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# Lights o' Gotham!

— BY —

MAMIE LUKE.



OUR ARTHUR, as our President, is our "first gentleman..."  
As "handsome is who handsome does," his measures should we scan!

Our Grace, the Mayor of Gotham Town, enjoys no envied place,  
Yet duties onerous performs with suavity and grace!

Our Vanderbilts of dollars count a hundred million up;  
How many million mortals drink of want the bitter cup!

Our Astors own of houses here a thousand, it is said;  
How many stricken beings find no place to lay the head!

Our Lorillards, Tobacconists, are "wallowing in wealth,"  
All won from those who use the "weed" regardless of their health!

Our Gould his wealth is piling up, and quite Olympus high;  
Some day the masses loud against this cormorant will cry!

Our Keene his wealth augments (or would) by "cornering" our grain;  
What though a famine may ensue so he may largely gain!

Our Cyrus Field, of England fond, who mourns a British spy;  
Now runs two papers "telescoped," and — he can tell you why!

Our Russell Sage manipulates the festive "put and fall";  
His motto is, "Who stands may stand, and who may fall may fall!"

Our "Uncle Rufus," genial and "childlike" he seems,  
Quite frequently astounds the world with his audacious schemes!

[New York 1882]

Our Peter Cooper, grand old man, a benefactor rare ;  
Than him, a score of millionaires could we much better spare !

Our Harpers treat the reading world to richest mental pasty ;  
And who does not admire the cuts so boldly drawn by Nast, eh ?

Our Roswell Flower will not "blush" in Congress all "unseen,"  
Should he toward monopolies and wrongful measures lean !

Our William Waldorf Astor sought to reach a higher sphere,  
But though his "eagles" bravely flew they left Sweet William here !

Our Robertson, Collector now, has "made it right" with "Chet ;"  
No more he'll feel "demn'ion moist" from cold official sweat !

Our Sunset Cox a scholar is, a gentleman and wit ;  
An upright legislator, he, for place of honor fit !

Our Richard, our O'Gorman, Judge, and by the people's voice ;  
To see him sitting on the Bench the people would rejoice !

Our Kelly — "Honest John" — as "Boss," has somewhat lost his "grip ;"  
But then P\*\*\*\*y — well, I should smile — will hardly grasp the whip !

Our General Spinola, he of wondrous wealth of collar,  
Renown pursues in politics, nor scorns the "honest dollar !"

Our Dunlap, "Tom," for forty years a chronic office holder  
"Out in the cold" is left at last, and matters growing "colder !"

Our Bliss imperfect is on earth — but there, I don't mean George,  
Who's going for the "Star Routers," who little will disgorge !

Our Davenport's a "heavy weight," to give it out in fun ;  
But really on election days he thinks he weighs a ton !

Our Evarts, William M., and late of Hayes's Cabinet,  
In deep seclusion hides himself, abroad is rarely met !

Our own Delmonico, our Charles, to all New Yorkers dear —  
Fierce man, who with the crooked deals quite a *la Robespierre* !

Our Hilton, strident Prince of Wicks ! ironic sings the muse :  
"A gracious Christian gentleman quite popular with Jews !"

Our Walton "cleaned" the Britishers of sovereigns a "pile ;"  
Now, if the "Plunger" cleans our streets the "sovereigns" will smile !

W. V. S. 15 Mar. 1912

Our Dana, of the SUN, "which shines for all," resplendently,  
Would have no army on the land, no navy on the sea!

Our Jones, the TIMES tycoon, will raise, if ever you're in want,  
A fund for you at notice short—at least he did for Grant!

Our Bennett on the servant girls of Irish blood has "soured,"  
Forgetful of the riches which upon him they have poured!

Our Hastings, Hugh, for office, know, is not upon "string;"  
His own COMMERCIAL he accounts a greatly better thing!

Our Wood, to whom all must repair who want the DAILY NEWS,  
Writes little, but, O gracious me, the nice cigars he—chews!

Our Hulburt supervises all the WORLD'S immense array;  
If watching not the sparrow bird, close watches he the "Jay!"

Our Whitelaw Reid, as Gould's "best man," the once great TRIBUNE runs;  
No more is heard the thunder boom of Greeley's shotted guns!

Our Schurz, late one of Hayes's Secs.—no creditable boast—  
Has found in Gotham, let us hope, a more respected Post!

Our Bonner is no Editor, and seldom wields the pen,  
His "leader" is a trotting horse that leads the crowd in "ten!"

Our Keppler, of Cartoonists all, the leader is and King—  
For full particulars inquire of Grant and Ros. Conkling!

Our solemn Bergh, of beasts and birds most notably the friend,  
To human creatures would apply the barbarous rope's end!

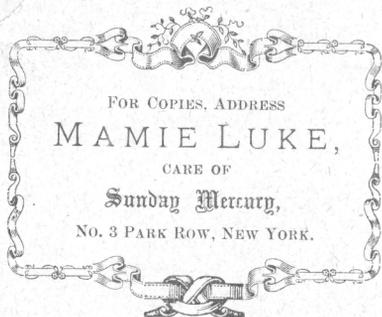
Our Comstock raids Augean muck, not *a la* Hercules,  
But *a la* Mrs. Partington who tried to stay the seas!

Our Byrnes, Inspector of Police, a most effective chief,  
Attends to rogues of high degree, nor slights the humble thief!

Our Captain Williams, who has won unrivaled fame for clobbering,  
Must look unto his laurels lest patrolmen do the drubbing!

Our Grant, U. S., ex-President, and Grand Recipient  
Takes everything that's offered him, but ne'er gives up a cent!

Our Train, not "evoluted" yet, to any great extent,  
Will yet—and peanuts do not fail—achieve the steep ascent!



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