THE

Modest Petition.

of a

Newspaper Editor.

To Samuel Houston, President 1841.

Chieftain, Statesman, Patriot, Sage!
Thou bright effulgence of this age,
Recalled once more by public voice,
To guide the State against my choice;

Against my hope and expectation,
Of rising to some lofty station,
Which would no doubt have been the case,
Had Burnet beat you in the race.

I come great Chief of Sanjacinto,
A disappointed, ruined printer,
And humbly beg to lay before ye,
A very sad, but honest story.

No case presented to your Highness
Is half so sorrowful as mine is;
And you will see, when facts are stated,
How wrong'd I've been, and underrated.

Within the town that bears your name,
And borrows thence its greatest fame,
I've published long, a weekly paper,
As great as any man's, or greater.

You may, perhaps, have read its pages,
Fraught with the learning of all ages,
And just as free from base traduction,
As if it were your own production.

I am not of that class of men,
Who scribble with a venal pen,
And turning from the truly great,
Court favor from the knaves of State.

An honest instinct never lies;
It leads me to the good and wise,
And teaches how to shun the base
And selfish portion of our race.

Hence mighty Chieftan, tis to you
I now appeal for justice due,
And humbly hope, by this petition,
To mitigate my sad condition.

There is a man whose name is Whiting,
Eternally some nonsense writing,
Who hopes by sly insinuation,
To sink me in your estimation.

He fain would make you think that I am,
The foe to nature's master Lion,
And would, for twenty silver peices
Defame or laud you, as the case is;

But Sir, I pray your better sense,
Will turn aside his impudence,
And not allow his mere assertions,
To stand against my past exertions.

I am no Judas, or Iago;
I follow friends wherever they go;
And when they meet with sad disaster,
I always stick to them the faster.

'Tis true great Chief, that I have written,
Some few peices, unbefitting
One like me, so pure in morals,
And so averse to public quarrels;

But then remember, all are liable
To utter things unjustifiable;
And if I have at times traduced you,
And without cause, of crimes accused you,

I hope you'll bear in mind the fact Sir,
That I am now in the right track Sir;
And mean to travel straight as plummet,
Provided you will let me come it.

What tho' I've said you were no hero,
And held you up a modern Nero,
Have I not dealt still harder blows
Upon the folks I deem'd your foes;

Which goes to prove as plain as Euclid,
I hated them as much as you did,
And likewise proves as clear as day,
You were a favorite more than they.

Have I not lashed Lamar by name,
Denounced his acts, denied his fame,
And left him scorned, without a friend
To mourn his fate, or cause defend?

And as for Burleson and Burnet—
My coat, you know,—I could not turn it—
But if you've read the Telegraph,
You'll see I went the hog but half;

For lo! the affiliated Star!
Has that not borne your name afar;
And is it not, now daily puffing
Your life, by Tompkins and Tom Stuffing?

Then mighty Chieftain! hear my prayer;
Let all the past, be given to air,
And ever keep in fancy's view,
The honest things I mean to do.

The boon I prize above all price,
The highest wishes of my life,
Is that you will the printing take
From old Sam Whiting, for my sake;

'Tis mine by right — I've had it long,
And Congress acted very wrong,
In cutting short my yearly profits,
When I supposed them in my pockets.

Restore great Chief! the boon I crave,
To me and Harrison the brave;
For he's my partner and my minion,
Well worthy of your good opinion.

But if thou canst not grant the boon,
Some other gift I'll take as soon,
An office — or a pair of breeches —
Humility, my Bible teaches!

O, grant my prayer, and I'll aspire,
To do whatever you require;
Do anything that's done by writing,
But Harrison must do the fighting.

There is no character so bright,
That cunning falsehood cannot blight,
And if you have a foe - just name him —
My pen, as dark as hell, shall stain him.

Or if your foes should prove hot-headed,
My partner is a man that's dreaded,
And if you say so, he shall draw
His burnished Sword — then plead the law —

Whene'er I pledge to do a thing,
I never stickle at the sin;
My word is true as Mark or Luke,
The Apocalypse or Pentateuch.

Then if to favor, you'll restore me,
I will revive the love I bore thee,
And prove myself, henceforth your brother,
By sparing you, to stab some other.

Faddle.

Austin,
December 3rd 1841.