

Each rough irregularity does hide.  
 When Cicero, Demosthenes and like  
 Great men hedged round themselves the dyke  
 Of fame that years of vandalism move not,  
 Did they employ each art their fancy caught,  
 T' impel their words into their hearers' souls,  
 With such enforcement as to find fast goals ;  
 But our Rodolph such pretty dodge disdains,  
 And in one simple gesture auditor trains.  
 To mark the depth of all that holds his mind,  
 As labyrinthine threads themselves unwind.  
 The index finger of a ruddy hand,  
 The shake of which bids beating heart to stand,  
 As menace, promise, or denial strong,  
 Or fierce affirming, or deep curse of wrong,  
 Or passioned thought that draws the muses round,  
 Or malison that ne'er before was sound,  
 Bursts forth affrighting what may be reply,  
 His only call for aid one can descry.  
 There is a poetry in all his motions,  
 As there is salt in all the swelling oceans.  
 And all his knowledge is at such a pass,  
 The priests of Baal swear he's Baalam's ass ;  
 But on the technicalities of brays,  
 He bids their witlings forth again to graze,  
 And quotes the Bible better than they read,  
 To prove the founding of his patron's creed.  
 Not as a son of Marcia's love he rises  
 To tell her where are hidden Fortune's prizes ;  
 But as the aptest in a ready throng  
 To sing the postscript to a mongrel song ;  
 And also stay her sons from arrogating  
 Unto themselves the victory yet in waiting.