

**EOLOPOESIS: AMERICAN
REJECTED ADDRESSES, NOW
FIRST PUBLISHED FROM
THE ORIGINAL MAUSCRIPTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649168958

Eolopoesis: American rejected addresses, now first published from the original manuscripts by Jacob Bigelow

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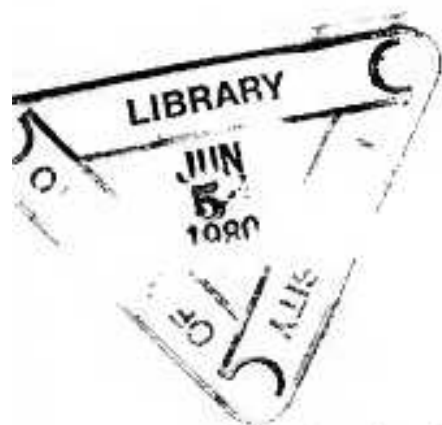
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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JACOB BIGELOW

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1855, by

J. C. DANN,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of New York.

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TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE NEW YORK
CRYSTAL PALACE.

GENTLEMEN : —

When the transparent roof of your enchanted castle first invited the sun's rays to descend on its miracles of art and its electrified spectators, it was understood that the votaries of literature, in common with cultivators of the various arts, were about to find shelter in the shadow of your protecting wings. An excitement, perhaps not observed by you, but in truth scarcely paralleled in the history of popular sensations, sprang up among those who cater superfluities for the world's fickle palate. Sculptors, painters, and confectioners; musicians, apothecaries, authors and mousetrap manufacturers, saw their coming glory in your magnificent foreshadowings.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopola,
Medici, mimæ, balatrones, hoc genus omne.

Rumor, with her hundred tongues, announced that a mysterious prize, in the form of a castle, wrought from a solid nugget of Californian gold, was to be adjudged to the author of the best poem submitted to the ordeal of your critical eyes. Untrammelled by the confines usually allotted on the occasion of an opening or closing address, the happy candidates were left free as air to select subjects in which they felt themselves most competent to shine.

As the announcement of a vacant office brings down an avalanche of hungry aspirants, so did the promulgation of this news dart hope, activity, and sunshine into multitudes of desolate garrets. Unnumbered pens at once went down into inkhorns, and the Muses got a holocaust of sleepless nights and days. Eyes rolled in fine frenzies, reams of paper were blotted, interlined, and transcribed, and the number of stanzas which the world had to boast underwent a marked statistical augmentation.

Judge, then, of our consternation, when we first learned that our sunshine was moonshine, and that you had apparently been deceiving us all for your own selfish and unjustifiable purposes. It was some time before we could control our exasperated feelings;

and when at length an indignation meeting was called of the aggrieved parties, without distinction of rank, resolutions were passed of unusual spirit, redounding considerably to your shame and disadvantage. It was at once determined by many of us to throw our priceless productions into a joint stock concern, and to stereotype them on our own account, not doubting that the public would accord to us more fame and emolument, than those which your niggardly fingers have withheld.

We are not sorry to find that retribution has overtaken you in the rapid decadence which is now the only distinction left to your ill-managed and disastrous concern. If any thing could have saved you, it would have been the brilliant success and the unlimited attraction attending a combined effort of all the poetical talent of the country. And it must add to your mortification to know, that, in our individual and collective opinion, the poems here published are considerably superior to any thing we have before written.

Your obedient and injured servants,

THE AUTHORS.

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Lines written at Chicago.

By J. G. H.