

“I’ll trick you now, old chap,” thought I,  
 So I made up a fabrication  
 About a wealthy near relation  
 In Boston, where, said I, I go  
 To spend with him a month or so.

Now Neil, I’m just a poor frail creature  
 Fair sample of weak human nature—  
 But no; defence I will not try;  
 There’s no excuse supports a lie,  
 So foul are lies their sooty hue,  
 Though whitewashed over still show through,  
 Besides, who labors to efface  
 A fault commits one far more base.

No doubt you ridicule this law,  
 But cousin, ’tis without a flaw!  
 Myself at first did rant and vapour,  
 But since I got to read the paper  
 And mark what strides in legislation  
 They’ve made in this enlightened nation,  
 I see my error and allow  
 The justice of the precept now,  
 You see the crime and superstition  
 That surges round us for admission,  
 If suffered to adulterate  
 This limped, crystal flowing State,  
 In time folks here as bad would be  
 As their rude cousins ’cross the sea.  
 Why Paris, man, and London too,  
 Is each a place of rendezvous  
 For thieves and rogues, and by the way,  
 There’s Rome, where, e’en in light of day,  
 If one but ventures in the street,  
 He is like to find beneath his feet  
 A bomb, or some machine infernal  
 To launch him into life eternal.

But here, with their progressive system  
 Of laws, there’s fewer to resist ’em,  
 Of course, a country where the masses  
 Embrace all nations, creeds, and classes,  
 There’ll naturally occur at times,  
 Some trifling, unimportant crimes.  
 I’ve heard a wicked act so vexes  
 The good and pious folks of Texas,  
 That oft, for foul offences given,  
 To hang some negro: they’ve been driven,  
 But Neil, the people well aware  
 That man’s ancestors monkeys were,