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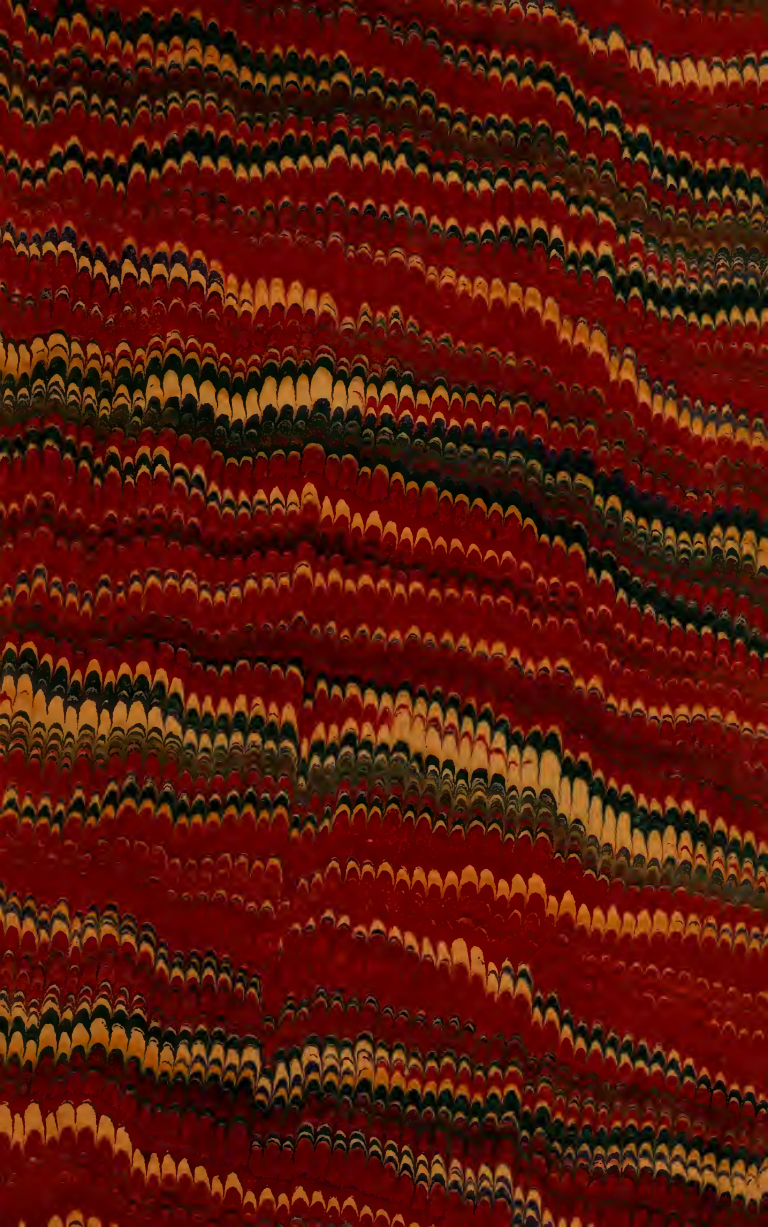


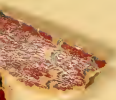
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PRICE 25 CENTS.

# Four Hundred to One;

OR,

## PEGASUS TO PURGATORY VIA WALL ST. ABATTOIR.

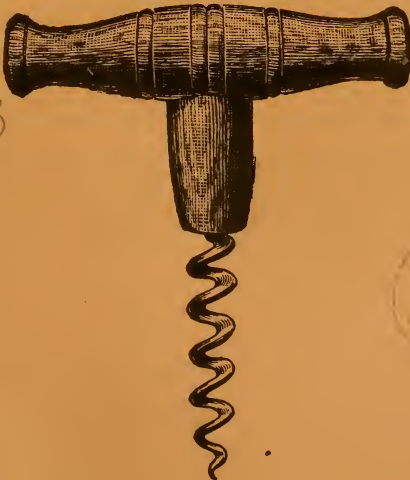
BY

W. I. WHITING.

THE BIG, BOOK BOSS, OF BEAVER ST.,  
AUTHOR OF HARDSCRABBLE &C., &C.

A CHIELD AMONG YE TAKING NOTES

AND FAITH, HE'LL PRINT IT — Burns.



W. I. WHITING,  
PUBLISHER,  
27 BEAVER ST., N. Y.



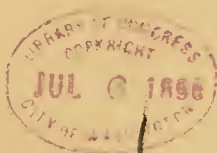
**FOUR HUNDRED TO ONE;**

OR,

PEGASUS TO PURGATORY VIA

WALL ST. ABATTOIR.

BY  
W. I. WHITING.



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W. I. WHITING,  
PUBLISHER,  
27 BEAVER ST., NEW YORK.

*(Faint handwritten scribbles at the bottom of the page)*

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*ms* *ARAC* BY

W. I. WHITING.

---

*n. y.*

*To the American People :*

The question that I have the honor of placing before you, is one of the most momentous that has ever been given for the consideration of an enlightened nation, a question far above the Venezuelan question, the Cuban question, the Gold, or Silver question,

Whether Democrats, or Republicans shall for four years feed at Uncle Sammy's Manger, and the question is this: whether the gold bugs, bankers and brokers of Wall St., and business men at the commercial and financial gateway of the Western world,

Know how to read, or spend their cash for beer and whiskey.

W. I. WHITING.

## PREFACE.

---

If in Uncle Sam's broad domain, and among his 70 Millions of People there is not a larger percentage, who buy good books, than judging by seven years experience, are in the Imperial City of New York, "Where merchants most do congregate."

God help the Nation.

W. I. WHITING.

## DECLARATION OF WAR.

“ Have ye sharpened yonur swords,  
For the conflict is nigh.”

*To the Goldbugs, Bankers and Brokers of Wall  
Street, and Business Men of this Meridian:—*

DEARLY BELOVED—

To thrust a straight stick down a crooked man's wind-  
pipe

Is neither high toned nor honorable,  
To drive umbrellas into a hungry man's bread-basket  
Is neither manly nor genteel,  
But to attempt to spread them is diabolical in the ex-  
treme,

Hence these few lines :

Therefore be it known to all men, and some women,  
that I, W. I. Whiting, of 27 Beaver street, New York,  
“with malice towards none, with charity to all,”  
standing 5 feet 10½ inches in my \$1.75 Bowery boots ;  
age . . . . , weight and contents unknown.

Whitened by the frosts of time,  
Lashed by the strokes of an adverse fate,  
Withered and wasted by seven years famine in a land  
of plenty,

make and declare war against you for good and suffi-  
cient reasons ; to wit :

It is known, or should be, to all of you who can and  
do read, that for seven years past I have been engaged  
in your midst, “rising early, tarrying late and eating  
the bread of carefulness” in the honorable occupation  
of Book Seller, without that recognition and support

from you which I—not unreasonably—expected would be given by the business men at the commercial and financial gateway of the Western World, to a calling respectable, iustructive and refining.

You cannot plead ignorance in extenuation of your reprehensible conduct, as

Whiting's Literary Restaurant,  
Alias Mecca of Down Town Literati,  
Alias Hardscrabble Book Store,

has been brought to your notice by many advertisements in the press, by tens of thousands of handbills freely distributed, by various artistic signs profusely displayed around the door of the Book Mart, by gratuitous, complimentary and much-appreciated articles in leading journals of the city, yet your support, save in a few honorable exceptions and kindly-remembered instances

Would not keep a Harlem goat,

and this, mark you, not at the cross-roads in a sparcely settled country, but neath the shadows of seven exchanges

“Where merchants most do congregate”

in the imperial City of New York, while in your midst,

“Tell it not in Gath,”

“Publish it not in the streets of Askelon,”

400 saloons are thriving.

O! Monstrous! Monstrous! bow the head to know,  
In this Imperial City such doth show.

Should a stranger coming into our midst learn the above, together with the fact that during my seven years sojourn, I have scarcely sold save

“To those who go down to the sea in ships  
And do business upon the great waters,”

works of high literary merit ; facts to you a humiliation, to the city a shame ; he would naturally ask what conqueror hath curtailed the liberties of this people and prohibited the reading of good books ; informed that none hath proclaimed such an edict, he would endorse the timely question I have asked, whether you know how to read ? or spend your cash for whiskey ?

You have refused to be the medium whereby I could send joy and gladness to young hearts by means of 25,000 as handsome Children's Books

“As a man ever struck an axe in a tree,”

and have refused to carry to your homes books whereby a city could be entertained.

Thus by your dereliction of duty

You have awakened animosity,

You have courted confusion,

And will have brought upon yourselves the condemnation of a continent.

Napoleon in his Egyptian campaign, to inspire his soldiers said, the centuries are looking down on you.

Incunabulas are looking down on me, an unsheathed sword hanging on the wall, penning this declaration, my writing desk a 1551 Edition Tyndale Bible, with autographs of Thomas Guy, founder of the famous Guy's Hospital in London, my arm rest a rare 1471 Edition, while above and on every side, and far along past, Poets' Corner, Esculapian Arcade, Decameron place, Don Juan alley, Marmion avenue,



Waverly way, Carlisle retreat, Jerico lane, Jerusalem road, till elephant folios dwindle to 32 Mos in weariness of distance. Books. Books. Books. In such profusion as no other store on earth can show, which to be understood must be seen, and once seen will never be forgotten.

The only beam filled book store in the universe.

250,000 strong, on paper, my position impregnable, my force irresistible—yet must exist on two meals a day.

I have more fully pursued this interesting subject in my latest poem (price 25c.), 400 lines, with 300 of a prologue, heroic measure, the only style in which a menacing and martial message should be written, that grand old standard so successfully used by Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Byron and other great masters of English verse.

Therefore appealing beyond my surroundings to a generous and book-buying public, who will not permit this lamp to be untimely quenched because in an evil hour, in my simplicity of soul, and ignorant of the wants of this *lettered locality*, choose to sell books instead of beer, and relying on the justness of my cause,

Make and declare war against you,

And may Heaven defend the right.

Given under my hand at 27 Beaver street,

New York, this 21st day of June,

1896.

W. I. WHITING.

Signed in the presence of

his

JAMES -|- CROW,

mark.

## PROLOGUE.

“Gold bugs,” attend, for ’tis of you I sing,  
For you these quarto hundred lines I bring,  
At duty’s call the classic steed I’ve mounted,  
Surveyed your Wall street and your haunts I’ve  
counted,  
When you the famed “400” did invade,  
Letting a book store all untimely fade ;  
From thence descended to the shades below,  
Pictured your thirst, your pleadings and your woe,  
A shameful, startling story, but no doubt,  
Right in the “meetin” I have spoken out,  
Setting aside that good old fashioned rule,  
Whoever stumbles “tell no tales from school ;”  
“400 to one;” yes, that appears the “size,”  
Of those who drink, and those who reading prize,  
Which fact in view it is not hard to show  
Why this great city doth so often know  
Financial “jim jams” when the magnates here,  
Instead of reading books are drinking beer.  
Dreadful impeachment, commentary sad,  
And condemnation greater I could add,  
A stigma, stain, a national disgrace,  
A *blooming nose* on Uncle Sam’s fair face ;  
Shameful disclosure, each one must confess,  
In justice to this land I could no less,  
For I alone of all the people know,  
And with a heavy heart your failings show.  
War I’ve declined, e’en tho unnumbered foes,  
In maudlin strength ingloriously oppose ;  
For by the “sword as well receive my doom,”  
As sink by sure starvation to the tomb.  
One among many, tho I stand alone,  
The gage of battle I have downward thrown,

My sword, like famed of Hudibras which eat  
 Into itself for lack of human meat  
 I have unsheathed, and ne'er again my blade  
 Within its scabbard shall in peace be laid  
 While this foul blot, this stigma and this stain  
 Upon this famous city doth remain.

When here I came my well fed, portly form,  
 Proof against summer's heat, or winter's storm.  
 If from his fabled cave with mighty power,  
 Eolus rushed at eighty miles an hour,  
 Firm on my pins I stood, without a quiver,  
 Now in a three-knot breeze I shake and shiver.  
 Erst flowing locks as black as "Jimmy Crow," \*  
 Now my poor head is like a ball of snow.  
 Perhaps there are from whom these words will fall,  
 "To me it more doth show like billiard ball,"  
 Kind friend forbear, could you my past survey,  
 Jestng would cease, and tears would find their way.  
 My cheeks, once blushing as a youthful bride  
 Rosy as June in all its perfumed pride,  
 Now wan and withered, and I fear 'tis lasting,  
 The sure and sad results of seven years fasting.  
 Yes, long I've lived on husks, husks awful dry,  
 Hoe cake I'll have or know the reason why,  
 But yet to mitigate my seven year's curse  
 I must have "boodle" in my oft-bled purse,  
 For in "these parts" 'tis counted worse than sin  
 When "dust" is on your clothes instead of in.  
 But read my story, and note well my question  
 E'en tho it bring "no aid to your digestion."  
 A question that for interest to this land  
 As much above a boundary line doth stand

---

\* Probably the finest specimen of a cat this country has ever produced.

Down in a "dismal swamp" where fevers breed,  
 Where scorpions flourish and where lizzards feed,  
 Where jiggars, jaegers, panthers roam the earth  
 And revolutions are of annual birth.  
 As towers the Andes piercing upper sky  
 Above the ant hills that unnoticed lie,  
 As soars the eagle in his lordly flight  
 Above the buzzards and the bats of night,  
 Or as the king of beasts that fearless goes  
 Proudly defiant, tho assailed by foes  
 Impeded not, nor driven from his track  
 By Jingo yelps of many an envious pack,  
 Guided alone by his imperial will  
 Along the plain and o'er the distant hill,  
 Sure in superior strength ; doth grandly show  
 Above the burrowing mole in earth below,  
 Or as the Mississippi's mighty power  
 Besides the dew drop or the morning flower.

Ye fighting preachers, \* jingoes "fore and aft,"  
 At what ungodly fountain have ye quaff'd,  
 Say, have ye gathered at the river's brink  
 Where bathe hyenas and where jackalls drink,  
 'Twere better far if each could answer "He  
 "Besides the peaceful waters leadeth me."  
 Doth strife delight, doth conflict pleasure bring  
 Down from the pulpit seek the bruiser's ring.

What says the poet, † hath he pictured you  
 When from his pages doth arise to view  
 Mortals who stole Heaven's livery that they

---

\* If correctly reported, some preachers during the Jingo period in December were anxious for war, but to the credit of the cloth the number was small, while the peace party was large, Heaven be praised.

† Pollock in his "Course of Time."

Might serve the Devil in a heartier way.

\* Let Jingo, moonstruck editors indite  
 And politicians hurl from morn to night  
 Their Jingo fireworks ; they murder talk by rote  
 To sell a paper, or to buy a vote,  
 And be assured they would at earliest thunder  
 Of wars affrighting engines "stand from under."  
 Hire a substitute, failing that, through fear  
 Discreetly would meander to the rear.

'Tis yours to bid all angry passions cease,  
 Pour oil on troubled waters, council peace ;  
 Let my complaint your eloquence engage,  
 "Here point your thunder, here exhaust your rage."  
 Wide o'er the East, and through the boundless West,  
 Where plenty flows from Nature's ample breast.  
 Beneath the Northern, and the Southern skies  
 Fearless, let rounded eloquence arise  
 And with unfettered tongue aloud proclaim  
 The city's peril and the city's shame,  
 And when to Heaven with fervent voice you pray  
 For safe deliverance on our checkered way  
 From every curse, be your petition thus :

† From all Jingo Executives,  
 From all Jingo Cabinets,  
 From all Jingo Ministers, spiritual and temporal,  
 From all Jingo Editors,  
 From all Jingo Senators,  
 From all Jingo Congressmen,  
 From all Jingo Representatives,

---

\* I have not seen it so explained, but my idea is that the two moons seen in December occasioned the great derangement of intellect exhibited, for

If one full moon oft crazy men effect,  
 Two in a month, what else could we expect.

† This verse is a little long for euphony, but for sound sense can't be beat.

From all Jingo Mayors,  
 From all Jingo Generals,  
 From all Jingo Statesmen and fire-cracker politicians,  
 From all Jingo Wind-bag and vote-seeking Blather-  
 skites,  
     Good Lord deliver us !

Question, above the Cuban question far  
 As high o'er earth doth shine the evening star,  
 Greater than can in rustic rhyme be told  
 If platform Silver, or if platform Gold,  
 The Presidential question is "not in it,"  
 Fitness of candidates cannot for a minute  
 With it compare, whether shall get the fat,  
 The Grand Old Party or the Democrat,  
 Whether Sir Grover \* gunned for Jingo votes,  
 When last December with discordant notes  
 Fresh from his hunting trip did there and then  
 Turn peaceful citizens to warlike men,  
 Or if the martial message menace drew  
 From good spring water or from mountain dew.

If at Chicago, Empress of the Plain--  
 How like Minerva springing from Jove's brain--  
 For action armed, such vast commercial power  
 To wondering world displayed from earliest hour.  
 If at Chicago on an anxious day  
 Assembled chiefs in all their proud array  
 Hoping renewal lease of power and place,  
 Make search for one to enter in the race  
 Fleet limbed and strong; in all condition fit

---

\* I do not believe it incumbent upon me to apologize for using these gentlemen's names as public men are public property, and with naught but kindest feeling could not resist on present occasion swinging them into line.

To wisely rule the land, or ruin it  
 As may be judged according to the pleasure  
 Of Democrat, or Grand Old Party measure.  
 Think on the banner will be perched good luck  
 Of famous son, of famous Old Kentuck,  
 Or looking o'er the field conclude the bill  
 Were better filled by naming Mr. Hill,  
 Or if with spirits high and hearts elate  
 Select a runner from the Cultured State ;  
 Or with a genuine, Democratic noise,  
 Choose Gorman, Matthews, Stephenson or Boies,  
 Or think that Whitney—multi-millionaire—  
 Would better grace the Nation's Old Arm Chair.  
 Or judge that Patterson, from land of Penn,  
 Stands head and shoulders over other men,  
 Or should the hall re-echo to the drumming,  
 Relief is near, for lo ! the Campbells coming.  
 Wondrous selection all the land would think  
 To choose, where long can go without a drink,  
 No record yet in book profane, or missal  
 Where Democrat not often "whets" his whistle."

Or if, is hailed as saviour of the land  
 Missouri's good old Uncle Richard Bland—  
 All wool, yard wide, and sterling silverite  
 Who, come what may will stand for what is "white."

If at St. Louis Morton prove the one,  
 Dashing McKinley, stately Allison,  
 Or from the Keystone State call loud for Quay  
 Or to the sturdy North pursue their way,  
 Where Uncle Sammy grows his famous "skippers" \*  
 To guide around the world the Maine built clippers,

---

\* It is an undisputed fact that Maine skippers and Maine clippers have been, and are, the pride of the nation.

Or should this shout to all the world bring joy,  
Cullom is ours! Cullom of Illinois!

Or if from Hymen's halter Uncle Ben  
Can be induced to take the track again,  
Or some dark horse, unto the land a stranger,  
Four years to gorge at Uncle Sammy's manger.  
Fitness of those selected you can view  
From "small beer" orators to big Depew.  
Words, idle words, the question I let fall  
Before the country doth o'er shadow all.

'Tillman awake, in all thy power awake,  
Bid shysters tremble and bid tricksters quake;  
Square from the shoulder hit them as before  
When your denouncing ran the country o'er,  
Turn on Roentgen rays and clear reveal  
Each "flim flam" action and each "bunco" deal,  
Open the flood-gates of your rage and show  
How deep in knavery so-called *Statesmen* go,  
Ring the alarm bell from coast to coast,  
Pillory politicians, gold-bugs roast,  
Rise in the speech of famed Palmetto State,  
Nor turn from duty at corruption's hate,  
Let speculators at thy voice turn pale—  
The nation's vampires with full force assail.  
Apply the lash and let the culprits feel  
That private plunder is not public weal,  
Stay not thine hand while poisonous weeds are found;  
Still not thine voice while thieves so much abound;  
Proclaim it loud, o'er mountain and o'er moor,  
No more this country robbers will endure;  
Proclaim it loud, by river, shore and sea,  
This land from "devil fish" shall yet be free;  
Proclaim it loud, in country and in town,  
That all land pirates shall be trodden down.



When you arise the nation bends to hear,  
 More than to others gives a listening ear,  
 While long, tumultuous shouts approving say :  
 " More power to your elbow," day by day  
 Let papers if they will assail your course,  
 To learned editorials bend their force,  
 They know full well the post that " you are at"—  
 They fling no harpoon to impale a sprat—  
 Altho' with ridicule would press to zero,  
 Their daily shafts proclaim you are a hero ;  
 A man of destiny by the horoscope—  
 The land's redeemer and the nation's hope !

Farewell, the cloth, while skies above us bend,  
 May peace prevail and charity extend,  
 Farewell, the politicians, if ye bring  
 Three meals a day your praises I will sing.  
 Yes, make the platform what your honors will  
 If I can get wherewith my " crop " to fill  
 Be ye assured the undersigned is willing  
 Your platform shall have gold or silver filling,  
 For know ye not, philanthropists, that either,  
 Is heaps before the sorry state of neither,  
 My present ailment, and it is my mind,  
 Grip in the pocket pinches half mankind.

Now to my tale, again upon the stage  
 Ye men of Wall street, and adorn my page,  
 Nor think because my muse has wandered wide  
 And from the chosen subject turned aside,  
 Loathing the sorry tale, that she is fickle,  
 You yet shall feel the " rod I have in pickle."'  
 I know your ways, and knowing will unfold  
 In standard measure, and in language bold.

But read my story, as I said before,

E'en duty summoned to a distant shore,  
*Sample* my verse, aye that's the word to mention,  
That will the surest rivet your attention.  
That is the word, not meaningless, nor hollow,  
That all the big majority will *swallow*,  
Give credence due to my poetic venture,  
Nor think you can escape a nation's censure  
When it the startling story doth behold,  
Not framed in anger, but in sorrow told,  
That in your midst saloons 400 thrive,  
While one Book Store can scarcely keep alive ;  
Tho to my questions asked, it is agreed,  
Most, if not all of you, know how to read,  
Pause and reflect, before it is too late,  
And rescue both from an untimely fate.

Closing this prologue, my defiance throw,  
That brings a solace to my cup of woe,  
Think not to drive inglorious from the field—  
I'm built of stuff that knows not how to yield ;  
Quick to protect from every hap and harm,  
With might that slumbers in my Bluenose arm,  
Two meals a day—sure guarantee from gout—  
Nor can you hunger the old sinner out.

Books are perpetual bloom, stocks killing frost,  
 Margins on Books no changes can exhaust.

“O ye, whose chariots roll on Fortune’s wheel,” \*  
 Who know not hunger, nor privations feel—  
 Favored of fate, secure in her good graces  
 “And all your lines sure cast in pleasant places. †  
 Ye men of Wall St., to my verse give heed,  
 For I am told that most of you can read,  
 Hence take my “pen in hand” to tell in song  
 The *monstrous* praises that to you belong;  
 “Setting naught down in malice,” but portray  
 Now fact, now fiction, in my rustic way.  
 “Gold’bugs” attend and listen to my story,  
 That will to you bring shame instead of glory;  
 Ponder it well, the tale that I rehearse,  
 And, as a skilled physician, greet each verse;  
 As skilled physicians, oft to save a life  
 Probe deep the wound, and freely use the knife;  
 So I, essaying Esculapian air,  
 Seizing the goose quill, lay your failings bare.  
 Strong in the noble cause, “Lay on McDuff,”  
 “And damned be he who first cries, hold, enough.”  
 Bold is the venture, when a meek beholder  
 Standing alone, “strikes squarely from the shoulder.”  
 “Yet, I must speak what wisdom would conceal,”  
 “And truths invidious to the great reveal,” ‡  
 “Who dares think one thing and another tell,”  
 “My heart detests him as the gates of Hell.  
 Ye money bags, ye specie vaults, who hold  
 The country’s railroads and the country’s gold;  
 Ye leeches, happy when the nation bleeding,

---

\* Byron.

† Psalms, 16, vi.

‡ Pope’s Homer’s Illiad.

Insatiate gluttons on the industrious feeding  
 A deadly upas, an untimely blight  
 Tender your bark, but terrible your bite.  
 Come from that Maelstrom where, but worthless trash  
 You often give your honest, sweat-stained cash.  
 Come from false statements, and the secret lair,  
 The trap, the pitfall, and the fatal snare ;  
 Come from that home of irrigated stock,  
 The quicksands, quagmire, and the sunken rock ;  
 Come from your "bitter pills," all *sugar-coated*,  
 And all the rotten railroads you have floated.  
 Come from your maddening rush for sordid gains  
 With bulging pockets, but with barren brains.  
 Ye bellowing bulls, who feel the most delight  
 When venturous bears are made to know your might,  
 Gored without mercy, ruthless, toss'd and torn,  
 Here books that will give vigor to your horn, \*  
 Nor be this fact forgotten, doleful bruises,  
 Who, like the owls and bats, delight in ruins.  
 Here spot congenial, den from darkness dug  
 With books to show the way to closer hug.

Books are perpetual bloom, stocks killing frost,  
 Margins on Books no changes can exhaust.

Marvel no more when scientists declare  
 That water hath of gold a goodly share.  
 On Wall St. waves your yachts do stately ride,  
 And vex the depths of Newport's famous tide.  
 Water in Wall St. rears your mansions high,  
 Floating their graceful towers to the sky;  
 Spreads the rich lawn, and gives to trees and bloom,  
 To scatter wide their beauty and perfume.

---

\* Lives of Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and other Wall street magnates. Sayings of Uncle Rufus, and other Wall street books.

Gives you to scheme in gilded clubs, but yet  
 Those clubs are not the clubs that you should get ;  
 Gives you to act star part in rakes brigade  
 In midnight revel, and in masquerade.  
 Without those waves how oft in life's hard race  
 The master with his servant would change place ;  
 And those whom fate condemns to honest labor  
 Would stand above their haughty, purse-proud  
 neighbor.

This guides the steeds, caparisoned and fleet,  
 Loaded with beauty through the wondering street.  
 But yet their limbs, across the fertile plain  
 Ne'er drew the plow, nor garnered golden grain.  
 Ah, nobler far, those steeds that day by day  
 O'er well till'd fields pursue their lordly way,  
 Than those that swiftly draw, tho' *light* the load  
 Fashion, and folly o'er the perfumed road.  
 Faithful old horse, methinks I see him now, \*  
 Strong in the cart, and steady at the plow,  
 Spanned with a weaker, pull'd an extra share.  
 When "Jack" was hitched, an all-day horse was  
 there.

Books are perpetual bloom, stocks killing frost,  
 Margins on Books no changes can exhaust.

Come from those pinchbeck wares, you proud display  
 To catch the novice in his early day, —  
 Those glittering Gewgaws that like substance show,  
 But yet, their utter worthlessness you know.  
 Come from that street which everyone doth quit  
 With red-hot curses heaped on you and it ;  
 Come from your ignorance of trash you sell,

---

\* Father's old horse, that whether on the farm or the road, to church or to market, never flinched.

Or, from the many falsehoods that you tell,  
 Come from those traps, that you in secret set,  
 Prelude to your hereafter—Satan's net.  
 No more will Wall St. methods serve your turn,  
 When parched with thirst, you all in brimstone burn.  
 In vain to "Jimmy Square-Toes" you will plead, \*  
 For water, water in your direst need;  
 Vain, with stentorian voice, expanded lung  
 Cry for a drop to liquidate your tongue. †  
 Nor can you go, as oft in days of yore,  
 And run for beer and whiskey, many a "score."  
 All efforts vain to better your condition,  
 You'll find below strict laws of Prohibition.  
 And every day, from Tuesday morn till Monday,  
 Will be as dry as Teddy Roosevelt's Sunday.  
 And, Mr. Sharon, let this truth be spoken,  
 Will not transport to Brooklyn, nor Hoboken.  
 Alas, the hour when from your old haunts sundered,  
 No more can mingle with the big 400 ;  
 Yes, quart-o hundred estimates doth tell  
 Such is the number "O, be Joyful" Sell.  
 To one book store ; and prosperous, too, are they,  
 While I can scarce starvation keep away.  
 Tho' late and early pile book treasures high,  
 The same strange story, books you will not buy.  
 This is a solemn truth, alas, alack !  
 Sure as a well-stroked cat, will hump her back.  
 Favored 400 ; cash they never lack it,  
 While I must often work the free lunch "racket." ‡  
 And, but for its "lay out" of generous "hash,"  
 Would, long since, gone to "everlasting smash."

---

\* Sunday school name for the devil.

† Those acquainted with Wall street are familiar with that word.

‡ This was written before Senator Raines, in the fullness of his stomach, brought forth his bill, which makes every hungry man his foe.

O, monstrous, monstrous, bow the head to know  
In this Imperial City, such doth show.  
Imperial York, 'tis thine to hold the key  
That opens wide a gateway to the sea,  
Through which doth pour to Neptune's swelling  
breast

The wondrous riches of the wondrous West.  
Wide are thy boundaries and thy glories great,  
As if sure guarded from an adverse fate.  
But, small the greatness that to us doth show  
Compared with grandeur future years will know.

Imperial York, unrivalled, and alone  
Majestic sits upon her island throne,  
And the great cities stand along the main  
And, rapid rise on many a Western plain.  
Active, progressive, candor will allow  
Before her august presence all must bow,  
For varied commerce her's a steady star.  
Here come the floating palaces from far,  
And all the fearless travellers that sweep,  
By skill directed o'er the bounding deep,  
Bearing what near or far-off nations yield,  
Skill of the brain, or fruitage of the field.  
Again, proud, speeding unto every shore  
With all the varied wealth the West doth pour,  
By rail and river, corn, and oil, and wine—  
Her flocks and herds, and product of the mine,  
Far from the land that gave those blessings birth,  
To feed the mighty millions of the earth.  
Her harbor spacious, and beneath the sun  
There is not to be found a nobler one,  
Where, safe, can ride secure from Neptune's roar  
The mighty monsters of ten centuries more.  
Here stand the monuments of builders' skill ;  
Here the big vaults that untold millions fill ;

Exchanges here, and with them none can vie,  
 Lifting their giant shoulders to the sky.  
 Peerless Produce-Exchange, sublimely grand,  
 Unparalleled in this or any land.  
 Where, round the ring the crazy devils yell  
 I'll give a  $\frac{1}{4}$  for  $\frac{2}{8}$ , I'll sell.  
 A press that labors to inform mankind,  
 Herald of good, nor to base actions blind ;  
 And, daily placing o'er glad eyes, before  
 All news from home, or earth's remotest shore ;  
 Nor can that favored nation ever stay  
 Where the King press doth hold enlightened sway.  
 Deep wounds to heal, fevers fierce fires assuage,  
 Guard of the orphan, stay of declining age.  
 Here white-robed kindness with a liberal hand ;  
 Here varied hospitals in profusion stand.  
 Breathing of Heaven, humanity and love,  
 Lifting the troubled soul to peace above.  
 Here churches rise, where every knee can bend,  
 And every weary wanderer find a friend.  
 Music hath charms, the savage breast to tame \*  
 And add to valors fire another flame :  
 Draw copious tears from eyes unused to weep,  
 Wide o'er the world in peace and triumph sweep ;  
 Bring to earth's wanderers, wheresoe'er they roam  
 Visions of love, and happiness, and home.  
 The curtain rises and upon the stage  
 Are seen the phases of life's checkered page.  
 Laughter and sorrow, hatred, love, despair,  
 In turns by skilful actors pictured there.  
 Here, libraries, rich in treasures from the past,  
 When first a heaven-born light to earth was cast ;  
 Skill round the world mankind to guide and bless,

---

\* For this reason it is said they put a *brass band* around the neck of a cross dog.



Is heard the thunder of the printing press.  
 In wide variety the Museums show  
 Whatever earth, or air, or waters know ;  
 The speaking stone, the breathing canvass there,  
 Nor length of days their voices will impair,  
 And all who wish can free instruction find  
 To please the eye or elevate the mind.  
 Historic spots that to all time will tell  
 Where worth resided, and where valor fell ;  
 Shrines that an earlier page presents to view,  
 Where every patriot can his torch renew.  
 Yes, all these pictures I have faintly shown :  
 Imperial York, proud city are thine own—  
 All that can charm the sinner, saint, or sage,  
 Pride of the nation, wonder of the age.  
 But, yet ! but, yet ! be not this fact forgotten,  
 " 'There's something in the State of Denmark rotten,"  
 When those, who, Atlas-like, support the weight  
 Finance, and commerce of the Empire State,  
 Who "press the button," and the country feels  
 The swift revolve of many a million wheels.  
 Sustain, support, in flourishing condition  
 400 stores that know not prohibition.  
 But let, oh, speak the shame with bated breath,  
 A well found  $\frac{1}{2}$  price Book Store starve to Death ;  
 "'Tis true ; 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true,"  
 And apt quotation tho' it be not new.

Ah, if seven years ago it had been mine,  
 Flung to the breeze in Hester St. my sign,  
 In Bowery, Pell, in Mulberry Bend or Mott,  
 It were not mine to know so hard a lot ;  
 Or, had I hung three balls to public view,  
 Three meals were mine where now I have but two,  
 Or opened Book Store any place but this  
 My efforts had not been so much amiss.

But here, where *men of letters* do abound \*  
 That I so near starvation should be found,  
 Lugging book treasures early, lugging late,  
 In my desire their minds to elevate  
 With such a stock from incunabulas hoary  
 Down to the last ten days' romantic story,  
 From Pilgrim's Progress to Decameron,  
 To please each father, mother, daughter, son ;  
 Travels on land, and wanderings o'er the wave  
 Where many a hero finds an early grave.  
 Books of High worth, ancient and modern art,  
 Books to inform the brain and mend the heart,  
 Books to direct the enquiring mind to truth  
 And tender poetry for love-sick youth.  
 By all the long-haired lunatics who've sung,  
 Starving in garrets since old Time was young—  
 Music and mirth to lighten daily cares  
 And words of comfort for the snowy hairs.  
 But yet, to name each varied volume o'er  
 Were task like counting sands along the shore,  
 Or all the dews that jewel early morn  
 Or on the Western plain, the tassell'd corn.  
 "Variety's the spice of life," 'tis said,  
 And that's the card that places me ahead  
 200,000, yes, and 50 more.  
 Hungry for \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$  
 \$ \$ at this beam-filled store.  
 With such a "lay out" food for every mind,  
 Where cultured men you would expect to find.  
 But where, by sad experience it is known  
 A taste for reading scarcely has been shown ;  
 Where profits made from natives let me quote,  
 Would not from starving keep a Harlem goat ;

---

\* Not only men of letters, but of brilliant understanding—postmen all stoop-shoulders, boot blacks, millionaires.

Beats all Creation, yes, and "knocks out"—well,  
 No word is strong enough my thoughts to tell.  
 That 'tis provoking, Christians will declare,  
 A sinner's solace is alone to swear.  
 O, monstrous, monstrous, bow the head to know  
 In this Imperial City such doth show.  
 From 7 till 10 ere stretch my weary bones,  
 As well for profit lugged or wood, or stones,  
 Two meals a day all book sales here afford ;  
 That I've not starved to death I thank the Lord,  
 Thank him with fervent heart, and earnest pray  
 For safe deliverance at an early day.  
 By fate transported to my native shore  
 Where "free-lunch racket" I need work no more,  
 Cheered by the plenty earlier years have known  
 Ere folly chose, and marked me for her own.

Or, even here, where I have tried so long  
 In hopes to lift this *bullion burdened* throng ; \*  
 I said I'd do it, seven long years ago,—  
 How big the contract then, I did not know,  
 But learned it since, and learned it to my sorrow.  
 Ah, if mankind, lost years like cash could borrow  
 "Joy were in grief ;" but yet, to do the latter,  
 In famous Gotham is no easy matter—  
 Tho' many offer when we are not needy ;  
 Vain the appeal, cash gone, and garments seedy. †  
 Such is the world, but in my weary round  
 Largest percentage in New York I've found.  
 Yes, my experience shows your gay New Yorker  
 For smooth and honey language is a corker ;

---

\* First written yellow-bellied throng.

† Wh en nearing Ludlow Castle I tried my hand at borrowing, my efforts were on a par with poor Bill Nye's old hen setting on a door knob trying to hatch out a hotel.

And, further hear a statement true as terse,  
That length of friendship runs with length of purse.  
I only hope, when summing up my years,  
Alternate filled with laughter and with tears,  
The powers above will from the record blot  
The seven years wasted in this hole-y spot.  
But why digress, for there are few who care  
What ills we suffer, or what woes we bear ;  
'Tis well, for if each felt for other's woe,  
Laughter would cease, and tears would ever flow,  
In every cheery home fall sorrows blind,  
Another deluge would o'ertake mankind.  
Yet, even here, as some few lines ago,  
I did essay in rustic rhyme to show  
When first in Beaver St. I "tipp'd my cap,"  
If I had pulled a cork, or turned a tap ;  
Sold jumping frogs, bull pups, or fox and geese  
6 for a  $\frac{1}{4}$ , or 5 cts. apiece.  
Faked any silly thing, or this, or that ;  
Drawn gaping crowds around McGinty's hat ;  
Puzzles, or perfume, shoe strings, combs, or candy  
I could have dressed like any Wall St. dandy.  
Pike's Peak, or pigs-in-clover day by day,  
I would have been in it as well as they ;  
Or shoved a push-cart in this push-cart town, \*  
It were not mine to know misfortunes frown.  
My stomach, like an alderman's would show,  
And puckering strings my vest would never know.  
Would seek no more for "free-lunch bar" at even,  
Nor on the sidewalk rest neath stars of Heaven,  
Nor Bowling Green, nor Battery Park encumber ;  
When weary nature seeks relief and slumber,

---

\* A stranger from the West coming up out of my store, and seeing the long string of push-carts, remarked, "I've heard of one-horse town, but never till now saw a push-cart town."

But, as fate ordered, that to sell were mine  
 Books to amuse, enlighten, and refine ;  
 To charm in youth—to soothe declining age ;  
 The poet's lay ; the wisdom of the sage.  
 Novels to drive the cares of business life ;  
 Music to glad the parent, child or wife —  
 Plant roses in life's path ; but why proceed  
 In praise of books where natives do not read,  
 \* I take my pickery, but as I'm a sinner  
 It's mighty tough to go without a dinner.  
 Hence comes the startling question, and by thunder  
 It is enough to wake this land to wonder  
 Whether those high-toned business men who here  
 Pursue their money-making mad career,  
 Here at the Western world's commercial gate,  
 "Where stall-fed merchants most do congregate."  
 High polished shoes, hair parted, neat and frisky,  
 Can't read ? or spend their cash for beer and whiskey?

Books are perpetual bloom, stocks killing frosts,  
 Margins on Books no changes can exhaust.

Burning with thirst some 10 score lines ago,  
 I left you with his Majesty below,  
 Praying his "Royal Nibs" would "set her up"  
 In champagne glasses or in pewter cup,  
 In tones of earnestness that he would pity  
 While I surveyed the glories of this city ;  
 Feebly discoursing on Manhattan town,  
 Now take the thread up where I laid it down,  
 And bring again the famous courcer back,  
 No more to wander from the destined track.

---

\* Pickrey, a medicine given me in my first childhood after tarrying too long with green apples, or cultivating too closely the acquaintance of the verdent cucumber.

All were assembled on the burning plain  
 Where horrors sweep o'er Pluto's dark domain ;  
 A motly mob from each and every nation,  
 In all their vast variety of station  
 Unmasked ; the long faced hypocrite, no more  
 Will steal hard earnings as in days of yore,  
 Writhing, mid fiercest fires, brimstone strong,  
 Boasters of friendship so could deeper wrong  
 The shystering litigant who fraud suit to gain,  
 Perjured his soul injustice to maintain,  
 With judges partisan, and unjust jury,  
 Perfumed with brimstone, full of fire and fury.  
 But space will not permit the muse to name  
 All who were gathered there, nor whence they came.  
 Of this, be sure, I know a number who  
 Will have front seat, when Satan claims his due.  
 Foremost to speak of this infernal clan  
 In pleading posture Wall St. thus began:  
 " O, long, our Master, and our ruler here,  
 " Unto our sorrows bend a listening ear."  
 Thou knowest well our thirst and deep distress,  
 'Tis thou, alone, our torments can redress;  
 It surely cannot please a parent's heart  
 When children are deep pierced with sorrow's dart.  
 \* No "one-horse" ruler of the world art thou,  
 To whom a portion of the people bow ;  
 Bound by no realm, unto no clime confined,  
 Thy throne's the earth--thy subjects all mankind.  
 Of all our woes, the want of drink the worst;  
 O, give relief, and quench our raging thirst.  
 On earth we served thee early, served thee late,  
 Think of the past, and thinking, mitigate.  
 Then, shall that master, whom you served so long,

---

16 Their honeyed flattery never forsakes them if anything to be gained.

Replying, make derision in the throng.  
 Hail! followers once, and in my keeping now,  
 That much with thirst you suffer, I allow,  
 But think how often you did daily go,  
 Where favorite fountains of 400 flow,  
 Draining the sweetness there; nor be forgot  
 How long you lingered in each charming spot  
 With champagne, hock, or sherry, ale or stingo,  
 And for a "night cap, closed the deal" with bingo.  
 Again, what water you in Wall St. threw,  
 What gold from rustic innocence you drew,  
 What numbers coming strong, from Wall St. hobbled  
 By Wall St. wicked-waves their substance gobbled.  
 A stream perpetual, an auriferous fount,  
 But know in Hades "water doth not count;"  
 Tho skilled in Wall St. ways and got "to burn"  
 Of money there, yet here you've much to learn;  
 You served me well, but times are changed since then;  
 your cries I heed not, take your dose like men.

Books are perpetual bloom, stocks killing frost;  
 Margins on Books no changes can exhaust.

Come from your desks where you in secret wrought,  
 And money took for stocks you never bought;  
 Come from your boasted friendship, bogus deal,  
 Your knowing perjury, and your knowing steal;  
 Come from your offices of guilt, \* and find  
 Books to instruct, and elevate the mind;  
 Come to my beam-filled store, nor with proud looks  
 Survey the mammoth piles of choicest books,  
 For ne'er the Sun, in all his round, surveyed  
 Such wondrous treasures as are here displayed.

---

\* Many think that word wrongly spelt; let me say I always was a poor speller.

Their verdict such, whose flags to Heaven unfurled, \*  
Who guide the "long-heeled beauties" round the  
world.

Compared with you flash offices, my store  
Is like to lump of coal, the Kohnioor  
Like beauty roses in a field of nettles  
Or golden cup mid dirty, dingy kettles.  
While modesty forbids, come weal or woe,  
That blooming idiot his own horn should blow,  
Yet on acquaintance your glad eyes will see  
For selling books there are "no flies on me."  
All have their mission in this world of pain—  
'Tis yours to *fat* the pocket, mine the brain--  
Results how different, candor bids me tell  
Yours is the oyster, mine, alas, the shell.  
But yet a solace, and reward I find,  
Knowing how much I benefit mankind.  
When Wall street sinks, remembered but in story,  
Books will remain in all their strength and glory.

---

\* "Those who go down to the sea in ships," and none know better,  
say my store beats the world.



L'ENVOI.  

---

Spelling it o'er 'tis awful sad to think,  
That generous souls should all to ruin sink ;  
Ye men of Wall St. would ye shun a fate,  
That surely will be yours or soon or late ?  
Would ye be rescued from perdition's brink,  
Or, if in Hades, can secure a drink,  
Come buy my books, buy freely morn and even--  
Read them or not, and all will be forgiven.  
Give earnest ear to truths I am inditing,  
Call oft and early on yours,

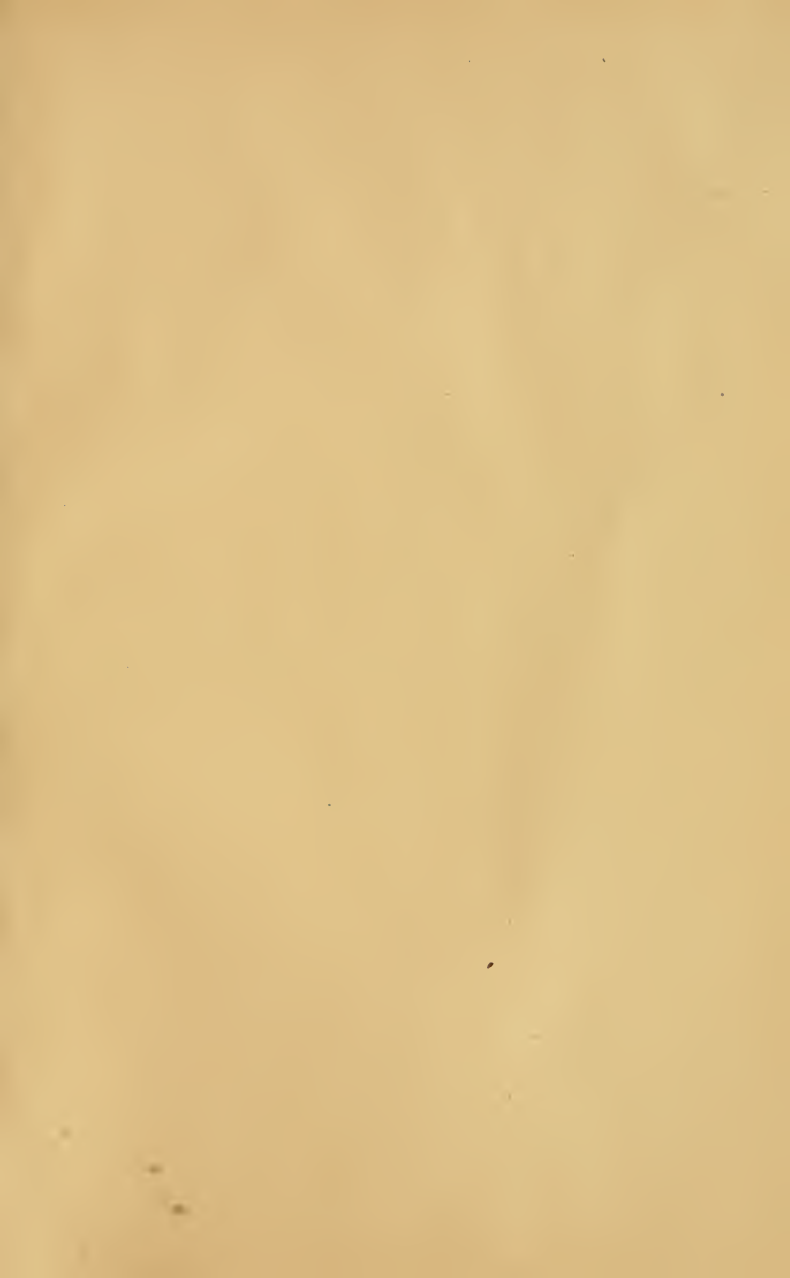
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NEW YORK, December, 1895.



















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