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PRT. II

[BOOK OF BUBBLES]

1849 James Smith

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THE  
BOOK OF BUBBLES,  
A CONTRIBUTION

TO THE  
NEW YORK  
FAIR,



"The Earth hath Bubbles, as the Water has, and these are of them."

IN AID OF  
THE  
SANITARY  
COMMISSION.

Lithographed by Endicott & Co.

NEW YORK.

MARCH, 1864.

59 Beekman St New York.





# P R O E M .

---

NOT THEE—not THEE, *Castalian* Spinster's lord!  
By dog'rel worried, and by dullness bored;  
By whose dread beams pestiferous ravings rise,  
And blund'ring numbsculls fumble for the skies—  
*Beotian* croakers wildly would invoke  
Thy fav'ring grin, and dodge the vengeful stroke;  
To thee, in prayer, for rays fructiferous whine,  
And dream the honors of thy pate divine.  
Not thee for *This*—not thee, *Parnassian* lord!  
Bepraised, bespattered, badgered, bayed and bored.  
What! shall no incense swell thy ribs of gold?  
Nor colt *Pegasian* be, immortal, foaled?—  
Shall crows nor bullocks feed the sacred flame?  
Nor *Chase's* paper fee the *Delphic* dame?

Not *Thee*, for *This*—not *Thee*--the god we woo  
Is whimsic NONSENSE and his snickering crew!  
*Come*, great *Afflatus*! Sovereign Wagster—*Come*!  
And drive *Triphonius* to his murky home;  
Convulse with agony the sculptured guest,  
And stir rank Dullness to a grim unrest.

*He comes!*—*he comes*—the incantation works,  
And *Delphic Folly* feels precursive jerks.  
See—where in caracoles he nimbly limps,  
And plays the piper to his capering *Imps*!—  
In clouds arrayed, in feathers, turbans, flags,—  
In skins of bats, masks, garlands, velvets, rags.  
With various phiz and figure—lanky, fat,  
Bulbous, akimbo, squinting, gibbous, flat—  
Shuffling, chuckling, leaping, crowing,  
Hopping, squeaking, creeping, blowing;  
While clash the pipers, ever on the jump,  
And playful *Sambos* patter while they thump,  
In festive prancing capering to the Moon,  
While husky measure drones the gay bassoon.

*Ho!* for the EDEN of the whimsic god,  
That conscious grins, and chuckles at his nod.  
*Hark!* to the chaunting *Cuckoos* in the trees,  
While varying *Echos* babble in the breeze;  
Where the *Naxander* peals Iberian fruit,  
And choral *Pigmies* pick th' Orphean lute,

Where *Cyclops* chirp in wild, barbaric runes,  
 And steer their doxies through the dry lagoons.  
 Here Sprites grotesque—there *Gnomes* a gnarled  
 crew—

There shifting *Proteus* changing shape and hue.  
 There gentle *Phoenix* whistles to the breeze,  
 And pensive *Apes* philander 'mid the trees.  
 Here *Folly* jingling with her cap and bells—  
 There Demons clang on gongs terrific knells :  
 Here imps and urchins grappling by the hair—  
 There shoots a headless goblin through the air :  
 Here grim *Chimeras* battle with a *Sphinx*,  
 There sage *Minerva's* warbler hoots and blinks ;  
 While soft *acoustics* quaver in the stone,  
 And *muratic monkeys* hold their own !

*Hist !*—Clarions, cymbals, dulcimers and flutes,  
 And smothered chorus hummed by marching mates !  
 While, whispering, sighing, murmuring, floating by,  
 See six sweet *Sirens* singing Lullaby ;  
 Poor Troglodytes heeds the canzonet,  
 And hobbling falls within the silv'ry net.  
 A big black beetle with an asses head,  
 Hops stumbling onward by a *harpy* led ;  
 Upon his back a little Devil sits,

Whose lantern eye a crimson glare emits.  
 Are you of him of lengthy tail and hoof?  
 Or are you little *devil of the proof*,  
 That with your pricking pens and inky lotion  
 Keeps us all cuffing in a wild commotion?—

But who is this his pike at us that aims?  
*By George!*—the "*Solitary traveller*"—by *James!*  
 The sun is setting, just at break of day,  
 And night's dark shadows light his devious way ;  
 The rising moon has just gone down—but see !  
 A little star-fish twinkles on the sea.  
 Although *alone*, the taller of the two  
 Is clad in *crimson* jerkin of light *blue* ;  
 His camlet tabard's made of *velveteen*  
 And slashed his doublet by hard blows, "I ween,"  
 His shaven beard in devious crinkles flows,  
 While falling ruffs her silvery gorge disclose :  
 On either chin two roseate dimples sit—  
 While round her neck her violet trousers fit.  
 His other hands an *ombrelle* maintain  
 To crush the foe—or be on hand—for rain.  
 An *arquebuss* is slung across his brow—  
 But, *stop!* he *starts*—what sees the Warrior now?  
 Is it the crow that *caws* from yonder stump?

Or other *cause* that makes the hero jump?—  
 Quick to his cheek his *catapult* he brings,  
 And flies the *cat!*—as shot from patent springs.  
 One brawny arm now taps his claret nose,  
 And winks his orb, as if some thought arose.  
 One lovely eye is out—the other—has no hue—  
 Although when *gently blown* on is *light blew!*  
 Armed with this *blue-light* then he *scours* the plain,  
 And—yet no *soap* to help th' Augean pain.  
 His age is that of any younger son.  
 His fighting weight, I judge—about twelve stone.  
 How nobly pricks his steed!—that steed hirsute,  
 You know him well, the old accustomed brute.  
 Now, “*by my halidame!*”—a noble knight!  
 And yet, *Gad-zooks!* the sun shines pretty bright!  
 But *what—oh! say, WHAT skims the lurid sky?*  
 HARK!—’tis the *gore of Infant melody!*—  
 “*Oh, stop your Nonsense.*” cries some critic Beauty,  
*Nonsense—quotha—why what else do they do t’ye?*—  
 NONSENSE we talk—we read—so act—so live—  
 And this a tribute that we all receive.  
 All drink, in turn, from his Protean spring,  
 Though varying shape to each the waters bring.  
 While giant *Error* half the world misguides,  
 And giant *Humbug* all the rest bestrides,

Let pigmy *Nonsense* also cut a caper,  
 And, if he choose, like others, stain some paper.  
 No guile in him—he wears no cheating mask,  
 But acts his name, and *gives you what you ask.*  
 Shall whales alone go spouting o’er the deep,  
 And flying fish not take a sportive leap?  
 While Jews and Sicilians at old “*Wayside inns,*”  
 With Yankee poets drink and toast their shins;  
 Spin out stale yarns and twaddle, after Chaucer,  
 Like *Mrs. Harris* o’er her cup and saucer—  
 Talk “*Jarl*” and *jargon* and then—disagree,  
 “Till “*Norway*” wakes, and scrapes his *fiddle-de-dee!*  
 While *Barnum* swings his gay cartoons o’erhead,  
 And fills Grace Church to see his *pignies* wed;  
 While Natty Willis writes about his chickens,  
 And every dabster tries to play “*the Dickens,*”  
 While Dobbell sighs “*the wold, the wold, the wold!*”  
 And Maud’s *young man* howls shivering in the cold—  
 While Father Bryant drones about those *apples,*  
 Or with poor Pope for nod Homeric grapples,  
 While gaunt Bohemia vents its surplus bile  
 In maudlin ravings got by gin—and while  
 “*Atlantic*” scribblers praise each other’s stuff,  
 “Till even “*Athens*” sick’ning cries—“*enough!*”  
 While puff and strain the mechanician daubers,

Who Epic start—then end as Sunday jobbers,  
 While even Wall Street, caught by flying cinder,  
 Supports a *Bay*, and owns her Peter Pindar,  
 Who ardent still blows up his smouldering tinder;  
 While mawkish fictions every taste engage,  
 And blood and Bedlam stories are “the rage”—  
 Shall we not rave like all the other rhymers?  
*Va pour la Folie!*—and the Folly chimers!  
 Shall we not clack like any modish poet,  
 With genius native—or stirred up by *Mœt*?  
 But let's not groan like those morbific jokers,

Away with *Melancholy!*—and other pokers.  
 Says old Heraclitus, “*to laugh 's no sin!*”  
 And if we hit, we'll do it with a grin.  
 Yet *none is meant*,—so galled *you needn't feel*,  
 "Though oft a *genus* makes a *species* squeal.  
 There, lively Miss, you've reason for our folly,  
 Let's cut the critics, and for once be jolly.  
*Nonsense—ay, marry*, and get some day the vapors,  
 From which, perhaps, we'll cure you with our capers.  
*And come ye all—Off* with your cares and troubles!  
*Stick in your pipes—and help us blow our BUBBLES!*



In Gotham they hold a great FAIR—  
Said the *World* and his wife—“*We’ll go there,*”  
“There’ll be wisdom enough—  
Let them give us stuff  
That will make us all grin at the Fair.”

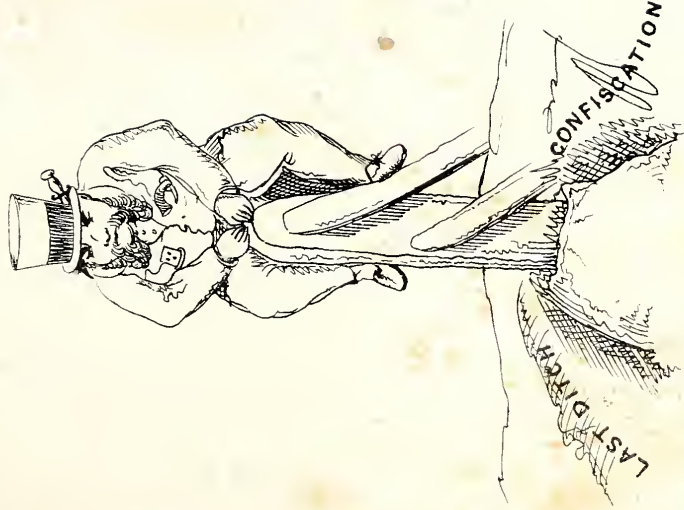




A young lady in Madison Square  
Wore two *birds* and three *rats* in her hair ;  
'Till the cats laid in wait,  
And pounced on her pate,  
And made a good dinner *up there*.







There was a young man quite unlucky !  
Who lived on a fence, in Kentucky,  
With a ditch on both sides,  
A sharp rail he still rides,  
In the dubious State of Kentucky.





To a very black man from Ethiopia, Old Abe said—“*Pray go to Utopia—*  
“The bears will be nice, And there ’ll be plenty of ice,  
“You troublesome man of Ethiopia.”





There was a musician named *Verdi*,  
And for fear he should n't be heard, he  
Went for pokers and tongs, And cymbals and gongs,  
This son of a hurdy-gurdy!





There was a discreet Brigadier, Very fond of four thousand a-year ;  
Who, when he heard the guns rattle ; Fiercely cried—“ *Ha !—the battle !*”—  
Then complacently slid to the rear.







There was a gay damsel of Lynn, Whose waist was so charmingly thin,  
Her dress-maker needed—a microscope—she did.  
To fit this slim person of Lynn.





There was an old cracked *Virtuoso*, Who said the old Masters were so-so ;  
 His only delight was *pre-Raphaelite*, And those who had learned how to do so.





There was a Washington chap fond of chaffing, Who with joking kept all the world laughing,  
He looked grave as a nun, But he still had his fun,  
And fiddled to keep up the drafting.

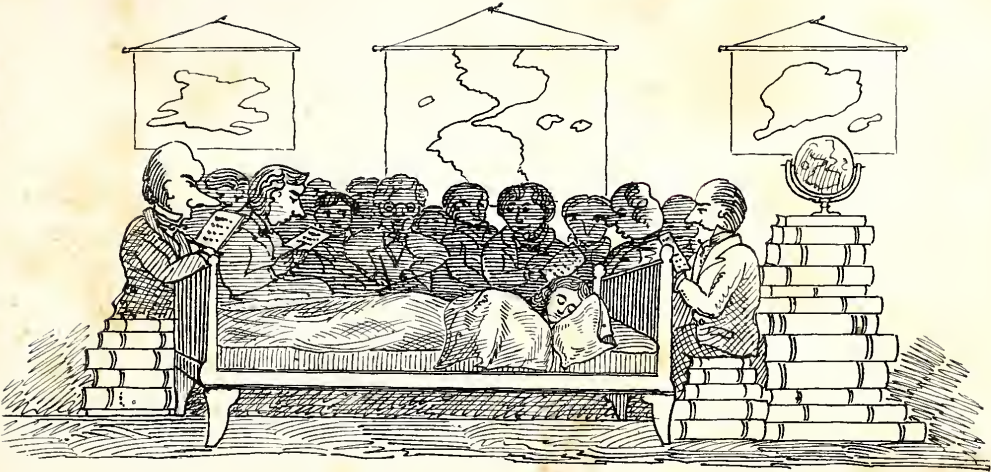




There's a lady quite fond of a lark,  
Who drives Phaeton and pair in the Park;  
S'ue makes the folks stare  
As she calls out—" *Hey--there!*"—  
To the quiet old gents in the Park.







There was a young school-girl of Dedham, All the books in the world she had read 'em ;  
 And reporters ten deep— Took her talk in her sleep—  
 This prodigious young woman of Dedham!—





Two Bucks on an ottoman lolled, At a club where there 's wit manifold.  
 Says one, "let me think"— T' other cries, "better drink ;  
 "To try novelties now you're too old."





There was a young lady of *Milton*, Who was highly disgusted with "*Stilton*,"  
 When offered a bite, she said, "*not a mite*," That suggestive young lady of *Milton*.





There was a young lady of Boston, To the fair she determined to post on ;  
It is almost as fine, As ours, I opine, Said this complacent young lady of Boston.







Said *Sprigs*, as he led out *Miss Billion*— “A fig for your chaps with a million!  
 “I can’t chatter or talk, But I’m ‘cock of the walk,’  
 “For I lead the great *German Cotillion!*”





There was a young lady of *Gramercy Park*, Who was afraid to walk out in the dark  
 So she got her a *beau*, The moon frightened her so,  
 When she walked out alone in that Park.





There was an Old Boy, who said : " How—shall I settle these politics now?  
 " I will sit on this fence, and consider from thence  
 " The probable end of the row."





There was a young lady of Rye, Who got a young man in her eye ;  
 So she went to a Doctor, But he only mocked her,  
 And said—" To the Parson apply."







Polly went to the Springs Till her head fairly rings  
With the *Belles* and the *Beaux* of the place :  
She danced and she sung, And had plenty of tongue ;  
But her name still remains Polly Chase.





Said a saving young Miss of Nantucket, As she put all her coin in a bucket,  
 "You lie there *perdu*— While Greenbacks will do,  
 "A rag is as good as a ducat."





There was a young man of the *North*— Who flattered the girls, and so forth,  
"Till he got all their rings From the poor little things ;—  
This beguiling young man from the *North*.





Said a Miss to her Beau in West Chazy, Whose habits were stolid and lazy,  
 "Let us see the sun rise!" Said he, "No!—for your eyes  
 "Would make the old buffer look hazy!"







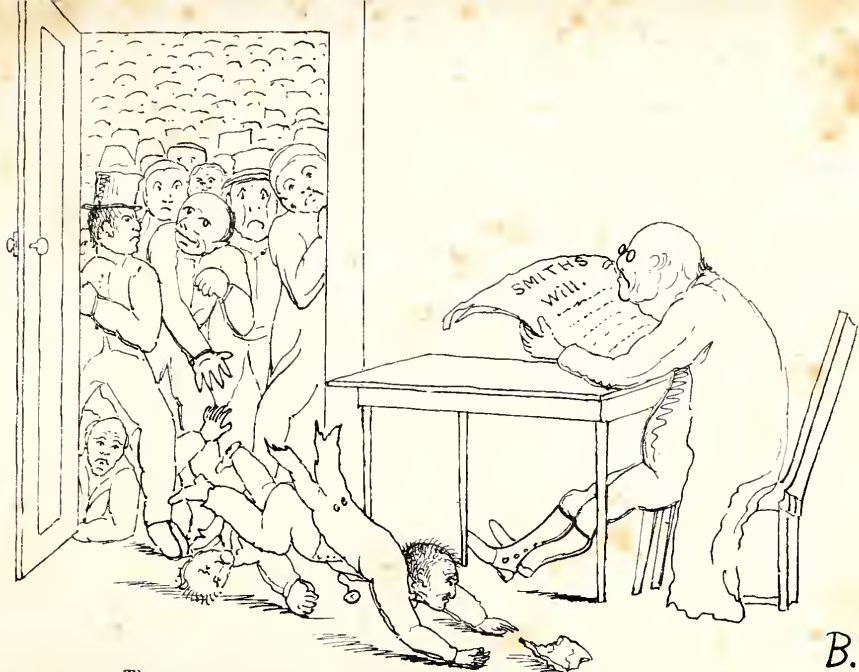
In Fifth Avenue dwelt a fair entity, Very gay, very thin, and just twenty;  
 She lived on her toes, And had so many beaux,  
 That she died in a state of fermentity.





There was an old girl in Broadway, Who always would have her own way ;  
So she borrowed a gun From a chap that had none,  
And shot a buck that was passing that way.





There was an old man named *Smith* ; Who, dying without kin or kith,  
 Left his fortune for those, (For he was *very* jocose,)  
 Who bore the strange nomen of *Smith* !—

B.





There was a young lady of Boston,  
Who ate wedding cake with the frost on,  
But though clever was she,  
It did'nt agree  
With this strong-minded party from Boston.







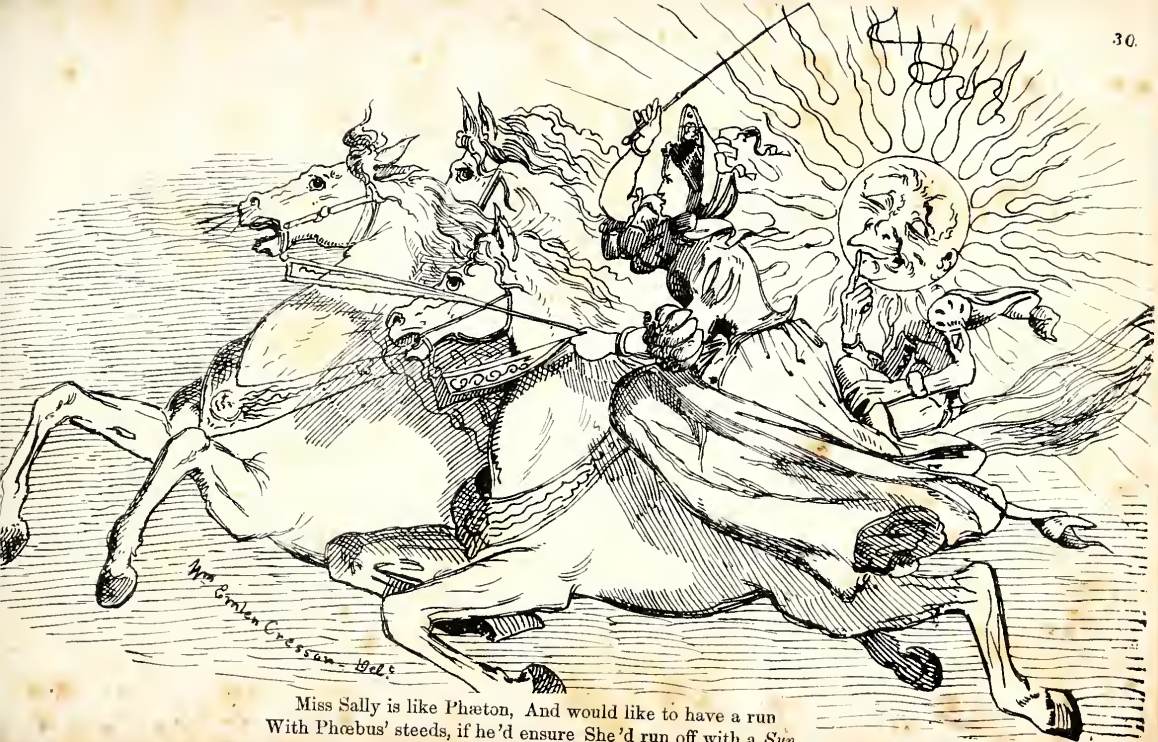
A young lady who lived at Cape Cod, Strung her lovers all up on a rod ;  
Says she—" *How are you?*"— They replied, " *Rather blue ;*"  
" *This treatment indeed is quite odd.*"





A fond youth gave his sweetheart from *Shongo*. A little ape that he sent for from Congo.  
Said she—"How sweetly you woo, 'T was indeed kind in you  
"To send for your portrait from Congo"





Miss Sally is like Phaeton, And would like to have a run  
With Phœbus' steeds, if he'd ensure She'd run off with a Sun.





In the sweet town of *Canajoharie*, Dwelt a maiden more solid than airy,  
She was a five hundred pounder, And if you tried to get 'round her.  
You find her, though *fair* yet no *faïry*.



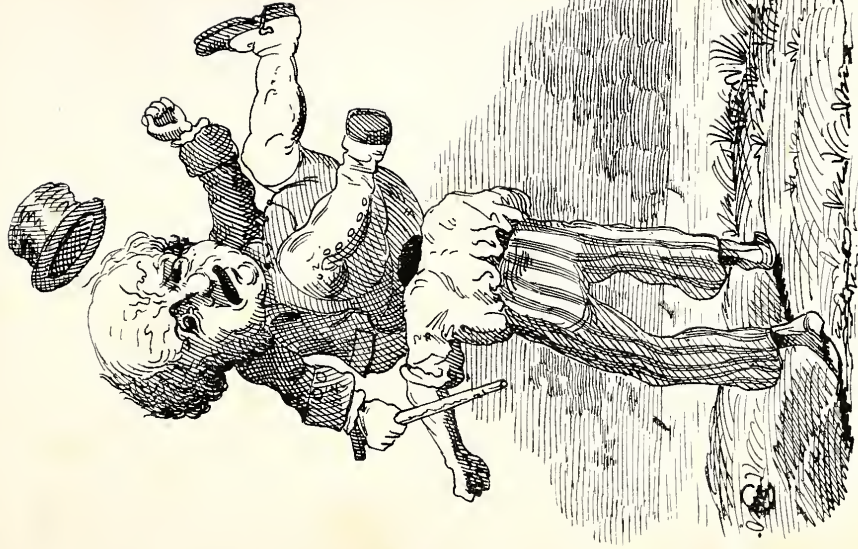




B.

There was a sly Miss of Batavia, Who was amazed at her lover's behaviour ;  
When he gave her a kiss, She said, "*What is this ?*"—  
"We're unused to such things at Batavia."





There was an old *Bull y'clept John,*  
Who had such a smart Yankee son,  
That, when he grew higher,  
He tossed up his sire—  
That respectable person called John.





Old Miss X—, in a strong minded humour, When fate an old maid seemed to doom her,  
 Said, while putting on specs, And changing her—sex,  
 If I can't *bloom*, I'm bound to be *Bloomer*!





There was a very wise man of *Copake*, Who while fishing fell into the lake;  
So he ran to his home And begged the neighbours to come  
And help pull him out of that lake.







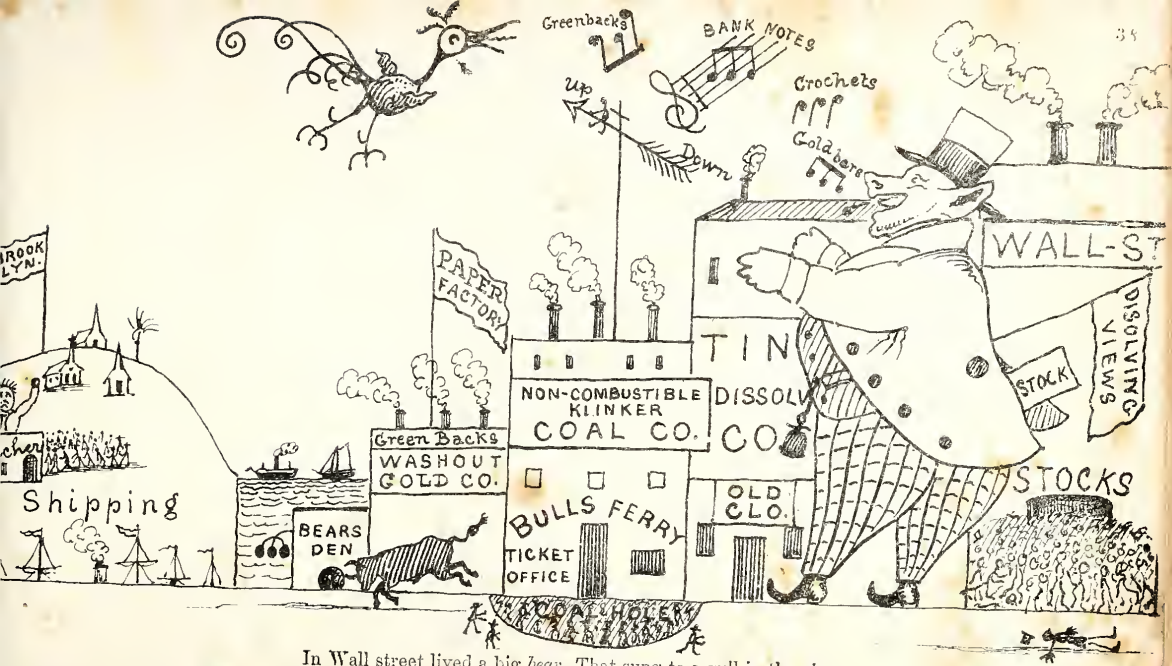
Said a funny lawyer, Lord Coke, "*Corporations have no souls*"  
We'd agree the *not* to revoke, If they'd fill up Fifth Avenue's holes!





There was an old girl of Oriskany, Who never was known of to frisk any,  
But eloped with a sailor, Though she liked best a tailor,  
Saying, "It's too late for me now to take 'risk" any.





In Wall street lived a big bear, That sung to a gull in the air  
 A ditty so sweet, That he fell in the street  
 And became, not a bull, but quite b(e)are.

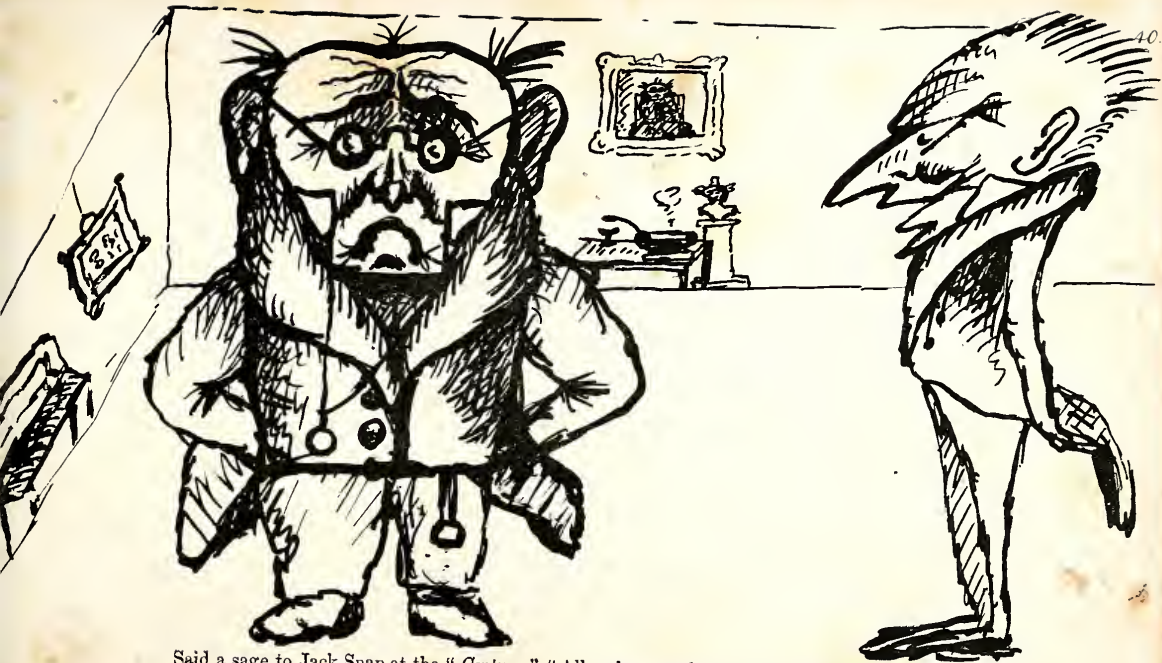




Mr. Soft liked his hair in the middle to part, And adjusted the line with a marvellous art;  
 Then sallying forth for a stroll in the street, Raised his beaver *Miss Velveteen Shoddy* to greet;  
 A *Deutcher M. P.* saw his hair with surprise, And arrested the youth as a maid in disguise.







Said a sage to Jack Snap at the "Century," "All make speeches to me complimentary—  
"Well—I believe I surpass—" "Yes," says Jack, "you're an as-  
Tonishing man at the Century."





Said a Judge, "*manus tua Capienda,*" To an heiress he asked to surrender,  
Quoth he, "Evermore, Let my love be thy Law—  
"And let thine be to me '*legal tender.*'"





There was an old man at the South, Who was very much down in the mouth,  
 So he borrowed a hat, And dined upon that—  
 Which didn't please that old man of the South.

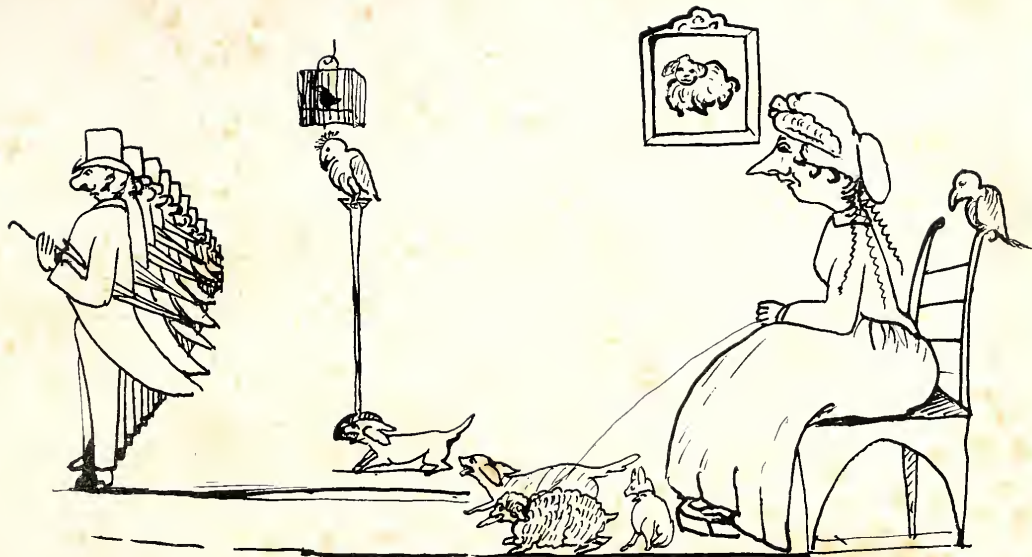




There was a young lady who said, "A rich man I never will wed—  
" All I ask for in marriage Is a fine house and carriage,  
If the man that I love I can wed."







There was a young lady of eighteen, Who thought there was no risk in waiting;  
But she was mistaken, For at forty forsaken,  
Was this difficult lady of eighteen.





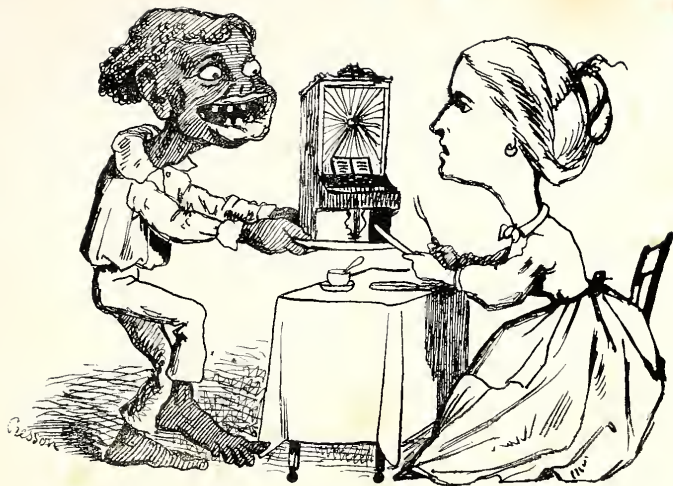
There was an ambitious young woman, named 'Harris', Who married a *Vicomte* from Paris;  
But he left very soon, With every spoon  
And fork in the house marked 'Harris.'





There was an old girl in the Bowery, Had a sewing-machine for her dowery ;  
To her said her beau, Though you're only *sew—sew*.  
You'll be useful if not very flowery.





There was a poor girl of *Fort Lee* Who, having a Piano *For-te* (a)  
 The *keys* could'n't digest. For they locked up her chest,  
 Which disturbed this poor girl of *Fort Lee*.







Said a man to his friend catching flies, "This life at a club stupefies."  
"I think I will marry," Says the other—"No, tarry,  
"Angels ever look best in the skies!"





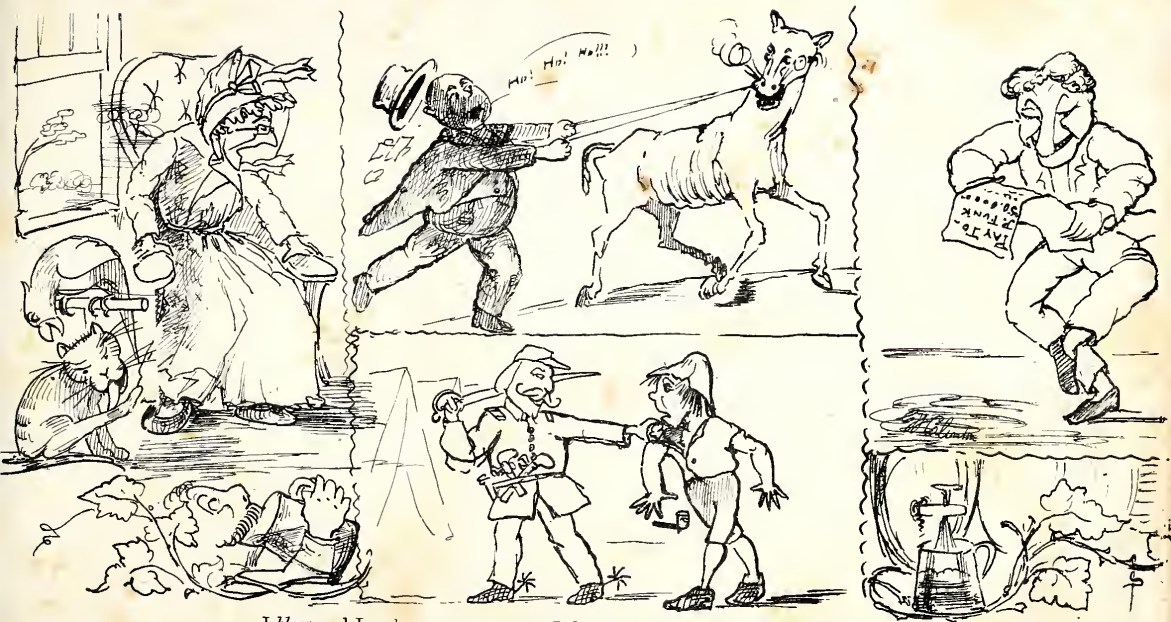
There was a young lady of Bath, Whose figure was thin as a lath;  
 If you stuck up a pin You'd swear it was twin,  
 To this vertical lady of Bath.





There was an old man, it is said, Who stood day and night on his head,  
 One day, with a cough, He shook his head off,  
 And then bought a new one of lead.





I blow and I make you sneeze,— I draw and you come where I please—  
 I'm drawn—and I put you at ease— You draw—and your corpus I seize.







There were certain wise men of the East. Who from stirring things up never ceased,  
 They'd a sauce made of "Sambo." *Arcades Ambo.*  
 Which they served with each dish at their feast.





There came a young man from Bombay, Who had been such a long time away,  
 They thought he was dead, So they cut off his head,  
 Which displeased that young man of Bombay.





There's a lively old girl from Arkansas, Who dotes upon dancing "the Lancers;"  
She will collar a man, Whenever she can,  
To join her in dancing "the Lancers."—

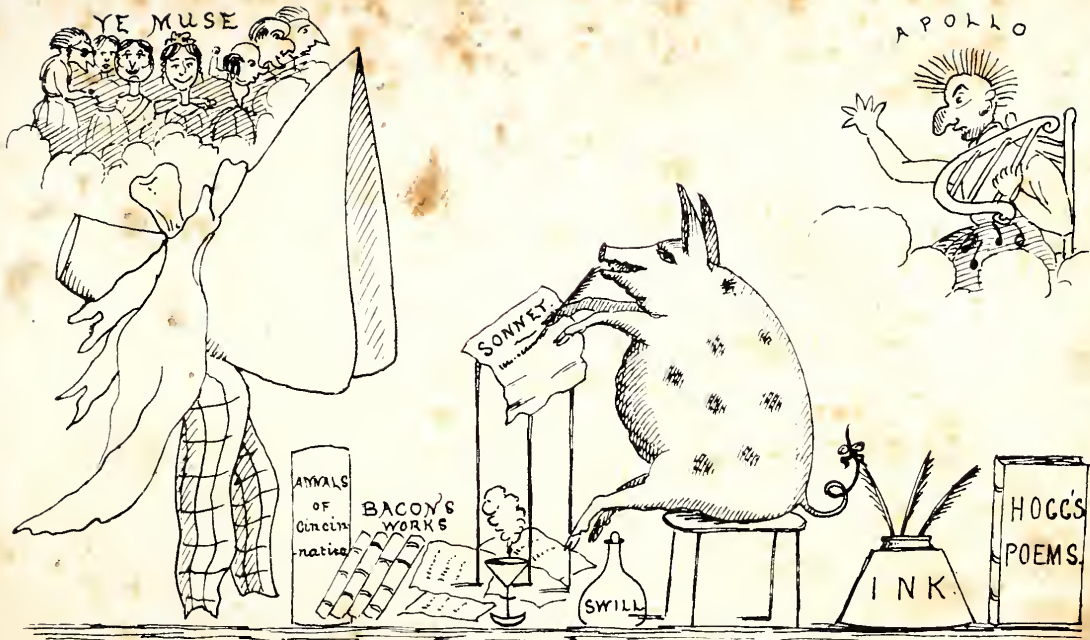




"Had the Cynic, who railed night and day," Said Jones, after dinner, quite gay,  
 "A 'Havanna' like this, 'With its visions of bliss,  
 "He'd have smoked the blue devils away."







There was an old pig wrote a sonnet, About putting his head in a bonnet;  
 Said he, for a joke, "I'll be pig in a poke,  
 "If ever I've courage to don it."





Nine girls mourned a galliant Zouave, Whom the enemy cut into half,  
*"He was mine"*.—"No he's mine," Bawled out the whole nine,  
 As they fought for a piece of Zouave.





Said a youth to a maiden from *Fonda*, As they skated about on a pond—"Ah!  
"Shall I break up the ice?" Says she—"Yes—'t will be nice,  
For I'm tired of living at *Fonda*."

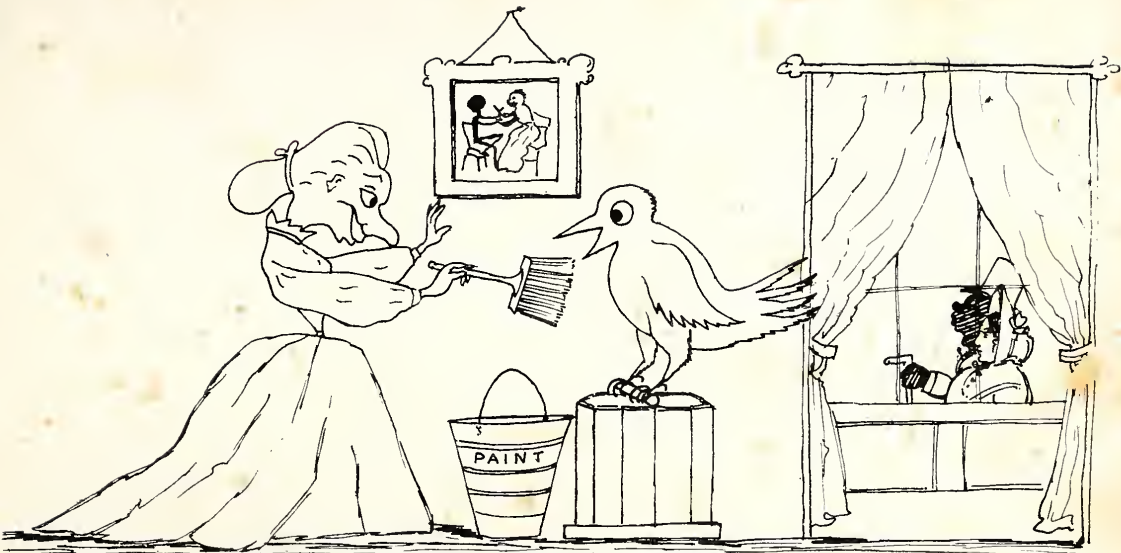




There went from New York a great man, Who said to the folks at Japan,  
“Come, old boys, civilize, Open ports and your eyes”—  
Which disturbed those old boys at Japan.

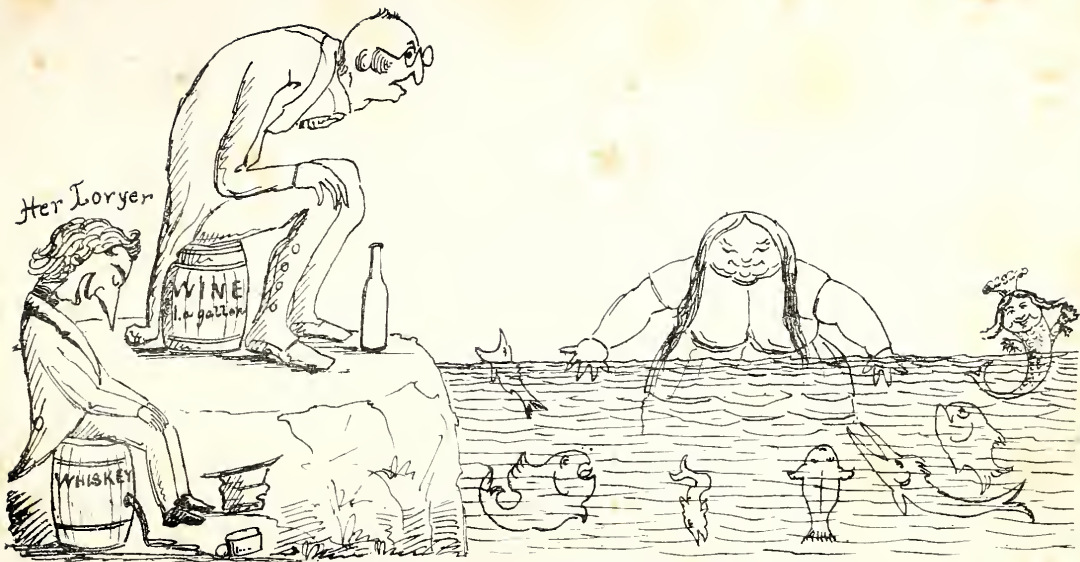






There was an old fashioned girl in New Haven, Who had in a cage a black raven;  
She said in her fright, I must needs paint him white,  
For all blacks must be white in New Haven.





A lonely old man who'd a daughter. That passed half her time in the water;  
 Cried, as she dipped in the brine, "I must now take to *whym*.  
 "As she takes so unkindly to water."





There was an airy young man played the flute, Whose attractions were very hirsute ;  
 Some thought him blind to all he saw, Most when they saw him cried, "E-saw!"  
 Which disturbed this young man with the flute.





There was an old girl fond of beaux, Who had a queer rush of blood to the nose,  
 So she cried with a sigh, "Well!—I suppose I must die—  
 "I must dye the tip end of my nose."

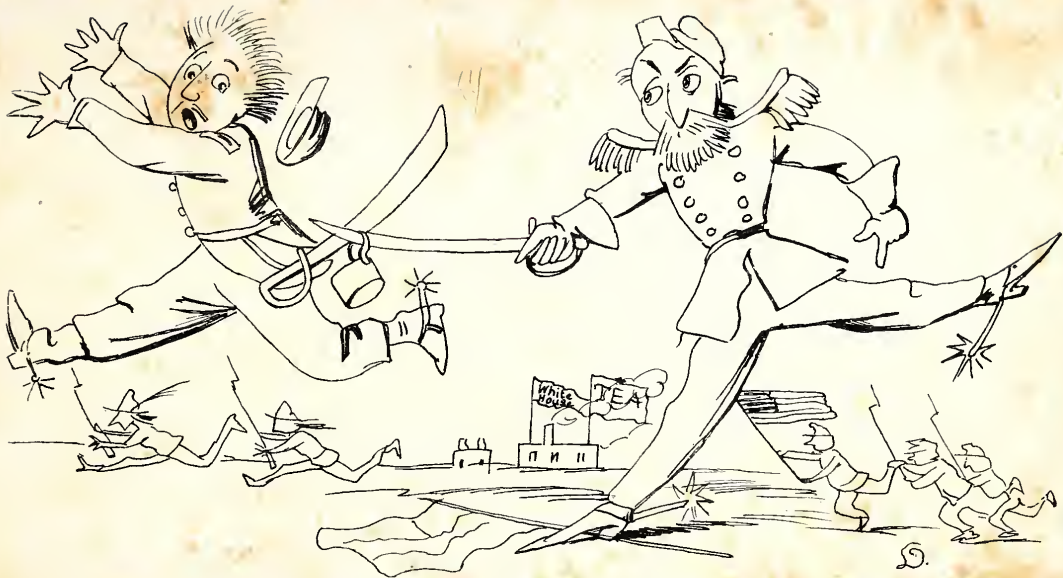






There was a young lady of *Wroxeter*,  
 Went out in a field and an ox eat her;  
 With fear he did quake, When he found his *misstake*,  
 But he made tender *steak* for all *Wroxeter*.





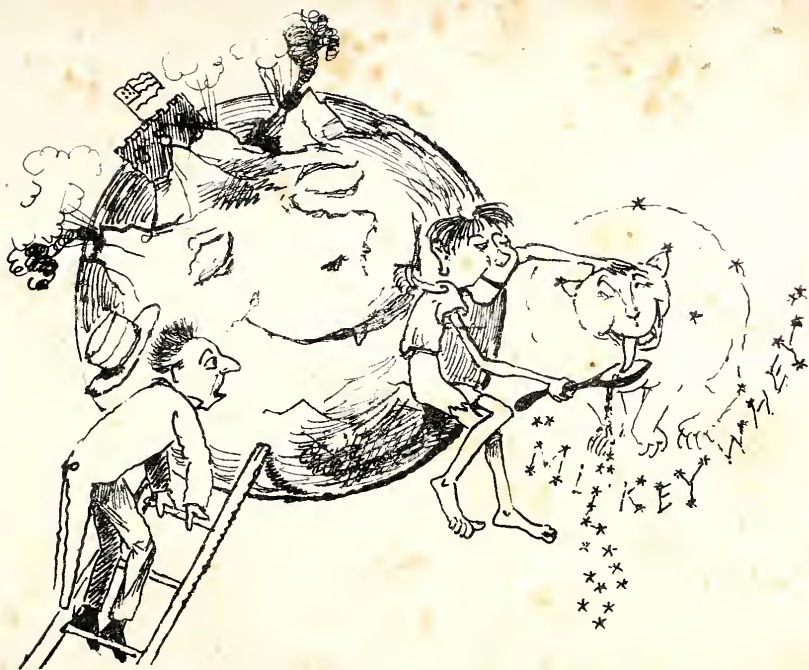
There was an old person named *Lee*, Who came to the North to take Tea ;  
 But they offered him *Mead(e)*, And as that disagreed,  
 He concluded to try *Tennessee*.—





There was a young lady whose gown, Kept clean a great part of the town,  
Says she "I don't care, For the soil and the wear,  
"I must have this fine sweep to my gown."

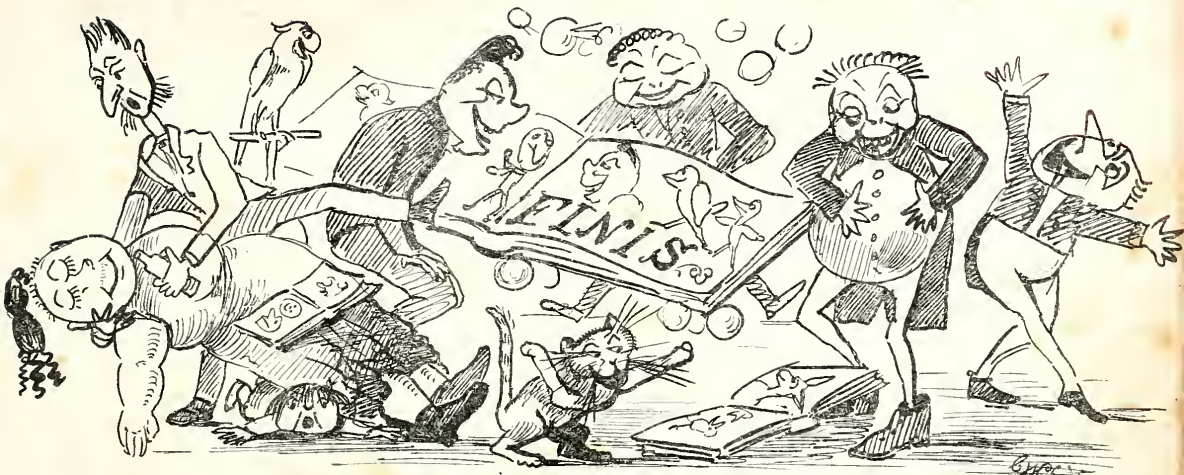




An old man went up to the moon, To see if it was a *lamoon* ;  
He found a boy there, Feeding up the Great Bear,  
With Milky Whey dipped out with a spoon.







*Scribimus indocte faceteque— Our rhymes are all rather squeaky,  
 Sans malice prepense— Without any sense—  
 Risum teneatis amici!*











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