



THE MINSTREL.

FOR THE MACON TELEGRAPH.

TO ATTICUS,

On the proposal to republish his Essays in a pamphlet form.

Let us have them, dear sir, in a trice—
Don't wait for subscriptions, I pray;
They will go, I am sure, at a price
That will all your expenses defray.

The "*Mysterious Picture*," 'tis known,
Fell dead as it came from the press;
But these are so truly *your own*,
That you need not despair of success.

Besides, we're in want of more lies;
And material is getting so scarce,
Old fibs from oblivion must rise,
Or an end will be put to our farce.

That cursed Report must be met,
Which Everett made to the House,
And put poor Forsyth in such pet,
That his speeches were not worth a louse.

Then print, most puissant Ex-Judge,
Thy counsels; and warnings, and strictures;
And the *cash* and the *credit* ne'er grudge,
Which you lost by the *Mystical Pictures*.

Your *ware*, sir, is now in demand,
As I have just hinted before;
And for every half dozen on hand,
We shall want, sir, at least twenty more.

Then give us your *plumpers*—and mind
Very little about the selection;
We shall need your whole *budget*, I find,
To carry the coming election.

You may add to their *number* at least,
But the *size*, ('tis the general opinion,)
Of none can be greatly increas'd
This side the infernal dominion.

Pray do not be fearful this book,
Like the *Pictures*, will rot on the shelf;
We'll somehow, by hook or by crook,
Contrive that you finger the pelf.

One thousand put down for the state,
And Troup shall see tha you're paid,
Though *contingencies* happen of late,
To press rather heavy, 'tis said.

You may send to Virginia some dozens,
'To match with her Governor's speeches;
That crazy old *shrew*, whom our cousins,
Have lately exalted in breeches.

The terrible bugbear you rais'd
'Bout danger of consolidation,
You may justly expect will be prais'd
In accents of high admiration.

I desire that a few may be sent
As a keep-sake to our little Mat;
Whom we *would* have made Vice President,
But keep *mum*, if you please, about that.

'Twas a silly, ridiculous blunder,
And we drivers had trouble enough,
To keep the small Radicals under,
They looked so confoundedly gruff.

To the renegade Feds of the state,
You will send as a matter of course,
Their influence you know must be great,
Since Forsyth is to marshal their force.

Besides, as a *brother* you feel,
No doubt very dear to them all;
And should they abate in their zeal,
We shall go the d——l next fall.

Then pour out anew your abuse
On Adams and Congress and Gaines;
But prate not of rights so abstruse
As to puzzle our Radical brains.

The truth is, the dunces, that we
Would keep in the fullest subjection,
Must not be permitted *to see*,
Nor suffered an hour for *reflection*.

You must never appeal to their *reason*,
'Tis *passion* alone that we need;
Which blinds them so fully, that treason
They think is a patriot deed.

Some things you have written will show
How ignorant Judges may be,
But then our best efforts you know,
From blemishes never are free.

Talk big about war, and all that,
And swear it is Adams's plan,
To knock down state barriers flat,
And make us all slaves if he can.

About *Lyng*, I just would observe,
That you know what's the *base* of your fame:
And the cause you are bound to subserve,
Requires all the fibs you can frame.

To author and printer, I close now by saying
Go on with the work as in duty you're bound;
Apostates we never have yet failed of paying,
And yours is a *renegade* business all round.

A RADICAL DRIVER.