THE

IRISH-OFFICE-HUNTER-ONIAD;

BY

BLARNEY O'DEMOCRAT.

Cervantes laugh'd Spain's chivalry away.—*Byron.*

Put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil.
Smollett.

Dogs in office.—*Shakspeare.*

The cry is still "they come."—*Shakspeare.*

A chiel's amang ye taking notes.—*Burns.*

The cat out of the bag.—*Swift.*

For where vulgarity's a grace,
The rudest still is first in place.—*O'Democrat.*

NEW-YORK.
For sale by all the booksellers,

1839.

THE

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A

HEROIC EPIC.

BY

BLARNEY O'DEMOCRAT.

A. O. L. N., E. O. P. M., E. O. I. E. E., etc. etc.

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ADDRESS TO THE READER.

I KNOW that nine tenths of the whole bulk of native Americans, and nineteen twentieths of the reflecting and respectable portion of our Irish citizens, adopted or otherwise, are strongly opposed to the present headlong system of office-hunting on the part of the latter; because while it cheats the one out of their national and natural rights, it entails a great deal of disgrace, calumny, and trouble upon the others; but nevertheless, I go heart and hand with that portion of the community whose motto is, "Down with the native or the gentleman, and let the stranger or the bog-trotter take their places." And I do this upon principle. If I am a native, I do it because the Bible commands me to be hospitable to strangers; and accordingly, lest I should not be sufficiently near the mark, I think it advisable to be yet more hospitable to them than to myself; and if I am a stranger, I do it because it is such an *honor* to have my countrymen in office! especially if their education has been confined to the shaping of turf, or the digging of potatoes in a genteel manner: for then I can laugh at the natives, and exclaim with consequence, "Only think now what fine fellows our Irish gentlemen must be, when our very bog-trotters are considered better qualified than yourselves for city honors!"

I cannot sufficiently express my contempt for those evil-minded persons who advise Irishmen and strangers in general to go into the country for agricultural purposes! It is true, that by so doing, they might remain healthy, and become wealthy. But then what of that, when they should thus forfeit the unbounded honors which await them here! They would then lose the glory of having a Paddy O'Bluster in one office, a Rory McWhackem in another, a Tearaway Batterscull in a

third, and so on. They might then bid farewell to the sublime delights of a shillelah row at election times, and the consequent pleasures of suffering martyrdom for the liberties of their adopted country, on Blackwell's Island. And last, but not least, they would also have to abjure the sentimental felicity of procuring the beautiful red brandy (God bless the sweet name of it!) for fifty cents a gallon, and of getting credit on that same (as the publicans are more tender-hearted than the bakers and butchers) from one week's end to the other.

Then hurrah for the city! It is true that there are a few drawbacks upon our raptures. It is true that for the beatification of having some three or four hundred Irishmen in office, all the rest, amounting to hundreds of thousands, get either treated like dogs, or kicked and cuffed about the country like footballs. It is true that the system has set the wealth of the nation deadly against them,—that merchants will scarcely employ them,—and that their name as a body has passed into a sneer and a disgrace. It is true that for the major part they have to dwell in the garrets and cellars of the most God-forsaken corners of every city, and to pay rack rents for them; and all in consequence of the pertinacity of a few of them in looking for office, and the *commendable* clannishness of the remainder in assisting them therein. But nevertheless, as I have said elsewhere, I go the whole figure for the honors; for what signifies poverty and disgrace to the hundreds of thousands, if they can still lay claim to the honor of being represented by four or five hundreds of their beloved countrymen in the various departments of the federal, state, or city governments; especially as those generous representatives have proved their affections for them by accepting of their dignities as a compensation for the sufferings of their devoted friends!

Therefore I again repeat, that I go the whole figure

for the city life,—the shillelah rows,—the cheap brandy, —the garrets,—and the cellars,—the cuffs and the kicks,— and all the other honors,—(not forgetting the ruralizing upon Blackwell's Island,)—and accordingly I insist on it, that Irishmen show their good taste, and better sense, in preferring those matters to the open country, and such dirty, insipid, vulgar, and old-fashioned nuisances, as peace, comfort, happiness, independence, and respectability!

I must here express my deep indignation at a society of foreigners and natives which has been recently organized in this city for the purpose of endeavoring to infuse a spirit of sound thinking, discrimination, moderation, and liberality among Irish voters. Considering that this is a Christian community, it is really awful to think of the infamous intentions of those barbarous men. And therefore it is manna to my soul to see that the Erbens, and the McGloins, and the Majors, and the Foots, and all the rest of them, are meeting with the opprobrium which they so richly deserve; for they have *only* all the Americans, and the decent and reflecting portion of adopted citizens, and foreigners on their side, —while we (and I feel as if I were standing three yards high in my stocking feet while I say it) have all the tag, rag, and bobtail,—the real beauties,—who never bothered their heads or dirtied their fingers with such heathenish notions as books, newspapers, ink, and the like, on ours. Yes, reader, believe me, thinking in matters of voting is all nonsense; the only sure system is to follow the leader; and the more daringly and strikingly this is done, the better: for next to a false (I mean a *convenient*) oath or two, a clip on the side of an opponent's head is one of the prettiest and most conclusive political arguments in the world.

I might give Irishmen considerable advice as to the best means of providing themselves with public offices,—

such as, if they have ever given a vote for a Congressman or an Alderman, to bore him almost to death until he has supplied every man Jack of them with situations rather better than his own, which he is bound to do by virtue of his warrant; but as this matter alone would fill a sizeable volume, I shall defer it until the first convenient opportunity, when I shall publish it by subscription, and will, no doubt, have thousands of aspirants on my list.

By the way, I eschew the character of poet in this production, and only claim the credit of being an impartial reporter, as I actually witnessed the scene I attempt to describe. It is true that in some instances I have stretched this chain of adventure a link or two, but in others I am sadly deficient, especially in Rory O'Regan's speech, and the battle scene, to either of which my tender lambkin of a muse was unable to render justice. The introduction of the German's speech, indeed, is gratuitous, as that amiable personage said nothing *public* on the occasion; but, as he is seeking office through Irish influence, and as the speech recorded is the facsimile of one which every person who has the *pleasure* of his acquaintance has heard him repeat fifty times over, I thought that I was at liberty to make use of it, for the sake of diversity.

Thousands of persons will at once identify the portraits with the originals, for they are all copies; and I would have it distinctly understood, that I intended them for the parties whom they most closely resemble. As fidelity is the most desirable virtue in a painter or reporter, I sincerely trust that they may not be offended at this; but if they are, I have only to add, that they are heartily welcome.

I am the reader's devoted servant,

BLARNEY O'DEMOCRAT,

A. O. L. N., E. O. P. M., E. O. I. E. E., etc. etc.

THE

IRISH-OFFICE-HUNTER-ONIAD.

O! YE, who in an Irish bog,
From youth to age your journeys jog;
Who spend your lives without digression,
All in the turf-cutting profession;
Ye Bradys, Murphys, and McKews,
McGraths, O'Dowds, O'Donohoes,
All sons of princes, kings, and dukes,—
(You show it in your lofty looks,)
Why will you thus, in hovels lurking,
At such a *dirty trade* as *working*,
Disgrace your sires, so proud, and famous,
Who never toed a spade to shame us!
When, if you'll only cut your sticks,
And come to us, our flints to fix,
With blarney, law, and politics,
You may throw by your spades and slanes,
And get such places for your pains,
By *kicking* all the *natives* out,
For which you have a taste, no doubt!!
As shall each purse with dollars store,
And find ye whiskey punch *gallore*,

And satisfy your royal blood,
Too long disgrac'd by digging mud!

I call not you, ye Irishmen,
Who know the use of book or pen;
But you of pure *Milisian* breeding,
Who scorn the vulgar art of reading;
I call not you, with city airs,
Who live in houses that have stairs;
But you, whose homes, compact and small,
Untrammelled by dividing wall,
Make kitchen, parlor, sty and all;
I call not you who claim to be
Professors of gentility,
Who gabble English to the life,
And peel potatoes with a knife;
But you, who, *hating rank*, eschew
Whatever decent people do;
Who talk with brogue, so pure and stout,
You almost see it coming out;
And who, on plenty bent, and ease,
Bolt your potatoes whole, like peas.

O! yes, ye glorious O's and Macs,
With scarce a tatter to your backs;
Whose faces bear, where'er you jog,
The trace sublime of Irish bog;
Who ne'er disgraced your blood so royal,

By learning decent arts disloyal;
'Tis you we want, 'tis you we crave,
Then hasten, hasten, o'er the wave,
And save Columbia from the ruin
Which now for her the Whigs are brewing;
Show your republican precocity,
By voting with *desired* velocity,
And whining for each situation
That's to be had in half the nation.
We'll make you Aldermen—Collectors,
Commissioners, and Street Inspectors;
The Custom House shall find you places,
While "native borns" must hide their faces;
And then despite your wonder, trust us,
We'll make you *officers of justice!*
Even make yourselves those things of fear,
From which you fly when coming here!!!

But you must earn such glorious meed,
By many a secret word and deed;
And some hard swearing, now and then,
To make one voter pass for ten;
But then don't let this set you grieving,
Their book you know you don't believe in.

Now listen to the kind advice
Which here I'll give you in a trice;—
When in Columbia first you land,

Just as your brogues have touch'd the strand,
Sing out — and whirl your clubs so thick,
"Och, we're the boys the Whigs to lick!"
For then you'll prove upon the spot,
You know precisely "what is what."
And then if 'tis election time,
Off to the polls for deeds sublime,
For in your zeal for getting places,
You scarce should stay to wash your faces;
And thus, ere one day's dissipation,
You may have help'd to save the nation.

You now must look about you proudly,
And "damn the Whigs" both long and loudly;
And should the natives dare to frown,
Your wisest plan's to *knock them down.*
Of course, in Ward the Sixth, you dwell,
That is if you can stand the smell,
For match'd with that, upon my soul,
There's odor in a badger's hole.
But what of this? no smell can pose
An Irish office hunter's nose;
On politics and places bent,
That nose can take no other scent;
And so you dash through thin and thick,
Defying aught to make you stick,
Until at length, your impudence,
Ten times as good as common sense,

Has placed you in a post of gain,
Which men of merit sought in vain.

I here must give you, to a T,
An emblem of democracy.

A *Democrat* is one who'd spurn
To do a very decent turn,
Who thinks that freedom most consists
In proving points, with sticks and fists;
Who deems it stupid to be civil,
And hates politeness like the devil;
Who scoffs at aught that's good and grand,
And all he does not understand;
Who fears the world will ne'er succeed,
While people learn to write and read;
Whose only notion of impiety
Lies in "respectable society,"
Which should be broken up like delf,
Till all are vulgar as himself;
Who thinks that *dirty hands* have merits,
The proof of democratic spirits;
And that a "*caster*," bleach'd and batter'd,
A coat that's well besmear'd and tatter'd,
An overweaning noisy swagger,
Betwixt a bluster and a stagger;
A knack for swearing oaths, so handy,
A breath, that's redolent of brandy!

An education (more's a loss)
That makes one's autograph a cross!
A face, well mark'd with dirt, and slaughter,
That rarely patronises water;
And could not tell, to please the Pope,
The devil — from a piece of soap!
All this, I say, beyond a doubt,
Is *democratic*, out and out!
The "native borns," I would not flatter;
(With them, 'tis quite another matter;)
For I'm a poet, bound for glory,
And therefore neither Whig or Tory;
But with an Irish BOG ENGRAVER,
Who seeks for public place, or favor,
My picture neat, of proud mobocracy,
Is genuine out and out democracy.

Don't mind, ye men, whose ears I claim,
The evils that attend your game;
If you can only get a place,
What signifies the deep disgrace
Your conduct brings on all your race?
The name of Irishmen may be
The standing but for calumny!
Advertisements may still desire
That "*all but Irish may inquire!*"
And boys may chase them through the town
With stones and snow-balls, up and down!

And merchant whigs, with justice sore,
Refuse employment any more;
And want may bow them to the ground,
While jealous natives sneer around;
But what of this? — They still must know
A balm for every passing wo,
The g*lory*, which they still enjoy
Of having placed you in employ.
Oh! yes, I grant, each good you gain,
Is purchased by an age of pain,
To the poor tools who vote you in;
Their zeal for you their only sin!

But here, ye lordly bog dissectors,
I'll leave ye like so many Hectors,
All fired with fame, and coming over,
To lick the Whigs, and live in clover;
While I report a great debate
That happened, on a night of late,
In the Sixth Ward, so fam'd in story,
For pigs and brandy, clubs and glory;
And speeches (O! ye Gods how classic!)
Enough to make a tinker's ass sick;
And gentle lords, who lick their ladies,
O'Dowds, O'Laughlins, and O'Bradys;
So famed, for talking *politics*,
With most conclusive *lig oak sticks;*
So famed for grog shops up in garrets,

And scribes who talk, and *think* like parrots;
So famed for legal pettifoggers,
Whose faces prove them form'd for boggers;
So famed for taking thieves from goal,
By putting in insolvent bail,
Which keeps some men in clover shining,
Who should be in a turf bog mining;
So famed for dens for selling brandy,
In every second house, so handy;
And drabs to pour the liquor out,
Who'll swab the glasses with a clout,
Or worse, an apron pinn'd before,
With childhood's emblems garnish'd o'er;
(And as she pours the "*red eye*" neat,
For fear her customers might cheat,
The other hand sublimely hugs
An infant to her flabby dugs.)
So fam'd — (the glorious Sixth I mean)
For every thing that's cute and clean,
From windows glazed with hats, and dishes,
To dung heaps round the doors delicious!
So fam'd for many a wretch's cell,
Which were a deeper step from hell,
Though nightly there is heard the swell
Of horrid joy, in sounds unblest,
From rotting hearts, that soon shall rest.

'Twas in this "glorious Sixth" of late

Was held, I've said, a grand debate,
And as the folk were nearly all
Such men, as from the bogs I call
Ambitious mortals, who had tired
Of making turf, and now inspired
By brandy punch, and fame, the bubble,
Were making speeches, fudge, and trouble.
I took their speeches on the spot,
To print them without change or blot,
So that the parties, now invited,
May hear and see, with hearts delighted,
And glory in a kindred clan, —
And emulate them if they can.

The lengthy den, wherein they met,
Was just the place for such a set,
For rarely had it tasted water —
And there was room enough for slaughter;
Slow roll'd aloft a mass of smoke
Which might a salamander choke,
While twenty pipers in the crowd,
Kept puffing on to swell the cloud.
A table in a corner stood,
With dirty glasses thickly strewed;
And hunks of bread and meat on dishes,
That seldom felt a cloth officious!
And so the viands look'd that grac'd them,
A pauper's dog would scorn to taste them.

And then the odor — holy Moses!
Why were reporters born with noses
Which dooms them, for the public's sake,
To feed on poison like a snake?
The reeking odor, as it rose
From murky duds, and greasy toes,
And brandied breaths, that awful night,
Might put a very skunk to flight!
The list'ners were about a score —
The speakers, much the same, or more;
And on the whole, if dirty linen,
And faces grimey, coarse and grinning,
And clothes that seem'd, all flurry scurry,
Thrown on by pitchforks in a hurry,
And bogging brogues, which ne'er could boast,
A blacking brushes labors lost,
Or tell one from a negro's ghost.
I say if such, as some agree,
Are emblems of *democracy*,
Those forty men, of whom I'm doling,
Were all the choicest sons of Solon.

To arms! to arms! — That host profound
Have emptied all their glasses round,
And laid them down, so sadly then,
As if they wish'd them full again;
When up arose the leader, whop!
Upon an empty hogshead's top,

Meet emblem of himself defin'd, (—)
Oft full of rum, and now of wind!

He seem'd a man by nature made
To lead the ranks I've here display'd,
For where vulgarity's a grace,
The rudest still is first in place;
And yet the gentleman, he fain
Would ape, in costume, but in vain,
For O! the face so flat and red,
Which grew upon that bullet head,
And in the centre did disclose
A *wart*, that call'd itself a nose!
Might well defy the tailor's art,
To grace the owner of that wart.

This hero's name I dare not peach,
Lest he should shoot me (—) with a speech!
The only strife in which he deals,
Because his heart is in his heels;
Where, odd as may appear the case,
Are fix'd the hearts of half his race;
Tho' one of them, God bless the mark,
(Tom Thumb defend your laurels) hark!
Was lately made a soldier stark!
What *waste*, the steel that's in his blade,
Which should by tailors' hands be swayed,
And he himself, the *hero* stout,

To wheel that bloodless blade about.
But of the orator — I said
His speech might scare like pistol lead;
For of that speech, the filth *gallore*
Might drive a miser from his store;
So let him thank the Gods that gave him
His dirty mouth, which here must save him.

He now stood proudly on his toes,
Then blew the wart, he calls his nose,
And did it too, so gracefully,
His followers gave him "three times three."
But then they cheer whate'er he does;
And faith the sounds wrung from his nose,
Have just as much of common sense
As his more studied eloquence;
And yet among his cronies, muddy,
He passes for a whale, at study;
And in the classics, up and down,
Can puzzle e'er a *child* in town.
He next, to make the scene more awful,
Cried "silence," puffing with the jawful;
And, while that host was lost in wonder,
He thus began to hurl his thunder.

"Ye heroes of the glorious Sixth,
Who stand so fearlessly betwixt
The Constitution and its foes,

Attend me!" — Here he blew *the* "nose,"
But now its eloquence was drown'd
In the wild roar that hail'd him round.
"O yes, ye freemen tried, to you
The glory of the nation's due;
For were it not for Irishmen,
John Bull would soon show fight again."
"*By Jaibers*, yes!" a voice replied,
"*But Pat's the boy to tame his pride.*"
The *chair*, or rather *hogshead*, bow'd
His thanks, and thus continued loud,
"I am a man!"
—— It stood confest,
His looks belied the words exprest.
And so he wish'd to make it clear
He was the thing he mentioned here.
Thus when a boy, some figure draws
Whose form transgresses nature's laws,
That all who look, the fact may know,
He writes the thing he meant below!
"I am a man, an IRISHMAN!
And damn all others — that's my plan."
This claim'd, of course, another yell;
"Yes boys, the Irish bear the bell;
We placed Van Buren in his state! —
We knock'd M'Caffry on the pate! —
From doubtful wards on many a day,
We've scared the timid votes away! —

And when by S——g and B——y led,
Our clubs have softened many a head!
Who makes the eagle soar on high?
'Tis we" — "*By Jaibers that's no lie,*"
His auditors in shrieks reply.
"Who gave the bank its final poke?"
"*Ourselves, by gob, and that's no joke.*"
"Who hates silk stockings worse than hell?"
"*Hurra, that's us, you know it well.*"
"Now mind me boys," — "*We do — we do,*
And faith the Whigs will mind you too;
If they'd but meet you in the Hall,
By Jaibers Cripes, you'd floor them all."
"I now have shown you what is what."
"*You have, you'd beat the priest at that.*"
"I've proved to you, beyond a doubt,
That, but for the sixth warders stout,
The stripes and stars, so proud and true,
Would soon be dished, and diddled too;
I've proved to you, that, if the nation
Is anxious for its own salvation,
Nine places out of every ten,
Should be filled up with Irishmen;
All chosen, if we would please the Lord,
From the elect of the Sixth Ward."

'Twas here arose a cheer of cheers,
Might make a dead man stuff his ears;

And would have surely rent the roof,
But use had made it thunder proof.

"All this, my friends, I've proved to be
As plain to-night, as A B C."

The ranks consented here of course,
As many of them felt the force
Of the position — "like a brick!"
For A B C, to them was Greek.

"And I have proved, or else I can,
That what's a *Whig* is not a *man*.
The dirty pack! — my speeches fine,
To them are jewels, thrown to swine!
I've told them how the great Achilles,
Was drawn about the field by fillies!
I've told them Homer was a Grecian!
Virgil, a Roman, and magician!
I've told them too, how Cæsar glorious,
Was on Pharsalia's plains victorious!
And how brave Pompey ran away,"
"*Was he a Whig? — if so, huzzay.*"
"I've told them also, by my learning,
And talent for abstruse discerning,
That, what is called the Irish eagle,
Is just the same as ours, so regal!
And that the harp, King David play'd,

Upon the Hill of Howth was made;
And that at Rhodes a statue stood
Full two miles high, by all that's good;
Erected there, 'tis very clear,
By the immortal *Goobawnseer.**
But what of this, the heathen boobies,
They sneer'd at all my classic rubies;
And even proclaimed myself a ninny;
But this was spite, I'll bet a guinea!"

Here intervened, in joyous wonder,
A peal of intellectual thunder,
(Responsive to a *hint's petition!*)
At that display of erudition.
For when he felt their plaudits due,
Our speaker always gave the *cue!*
But hark! again that voice sublime
Goes ding, dong, bell;—let's hear its chime.

"Now boys I'll speak of Ireland. There,
All things are better than elsewhere!
The men more honest, bold, and free!
The maids more chaste, and fair to see!
There, buttermilk, before its stale,
Is richer far than Newburgh ale!
While the potatoes, big and clear,

* A celebrated Irish architect.

Might shame our beef and mutton here!
And then the whisky!" "*Nine times nine!*
By J——s, don't he cut it fine?
Och! that's the thing that takes the shine!"
"But then the whisky! — when I think
Upon the slops we now must drink,
Which takes full thirty drams a day,
To give a decent man fair play!
I curse the hour I was so green,
As leave the land of sweet *potteen.**
The fish our Saviour broke in two,
Upon the coast of Galway grew!
And hence all haddocks, Irish born,
His *finger marks* do still adorn!
In Ireland 'twas that Eden smiled!
I heard it proved, *while yet a child,*
And hence, Saint Pat, for Adam's sake,
Kilt all the offspring of the snake!
Ye are from Ireland, I too am;
And all great men, that's worth a damn.
With certainty I cannot scan,
That Cæsar was an Irishman!
But Homer was, I'm nearly sure,
For ancient Greek is Irish pure.
And there's Pat Durfy, of Rafoe,
Who kill'd a peeler at a blow.

* Illicit whiskey.

And bold O'Hanlon, better known,
A near relation of my own;
Of highwaymen the pride and king,
Although he died upon a string!
And thousands more whom I could name;
And some we're robbed of — more's the shame,
For thus they lose their greatest fame.
The name of being from the '*sod!*'
For instance, — and its true by G — d;
Columbus was not born in Spain,
But near the lakes, in Deranane!
And was, if I have any skill,
First cousin to Saint *Columb Kill!**
And hence America, ye ken,
Of right belongs to Irishmen!
And Washington, I've understood,
Was somewhat touch'd with Irish blood.
There's Jackson and his Irish tail;
And poor Pat Tracy,* now in goal;
And there's — (now boys your lungs must ring,)
The bold sixth warders in a string!"

Here boom'd a roar along that room,
Might start a mummy from its tomb.

* A celebrated Irish Saint.

† A celebrated Irish democrat.

"'Tis now, ye democrats, I'm at
The marrow of my theme so pat:
Some men of late have turn'd their coats,
And say I'm worthless of your votes;
But I can prove the villains lie; (—)
Who saved ye all from goal but I?
By scratching Riker's itcy paw!
When speaking wasn't worth a straw;
Who got ye places in your need,
Before ye learn'd to write or read?
Who mingles with you, high and low?
Who's at your tail where e'er you go?
To tell of all that comes to pass,
And stand ye fairly, glass for glass?
Who still opposed the dirty rout
That wish'd to turn us inside out.
That said that Irishmen should be
The very pinks of decency;
Should meddle less with politics,
And leave off beating folks with sticks;
Should learn to think, and not be led,
By *brawlers*—ME for one they said!
Should treat even whigs with due respect,
And (their false notions to correct)
Less clannish be, and more select?
I say, who proved 'twas all amiss,
A shabby, heathen creed, like this?
And that no man, except a noodle,

Was ever born in *Yankee Doodle;*
Save his forefathers, without fail,
Came all the way from Granuale?
Who did all this?—'Twas I—'twas I!"
"*You did, by Jaibers—that's no lie.*"
"And then I am, and such I'll stick,
Right up and down, a Catholic!
For though to mass I never steer,
Nor pay my pew rent—as I hear,
I still can prove my labors clear,
In favor of a creed so dear!
I had a wife, a swaddling jade,
Who never to the Virgin pray'd,
And so for six and twenty years,
I kept her steep'd in dirt and tears;
Without a solace in her care,
Save when a trifle, here and there,
From pitying friends, her prayers could win,
To steep her sufferings in gin;
And when, as life began to languish,
She call'd me to her bed of anguish,
In holy zeal I scorn'd her groan
And left her there to weep alone;
"'Twas thus I served my infidel,
And so she died and went to ——"
Here twenty tongues rung out 'pell mell,'
"God bless you, but you used her well,
For all who knew ye both can tell;

Old Nick and half his imps, in store,
Can hardly make her suffer more!"

"Now other matters claim your zeal,
Which to the very quick you'll feel;
America, — the truth I'll tell,
Has served us any thing but well;
She won't permit us, I declare,
To fill the *presidential chair;*
And all the berths of greatest worth,
Which should be ours *by right of birth,*
She gives to yankee doodle doos,
Scarce qualified to wipe our shoes.
'Tis true, that now and then she flings
Some salt upon our eagle wings;
A penny in the pound, no more, —
A sop to stay the lion's roar; —
Like treating men with sugar plumbs,
Or feeding giants upon crumbs;
Mere beefsteaks without fat, or gravy,
Such as commissions in the navy;
And, by the way, we serve her right,
In sending *heroes* there to *fight,*
Who would, if nature gave them trades,
Be bound to ladies' waiting maids!
Why aint ye all in office there?
Why aint I sheriff now or mayor?
Why aint Con Batterskull collector?

Or Pat McTurf who fights like Hector?
Our very names should get us places,
They are so favored by the graces!
Unless this matter's altered soon,
We'll turn our coats and change their tune.
The whigs would take me at a jump;
They said so once, if I ran stump.
But no, we'll gather like a storm,
And then we'll quickly have reform;
For, as I've told you very oft,
Our sticks are hard — their heads are soft!
So, should they meet on any day,
The last will very soon give way!
We're able for them, one to ten;
And so boys, stand your ground like men;
And should all other measures fail,
Up with the flag of Granua Wale;
For when the strife is once began,
Club law, I think's, our only plan."

He here sat down amid the roars
Of "brilliants," "mightys," and "encores,"
For so that speech had pleas'd them then,
They wish'd to hear it o'er again.
He here sat down, while glasses ten
Were proffered him, — but, — how absurd!
He wouldn't go beyond the *third!*

Now up arose a hero stout,
Whose build was very *tall; about* (—)
A Toby Tosspot form, or near,
Or like a porter hogshead dear,
Nor did the likeness finish here,
For he could match it holding beer!
So, with his military coat
Close buttoned round his spacious throat,
His stuck up stock and collar prim,
Like a recruiting serjeant trim,
He makes much fuss among his neighbors,
And gets some pickings for his labors,
Albeit he no more was made
For what he follows as a trade,
Than turtle doves for deeds of slaughter:
Or barley sieves for holding water!

He look'd important when he rose,
Tho' he had wonders to disclose;
But when he came to speak his mind,
You found 'twas all a bag of wind,
All redolent of beef and beer,
For duns may growl, and cynics sneer,
And even the Pope refuse to bless;
Our hero ne'er will stuff the less!
But thinks a roasting on a spit,
Within a certain nameless pit,
Well purchased by a *sirloin* dear,

On any Friday in the year;
So still he stores with grateful zeal,
Six mortal pounds of meat a meal.

He spoke — no — first, with bungling care,
He mounted on a backless chair,
For 'twould have ta'en an ox's might
To place him on the hogshead's height.
And then he wink'd, and laugh'd, and then
He scratch'd his ——! and laugh'd again.
Then said: "The wondrous speech delivered,
Had all his thoughts to atoms shiver'd;
That eloquence so deep, and clear,
It seldom was his luck to hear;
That nought could shake so plain a tale,
For 'truth is strong, and must prevail;'
That if 'twas printed neat in gold,
He thought ten thousand might be sold;
That to a T, it had exprest
The feelings labouring in his breast.
He thought the whigs a traitor band,
By England hired, to sweep the land;
Full often she himself had tried!
So well she knew his parts of pride!!
In *genius*, *war*, and more beside!!!
But still he had her gold defied!!!!
Although he could some matters show,
'Twixt self, and R — n and H — e,

Which might excuse a slip or so;
And prove the use — (when acts unnamed,
Which most men do, and all men blam'd,
Require the devil's agency)
A little legal friend may be,
Who thinks his credit takes no hurt
By mixing in his client's dirt!
He said the native borns were stuff
Scarce worth a pinch of Irish snuff;
That *he* could put them all at fault,
Or eat them with a grain of salt!
He said the sixth ward was the place
That saved the nation from disgrace;
That Irishmen who there reside,
(If they've the Pope upon their side)
Are fetter'd, patch'd, and purified,
And furnished off, extremely nice,
For future posts in paradise;
And that its *literary fame!*
Had put the envious worlds to shame.
For instance, there's the 'Truth Gazette"
The neatest print in town, he'd bet,
And *free* from *blunders!* out and in,
As whigs from truth, or priests from sin!
He had himself done much, and wrote
Some paragraphs of awful note;
But then he had a friend, who was
To him, as Shakspeare to an ass;

A friend who in himself combined
The statesman, lawyer, bard refined;
Who could indite a paragraph,
Would blow the whigs about like chaff;
And write a stanza so sublime,
That none might to its meaning climb!
That prodigy was there to-night;
And, for to hold his genius bright,
Could boast — he'd wager half a crown,
The *biggest* head in all the town."

"I'm not an Irishman!" he said,
(And here he sadly shook his head.)
"I'm not an Irishman, that's flat —
I wish I was, and christened Pat!"

Here swelled a voice of comfort, stout,
Which put the learned speaker out.
"The more's the pity that, but then
It aint your fault, and *some* good men
Are born elsewhere!" The speaker bow'd,
And thus resumed his burden proud.

"I'm not an Irishman, 'tis true,
But then my heart's along with you;
And well it may, for I am sure,
I've drank such seas of whiskey pure —
(*I say it in the sight of God*) —
That half my blood is from the sod."

Here yell'd that host a wild "huzzay,"
So loud, it burst, as people say,
A thunder cloud a mile a day.

"O yes believe me, ye're the men
For *literary taste;* and then,
If at the polls there's aught to do
At knocking down a whig, or two;
At public dinners, if you think,
There's friends to cheer, or toasts to drink,
(For rushing headlong to the scratch)
For you, creation has no match.
And then ye can't be BLARNEY'D — pooh!
And hence ye have, as all men know,
For writers, lawyers, and so forth;
The very greatest men on earth!

Here blush'd an old man in that crowd;
And here a young man blush'd and bow'd;
A fool had known, had he but seen them,
They took the compliment between them.
That old man was — tho' vainer still,
Than rooster on its freehold hill!
The *meanest piece of Irish bog,*
That ever form'd a human hog!
That young man, a (I speak incog,)
Thick headed syllabub, who passes
For the most sensible of asses,

Yet who, God wot, must climb Parnassus;
Where he resembles, in his sin,
The donkey in the lion's skin!
Well may he scoff at ladies bright,
That oft rejected bag of spite;
Well may he study half the night,
Who seeks for fame in nature's spite!
But Oh! how vain his awkward flight,
As fame can never stoop to grace
A scion of his vulgar race!
Unless such fame confined should be
To the "sixth ward *democracy*,"
Whose laurels make him now so vain;—
But hark, Jack Bulldog barks again.

"You know, my boys, that I have said
A thousand times, as you have read,
That Irishmen should ever be
With other men at *enmity*!
It still should be their study deep,
All honours to themselves to keep;
And not to let, in any place,
Of profit, glory, hope, or grace,
(While clubs or votes might interpose)
A nasty native poke his nose!
I've told you still, your only course,
Is to obtain your ends by force!
To whirl your sticks — your oaths to slam,

As if you didn't care a damn;
To boast your fifty thousand strong,
As though you'd say: 'now come along;'
And you have kept my councils well,
And so you see you bear the bell.

And more than this my sheet imparts,
To swell your hopes, and cheer your hearts;
Your holy church I championeer!
And all your shebeen shops so dear;
Which thus become identified,
They're seen so often side by side!!
I tell ye not to leave the city,
Because you know 'twould be a pity,
To see men digging farms, and doating,
Who should be in the city voting!
Where they can have the best of brandy,
For fifty cents a gallon, handy.
As for the bugga-boos, who want
To make us *decent*, that's all cant!
Their base endeavours we despise;
They're British agents in disguise;
Gentility is not the thing,
In countries where we have no king;
And so we'll trounce them just in play;
And — but my throat's like thrice baked clay
And so I have no more to say."

Great was the blissful agitation
Of those who heard that proud oration.
" Hurraw for brandy, clubs and slaughter,
And damn the country and cold water!"
" We want no manners; we're above them,
The devil take all who teach or love them";
" Here's wishing brandy may be "chaiper,"
" And nine times nine for D——'s paper."

Meanwhile he proved, the man that spoke,
His love for brandy was no joke!
And that he had a reason fair,
For glorying in its cheapness there,
For were it higher priced — alack!
He ne'er had got his proper whack!

Here speaker third got up, and he
Among that ugly company,
Was uglier yet than any three,
Could all their charms united be.
He was a German, gaunt and grim,
With bushel head, and lamp post limb,
And look'd so spiteful round the ring,
As if he hated every thing.
Yet he has parts I must not pass,
For, with the genius of an ass,
He manages — what e'er befalls
To swell his rolling money balls;

His trade is *second handed lawyer!*
Tho' he was built for a wood sawyer,
A *legal jack-all*, who runs down
His clients, all about the town!
And takes their cases to his second,
(A smartish sort of fellow reckon'd)
Who is so learned in the law,
And full of fudge, and legal jaw,
He seems to each new boggy client,
A literary legal giant!
The supposition further fed,
By his enormous bulk of head!
But then, alas! as one might guess,
Pretension does not mean success!
And so, it must be here confess'd,
Their clients — (*mostly second best*)
Do find, alack! between them both
"That too much cooking spoils the broth."

Our German, up from boot to hat,
Is a most thorough democrat;
A leveller of mind and state,
Who scorns the good, and hates the great,
And would have all mankind, the while,
As petty as himself, and vile;
Would punish genius, rank and birth,
And equalize all things on earth;
Excepting only, in his course,

His own especial — dirty purse;
For though he boasts his sympathy
With ruffian, rogue, and refugee,
Still, be it known, that legal noddy,
Did ne'er give aught to any body,
(Tho' self reported kind and rich)
Unless 'twas now and then the itch!
For if *some tales of love* be true, (—)
But hush, dear muse, that's *entre nous!*

This German hates his "fader land,"
For reasons all may understand!
A beggar born — a blackguard bred,
He felt no tie, in heart or head,
Or to the home, he used to squeak in,
Or to the laws, he lived by breaking!
So half Bavaria's dungeons knew
His "*equal rights*" *peculiar view;*
And when at length, he crossed the main,
'Twas owing to a deed so plain,
He fear'd his first appearance, proud,
Upon a stage, above a crowd,
With trap, and speech, and soldiers gay,
Might make his friends a holiday!
But hold, 'tis wrong to be so merry,
With any of our party, — very;
And so I'll wave his parts so bright,
And tell you what he said that night.

"Goot friends I'm not from Ireland, I,
An eef you'd know de reason vy,
'Tis as I comes from Jarmany;
But I'm a demograt so drue,
I hate all oder volk, I do;
I hate my fader, an my moder,
I hate my sisder, an my broder,
I hate my vife, an shildren, den,
Eef dey vosh not all Shackson men.
I vish I had my vill, I vould,
I'd vash my hands in royal blood;
An den de vigs is just as bad,
Ven deyre all dam, I'll be so glad.
I'd like to poison Gideon Lee,
Vor he's a bank man, — he he he!
I vish dat Votson Veb vould die:
I dont believe in Got, not I,
Becaush he's an arishtocrat,
An no man should believe in dat;
All dish I sez, you may be sure,
To show my princhibles is pure;
For if de party but sugseeds,
I'll be commishioner of deeds,
Becaush I speaks, an vorks so vell,
An vish de Got dam vigs in hell!
I like de Irish, caush as how,
Dey makes de fine election row;
An den dey pays me on de nail!

Den I gets men *vots goin to sail!*
Who scarce charge nottin for deir bail!
An so I takes dem out of jail!!
I tink, vid you, de only vay
To keep de natives all at bay,
Is vid big sticks, vid tops of lead,
To hit dem on de Got dam head!
An for each Got dam Irish spy,
I'd vatch my time, ven none vas nigh,
An as in Jarmany we do,
I'd run dem trou an trou, an trou."

He ceased — was cheer'd, and seized his cup,
When orator the fourth got up.
This was a man with stupid face,
But much importance and grimace;
And by his hand you might have sworn
He once the spade, or hod had borne!
Yet had he held a situation
Of some importance in the nation;
Although, if 'twere to save his soul,
'Tis said he could'nt write a scroll!
The boor, the bully, boast, and spy,
Mix'd on his brow, and in his eye,
And the hot "red eye's" lingering death,
Came reeking with each hasty breath;
But still that greasy blustering churl,
Assumed the bearing of an earl;

That is, he stood before the host,
As stiff, and graceful, as a post!
And spoke with much effect and skill;
And classic lore, "enough to kill."
The model of his eloquence
Was one I spoke of some time since,
Who said so much of things of yore;
But then, alas! the present bore,
Mix'd all his learning heads and tails
Like Goward's, — or a bag of nails;
For when he called on it for graces,
The names came out, but in wrong places;
And thus his meaning might have puzzled
The devil, to have its sense unmuzzled.
To bring the reader rightly at him,
I'll give his present speech *verbatim*.
"There's Homer, boys, who lived in Spain,
And wrote of Shakspeare, and Tom Paine;
There's Joan of Arc, the queen of might,
Whom Cæsar poisoned out of spite;
There's Hellespont, so mighty fine,
Who lived in Ovid, near the Rhine,
And swam across the pyramid,
To seek Leander, who was hid;
There's Brutus who would never yield,
But beat the French at Flodden field;
There's Hector, who was dipt in Styx,
(A wood the ancients used to mix,)

Which left him so, he could not feel,
Till Hotspur shot him in the heel;
And there are fifty more, no doubt,
All scholars famed, and heroes stout,
But what are they, with all their riches,
Their ancient deeds, and foreign speeches,
Merely a pack of sons of bitches,
Compared to one, we all should study,
The *leader* of the Sixth, so bloody!"

The speaker here made pause profound,
While such comments as these, went round.
"By jingo, isn't Dan a bloomer,"
"I wonder what he means by "Homer?"
"Och! that's a mountain near Dumfarlin,"
"The fellow will go cract wid larlin."
"By J — s no, its all a caper,
He got it out of D —— 's paper,
I saw it there myself quite ready."
"You lie, for he can't read, you neddy."
"Here Dan, my boy's a cup of swipes,
To warm your heart, and cheer your pipes."

The speaker here, resumed his speech,
"About the ancients, I could preach,
From Dan O'Connell, up and down,
To Robin Hood, of London town;
But this is not my trouble now,

Because I'm only thinking how
We may regain our darling places,
Which those infernal Whigs *disgraces!*
We're badly served, for here we roam,
From full and plenty, neat, at home,
To put the natives up to 'twig,'
And make the stripes and stars look big;
And when we come, we're ripe and ready
For any job that's snug and steady!
TIDE WAITERS, GUAGERS, and ASSESSORS
For CONSTABLES to nab AGGRESSORS;
For PRINTERS TO THE CORPORATION;
For PUBLICANS for all the NATION;
For AUCTIONEERS so prim and knowing;
In short, for any thing that's going,
(Our natures are so kind and humble,)
Yet after all the people grumble!
And in a spirit most malicious,
Proclaim our services *officious*,
Which sends a shiver through my blood,
It shows so much ingratitude.
What would the ancients say to this,
Minerva, Troy, or Horace Twiss?
But I upon a plan have fix'd,
Will save, at least, the glorious Sixth!
Which has, at length, I'm grieved to say,
Become too decent for our sway!
For where our hordes of hod-men stood,

Who'd buy us places with their blood,
Now merchants crowd as thick as mud!
So we must oust them to a man;
And I have hit upon the plan.
Those chaps have noses, to their cost,
As cute as fox hounds, in a frost!
For though our ranks are whipp'd pell mell,
And though our votes may fail to tell,
Though even our clubs should do no hurt,
By gob, we'll conquer them with *dirt!*
Even as the badger stinks the fox,
From his snug chamber in the rocks;
And without toil of any kind,
Secures a lodging to his mind.
So we shall oust our dainty neighbors,
And get their qnarters for our labors.
Yes, let us seek whate'er's essential
To make "old glory"* pestilential;
Then we'll go whigging without halting;
And may be they won't get a salting.
'Twill take a sea of oil of roses,
To reconcile them to their noses;
We'll make them wish Old Nick had sack'd 'em,
Before with us their fates had pack'd 'em;
The rubbish of each sink unsightly,
We'll strew before their houses nightly,
Dead kittens down their pumps we'll stuff,

* The Sixth Ward.

Dead cats and dogs in *quantum suff*,
And foundlings in their naked buff,
And greasy niggers "up to snuff,"*
And brats with clotted nose and cuff,
And — (but I think I've said enough)
Shall turn their stomachs at each door,
Till *eyes* and *nose* are deem'd a bore;
Thus, by a graceful mode of stinking,
We'll drive them from the ward like winking!
Even Lynch shan't stay, to mind his lots;
Nor Clarkson Crolius, prince of pots;
But all shall fly in horrid wonder,
Like Pirnie† when he hears of thunder."

He ended, and the ravish'd ranks
Uproariously proclaim'd their thanks,
With shouts of laughter and applause,
That shook their sides, and strained their jaws.
Meanwhile the only decent man
Amid that raggamuffin clan,
(For nothing in his face, at least
Seem'd kindred to the ape, or beast,)
Arose, and with an eloquence,
Imbued with scorn and common sense,
Thus spoke — while all stood wonder hush'd;
And there were some who *shook* and *blush'd!*

* Drunk.

† A celebrated sixth warder, but not one of the loafers.

"I come not here to flatter fools,
Or join with ruffians and their tools,
But just to tell ye, where ye stand,
You're libels on your native land!
Well may the stranger link the name
Of Erin with disgust and shame,
When taking, for examples true,
Such representatives as you!
By heavens! were I a native born,
The tales of Erin's worth I'd scorn,
And deem the land a blot on earth,
That vomited such reptiles forth!
Ye claim the name of *freemen* — yet
Ye're merely meshes, in a net,
Which subtler villains cast for prey,
To gormandize their griping clay.
And though your servile hearts ye strain,
To show how well you wear the chain,
Your masters scorn their menials true,
So puny are the parts ye do!
You claim for Erin, genius high;
But lo! you give yourselves the lie;
For having neither wit, nor sense,
To undertake your own defence.
A foreign boor you patronize,
To lick you o'er with treacled lies!
For still whate'er ye do is right,
With that disgusting parasite,

But then, they're purely of a kind,
His genius, and your taste refined!
For ye, like monkeys, set more store
On tinsel'd trash, than golden ore;
While he's more stupid than the goose
That bears him feathers for your use!
You boast of courage! — fie for shame!
An ass might better boast of fame,
For still your might is never tried,
Till certainty is on your side;
And then with bludgeon, fist, and stone,
You'll face your victims ten to one.
Ye talk of honor, justice, pride!
Yet here ye rush across the tide,
—By brawling, perjury, or might,
—To cheat the native of his right;
—By actions, drunken, mean, or base,
—To make your name a wide disgrace;
—By servile airs, or worthless boasts,
—To furnish public laughing posts;
—By all your actions in a string,
—Mean, sordid, filthy,—every thing
—That's vile, and emulous of hogs,
—To have us kick'd, and spurn'd like dogs.
For shame ye groundlings,—did ye grow
In Ireland?—wonld it were not so;
Or else that I might claim my birth
From any other spot on earth;

For I'm a scion of your race,
And therefore share in your disgrace.
Yet, why despise my country true?
My pity is more justly due.
For could she see, what here I view,
She'd weep for giving birth to you!
Strange that a land so full of bloom,
Could breed such vermin in her womb!
Strange that the home of pride and worth,
Should litter such abortions forth:
Oh! Erin, Erin, can it be
This swinish brood belongs to thee.
Thou, who 'twould seem, were formed and blest
To suckle gods upon thy breast:
Thou art, like heaven, the parent then.
Of imps, and angels; grubs and men.
O! boast no more, for pity's sake,
Your absence, or from toad or snake;
For, tho' it may not do such hurt,
Poison's a prouder plant than dirt!
But, vainly thus, my wrath condemns,
Grubs grow in roses—flaws in gems.
And half her nasty exports hence,
Are but Hibernia's *excresence.*
They are not Ireland's flesh and blood,
But some strange mixture of her mud;
A turf bank breed, in minds and faces,
Sprung from two amorous bog's embraces.

You've lauded those who spoke before,
But me you've honored ten times more;
You've heard, like men, by reason led,
And felt the truth of all I've said.
Perchance you blame me that I've told it,
But if the cap fits—who'd withhold it:
'Tis true, your foreign hirelings, base,
Who feed, and thrive on our disgrace,
May praise your meanness to your face;
For tho' they profit in your name,
They cannot share, or feel your shame.
But I, a child of Erin, dear,
Who suffer in the general sneer,
Must speak my feelings as I stand,
In justice to my native land.

Go to, ye false, degenerate race,
And change your ways, and seek for grace;
Go from your loathsome garrets grim,
Your squalid dungeons, damp and dim;
Go from your reeking rum holes lowly,
Your agues, and plagues, and brawls unholy.
Go, leave the city for the plain.
Go clear the forest—rear the grain,
And the glad earth shall soon dispense,
Among ye—health, fame, competence.
Go where you will in quest of store,
But seek for public posts no more;

Go!"—
Something more, he would have said,
But for a clout upon the head,
Which stopt his preaching in a crack,
And laid him sprawling on his back.
His words of wrath, abuse, and scorn,
That list'ning ring had calmly borne;
But when he spoke a word uproarious,
Of city sinecures, so glorious,
They rush'd upon him like an ocean,
And left him without sense, or motion,
And then with unalloy'd devotion,
Full thirty of that valliant clan,
Commenced,—[as is their usual plan)—
To dance upon the prostrate man!

But lo! upon the backless chair,
With much importance in his air,
Another orator is glancing,
And so the men left off their dancing.
The speaker, I am coming at,
Was "every inch" a democrat;
The duds he wore, from felt to leather,
Would scorn to cover any other;
But, ere he tells the room his pleasure,
I think 'twere well to take his measure.

His hat, was white as lime could make it,
Aud hard as pipe-clay when you bake it;

But in his scorn of *regal* ware
The *crown* was kick'd to—God knows where—
At all events it was'nt there!
The face below defies my study
For 'twas so baked, and brown, and muddy,
Coat, over-coat, profusely laid,
I ne'er might find its proper shade;
Nor has it been described by Fullers,
In his huge "Theory of Colors;"
Perchance it was what children call
"Dunducketty mud"—a taste of all.
Between his chin, and forehead low,
A nose had hardly room to grow;
So his curl'd upwards, pert and gay
To give the eyes and mouth fair play.
And O! those little twinkling eyes,
In a small way look'd wondrous wise;
And one of them—(when e'er he made
A point, in what he did or said)
He'd wink, with cunning jerk, to claim
Attention, for he worshipp'd fame.
His dingy neck, no 'kerchief knew—
His sun baked breast was open too;
His *shirt*, (which seem'd his second skin,
Their *colors* were so much *akin*,)
Falling in graceful folds apart,
Unconscious of the toilet's art.
A piece of rag, and thong of leather,

Knotted ingeniously together,
And thrown, his better shoulder o'er,
Sustained the nether garb he wore;
His coat—like Joseph's coat of yore,
Contained of shades, at least a score:
And such its *style*, and *age*, I ween,
It must the very same have been;
But time, alas! that envious glutton,
Had robb'd it of its every button,
And worse than this—alack "a day,"
One of its skirts had ran away.
His breeches to his calf reach'd down,
Whence shone his leg, so stout and brown;
Which, all your tory notions mocking,
Stood independent of a stocking.
To be in keeping with the rest,
A boot and shoe, his feet confest;
But then his loco foco toes,
Seeing the legs their charms disclose,
Of course laid claim to equal right,
And so look'd out upon the light.
Such was the man who claims our hearing:
And, though his garb may cause some jeering,
His looks combined a curious mixture
Of shrewdness, truth, and fun, that fix'd your
Attention, so, beyond a doubt,
We're bound to hear his story out.

"Be jaibers now ye've talk'd enough,
For all you've said's a pack of stuff.
I was myself a demycrat,
And may be still—but what of that!
I knows my know," (at this he wink'd
As if he had a foeman pink'd,)
"I knows my know, for I have been,
Ten years a pollytishin keen,
And I defy the man to say,
I ever work a single day,
When an election's in the way."
('Twas here the eye wink'd very pat,
'*So ye may take it out of that*')—
"I ne'er did this, ye'll all allow,
Nor skulk'd from a shillelah row,
When S——g and B——y said 'twere well
To fight among ourselves pell mell,
(*As Jackson votes grew scarce or dear*)
To keep the Whigs from coming near!
And still I've scorn'd to dress too clean,
It looks so whiggish! and so mean!
And wear a dirty coat, to show
I'm not a whig, where'er I go;
And, for to make the fact more clear,
I change my shirt but twice a year!"
At this the audience all fell grinning
At their own democratic linen;
Feeling, if 'twere a step sublime,

By which to eminence to climb,
They'd all be Aldermen in time.)
The speaker, thinking that they doubted
His words, look'd daggers round, and pouted;
Then, pulling out his shirt tail, cried,
"Look there, boys, and be satisfied!
And yet, by Jaibers, here I am,
Not worth the purchase of a dram.
Don't talk to me about your grace;
For here's myself—BUT WHERE'S MY PLACE?
I don't look to be aldherman,
Bekase presumption aint my plan;
But there is Barney Diddherawhack,
Paddy O'Blusther, and Corney Mack,
And fifty more of the dirty pack;
Some of them, custom house officers fine,
Some of them, constables, cutting a shine.
More of them, soldiers by say, and by land,
Having commissions to make them grand;
Yet here am I, Rory O'Regan,
My father the same, and my mother a Fagan,
Who can't get an office, the devil a taste,
Tho' I've voted a thousand times at laist.
'Tis thrue, me scavenger once they made,
But dirty wather be on the trade;
For they paid us off in brandy nate,
And they gave us nothing else to ait!
Had I at first been left alone,

I would'nt have any cause to moan;
I had a whig masther—the best of men,
And I dress'd, and I fed, like a bishop then;
But then ye came around me, and towld me so grave,
That if Jackson went out, I'd be sold for a slave,
But if he gets in—ye so cunningly sigh'd,
Then Rory, my boy, in your carriage you'll ride.
Tho', barrin a ride to *Sing Sing*, for a row,
I have pegg'd on my trotters from that time till now.
But still I began my road to fame;
I voted ten times the first year I came;
I fought like a pagan to put down the banks,
And was *teased* with no more of their money for thanks;
Though, somehow, it often comes into my head,
That 'twas mighty conveynient in paying for bread;
And my masther I whack'd at the polls in play,
Bekase he had given me a Biddle in pay;
And thus, for presarving the nation one day,
I got kick'd out of doors while you'd brain a buck flay.
So this is the way I am murthered and kilt,
And lodg'd, in a bed without blanket or quilt,
In a *gateway so snug*, where I hide from the flats,

With nothing to trouble me, barrin the rats;
Until I've a notion to go for the whigs,
And show ye O'Regans a match for your rigs!
And veto hard money, though none's to be had,
And dress, in silk stockings, to drive ye all mad;
But in spite of all that is past, I vow,
I won't be too hard if you'll please me now,
And write off to Van Buren, and tell him my case,
And how he forgot to provide me a place;
And that if I get one, which is daicent, and light,
I'll give Goward five dollars to taich me to write."

At this that host began to titter;
When the O'Regan, waxing bitter,
Snatch'd his old cady from his head,
And whirl'd it round his noddle red;
Then dash'd it on the ground, and said,
"Oh! yes, 'tis ye should laugh at that,
You are yourselves such scholars, pat;
Tho' well 'tis known to all the town,
Ye read your papers up side down!
And that there's not three in your awkward squad,
Who can tell a pen from the pole of a hod!!
And now since ye've vex'd me, I'll have ye all know it,
I'm a bit of a whig, and a whale of a poet;
So I'll sing you a song, I composed on a day,

As I tried, *upon nothing*, my hunger to stay.
By wishing for one of the dinners so nait,
Which I ait at the whigs, and that too on a plate!"

So Rory, without more to do,
Commenced his song, and sang it through:
And jump'd the chorus with a vigor,
That bore the bell from Rice's* nigger.

O'REGAN'S SONG.

AIR,—*Barney Bralligan.*

Aldhermen live upon wine,
  Marshals on mutton and slaughter;
Guagers on brandy so fine,
  But voters on blarney and water!
So don't be making me sick,
  With your politics, places, and spaikers;
They may all go to ould Nick,
  If I may but go to the bakers!

CHORUS.

Then hurroo! whack!
  I'm for a bit in the pan again;
O'Regan will give ye the sack,
  And go and eat beef like a man again.

2.

It is all very easy to those
  Who can make it taste well by their reading;
But to us, whom a primer would pose,
  Och! that blarney's the worst of bad feeding:

* Jim Crow.

Bekase our ears can't ait,
And make speeches taste like pudding;
So ye may have words for mait,
But here's for the mait with the blood in!

CHORUS.

Then hurroo! whack!
I'm for a sop in the pan again;
O'Regan must give ye the sack,
And go and ait beef like a man again.

3.

It is all very fine, no doubt,
To vote ye high in station,
While we get kick'd about,
Like foo balls, through the nation!
And all bekaze your note,
The native's dander raises;
Wo'nt ye have Rory's vote?
Och! no, ye dont, by Jaiziz!

CHORUS.

Then hurroo! whack!
I'm for a sop in the pan again;
O'Regan must give you the sack,
And go and eat beef like a man again.

Scarce died the words on Rory's lip,
When on the lug he caught a clip,
From an O'Bluster's red right hand,
Which left him sprawling on the sand.
But not in vain the Regan fell—
Tim Grogan knew, and loved him well.
For Tim sells brandy (by the way)
And Rory drinks a pint a day;

So like a Cyclops in a play,
The fierce O'Grogan's practised paw
Broke the O'Bluster's better jaw:
Then, then 'twas thine, great Corny Mack,
To place the Grogan on his back;
And to be fell'd thyself in turn,
By a wind-piper from O'Byrne.
Then an O'Dowd, and an O'Shane,
Closed, fought like mad, and graced the plain;
The Dowd's grim teeth, in reeking rows,
Clench'd on the Shane's devoted nose.
Then did a Toole a poker wave,
The standard of his party brave;
And with a sweep, so fast and full,
It might have crack'd a negro's skull,
Came on a Durfy's noddle block,
Which, like a mountain, stood the shock,
So rung that void in echo loud,—
So mock'd the skull, that poker proud,—
Why stoops the Durfy?—takes he cool
Such dire dishonor from the Toole?
No! by the banner of Boru,
He stoops to seize his brogues so true,
And, thus supplied with shield and spear,
Drives on the Toole in mad career.
Now poker, poker, make for toes,
The head, you know, defies your blows;
Now brogues, now brogues, defend your pins,

Your master's brains are in his shins;
Down swept the poker fierce,—but, whack!
The left brogue sent it bounding back;
While on the Toole's astonish'd ear,
The right brogue fell with crash of fear;
The echo gaily singing out,
" Nothing like leather for a clout!"

But here the fight too fierce became,
To speak of individual fame;
For every man in that grim ring
Fought like a true Milisian King,
Save the brave German of my lay,
Who at the onset ran away;
Thus killing two birds with a stone;
—Going untouch'd in *purse* or *bone*,
Before he got a deuced milling;
And ere " mine host" had sent his bill in!

The leaders now their powers divide,
An equal host on either side;
And equal were their tattered shirts,
And wholesale loss of hats and skirts;
And thus in flying troops afar,
They both 'let slip the dogs of war.'
Nor did they lack for arms the while—
The Regans seiz'd the table's pile,
While the O'Blusters found *gallore*

In a huge cupboard's varied store.
Now boom'd the big artillery high;
Now missiles rush'd along the sky;
Meeting midway with crashing sound,
Or dashing heroes to the ground.
Thus Shamster Mack a soup plate threw
Which swifter than a comet flew,
Till in the centre it embraced
A teapot, urged with equal haste,
When both, (tho' much admired and prized,)
In the hot shock were pulverized.
Again, O'Rouke let fly a jug,
Which took Tim Grogan on the lug,
And sent him smash against the wall,
As tho' it were a cannon ball.
The Regans then, a score of plates,
Hurl'd at the foes' devoted pates;
When back a score of glasses flew,
Which sought the mouths *with instinct true.*
I can't say any meat, or bread,
By either of the hosts were sped;
Because, before they hurl'd their rockets,
They stuffed the viands in their pockets;
But still the air grew thick and thicker,
With everything but food and liquor;
The floor, yet more confused than Babel,
With fragments from the shelves and table;
And many a stream of heroes' blood,

Which smelt like rum, and look'd like mud.

The amunition being expended,
The lines no longer were extended;
But outguards, both advanced and rear,
Formed centreways with skill and care,
'Till front to front, six yards away,
The foemen stood in close array.

That was a moment big with fate,
But all too hot to hesitate,
Scarcely an instant, breath'd their spite,
But quick as magnets, steam, or light,
They headlong closed in bloody fight.
Saint Patrick! what an hour for glory;
O'Turf—M'Whackam—royal Rory,
And big Con Batterscull so gory,
  Met with a mutual scream,
And so they plied their fists of power,
Their toes, and teeth, that awful hour,
Much faster than a thunder shower;
  I thought they went by steam.
"Now boys," cried Rory, "shin them well
  Your brogues are sharp and tough,"
Cried Bluster—"at them boys pell mell,
  And soon they'll cry enough."
Now Turf had got a tempting lug,
  Which look'd extremely nice;

But Con clean halved it with a tug,
  And gulp'd it in a trice.
O'Turf, the deed disrelished quite,
So bounding back with main and might,
  He brought his right brogue, whack,
(To poor Con Batterscull's dismay,)
Right on his bread room, stuff'd that day,
Which sent him sounding from the fray,
  And howling on his back.
O'Regan, and M'Whackam still,
Were straining on with strength and skill,
Each with a fist so big and bare,
Grasp'd on his foeman's flowing hair,
  Which either bore like trumps.
And each, (alas! 'twas Friday too,
When both alike should meat eschew,)
With teeth all reeking from a feast
On noses, cheeks, and ears at least,
    And haply breasts and rumps.

O'Bluster now, his skull of lead,
Let fly at Grogan's cabbage head,
    Each butting like a ram;
When each was dash'd upon the plain,
But up at once they rose again,
And swore, though writhing wild with pain,
    They didn't care a damn.

Still heav'd about that struggling ring,
Still teeth to ears and noses cling,
And busy fingers, enterprizing,
Hats, vests and shirts were flitterizing;
And some, alas! I must confess,
Were very nearly breechesless;
And still their battle cries arose,
As eagerly as at the close;
The Blusters shouted "stars and stripes,"
The Regans cry was "Jaibers Cripes,"
And once, O'Bluster's classic taste,
Called Juno to his aid in haste!
(His fancy makes me blush;)
For long before, stout Mat O'Shea,
Had torn his trowserloons away,
And left him there as plain as day,
But hush — dear Muse, "Oh hush."

Once more the ranks asunder stood,
Once more they closed like stones and mud;
I think my simile is good,
So close they stuck and fast;
Again they part, and close again;
While every man on that grim plain,
Was gory, panting — full of pain;
But bottom to the last.
Now charge, ye Blusterites with fire;
Now charge, ye Reganites so dire;

Well done—well done—by all the Gods!
Ye Blusterites so true!
Och! had ye but your spades and hods,
What wonders ye would do!
By all the Goddesses! I wot,
Ye Reganites so stout,
Your brogues are good as ball or shot,
For dashing shins about!
O! for a pen of flame and steel,
To trace the burning thoughts I feel,
And move the Gods to read!
O! for a draught of lightning's fire!
O! for great Homer's thunder lyre,
To help me in my need!
O! that I had within me, warm,
A young volcano, or a storm,
To give my fancies speed!
Still, here and there, that wriggling ring,
Like worms, upon a dunghill cling;
And jerk about, from side to side,
Like labouring ship on stormy tide—
Dark, gory, stern, and grim;
And, O, ye Gods! what sights to see!—
For reader, dear, ('twixt you and me,)
At least a score of those *brave* men
Had scarce a rag of clothes on them,
To hide one precious limb!

Now Blusters—Blusters, keep your own!
Now, Regans, shin them to the bone!
Hurrah!—Hurrah!—the Regans win!
Their brogues have left no trace of skin
On an O'Bluster's single shin!
But no:—again their ranks give way—
The host has join'd the bloody fray!
And, as the Shins were best at drinking,
Fell on the gallant brogues like winking!
Again brave Rory bit the ground—
Brave Tim again *his* measure found;
But, as much rum was spill'd around,
They downwards turn'd their lips with care,
And lay as still as oysters there!

But hold!—My muse has sprain'd a wing—
My lyre has lost its loudest string:
McL——n, where wert thou that night,
Whose harp were equal to the flight,
And might have 'waked a lay had shamed
The muse of Scott or Homer famed?
And where wert thou, thou lord of rhyme,
Who writes and sings the songs sublime,
At feasting or election time,
Which D–nm–n prints, the tastes to show
Of Irish readers?—Oh! oh!! oh!!!
Enough ye were not there—and so

I'll say no more on theme so gory,
But make a fi ish of my story.
We'll now suppose the battle o'er—
The room immers'd in rum and gore—
Hats, pokers, pots, and broken glasses,
And *warriors* (!) all as drunk as asses!
And hostess, howling like a bear,
At her demolish'd crockery-ware:
And (which was really very clever,)
The foes seem'd better friends than ever.
O'Bluster stout, tho' scarcely able,
Was kissing Rory on the table;
Three Hodmen, with their grimy faces,
Were in three Lawyers' fond embraces;
Three Magistrates, in corner handy,
With Paupers three, were drinking brandy;
And all the various rest,—Inspectors—
Custom-house Officers—Tax Collectors—
Constables—Editors—Tavern-keepers—
Loafers—and Nightmen—and Street Sweepers,
Sat in a ring, like brother and brother,
All making love to one another!
And meeter companions were never together—
All peats of one turf-bog, and 'birds of one feather!'
But here we part, 'Dear reader, mine,'
Or whether you are grieved or glad;
For thus I'll finish with a line—
The "OFFICE-HUNTER-ONIAD."

NOTES.

The *Irish-Office-Hunter-Oniad*, as its name implies, is only intended to allude to such Irishmen and their *protégées* as are inquest of public offices; and even those, when they can *read*, *write*, and *look decent*, are not included.

NOTE II.—Page 12, lines i and ii.

"An education—more's a loss,
That makes one's autograph a cross."

It is said to be a fact, that one of our Custom-house Officers, being asked to sign his name lately, to a public document, absolutely made a cross, under which had to be written, * * * * * * * "his mark."

NOTE III.—Page 13, line xix,

"In the Sixth Ward, so famed," &c.

I flatter myself that the description of the Sixth Ward which follows this line, will be found a faithful picture. At least, the "grog shops up in garrets," I know to be a fact; and in those places the bottle is usually kept under the bed, "for fear of the thief of a guager." The line about "putting in insolvent bail," alludes to the Sixth Ward system of taking desperadoes of all descriptions out of jail, on the security of persons who are not *solvent for a sixpence*. Thus, I know a bankrupt attorney who can hardly pay for the ink that might be used in drawing up a brief, and yet he is indebted to the city several thousand dollars "for runaway rogues," who have forfeited their recognizance; and he is even still permitted to trifle with the laws, in the same manner. A shoemaker, in James-street, has realized a handsome fortune by this business; because, when a prisoner thinks that he is likely to be sent "*up*" for one or two years, he generally contrives to give fifteen or twenty dollars to a person for bailing him out; and that is the last the people hear of him, until he is re-taken for some other crime.

NOTE IV.—Page 14, lines ii and iii.

"So famed for legal pettifoggers,
Whose faces prove them formed for boggers."

As there are several respectable Irish lawyers in the Sixth Ward, I ought probably to define the parties I allude to here, for fear of mistakes. For instance, there are Mr. Lynch, Mr. Major, &c. But then there is nothing to apprehend on their part, as their appearance, talent and respectability, must always keep them from being identified with the legal throglodytes I speak of.

NOTE V.—Page 17, lines iii and iv.

"He was a man by nature made,
To lead the ranks I've here displayed."

I believe I have indicated in my preface, that all the characters of the poem have living representatives. Who they are, is a matter which I shall leave to the ingenuity of the public to discover; but in my own favor, I must say, that, with but little exception, I did

"Nothing extenuate,
Or set down aught in malice."

NOTE VI.—Page 23, lines viii and ix.

"And hence all haddocks Irish born,
His finger-marks do still adorn."

The haddock, a fish which is very plenty in Ireland, has a black mark on either side of its back, resembling the impression of a finger and thumb; and hence there is a tradition that the five fishes which our Saviour blessed and broke, on the mountain, were haddocks.

NOTE VII.—Page 24, line xix.

"And poor Pat Tracy, now in jail."

Pat, who was recently sent up to Sing Sing, for amusing himself with a *highway robbery* on Mr. Post, the paint seller, was a leading Irish democrat, and office seeker; and such an especial friend of one of the ex-Aldermen of the Sixth Ward, that he used to introduce him at the corporation dinners! I don't write this from a wish to make any especial reflection on poor Pat, because I sincerely believe him to be just as honest a man as any of his immediate compatriot competitors for city honors.

NOTE VIII.—Page 30, lines xxv and xxvi.

"Although he could some matters show
'Twixt self—and R——n and H-e."

"Thereby hangs a tale" which will form a portion of the burden of *a coming* production!

NOTE IX.—Page 37, lines i and ii.

"His trade is second-handed lawyer."

This is a fact; the lowly individual alluded to, makes a living by looking for "lawsuits," which he gets another pettifogger, (only a degree or two superior to himself,) to carry through for him.

NOTE X.—Page 40, lines i, ii and iii.

"Den I get men vot's goin to sail.
Who scarce charge nottin for deir bail,
And so I takes dem out of jail."

This putting in of insolvent bail, has been mentioned before; so I have only to observe here, that it is for the procuring of *bail*, and not for their *legal advice*, that the majority of Irish criminals fee their lawyers. Any man who wears decent clothes, and will take an oath *cheap*, may find a good deal of employment in this line, in the Sixth Ward!

NOTE X .—Page 41, line xvii.

"There's Homer, boys, who lived in Spain, &c."

The leading orator of the Sixth Ward is very fond of classic introductions and allusions in his speeches; and certain of his followers are much given to imitate him: nor is this to be wondered at, as next to General Jackson, they esteem him the very greatest man in the world. My version of the speech which follows the above line, is very little, if any, exaggerated.

NOTE XII.—Page 45, lines viii and ix.

"Thus by a graceful mode of stinking,
Will drive them from the ward like winking."

This plan was actually proposed for the purpose of driving the decent inhabitants out of the Sixth Ward, and thus decreasing their vote.

NOTE XIII.—Page 52, line xxii.

"Such was the man who claims our hearing."

This is a true portrait of Rory O'Regan, (a celebrated political orator,) taken at a long sitting.

NOTE XIV.—Page 54, lines xxiv, xxv, xxvi and xxvii.

"'Tis thrue, me scavenger once they made;
But dirty water be on the trade—
For they paid us off in brandy nate,
And they gave us nothing else to ait."

The unfortunate Irish scavengers who are employed in some of the wards of this city, must either take out a serious portion of their earnings in brandy, or resign their situations. I do not vouch exactly for the present, but I know that this was the practice a short time ago.

NOTE XV.—Page 56, lines xix and xx.

"Though well 'tis known to all the town,
Ye read your papers upside down."

It is told of an Irish office hunter in this city, that upon being presented with a newspaper one day to peruse a certain piece, he began very sagaciously by reading it *to himself*—the *bottom* of the paper at the time being turned *upwards!* And I have reason to believe that many more of the same class have to boast of an equal education.

NOTE XVI.—Page 50, line vii.

"But here the fight too fierce became."

Those persons who have ever witnessed a thoroughgoing election row in the seat of the Sixth Ward democracy, will acknowledge that I have not overdrawn the picture of the fight alluded to above.

NOTE XVII.—Page 67, lines vi and vii.

"And (which was really very clever,)
The foes seem'd better friends than ever."

This is the termination of all Irish office hunting rows; the leaders knowing better than to suffer their myrmidons to remain at loggerheads.