

THE MONIAD: A SATIRE

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The Moniad: A Satire by George Whitfield Hewes

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GEORGE WHITFIELD HEWES

**THE MONIAD: A
SATIRE**

THE MONIAD.

A Satire.

BY "TRUTH."

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1867.



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PART FIRST.

The proposition—A glance along the street—The voluptuous dreams of Croesus—The poetic cobbler—The miser's anguish—The student's labor—Hope—Lorenzo de Medici—Failure—Indolence—The millionaire and the penniless—Why the Poem was writ—A fair maid—The home—The stroll and discovery of gold—Arrival of the King—The maid's dream and the King's passion on beholding it—His declaration—The conception—The birth of Mammen—His rise and greatness—The love of the people—King over Wealth—A mountain—Building of the palace—Description—Idolatry.

MONK I sing. Behold the gaping crowd
Which gathers when I breathe the word aloud.
Attentive stand, the ripe, plathoric dame,
The satined maiden with the spotless name,
The lordly merchant all his mind at ease,
The lawyer purseey with his swelling fees,
The poet with the hesitating walk,
The parson with his ministerial talk,
The banker, who, the populace to please,
Now rashly flutters bank notes in the breeze.

For these are days we know it to our cost
That dollars gold, have given up the ghost.

The crowd increases. There a figure bends
Who, at usurious interest, money lends,
A furious word or caustic sting he hears,
Turns half bewildered with his rising fears,
And rushing madly from the accusing spot
He mutters something like unto God-Wot.
A miser creeping grudgingly along,
A moment pauses, listening the song,
Nor seems a pleasant fancy to imbibe,
He sudden leaves, and joins one of his tribe.
A gilded carriage hastily attends,
The liveried coachman servilely descends,
A moment hears the solemn words I say,
Informs his master and they dash away.
So many come, but many yet remain,
Whose Penury is all the others gain.
And they the poor still linger round the spot,
To hear a word perchance, to bless their lot.
Oh ! that the power were in one little pen,
How would it change the laws and state of men,
Some as they are, some higher place assume,
But many should take on another's doom.

What are the dreams of Croesus, when the charms
Of rich lipped syrens, nestle in his arms?
What visions tempt his gaze at every turn,
What changing passions all his bosom burn
When loose-robed Love, seduces with delight,
Or coy repents, and slyly pleads for flight.
The rich juice, bursting from the mellow fruit
Is not more lascious than her amorous suit,
When aye she flames for those forbidden acts
That whirl her brain, and all her powers tax.
In times like these, his every move we scan,
We find with all his wealth, he is but man ;
His powers wane, and all his joys will end,
No matter what endurance he pretend.
Like some hurt sword, oft broken in the bout,
Whose mere repairing surely wears it out.
So he the sad sign of the past now shows
And on his wrinkles paints a withered rose.

A youth, the victim of a cobbler's bench,
Whose nose revolts at each foul leathery stench ;
Whose tender hands, and pale white arms are taught,
To wax and stitch in hours dearly bought.

Who many a time has tapped an hostler's shoe
Rich with the odors of the stable dew ;
Who pegs away, and silent, murmure not,
Still dreams that love, and fame, shall be his lot.
Perchance one day his longing eyes shall see
The muses waiting for his mind's decree ;
Perhaps the Nine, by sacred duty led,
Will place the laurel on his yielding head.
The candle maker drew the lightning down,
Ajaccio's student reached to high renown,
The pigmy vessel braves the raging main,
Why not the cobbler breathe Poetic strain.

How fares the monster of the greedy eye,
Who every cent penuriously puts by ?
Who walls his hovel round with solid chests,
The only stock in which he e'er invests.
How starts he up in absolute affright,
If, but the winds do whistle in the night.
Around his cell, he casts his glazing eyes
To see some villian from his coffers rise ;
As with an ague all his muscles twitch,
How feels he then the pangs of being rich.
A murderer reigns high monarch of the place,
While shudders stamp their wrinkles on his face.

And so the night creeps on in agony,
While everything of terror gallops by,
Until in seams, far deeper than my verse,
With ink more black, is writ the miser's curse.

The student grappling with the laws of Coke,
Oft on his knees, will other's aid invoke.
O'er Purdon's notes he dreams of golden hoards
Until he wakes to view his white washed boards;
Will o'er tobacco, oft persistent lurk,
And still forget, the way to wealth, is work.
The histories of all the monied great,
Of men who glittered in a jeweled state,
Of kings whose chambers, brilliant gems outshone,
Of subjects hilts, which paled a monarch's crown;
That none need e'er be poor, these all attest,
With tact and prudence, Work will do the rest.

Hope, like an eagle springing from the plain,
Soars far beyond the clouds within the brain.
Oh! what were life, if stubborn Fact alone
Threw its hard shadow o'er each torpid zone?
No bright ambitions then our souls would fill;
No fond desires that fonder hopes instil;
No imagery of the star eyed queen,
Who on love's landscape freshens every scene,