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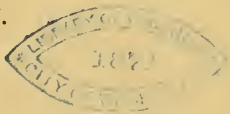
IN WHICH IS SHOWN SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

BEING AN APPENDIX TO

THE DRUNKARD.

BY

THOMAS NICHOLSON.



23

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"For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty."—ST. PAUL.

June 1882

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THOMAS NICHOLSON,

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THE DRUNKARD.

“The Drunkard ; A Poetic Reading. In two parts. By Thomas Nicholson.” Published by Lippincott & Co., of this city. The name on the title-page is not new to those of our readers who scan the poetic corners of this paper. He has favored us frequently with the effusions of his exuberant pen ; but in the publication now before us he has taken a higher plane in authorship, and expanded his thoughts in a production that will be more permanent, if not more popular, than the ephemeral fragments of a newspaper. The object of the work is intimated, with a graceful apology for the mode in which it is rendered, on page 4, as follows :

“If Genius, painting character through fiction.”

In over three hundred stanzas of this style and measure, he gives every supposable phase of the career of “The Drunkard,” and in the working up of his pitiable subject is both “grave” and “gay”—“lively” and “severe.” Incidents and anecdotes of long standing, by a stretch of ingenuity most remarkable, are made to fall into rhyme, and furnish the most striking and impressive reasons for temperance. He hits the prevalent customs and follies of the day with the shafts of keen satire. Even the preachers come in for their “portion in due season ;” although there is a vein of outspoken reverence for religion running through every page ; but the traditional partiality of a Delaware itinerant for “fat chicken,” and the gray coat and singular abstemiousness of “Good Pappy Hersey,” are brought into notice. The poem has many passages of rare sublimity—seas, stars, and mountain scenery ; forests, fields of verdure, and the blooming flowers ; Niagara, in its grandeur and majesty, and the rippling rivulet, refreshing in its flow, as

“From the mountain summit it distills.”

As stated in the title, the poem is cast for “Readings ;” before promiscuous audiences describing, as he can do it, the poor sot, in all his variations of fortune and misfortune, and appealing to the young by considerations of honor, duty, character, life, and more than life, to abandon the ensnaring syren of strong drink, and avoid the hell that grows seething hot

for the drunkard. In this somewhat novel rôle we wish him the greatest possible success. Indeed, the success of the idea is already more than intimated. At a reading, the first one given, in the Hall of the Dial Library of the Pascal Iron Works, on the evening of the 7th inst., before a select audience, he acquitted himself in a manner to elicit the decided approbation of discriminating minds, who unite in a testimonial for the pleasure and profit enjoyed on the occasion.

The apostrophe to "Beautiful Water" is well conceived, and gives evidence of skillful versification, with a redundancy of tropes and figures not inappropriately used. This, with a solemn invocation, closes the "Reading," but there remains in the book a selection of good temperance pieces, arranged to popular airs, which will be found useful in helping on the cause.

We can easily note a number of passages where necessarily "the laugh comes in," and this will "take" with the multitude, while the more thoughtful will not miss those utterances that "point a moral" in the most effective way.—*Extract from Methodist Home Journal*, October 16, 1869.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have published "The Drunkard—a poetic reading in two parts." By Thomas Nicholson, of Philadelphia. This poem has been read by the author with great acceptance before several temperance organizations. It contains humorous allusions to the events of the day and to the prominent characters of the age, besides pathetic descriptions of the evils of intemperance.—*Public Ledger*, October 23, 1869.

"The Drunkard; a poetic reading in two parts," by Thomas Nicholson, is a booklet rather than a volume, written in aid of the temperance principle. There is nothing in this roughly-constructed verse which might not have been much better expressed in prose, and the work is a literary curiosity in one sense, as no poem of the same length, in the English language, contains so many and such flagrantly bad rhymes. If the author had the purpose of producing such, he has fully succeeded. Not even the good motive of writing down intemperance can justify such ridiculous and absurd rhymes as abound herein. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.—*Philadelphia Press*, June 10, 1870.

WE say that all our rhythmical reviewers
 Should show us criticism in good rhyme,
 Then might we while we were their rhyme pursuers
 Forget our doggerel in their sublime,
 If Butler yesterday wrote "Hudibras,"
 Some nightcapp'd fool to-day might call him ass.

"Lines in geometry are proved by lines,
 (*Points, planes* are philosophic, yet conceptious,)
 Perfection is made perfect by designs,
 Which we would here adduce to check the captious.
 If units must prove units are correct,
 Rhyme critics must by rhyme show same effect."

Genius, we know, is not particular
 About its dovetailed shapes or pinrowed acts,
 Hers is to find a subject, then declare
 Before the world sound truths, yea deal in facts;
 Nor does she, while she writes you poetry,
 Paint all her beauty on the *ends* some see.

Some Lunar minds are ever on the rhyme,
 Inquisitive, excitable as "Peter;"
 Discard your verses if they do not chime,
 Blackball your reason for your lack of metre.
 Oh! it would make us very, very happy
 If our reviewers would but set a copy.

We cannot think us guilty of high treason
 If we despise the modes that some adopt
 Of jingling rhyme, nor ever heeding reason,
 As if by such a poem could be propped.
 We love true harmony and happy rhyme,
 Provided they be linked with the sublime.

When shall a law be passed that can prevent
 Critic on prose to hound down humble poet?
 If such an animal be on rhymes scent,
 The listening ears of startled world will know it.
 Hear the blood cry of some old wolfish Harrier
 Or sharper bark of Literary Terrier.

Woe be to you, if you should meet a shock,
 Collide with an ill-tempered old reviewer ;
 You'd better "lay your head upon the block"
 Than interview such hounding rhyme pursuer,
 Whose fangs may gnaw the edges from your rhyme,
 Discard your reason, bury your sublime.

If we had taken stand in rank of prose,
 Then might we look for prose reviewer's smash,
 Perhaps expect he'd tread upon our toes
 Or serve us up, as second warmed hash.
 When our attempt is made in poetry
 Our critic certainly should poet be.

Why should a bitter, obsolete old proser
 Harsh judgment pass on poet any time?
 Why not first set a copy as composer,
 Show us a sample of exquisite rhyme—
 Review our humble work in proper metre?
 Who fails in this must be a sorry prater.

Our meanest members are these snarling critics,
 Who prose vindictive of a poet's rhyme
 Should law mete out to them cold hydrostatics
 Or plunge those thin-skinned animals in brine ?
 When we detect such wanton base pursuers,
 They'll feel the smart, as did the "Scotch Reviewers."

We ask of such to publicly discuss
 Poetic points in well-rhymed poetry,
 Who dare attempt in prose to make a fuss,
 Because their jaundiced eyes have failed to see
 The varied lights and shades that we portray,
 Which stand in bold relief mid blaze of day.

The staggering forms we wrote about were "rough,"
 The suicides of drunkenness still were "rougher;"
 All our "rough" terms were brought to bear us proof,
 To show how by intemperance we suffer.
 Now a reviewer "takes us by the nose,"
 And why? because we did not write in prose.

Or let a bookmaker, for such of course
 A literary editor must be;
 Certain we are that he is not a horse—
 Kicking and braying prove no such decree;
 But things perhaps might take a different twist
 If poet had but greased reviewer's fist.

Yet how could we escape if wasps have stung
 Great author, or some world-renowned epistles?
 A scorpion now lays poison in our song
 An enemy has sown his tares and thistles.
 Are you of a grim parent, "the old Horny,"
 Who slimed not on the billetedoux of Forney?

The strong expose themselves by mean attack
 As does reviewer, though he hold chief charter:
 Who fain would throw some weak one on his back
 May sometimes find that he "has caught a Tartar."
 Are members of the journalistic tie
 Ever reviewed by an all-seeing Eye?

Who use their influence to crush the weak,
 If weaker party be but in the right,
 May bitterly regret their gross mistake,
 As may the fools who pander to the fight.
 Such are to noble courtesy disloyal,
 Though they say they have come of the blood royal.

The good book has it, "Touch not mine Anointed,
 Nor dare to do my prophets any harm :"
 Who interfere with these, of God appointed,
 May be consigned below, to keep them warm ;
 We will not to a foolish notion cling,
 Or say reviewer is of "whisky ring."

We don't profess at all to be a prophet,
 Nor are we (as is said) the son of one.
 You ask expectantly of us, What of it?
 Prognosticating we won't say anon ;
 Nor add, as a concluding sage adjunct,
 Some Seventh-and-Chestnut sheet is nigh defunct.

But think of some old pen-and-ink marauder,
 Or surly councilor of Lager Beer,
 One who of temperance merit is defrauder :
 Don't dub such "Literary Buccaneer"
 Drum-major of a Monongahela clan,
 Or seedy journal's "Border Ruffian."

If "Hardshell Snapper" has entire control
 Of type-setters, big printing press of Hoe,
 Such frightful agencies should chill the soul
 Of poet in obscurity, we know.
 If he behind these bulwarks will abide,
 How can we penetrate his scaly hide?

Yet though big printing press be termed "Bullock,"
Which title might to hireling be applied,
Though such may worship at the shrine of "Moloch,"
For gross effrontery shall he be tried?
Or will discerning world behold defence,
See utterly exposed gross ignorance?

What though I write a memoir of great man,
Compile dry matter, not original,
What though such act yield Mammon's sordid gain,
If I lack "Charity," all else will fail.
Can there be a more horrible offence
Than with blunt axe to mangle innocence?

Hundreds of living witnesses attest
That our "poetic reading," which they heard,
Was to their minds a very healthful feast,
Its rhyme and reason comfort did afford,
While many periodicals as well
Spoke eulogistic of our strong appeal.

E'en learned friends say to us, "Give no heed
To any drunken, crazy observation
About your book; enlightened world will read,
And some time hence it may arouse the nation."
Truth's mighty mountain still keeps towering higher,
From which fall dead the rotten shafts of liar.

But who can council leather-eared "despisers,"
Who foam and gnash and cut up rabid capers,
Who stand in rank of green-eyed scandalizers,
Who spit their venom through some Sunday papers;
Will coarse reviewer now go join foul list,
Be dubbed as scandal's resurrectionist?

Or will he (Patrick-like) "inflammé the blister,"
 Root up forgotten sins and past offences,
 Allude to erring brother or "blind sister,"
 And in the meanest manner shock the senses?
 What literary mind would ever stoop,
 Snatch up foul scandal, and then howl war whoop?

In fine, a world enlightened must pronounce
 Severest judgment on the head of him
 Who as the sly and murderous wolf will pounce
 Upon the harmless innocence of lamb.
 Should canine constables go noose a head
 That growls and gloats in its rapacious trade?

A cockatrice has taken time to hatch
 Within his dirty nest a poisonous viper ;
 Indeed, we never stood upon the watch,
 Expecting noise from a bad Irish piper,
 Disjointed drones we see, consumptive bellows—
 Conclude some literary hack is jealous.

Crabbed reviewer now may take offence,
 Repeat again, "ridiculous," "absurd,"
 And prate provincially of ignorance,
 Instead of "booklet," coin a meaner word,
 Or cultivate the temper of bull-dog.
 Shall Continental friends then stop his grog?

What though a moral horsewhip shower descend,
 One hardly need upon reviewer crusty
 The thong of an ideal cowhide bend.
 (Can reason polish stubborn, rotten, rusty?)
 If roused, we may with a severer pen,
 In terms more harsh, apply some stripes again.





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