POETRY.

[For the Easton Gazette.]

To his Imperial Majesty, the

EMPEROR ANDREW I.

on his leaving Washington for the Hermitage,
JULY, 1834.

Thou Chief of Heroes, and of human-kind
Wisest and Best,—(in thy own Matchless mind!)
The toils of a tempestuous session o'er,—
Thy last great victory famed on every shore;
The Bank and Biddle taught thine arm to dread,
Worse than the routed legions of Sir Ned*;
The fragrant Hermitage invites you, where,
A nation cries, "*Heaven* speed you to repair."

Yet, a brief space, Dread Monarch! deign to stay,
And, as upon the "glorious eighth," survey
The well won battle-field, the vanquished foe,
Yet made but half thy sovereign hate to know.

A sudden vision flits before my eyes,—
I see thy §*Marius form* before me rise,
Quivering with god-like rage, as round and far,
Thou scowlst upon the lessening din of war!
With fist sublimely clenched and glance of fire,
I hear thee thus pour forth thy regal ire:

"Slaves! when I set my life upon a cast,
(And know that life will not be cheaply sold!)
Deemed ye that battle *first* would be the *last*,
Unless its smoking whirlwinds should enfold
The MONSTER and its d****d abettors fast,
In helpless, hopeless, bloody ruin rolled,
'Trod down and trampled?—that this red right hand
Would execute by halves my heart's demand?

"Tremble ye serfs! for by my grinding wrath!
That wrath none e'er encountered with impunity!
Ye who have, reckless, dared to cross my path,
Deny the Executive its Sovereign unity!
Or question the Experiment it hath
My L. L. D.-ship pleased on the community
To try: by cudgel, pistol, fire and sword,
Perdition sweep your whole rebellious horde!

"Ye who've presumed my glory to disparage,
My Orleans GLORY, Veto GLORY or,
(However rife with blunder or miscarriage,)
Against the Bank my last, most GLORIOUS war!
I'll make ye a *dread example* to a far age,
Of those who've ventured the triumphal car
Of *Heaven's* anointed kings to block the way to;—
I'll hang, and make ye all the hangman pay too!

"Calhoun, Clay, Webster, it shall boot you little,
To prate of law to one, who himself is
The Law and Constitution to a tittle,—
Knew ever earth audacity like this!
My Hickory cane your backs may not befit ill,
Since with you Protests go so much amiss.—
Amos shall make the *next* tenfold more biting;
He does the *writing*,—but I'LL DO THE FIGHTING!

"FIGHTING! that word is music—drum and clarion—
It makes my blood boil furious through each artery!
Look ye! vile slaves! the next campaign I'll carry on,
To shame even my immortal cotton battery!
Chambers, McDuffie, Everett, I dare ye, on
Your worst peril flout me! I will scatter ye,
Poindexter, Binney, Preston—imps of evil—
Wilde, Adams, Leigh, & Burgess, to the d****!

"Ay!—note my faithful fellows: ‡Sage McKim
Projector of my Glory Bank,—and Benton,
Who for a quick shot can compare with him;
And Joel, as sharp a tool as e'er was sent on
Old Nick's behest;—there's Polk, my corporal Trim,
The shrewdest dog that e'er my collar went on;
With *honest* ‡Stoddert, Beardsley, Cambreleng,
White, Wright, and Jarvis, Kavanagh, and King,

"And, ——— but what signifies enumerating?
I have the larks,—you'll find it to your cost.—
Drilled, ready cocked and primed, to stop your prating.
What matters it if Pennsylvania's lost?
My backwoods' boys are but my mandate waiting,
To drub the Dutch, and all the recreant host
Of Yorkers and New-Jerseymen to boot,—
And, by the living thunder they shall do 't!

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