.

It was the fashion in the days of old,
 For folks to rend their garments when in grief:
 It was the fashion, too, as we are told,
 To eat but little, and be always brief—
 But those were what we call the “*days of gold* ;”
 For what could they have done with New-York beef?
 Alas! we have fine laws, but we forsake 'em—
 There is no *ham* in *Novum Eboracum* !

CXII.

Elijah's order to Gehazi was,
 To speak to no one by the way, nor bow
 To any man when at his work, but pass
 Right on, regardless who he was, or how
 He came ; and this is pretty much the case
 With thee, great City ! but the times are now
 A little hard, so, as the Apostle saith,
 Be kind as Abraham to the sons of Heth.

CXIII.

There is another thing the ancients did,
 The moderns think it death for them to do ;
 And that is, just to lift the coverlid
 From off their faces at the hour of two !
 And then they sup at nine, which I forbid,
 Because the practice makes the ladies blue !
 I always rise like people do in Persia,
 Which they despise in New-York and in Jersey.

CXIV.

There is another thing, the use of wine
 At table, when the clock strikes three, is out
 Of order with our natures when we dine ;
 And no *man* can continue it, without
 An indigestion, which will make him pine,
 And sometimes fill his big toe with the gout ;
 And nine times out of ten will make his ruddy
 Cheeks grow pale—if he is given much to study.

CXV.

In all the harvestings we read of, in
 The days of old, the reapers were forbid
 To glean the fields quite bare ; but it has been
 The trade for two years past—I never did—
 To strip the harvest-field of all therein,
 And take the field besides ! So, we get rid
 Of all we have, even to the utmost cent,
 Just to confirm the use of “ *The Experiment !*”

CXVI.

But every thing is just as it should be,
 And, in the end, will only benefit
 The human race—although we cannot see
 How in the devil such a thing can fit
 The mortise of our long prosperity,
 By passing such an ordeal ; when we get
 A long tall Hickory on our backs for training,
 For that is all the good that we are gaining !

CXVII.

But this "*Experiment*" has given birth
 To more impediments to human knowledge !
 For "*Aimal Magnetism*" stalked the earth
 As soon as it was born ; and even the college
 Where my ancestors were bred, is *now* not worth
 A chinquepin ! for they have stripped the foliage
 From the tree of genius, and have, doubtless, given
 A sleeping moonshine all the attributes of heaven !

CXVIII.

Alas ! dear Prospero ! *thou* art the lord*
 Of thine obedient dupe, poor Caliban !
 The *falsehoods* of thy lips are as the word
 Of an immortal—thou 'rt the charlatan,
 And the kingfisher over every bird ;
 For thou hast impudence for every man—
 Enough to stock creation—were the times
 Just as they were when I commenced these rhymes !

* The Editor of the " Sunday Morning News."

CXIX.

The wondrous tales of Anthropopagism
 Are listened to with water in our eyes !
 But when we hear of "*Animal Magnetism*"—
 Good gracious ! how we tingle with surprize !
 It is the immortal, everlasting prism
 Through which we see into the eternal dyes
 Of nonsense—which shall last the world for ages,
 And damn the *Authors* in these very pages.

CXX.

If some men had been living at the time*
 When Galileo lived, they would have put
 The sun out with his spots !—see how sublime
 Are all things modern ! there is nothing but
 A great sirocco of invention ! rhyme
 And reason are all chaos ! they are shut
 Up in nonentity ! and all their glory
 Is swopped away for some old woman's story.

CXXI.

Alas ! this way of "*shooting woodcocks*" is
 A frightful thing !—but we can take such aim
 At their red heads !—and then we never miss
 A peckerwood !—we always like the game !
 And then a cat-bird always was the bliss
 Of sportsmen !—Would I be to blame
 Were I to go out in the "*Morning dews*,"
 And kill the *Editor* of the "*Sunday News* ?"

* Editor of the "*Sunday Morning News*."

CXXII.

Row me along the wide Sicilian sea,
 Ye gentle spirits of the land of love!
 To where the Nightingale shall sing for me,
 The sweetest song that ever charmed the grove!
 Row me along the wave that smiles on thee,
 Thou holiest seraph of the land above—
 By Gingo! what the devil am I doing?
 I've killed an "*Inglishmun*" and turned to wooing!!!

CXXIII.

Thank God for *that!* the friend of Nature cries!
 Thank God for *that!* says all the world together!
 Thank God! for we shall hear no more of *lies!*
 The cloud is gone, and we shall have fine weather!
 Thank God for *that!* the tender poet sighs!
 Oh, Lord! I feel now lighter than a feather!
 The *Devil's* dead!—the *Buzzard's* left his quarry!
 And who the devil for the Devil would be sorry?

CXXIV.

But what the Pedlar said, and David swore
 Should come to pass, without a doubt, on parting,
 And words that passed between them long before,
 With other facts about the day of starting—
 Shall be deferred, until I tell you more
 About the interview they had with Martin—
 For I have left the theme that was so funny
 To pay the *Editor* back in his own money.

CXXV.

In the next Canto you shall find much lore,
My gentle reader ! to awake attention ;
And truths which you have never heard before,
Which I have now not space and time to mention.
From Greek Anacreon down to Irish Moore,
You shall not find so much of strong invention,
As I will lay upon the public table,
The whole of which shall be both quaint and laugh-
able



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