

“Bumclangor,” *State Gazette of North Carolina*, 6 October 1788

Masters the TYPOGRAPHS of EDENTON,
Your vehicle of genius, wit and use now being organized at Edenton, receive from a
strange commixt brain, a modern POLITICAL ANECDOTE.

PANURGE.

A French writer of eminence somewhere tells us, in his comparisons of the ancient and modern eloquence, that there was a species of rhetoric successfully practised by them, unknown to us, which he calls dumb eloquence; and to exemplify this, relates that a Persian Prince invading a Scythian territory, the Chief sends him a bow, a frog and a mouse, emblematic of his fate. The Persian retreats, dismayed by this inexpressible energy of eloquence in dumb shew.—Had our excellent author attended the State Convention at Hillsborough, how would he have confessed his error.—A gentleman of the law, equally known for genius and integrity, was speaking in support of the constitution, when up starts a man, a very cacus, a leader of the opposition, tucking up his jerkin, presenting forward his brawny b—tt—ks, with a huge clap of his clumsy paw, discharging a dreadful *bumclangor*, emitting a thick tophetic stench, more foetid and pestiferous than the deadly steams of the Lake Avernus,¹ to the total discomfiture of the loquacious rhetorician, blasting all his laurels. The whole assembly shook with applause, echoing and re-echoing sounds on sounds—as when some god-like hero amongst the annalled Greeks, returned victor from the Olympic games.

1. In Roman tradition, the entrance to the underworld.