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And raise up swarms of stout mulattos—A crop, more certain than potatoes.

Keep on your hat—the air is cold,
And you and I are growing old;
We're not so tough as when we stole
The parson's apples. Bless my soul!
Here's Desdemona, in the gown
That Mrs. Humbug sent her down;
She comes with such a languid leer,
Her teeth display'd from ear to ear,
I must—now don't be je alous, pray,—
Brush from those lips the dew away."
Then mutters to himself, methinks.
'The dingy devil,—how she stinks!"

These are the arts, or such as these, By which they gain the power to please; Such the professions—O, how hollow! And such the baited hooks you swallow.

Thus, gentlemen, I've placed before you A faithful, tho' appalling story—
Have pointed out the dire disease,
And glanced at certain remedies;
But lest you should be quite oppressed,
Bowed down, disheartened and distressed,
I'll change my course, and lead you up
'The rugged path, to Pisgah's top,—
Thence, all around—nor distant from us—
Spreads, far and wide, the land of promise,
Into the which, like Joshua, I
Intend to lead you, by-and-bye,
Provided you, with hearts of steel,
Will put your shoulders to the wheel,
Be true to your own interest, and