

ANOTHER SENSATION.  
WALL STREET IN TEARS.  
Train vs. Train, or the Prophet's Lament.

BY E. PLURIBUS UNUM.

The Scriptures inform us that a prophet at home  
Is left without honor, and therefore must roam,  
So to seek reputation I wandered away,  
And swung round the circle to Australia.  
Thence coming to London, as the circle I spanned,  
To see if the Cockneys would swallow my *trams*.  
There I found them all H's, without any I's,  
So I left them for Boston, and thought I was wise;  
The war was progressing like a snail on its back,  
For the way to salvation our generals then lacked;  
Then said I to myself great honors I'll gain  
Should I pick up McClellan to run on my train.  
Then I tried at Chicago this nation to save,  
But that copperhead platform came so near being  
my grave  
That I hied to Nebraska, my bacon to save,  
Where a Senator's office I sought to obtain;  
But the people there thought I was *slightly* vain.  
Next I tried reconstruction at Follydelpho,  
Where I tickled the monkeys at Andy's big show;  
There each mouth wore a padlock, each eye shed a  
tear,  
And copperhead Yankees were crouching with fear.  
But that proved a failure, as every one knows,  
So I came to the gold room, that place of past woe,  
Where many a fortune has melted like snow.  
And where once I was *euchred* by bearing too soon,  
If you do not believe me, just ask old Pepoon.  
I talked there of millions, as if they were tens,  
And spouted on *politics*, religion, and guns;  
I proved that the banks could not stand a *rush*  
long,  
And that Radical Congressman, all should be hung;  
I demolished Old England, proud France was no  
more.  
And Prussia and Russia, lay dead on the floor.  
But the object I aimed at, was the price to advance,  
As, that if accomplished, would furnish the  
*stamps*;  
Thus, I tried hard to *bull it*, but still it don't rise,  
As no one believed, my lugubrious cries;  
For the Rads only snickered, and the Copperheads  
scowled,  
And one good Union member his tongue could not  
*hould*.  
Some thought I was foolish, some thought I was  
*cracked*,  
And some said this train had been thrown from  
the track.  
If the truth must be told, by *slipping the cat*,  
The *bulls* tried this game, to spring a nice trap;  
But the *bears* ever ready, such games to combat,  
Could not be deceived, for they *smelt a big rat*.  
And now *Kine of Bashan*, as this effort proved vain,  
When you want to *bull gold*, don't *invite* me again;  
For my speeches are *hollow* and my head's very  
vain,  
And my name, you all know it, is George Francis  
Train.  
My mind thus relieved, of the Nation's distress,  
I hastened to notice myself in the press;  
The *bulls* being too mean, a reporter to furnish,  
I took up my pen, my effusion to burnish:  
Some things were left out, many more were put in  
And a hit at, a member, to make him look green.  
Parentheses plenty I there did display  
Of (sensation) and (laughter) and (cheering)  
hooray;  
And as birds of a feather, each other caress,  
I *carted my dirt* to the *Evening Express*;  
The *World's* full of sympathy, for rebellion, that's  
quashed,  
And it, too, must plead guilty, for printing such  
trash;  
Boys, "the Union for ever," your motto should be,  
While *E Pluribus Unum* is alone left for me.