

**THE AMERICAN CYCLOPS:
THE HERO OF NEW
ORLEANS, AND SPOILER
OF SILVER SPOONS**

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The American Cyclops: The Hero of New Orleans, and Spoiler of Silver Spoons by Pasquino

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PASQUINO

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Drinks at the House of Commons.

"A pot-house soldier, he parades by day,
And drunk by night, he slights the foe to slay."

THE
AMERICAN CYCLOPS,

THE
HERO OF NEW ORLEANS,

AND
SPOILER OF SILVER SPOONS.

Dubbed LL. D.

BY
PASQUINO.

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District of Maryland.

Introductory.



THE following little illustrated effusion is offered to the public, in the hope that it may not prove altogether uninteresting, or entirely inappropriate to the times. The famous pre-historic story of Ulysses and Polyphemus has received its counterpart in the case of two well-known personages of our own age and country. Ulysses of old contrived, with a burning stake, to put out the glaring eye of Polyphemus, the man-eating Cyclops, and thereby to abridge his power for cannibal indulgence; while our modern Ulysses, perhaps, mindful of his classical prototype, is content to leave the new Polyphemus safely "bottled-up" under the hermetical seal of the saucy Rebel Beanregard. Although the second Cyclops is yet

alive, and still possesses the visual organ in a squinting degree, a regard for impartial history compels us to add, that the sword which leapt from its scabbard in front of Fort Fisher, has fallen from the grasp of the "bottled" chieftain, whether from an invincible repugnance to warlike deeds, like that which pervaded the valiant soul of the renowned Falstaff, or because an axe on the public grindstone is a more congenial weapon in the itching palm of a Knight of Spoons, has not yet been determined with absolute precision.

The warrior Ulysses, like his namesake of Ithaca, however widely opinion may militate upon his other qualifications, certainly deserves the everlasting gratitude of a spoon-desolated country for the strategy displayed in tearing off the plumes of the American Polyphemus, and fixing that precious flower of knight-hood among the "bottled" curiosities of natural history.

The American Cyclops.



Progressive age! for contemplation's eye,
Thy checker'd scenes a glorious field supply;
Time was when Mercury waved the potent wand,
And Nature brightened in the artist's hand,—
When mind's dominion round the world was thrown,
Before usurping Mammon seized the throne.
Aspiring genius, chill thy noble rage,
For baser uses rule our iron age;
Drive the hard bargain, mart for sordid gain,
And where it will not win, hold honor vain;

