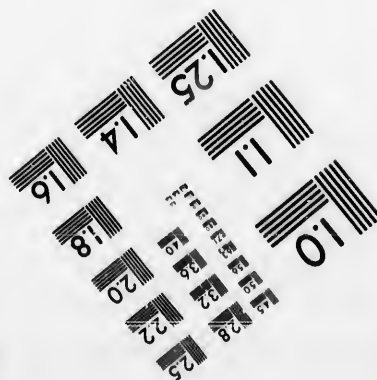
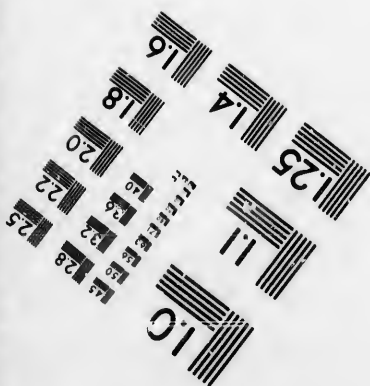
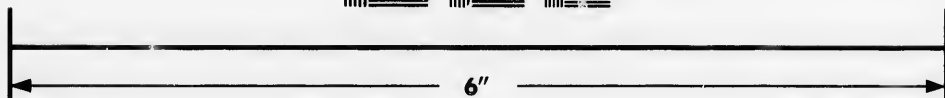
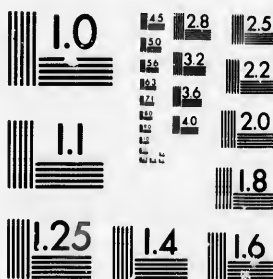


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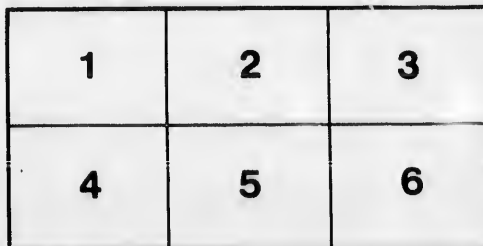
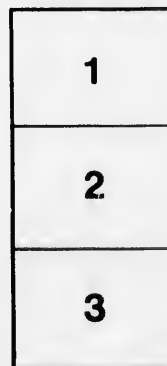
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Adventures of Uncle Sam in Search
after his Lost Honor. Middletown,
Conn., 1816.

Political squib attacking the Demo-
crats and the War in general.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
UNCLE SAM,
IN SEARCH
AFTER HIS LOST HONOR.

BY
FREDERICK AUGUSTUS FIDFADDY, Esq.
MEMBER OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, SCRATCH-ETARY TO UNCLE SAM
AND PRIVY COUNSELOR TO HIMSELF.

'Taurum per caudam grabbo. (*Merino Latin.*)

MIDDLETOWN:
PRINTED BY SETH RICHARDS.

.....
1816.

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District of Connecticut, ss.

{ ***** } **BE IT REMEMBERED;** That on the sixteenth day of May, in the fortieth year of the
L. S. { ***** } independence of the United States of America,
SETH RICHARDS, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit :—

“The adventures of Uncle Sam, in search after his lost honor; By Frederick Augustus Fidfaddy, Esq Member of the Legion of Honor, Stratch-etary to Uncle Sam, and Privy Counsellor to himself. Taurum per caudam grabbo. (Me-
“sino Latin.)”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.”

HENRY W. EDWARDS,

Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

HENRY W. EDWARDS,

Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

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ADVENTURES
OF
UNCLE SAM, &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

“WHAT! another history of the war? We cannot be always reading” exclaims a Smoking Lounger, while he strikes his silver headed rattan against the door-post of the Bookseller. Softly, my friend, the work professes to be the Adventures of your own dear Uncle, if you are a native American, or of your *Uncle-in-Law*, if you are not. And shall we, a scientific people, suffer events as large as life, and feats of valor, even more wonderful than the characters concerned in them, to pass down the lane of time on the tattered wing of tradition! Shall deeds of fame hard earned in iron fields of argument flutter on to future times, like the treaties of savages, on the tongues of women, mutilated, distorted, exaggerated and defrauded of half their beauty?

Shall the adventures of a hero, equally renowned for his valor, wisdom and humanity, boast only the windy immortality of being tossed from tongue to ear? Shall deeds that deserve to be inscribed on Pyramids, be sent begging to the tea-table, to sit for their pictures before female artists? Forbid it quills! Forbid it ink! Forbid it Printer's types, and Printer's devils. But admit-

ting (for argument's sake only) that our subject were trivial, have we not the example of high authority for undertaking a work of this kind? Do we not annually read a report of wire-drawn longitude, from the treasury Department, treating wholly of what, every *creditor* to government will declare, on his honor, is a *very trifle*. But away with such a forbidden thought! Has not the New World some claim, to the honors of the resurgent age of chivalry? Shall Amadis de Gaul, Don Quixote and Earl Strongbow, confer unfading glories on the respective countries which were the theatres of their exploits; and miser-like, pocket all the renown of romantic chivalry? Forbid it Uncle Sam, and all his sons!

“But who is the Author of this strange work? What does he call himself? Tid Fid Faddy? this cannot be his real name,—a mere fiction.” Aye, but honest friend, what is there, in these degenerate days that does always pass by its real, deserved name? does villany, knavery, deception, put on no flattering disguises, and will you quarrel with a name, which to say the least, cannot raise your expectations? But on the other hand: Do not honesty, patriotism, nay, does not religion itself, often suffer from counterfeits and masquerades? Do you smell no deception in the proffered benevolence of the Demagogue, whose ardent fire of love for you, licks up the last morsel of happiness from the altar of Freedom, whose fraternal squeeze would unbutton the last pitiful cent from your purse. Ah, then do not censure the modest reserve of an author, who only claims the privilege of doing good unseen: neither will you do well to envy him; for if his work should fall beneath the notice of criticism, you may safely fancy

to yourself that you see the chagrin exuding from the corners of both his eyes ; but if any wind of public opinion should puff a little praise in his ear, remember that he must still offer it up to his own heart in secret, and he has lived long enough in the world to know, that he that serves himself, has an awkward servant, and a scurvy master.

“ But what are his pretensions to literature ? does he presume to enter the lists with Gulliver, Cervantes and Defoe ?” Now again thou hast nearly grappled thy game, but that the Author recollects, most opportunely, the importance, dignity and majesty of his subject, which must ever challenge the attention of the public, even in the the hands of the most illiterate scribe.

“ But again ; art thou a philosophic statesman ? Art skilled in the anatomy of Gunboats and Seventy fours ? Hast ever been chairman of a Committee of *Ways and Means* ? Hast ever presided at a public Dinner ?” Not entirely all this ; his faculties have, indeed, been plodding over his Country’s Credit and attempting to trace its Anatomical outline, from the skeleton which our State surgeons have generously exhibited for the inspection of the curious. He has taken some few lectures on the new and fascinating science of spending two dollars, where one would do as well, and in imitation of certain industrious Committees has reported progress and obtained leave to sit again. Now honest friend, if you will make a halt in your enquiries, the Author will tell you at once, quite as much about himself as you will have patience to hear, and then without any parade or ceremony, will introduce you to the subject. The person to whom the public and yourself, are about to be indebted (and to whom he sincerely wishes you

both may feel very much obliged) has had a smattering of the languages in his boyish days, has had the good fortune, if it be any, to see both sides of the walls of a College, has read some, but reflected more. Now if you should have no expectations after hearing all this, you cannot be disappointed on perusing these wonderful adventures; but if disappointment should unfortunately be your lot, pray call to mind a little school proverb of an inch in length—*Non omnes omnia* and if that does not satisfy—take *Nemo, omnibus horis, sapit.*—Making you, Sir, a most profound bow, the Author turns, for a moment to the public. With much fear and no little shaking the quill-driver of these sheets, finds himself, engaged in writing a history of the most splendid adventures, that ever passed in this freezing and thawing world. If the learned reader should find the constituent parts of this wonderful history, partly Biographical, partly Historical and in some degree quizzical, and should be at a loss how to name it, he is at full liberty to alter the title to his own liking, and if criticism should sternly insist that, the work has none of the three great requisites, a beginning, a middle and an end, the Author has obligingly fixed the beginning at the first page and the end at the last, leaving every one to place the middle where it best suits him: or the learned critic may *make* a beginning by reading only a few pages, and an end, by frowning the whole work at once into oblivion, whereby *two* out of the three requisites, will certainly be produced.

In short, the learned Author, in imitation of high authorities, solicits the indulgence of the public:—1. With regard to the appearance of our common Uncle Sam. Although, he is old enough to be very whimsical, he is

like the Author, a green character on the stage. He will occasionally make his appearance on various parts of it; bouncing like a Sturgeon, sinking out of sight and soon after thundering out at a distant part. Now if any one should be so impertinent as to enquire how he *travelled*, some of our Novel-readers, would be the most proper persons to solve the difficulty. 2. It will be observed that another hand besides the professed author's has fingered occasionally in the work.

This, with the discerning, will form no objection.— Of this character will be the next chapter. The learned ancestors of mine uncle Zachary are well known to the Hebrew public. And although the Author at first resolved to have no Mosaic work in the splendid structure, yet it occurred to him that variety ever has its attractions and it is well known that Stanhold and Hopkin's translated Psalms in company. Having said this, the Author submits himself to the acutely censorious, allowing them to use the Birchen rod whenever they can find him.

CHAPTER II.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THOMAS, THE MAGICIAN.

1. AND it came to pass, fell out, or happened, somewhat before the time at which our history begins, that there arose a mighty man in the land, called Thomas, the Magician, on account of his great skill and cunning in dark and mysterious projects.

2. This man when in his full strength, was a mighty man of valor, and withal very tender hearted; inso-much that in the first notable quarrel between John Bull and Uncle Sam, he betook himself to a huge cavern lest his great strength and valor might do overmuch violence to his enemies.

3. Here he studied magic Necromancy and all the curious arts that serve to make a man great in the eyes of the multitude.

4. This Thomas was moreover, of a religious turn of mind for, whereas Uncle Sam acknowledged only one God, Thomas professed to believe in *twenty* or *none* as occasion required: Whence it came to pass that the multitude for the space of many years, cried out "great is Thomas the Magician."

5. And it fell out that in process of time, Thomas fixed his eye on the chief steward ship; for thus he reasoned with himself, Behold now the multitude of the people crieth after me, and although George who is now chief steward, is greatly beloved by the people yet he now governeth the household of Samuel by a new covenant unto which divers of them have not willingly con-

sented ; therefore I will listen diligently, and whensoever I hear a murmuring, I will say unto the people, Would it not have been better thus ? Behold did I not forewarn thee ?

6. And so it came to pass, that he began to take the servants by the hand, and say unto them, "O that I were made judge in the Land, that any man having a matter, should come to me and I would do him justice."

7. Nevertheless the people were not minded to hearken to him for this time, so that John became chief steward.

8. Yet during the stewardship of John, which was fifty and two moons, Thomas ceased not to vex the understanding of the multitude and to cause them to find much fault with the conduct of John and the wife of Samuel, and caused many grievous and sore complaints to be brought against them :

9. Behold said Thomas, how mine Uncle Samuel hath fought in times past against John Bull and hath prevailed, nevertheless he oweth at this time, many talents of silver ;

10. Yet John ceaseth not to build ships and to have bowmen and spearmen not a few, and to lay many grievous burthens on the people and crieth out "the Philistines," when no enemy is near, and the whole Land is in peace.

11. And see ye not this woman, in whom the heart of mine Uncle Samuel is bound up, how she walketh in the pride of her imagination, and hath bought many costly ornaments of silk and of purple, and delighteth in hoods and ear-rings and bracelets and nose-jewels and saith I sit a Queen."

12. Moreover, she whispereth in secret and backbiteth and mocketh at all who walk not in her ways and approve not of her evil doings.

13. And thus did Thomas stir up the minds of the people against John and they waxed wroth against John and they thrust him out of the stewardship and said unto Thomas "Reign thou over us." And unto Samuel they said, The counsel of this woman is not good, for she wasteth thy substance

14. Lo! now put her away, and take unto thee the Damsel which Thomas hath provided, for he hath *proved* her. So Samuel hearkened unto the people and put away his wife, and the thing grieved George sore.

15. Howbeit he put her away and took the damsel, even the woman which Thomas had appointed; and he went in unto her and She became his wife.

16. Now Thomas had instructed her aforetime and said, whenever it shall come to pass that thou shalt rule in the house of Samuel, whatsoever I shall bid you to do, that shalt thou do without gainsaying; and she said, I will.

17. Moreover, Thomas reasoned with himself and said, I have obtained the stewardship by means of deceiving the people, and speaking many things against the acts of all those that have gone before me. Now I will consider not what is wise and just to be done; but what George and John have done, and as they have done, so will I *not* do.

18. So he straightway thrust out all the servants of the Kitchen and of the household, even the chief Butler and chief Baker, (for he said, lest they make known my deeds) and put others in their stead. And unto

the Publicans and Tax-Gatherers he said, What do ye, oppressing the people? and he cast them out.

19 And unto the Bowmen and Spearmen he said, What mean ye by this armor? Wist ye not that the Land is in peace? And why are there such mighty ships on the great waters? peradventure John Bull shall steal upon them unawares, and take them away, for he loveth treachery and deceit. And he said unto them, ye shall even take them and the price shall be what seemeth good unto you. And they did so.

20. And Thomas said unto the wife of Samuel, forasmuch as we have spoken against costly attire, ye shall put off your ornaments.

21. The wages of our servants shall be made less for even this we have promised unto the people, inasmuch as we have spoken loudly against John for all his extravagance in the household of Samuel; wherefore, ye shall speak unto the servants, and he that aforetime hath received ten talents, shall receive five, and he that received two, shall receive one.

22. Howbeit, the woman communed with the servants and said, Hear ye what Thomas saith? Now the wages ye receive are not too much, ye shall even keep them, for behold, Thomas himself, now he hath obtained the chief-stewardship, receiveth twenty-five talents, the same that hath been aforetime. And they said unto her, Thy counsel is good.

23. Moreover when Thomas first came into the stewardship he assembled all the people together, and spake smoothly unto them, and whereas he knew that there was a division amongst the people, which himself had caused, he said, ye are all brethren, wot ye not that ye are all Jews, ye are all Samaritans, therefore strive

not one against another. Your affairs prosper and your gold overfloweth, Therefore be ye not dismayed, for I will render equal and exact justice unto all, and I will give unto Labor the bread it has earned.

24. And the people rejoiced exceedingly, howbeit, some *doubted*.

25. And in those days, certain evil minded men rose up against Thomas and said, Thou hast broken down the defences wherein we trusted and hast sold the ships wherein we went down upon the Great waters, and the spearmen are driven away and scattered to and fro, and peradventure John Bull, or Apollyon the king of the Assyrians, shall come and shall war against us, and we shall be devoured before them.

26. And Thomas said I will build boats a great multitude, the price whereof shall be but few talents; and when the enemy seeth them he shall be afraid, and shall depart from our borders.

27. Moreover, I have made a parchment roll, wherein I have said many grievous things against John and his servants, and when they see it and read the matter that is written, they shall be afraid and their knees shall smite together.

28. Nevertheless the servants of Bull appeared full of haughtiness and with swelling words, had the boats of Thomas in derision; and even the parchment roll they regarded not, and being exceedingly puffed up, blasphemed against the magic and wisdom of Thomas by which he divined.

29. Moreover, the servants of Apollyon came and possessed the wilderness of Sin, which lieth on the brook Hiddekel, to the South and to the West of the plains of Samuel. And the servants of Apollyon became ex-

ceedingly troublesome, and strove with them, saying, Ye shall not wash in the brook, nor lay your stuff by the side thereof.

30. And these tidings amazed Thomas, and he said, What shall I do? I will even buy the wilderness for a price, even the wilderness of *Sin*. And he bought it for fifteen talents of Gold.

31. For he said, The Country stretcheth even to the going down of the sun, and now this woman which Samuel hath taken unto him, betokeneth to have many Children.

32. Moreover I will send into the far countries, towards the sun rising, even over the great waters, and I will bring over the blind, the halt and the lame, and even him that parteth the hoof and cheweth not the cud, I will not refuse.

33. And those that have committed any manner of abomination and have been thrust out of their habitations, shall be received within our gates and shall even bear rule in our household.

34. For, inasmuch as I have received wisdom of twenty gods, it is no marvel if I shall cause them to refrain from their evil doings, and they shall establish me in mine office. And the thing pleased the wife of Samuel insomuch that her heart leaped within her for joy.

35. And it came to pass that John Bull warred with Apollyon on the great waters, and prevailed; but on the Land Apollyon prevailed, and the nations were discomfited and fled like Grasshoppers before him.

36. And they each of them questioned with Samuel and said "join with me, join with me." And Samuel smote upon his forehead, and was perplexed.

37. And the servants of Bull took the merchandize of Samuel and of his Merchants. And in like manner did the servants of Apollyon.

38. And the chief steward said, what shall I do?— and he said I will even do this. I will send forth a decree that none of the servants of Samuel shall henceforth trade upon the great waters, even from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same.

39. And he published the decree and gave charge to his servants saying, If ye find any one using the trade of a Merchant, or carrying his stuff upon the great waters, ye shall take them, and take away their stuff and the ship wherewith they dealt.

40. And the people cried out, and said unto the chief steward, Thou hast done us great mischief, for divers of us have no other means of providing food for our little ones, save that we traffic on the great waters, and Lo, now our Ships have become food for worms.

41. Moreover they said our fathers did not thus, when the Assyrians did us mischief aforetime, they resisted unto blood and prevailed.

42. And Thomas was wroth and chode with them saying, "What mean ye to find fault always and to vex mine heart; behold now, for these many years, ye have dealt on the great waters and have increased your substance, and have waxed fat and have kicked. When your substance was wasted by the enemy, ye complained and lo now I have commanded you to keep yourselves in safety, and still ye complain."

43. And the people answered and said, when our foes destroyed our substance we asked for protection; Yea, we had a right to *demand* it, inasmuch as we pay every year, into the treasury, many talents. Albeit we

have only insisted on the privilege of defending ourselves.

44. And moreover thou art kind and forbearing toward this wicked Apollyon, even now while he doeth us much evil, he burneth our ships, and casteth our men into his prison, and saith unto us, Ye are a feeble and contemptible people, ye are as women.

45. Then Thomas lifted up his voice and said, Ye are a very foolish people, inasmuch as ye know not your own good; What need ye go upon the great waters? keep at home, and ye shall be out of danger, see ye not the fields? are they not sufficient to afford sustenance for yourselves and your little ones.

46. It is not wise that ye have built ships; it is a very foolish thing, and whereas ye pretend that all knowledge is with you ye know nothing at all.

47. And as for this Apollyon of whom ye complain, in that he hath destroyed your substance, burned your ships, and cast your young men into prison, he meaneth you not evil, but good in that he hath done this, for he seeth ye are fools to have ships, and knoweth that ye ought to be keepers of flocks and craftsmen; but as for Bull he meaneth you evil, and his heart is fully set in him to do wickedly. But as for this Apollyon hath he not declared that he loveth us?

48. So Thomas regarded not the cry of the people, for he said, Wisdom is with me.

49. And it came to pass, that at the end of every year, even at the full moon, Thomas made a speech unto the people, "ye have Gold in abundance and your substance is increasing; Wot ye not that I have done this by my wisdom?"

50. And as the time drew nigh when Thomas must depart from the stewardship, he said, Lo now these many years have I served you, I have not ceased to build you up and to make you a great people and even now your Gold overfloweth; now consider what ye shall do with it, for ye have not where to bestow it and if ye have much treasure laid up, behold it bringeth forth pride, and begetteth wars.

51. (Albeit, certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, rose up and said, the burden of too much treasure, will not be numbered among the cares of those who come after thee.)

52. And Thomas did that which was right in the sight of his own eyes, and brought many from far countries to dwell in the land of Samuel; even Thomas the high priest, from the Land of Apollyon, to burn incense upon his altars, and wrote a letter unto him with his own hand.

53. And it fell out in the Stewardship of John, that he made a decree saying thou shalt not speak evil of the rulers of thy people; thou shalt not lie. And the thing displeased Thomas and he said the decree is not good, So he destroyed the decree and said thou mayest lie; but thou shalt not speak the truth against the rulers of thy people.

54. And he searched and found a certain man whom John had cast into prison for speaking falsely, and he took him thence and spake kindly unto him, and restored to him the two hundred pieces of silver which he had paid for his evil speaking.

55. And whereas John had warred againt Apollyou, and had taken from him a great ship, even a ship of war, Thomas caused the damage of the ship to be

made up, and the price of it was thirty and two thousand pieces of Silver, and he restored the ship to the servants of Apollyon, for he said we are all brethren and Apollyon loveth us.

56. And Thomas excelled in wisdom all that went before him, insomuch that it is a common saying unto this day, There is none like him.

57. And he wrote a book containing many wise sayings, and much wisdom; for he spake of mountains and rivers and fishes; and of trees from the Oak that maketh the beams of ships, to the Tobacco plant that burneth before the nostrils.

58. And he spake moreover of men, from the man of fair and ruddy complexion to the red man of the forest, and even to the Etheopian whose wool is upon his head. And he spake of them wisely, even from the color of the skin, to that which pertaineth to the foreskin, and which remaineth within the loins, and behind the kidneys.

59. And he spake also of beasts, from the Mammoth, that browzeth on the tops of the mountains, to the dog of the meadow, even the Prairie dog; and also of the frog, even the horned frog that leapeth in the mud.

60. And he declared moreover unto the people, that in the wilderness of Sin there was salt, even a mountain of salt, in so great abundance that although much of it should be taken away, yet it should not seem to be wasted.

61. And the time drew nigh, when Thomas must leave the stewardship, he retired within his own importance. And the rest of the acts of Thomas, and all the wise things which he said, and the foolish things

which he did, are they not written on the leaves of
Stridepole, and engraved on the hearts of the children
of Samuel. And Thomas was gathered unto himself—
and James the son of a G——n, reigned in his stead.

CHAPTER III.

POLICY OF JACQUES—DIALOGUE BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND HIS SQUIRE—FINAL RESOLUTION OF UNCLE SAM.

IT need hardly be mentioned that Jacques no sooner had the management of mine Uncle's estate than he declared himself pleased with the policy of the Magician of whom mine uncle Zachary hath discoursed so learnedly. Being the *third* of the pipeweed Dynasty, he determined to be at least the *second* in the philosophic regime of the family ; and to endeavor to teach Uncle Sam's boys, (what indeed the stubborn dunces were very loth to learn) that by mere dint of reasoning, they might bear the chastisement of Scorpions with philosophic fortitude and christian meekness, while a smart tingling of the whip should start them into revengeful action, and rouse them to tiptoe-indignation. It was alledged that that dumb, yet faithful animal, the horse, had been taught to receive the friendly pattings and the scourging lash, with the same Stoic acquiescence from his *master*, while he would kick indignantly at the *stranger* who merely spoke to or pointed at him. How much then is a man better and more rational than a horse ?

While Jacques was thus ruminating on the events of the times, a comparative view of the fame which now is, with that reputation, which the approbatory voice of a cool-headed posterity usually confers, presented itself to his mind. " If I follow said he, the example of my predecessor in office and of my friend Nap, I shall

regard solely the incidents of the present moment ; To be artful in managing events, is to be successful—to be successful is to be famous—to be famous is to be great, and what more is, or can be desired, or wished for ? Alexander accomplished no more, and perished before he was forty ; he reached not the full measure even of that short span of existence commonly allotted to mortals ; he sunk into his grave, whilst the peal of adulation was sounding in full chorus on his ear, and before the elements had time to blet out the sanguinary stains which marked the pathway of his glory.”

“ Cæsar, on the day previous to the memorable battle of Pharsalia, spent no time in weighing the judgments of posterity, he cared not a fig for the good or ill opinion which succeeding ages might form of his moral principles or political conduct. And while the self sufficient Pompey was playing cards and drinking wine, he was arranging the plan of attack on the coming day, a day which was to decide the Liberties of Rome, and give a master to the bone and sinew of the world.

“ But nearer home.—Did our friend Nap muse about the judgement of posterity when he decided the fate of Switzerland and Holland ? Did he dread the sober page of the moralist, when he dispatched his prisoners at Jaffa. When he executed the Duke of Enghien and the unfortunate Bookseller Palm ? No, he reasoned, and justly too ‘give me Empire and let my fame take care of itself;’—“ Take no thought for the morrow,” (that is for the morrow of future ages,) is a wise precept—rather let me take thought for the Stewardship ; for it is settled that we full bloods of the Pipeweed family, shall twice possess the Stewardship. The first term I

am sure of, and if war with John Bull 's necessary to secure it again, war it shall be. When my predecessor caused the repeal of the internal duties he regarded *present* not future good, for the popular cry then was, "no taxes." And when the public voice says war and taxes, so it must be; no matter by what means that voice has been produced, or influenced."

Thus ejaculated the chief steward, Sangrado made a profound bow and repaired to the tent of Uncle Sam, whom he found smoking his pipe, and in a posture more than usually thoughtful. Well, said mine Uncle, Sangrado, what is the serious world about? What news of Bull, what of Nap, what says the chief Steward, do we have war or peace? I begin to grow tired of this state of things. If we have war, Sangrado, I must tell you I am not a little fearful of this nag Democracy, a fine Beast, O as true as the needle, a fine Beast to ride to Elections on and manage state affairs in time of peace; but in war, when the battle rages, I am afraid,—ah I am afraid the restive truant wont like the smell of powder; ah and its no trifling affair to meet John Bull in the field, I've try'd it once I know all about it. I had a different horse when I met him at Bunker-hill, at Saratoga, at Trenton and Yorktown.—Ah the good old horse Buckskin-Yankee-George could manage him, aye he knew him, there was no more dodge to him than there is to Mount Andes;—these were golden days for the fame of Uncle Sam, this accursed French Colt was not hatched then.

Oh fie, your honor replied the Squire, never was a better beast since *asses* came in fashion—full of mettle, I have tried him at tilting and thrusting, and at pursuing a flying and disarmed foe there is not his equal in

creation :—and really sir, if the contest comes on, it is expected there will be little else to do than pick up stragglers : War once declared, Bull with all his colors will fly at the mere sound of your name. Your honor's Lady has declared, and certainly she knows, that five thousand men will scour the whole Country, and march into Quebec. This she had from Peter the fisherman, who lives on the borders of Bulls dominions, and may be considered as knowing more about the matter than any one of your Honor's family. This Peter is an uncommon wag, it was but lately, when "he girt his *Fishers coat* about him," that he perceived it was turned *inside out* and perceiving the joke pleased your Lady, he has worn it so ever since—the surname "fisherman" has been appended to his name, on account of the *fish-ing* disposition he has shewn after an office, and if war is declared, we can do no less than make him contractor.—Besides we have the testimony of the Thunder and lightning-man, called by Tom Boston, the southern glow-worm—he has declared Bull and all his race to be a set of cowardly caitiffs, and that one of your free-born soldiers will drive a thousand of his slaves. Yea, he went so far as to declare that "if he had the command of the red Artillery of Heaven, he would drive that fast anchored Isle from its moorings."—But think once your Honor, what such a man would do if made General ;—even these words once fairly set in a proclamation, as we put the words "Genuine Republicans," at the head of our Election Bills, my word for it, Bull would faint with fear, before he had half finished the reading.

Uncle Sam rejoined ; I know that the steward, Thomas, and my Wife have had great faith in this wordy

armour, they have learnt this from Nap ; but I'll tell you Sangrado, betwixt you and me, I have no great faith in such nostrums. True, I have given up the management to her and the Chief Steward, and whatever plan they devise I am in duty bound to execute. But I must insist that I know John Bull better than all of you ; I know he is a villainous tyrannical dog ; but I know also, that he is no coward, and that when once we get him into a corner and have raised his anger as I have seen it, we shall want something besides the nine parts of Speech to fight him with. You might then show him a string of adverbs as long as my garters, printed in letters, as large as mill-posts, you could not start him to wink his eye. You tell about Peter the Fisherman, give me no Peter but salt-petre, to fight Bull with, and that well made into double cannon powder. And then there's your Thunder and lightning man—all wind, all stuff. I tell you, John Bull, once in a rage as I've seen him, would snuff up an army of such fellows at one pump of his nose, and not known that any think had happened. Besides, my honest Squire, I'll tell you, if I am to fight, be it known, that Uncle Sam will never have the reputation of going to war with a coward, he will never put on his armor to pursue a dastard fugitive enemy, and for this plain reason, I am no coward myself. Now tell my Lady and the Chief Steward from me, if war with Bull is determined on, to put the family in readiness, my boys have pluck, they have the matter in them, but then, they are to be taken from the plough and the shop, they have not used their arms for thirty years, a little practice will make them fine fellows ; but then give me enough of them, dont send me into Canada with five thousand or ten thousand,

don't coop me up like a mouse in a bee-hive with ten thousand angry devils buzzing about my ears, blocking up the hole I went in at and stinging me into torments, give me enough to see fair play, and Uncle Sam will give the world a good account of himself—Uncle Sam is no coward; no, Bunker-hill knows that.—Aye, and there's another thing, see that the big guns are in readiness, all cleaned and fit for service. Let my old military suit be brushed up, and such articles as are wanting in any part of my armor, let them be supplied; don't send me off in quest of adventures like Don-Quixote with a paste-board vizor, give me my old Beaver, it has weathered the storms of forty years, it's the best-hat *now* in Christendom. See that we have plenty of provisions and cash for the expedition; I have been through one war, and have smarted enough for the want of these things. Take time more slowly and surely, war is not the work of a day; don't let us like the brainsick Knight of La Mancha, get three days' journey from home before we know whether we want either meat or drink. Uncle Sam lives by eating and drinking.

Softly your worship, said Sangrado, for I suspect Tom Boston, is lurking about us, he is a troublesome guest, whenever he meets one, he is always boring away about French influence and such nonsense;—But, to the purpose. I intreat your honor, to put yourself to no further trouble about the preparation for the war, and to indulge no fear for the issue of the contest.—For to tell you the plain truth, war has been for some time determined on, and our friend Nap has promised to give Bull full employment on the other side of the water, so that he will be able to spare very few of his men to

annoy us ;—We must keep in with this Nap, for after we once get Bull on his back, we may want his assistance to put Tom Boston down. For in fact as the chief steward and your Honor's Lady says, there can be no peace so long as Bull is permitted to exercise his intolerable tyranny on the big waters, the great highway of nations, and as for this insolent Tom Boston there is no end to his impudence. Let the declaration once come out and we'll soon put to silence all his noise about French influence—and French Spoliations. Hold hold said Uncle Sam, I'll have no quarrelling in my family. I know Tom is a self sufficient fellow, but he knows his place, he acted his part well formerly, he'll not interrupt our business ; let there be no quarrelling in the family I say, for if war is once on, we shall need all our strength ; besides John Bull is too strong for us on the water, and we must depend entirely on Tom Boston to handle him there. Aye I know Tom, he understands handling an oar and pointing a gun, only give him the same weight of metal that Bull carries and he'll send all his ships to the Devil.—I say let us have peace in the family. Tom is a little waspish just now—he has been deprived for some time past of his accustomed trade at sea, be a little softly, he complains of Nap, and not without some reason, for that Corsicau puppy has used us but scurvily to tell the truth—he has taken and burnt our ships, imprisoned our Sailors, and sequestered the property of our Merchants, and we have not made half the noise about the whole, that we did about Bull's attack on the Chesapeake.— But once more to the purpose, how are our harbors to be defended ? I wish now we had those ships which that Philosophic Steward of mine, sold to raise mon-

ey to buy popularity with, I'd rather have one good heavy frigate than all the jack-o-lantern popularity in the world to go to war with; good strong heavy cannon thunder, Sangrado, that's the best thing to meet John Bull with, none of your paltry gun Boats, for harbor defence, the breath of a Seventy-four will blow them all to the devil. Ah, we've philosophized too much, and what does it all amount to? Philosophy never warmed a cold limb, or filled a gaunt belly. I like something more *practical*; the best way to reason with an unreasonable being, is to meet him with sword in one hand and a club in the other, so that if you cannot run him through, you may knock him down.

Well, Sangrado, give my love to my Lady, tell her not to be too intimate with Jacques—I shall keep a sharp look out for them—Tell them I'll be ready—Tell them I'm wide awake, Uncle Sam will never be caught napping—Bring me a glass of Whiskey boy. When common sense points her finger, fools run the wrong way. A plague on all cowards! Bring me a glass of Whiskey!

CHAPTER IV.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS—SITUATION OF THE STRONG BOX—
SINGULAR EXPEDIENT TO REPLENISH IT—CONFERENCE
BETWEEN THE CHIEF STEWARD AND UNCLE SAM'S WIFE
—ARGUMENT BETWEEN MADAM SAM AND TOM BOSTON.

SANGRADO whose office and duty it was to feel of the pulse of Uncle Sam, and carry messages and cards, immediately repaired to the mansion house, and delivered the result of his embassy, where he found the Chief Steward in close conference with Uncle Sam's Lady, in the great drawing room.—Madam appeared to be a little out of humor at the hearing some part of Uncle Sam's remarks, and the subject of conversation when the Squire entered being chiefly domestic, her Ladyship remarked that the great dining table which, originally consisted of thirteen legs, was out of order, notwithstanding it had been repaired at different times, it did not stand level on the floor. That even now when the servants were bringing on and carrying off dishes, an accidental blow would frequently give it such a tilt, as to shake off the dishes and spill the gravy on the guests. And altho' five *additional* legs had been added to it, at different times, the vicious propensity of the thing, still continued.—They had discovered indeed, during the stewardship of George, that a large foreign Dog, of the Genevan breed, had got under the table, and gave it such a tilt as nearly to upset it, and broke many of the dishes. But this was not the cause of its frequent jostling, for the dog had been taken into the kitchen and fed and

had grown to such a size that, he could not in his present state, contract his limbs so as to get under the table without much trouble. The Chief Steward was for having it altered, *in toto*, and instead of eighteen legs, have but one. Or bring it to a kind of tripod in imitation of John Bulls dining table. Her Ladyship objected strongly to this, for she said she knew her husbands disposition so well that she was sure he would knock out the brains of any *Cabinet Maker* who should attempt such an alteration. Jacques replied that in his opinion the amendment was *practicable*, for let Uncle Sam only be sent off into the army it could be done in a trice while he was absent, and that if once done he was sure he would be pleased with it. But Madam declared that she knew his humor so well, that he would never eat off of it again, that Uncle Sam had always imputed the fault to the inequalities in the *floor*, and that he would never submit to any alteration in the Table, for she had frequently heard him boast of the number of its supporters, and complain bitterly of the unequal surface of the foundation on which it rested. But upon the entrance of the squire this desultory conversation, yielded to matters of higher moment.

War with Bull had been determined on, and the mind of Uncle Sam had been wrought up in some measure to the occasion. Sangrado, to be sure put the best face on that part of the message which related to the *pulse* of his master, because he knew very well what suited Jacques, and her Ladyship.

The subject of the Strong box came now under consideration. The *Large Genevan Cur*, above mentioned had been trained and employed to watch it. And so extremely docile was he, during the period of his *puppy-*

hood, that his masters taught him to bark once a year in token of his fidelity and success in guarding the Strong box. And some went so far as even to affirm that the Cur gave as many distinct *yelps*, as there were *dollars* in the Strong box. It was found on examination that more Cash would be wanted than could be gathered in the ordinary way. It was settled between the Chief Steward and Madam, that Uncle Sam should have a large bundle of Notes struck off at interest which he should sign at his leisure. These should bear interest, and should be considered in all respects, as *shadowing* forth so much real Cash, as they imputed by their denomination respectively; and should as usual promise to pay, at some given future period. This they both agreed, would meet all the purposes of so much real treasure. But for form's sake, it was judged best to have the matter debated before the whole family. The matter being laid before the household her Ladyship introduced the subject, and stated the advantages of the scheme. She expatiated at length, on the facility with which this kind of money could be carried and transported. She maintained that being compressible into a small body, it was less liable than any other money to the depredation of thieves and free booters. That Gold and Silver were ponderous, and no man could carry any quantity about him without creating suspicion, holding out a temptation to the crafty, designing and knavish. That a man might carry any given quantity of these *notes* about him, walk as *light* as a puppet and appear as tho' he was not *worth a stiver*. That no one could possibly object to receive the paper, Uncle Sam's responsibility being so well known; consequently any tender law would be totally unnecessary, for like well-brew'd ale, it would *work*

itself into circulation and credit. And this species of Currency, added her Ladyship, accords well with the genius of the family government; as these notes may be very pertinently termed the *representatives* of specie, so our government is often called representative. A general nod of assent, was expressed by the *Noddles* who sat around the room at the conclusion of this harrangue of her Ladyship, but Tom Boston, who happened to be present, and was in the habit of being heard on such occasions, was observed to look rather sour, while Madam was delivering her speech, and, when her Ladyship had finished, rose and made a few observations in reply.

“ I imagine, said he that this mode of supplying the Strong box, will not be found, on experiment, to have all the advantages, which this plausible theory seems to promise; nay this mode of creating money, if not properly managed, may produce great inconvenience, and mischief. It will be received for a while, perhaps, without much difficulty; but it is idle to think of giving it a permanent currency to any considerable amount, upon the mere general reputation of Uncle Sam's responsibility. For altho' this kind of paper has frequently been made to answer the most ordinary and important purposes of Coin, it never can establish itself permanently without having the precious Metals to back it, and for the basis on which it rests. It is not sufficient that a man is worth the full amount, or double, or treble for which he gives his paper. For all property excepting the precious metals, is subject to change, and liable from a thousand causes beyond the control of the most discerning, to lessen, or depreciate. Neither is it sufficient that a man is able to take up his paper, and give a solid consideration, but the fund which *constitutes* his *means*,

must be so managed as to afford a facility of meeting his engagements, at all times, and that without any loss to those who hold his paper: and it is further quite material, that his fund, as well as the *Stamina*, on which depends its occasional repletion, should be so conducted and secured as to place both as much as possible beyond the reach of contingency. Now if Uncle Sam issues these notes, some portion of the revenue, which is least liable to be affected by any changes that can happen, must be pledged for their payment or redemption.—If, as I hear it whispered, we are about to have a contest with Bull, his superiority on the great waters will enable him to sweep our Commerce from the Ocean. Therefore to base your Notes on the revenue to be derived from commerce, would be the height of presumption. You must resort to taxes, Uncle Sam must place his independent farmers between his notes, and that destruction which would otherwise be inevitable. Pursue a different course, and you will shortly see your notes advertised with the prices current annexed, like other vendible property; the substantiated metals will be the standard, by which the relative value will be rated, and the fate of the continental money of the revolution, will be the fate of this. It will be in the end like the manna that fell in the wilderness, “He that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had enough.” I have no expectation, however, that any thing that I have said or can say, will be regarded, this is not the place where important measures are projected, or decided on, in any other way than by mere form,—what I have said is the result of my feelings and the motive which prompted me, a sense of duty.”

At the close of these remarks, her Ladyship took a huge pinch of Rappee, rung for a servant and asked if dinner was ready? being answered in the affirmative, the conference broke up, but it was evident that her Highness did not relish the sentiments of Tom, much less the boldness with which they were expressed. Some of the servants wondered at the impudence of the fellow, and one in particular was heard to say, in a low voice that he ought to be civilly kicked out of the dining-room.

The cloth being removed the Chief Steward requested a closet interview with her Ladyship on business of importance. Jacques stated that Uncle Sam must be managed in this business with proper address, that he had been listening behind the door and heard the insolent language of Tom Boston. Now said he with the regard to the substantial means Tom is right; the course he has pointed out must be the one, we must finally pursue; but the present is not the time. Events must be ripened for the crisis. Thomas the wise, has said much against taxes, and Uncle Sam has been wonderfully pleased with the doctrine. You know, my Dear, we put old John Braintree out of office by decrying his tax and navy systems. We must be a little softly about this, we must use policy. Let the contest be brought on immediately. This will set the family in agitation, then we can gag this Yankee scoundrel, and keep him from filling the ear of your beloved Spouse with his hypochondriac stuff, and if he will not assist, at least make him passively neutral. The same reason should apply with regard to the forces to carry on the contest. You know how much we all cried out against John for raising an army without any occasion. There was no war; we told

Uncle Sam, that John had some evil design against his possessions:—the old Gentleman's choler was inflamed; we raised the Devil about John's ears, he was glad to get out of the way, and by the same means we drove Uncle Sam's former wife out of the house and then posted her as the saying is as "Eloped from bed and Board."

Whether these means were right or wrong, we were obliged to have recourse to them, at the time, in order to get possession of the places we now enjoy. We must go to war in some measure unprepared. We are placed in this sorry predicament, but we must work our way out of it, in the best manner we can. Bring on the contest, and then, we can enlist men, and it is not such a very great number that we shall want. I should be glad, indeed, if we were well out of this cursed scrape,—but I don't see how,—we have said so much against Bull, and battered him so much with our tongues, in order to inflame your Husband against that cursed rogue Tom Boston, that we can't very easily back out. We have borne so many kicks from Nap that he completely despises us, however this we can bear with, and Bull has grown so intolerably insolent, that he cares no more for a proclamation than he does for a paper rag. And there's that Devilish Tom Boston would rib roast us eternally if we should give back now. A bad—a bad scrape, I wish we were well through it. But above all, we have been blowing the coals under Uncle Sam, until we have let him "hissing hot." We have been heating him for these ten years, if we should flinch now we should be put out of our places faster than we ever came into them.—An unlucky scrape, I wish we were out of it.

Madam heard the Chief Steward with a great variety of emotions ; whenever he came to a pause, she gulped the hot wind from her stomach like a steam engine, and when he had finished his remarks, she replied.

I have had the same opinion with regard to most things ; the humor of Uncle Sam must, as you say, be studied and managed. But we must not carry the joke too far ; we have in many instances put his faith to a severe trial. When you declared the Berlin and Milan decrees revoked, the old gentleman had to muster all his credulity to swallow the declaration. Nap dealt us rather a hard measure, when he required of us to make the world believe what he could make nobody believe, that he believed himself. However, we have but one course to pursue, the more the thing is denied, so much the more strongly we must assert it to be true. This was the plan Thomas pursued, and always succeeded.

Another thing has been rather hard for Uncle Sam to swallow, the John Henry business. A pretty round sum, to pay for nothing. A scurvy fellow, that Henry, nothing but a take in ; we must look out for such characters. A mere political swindler. Aye and what provokes me still more, the cursed Yankees laugh in the sleeve, and even throw it in our teeth, and when the scurvy fellows are reprimanded for their insolence, they turn up their faces and reply, You taught us to be saucy when you repealed the Sedition Law.

It is furthermore not a little unfortunate for us that Thomas the wise before he left the Stewardship boasted that he had so much money, we shall find little enough before we get through this scrape. This was the weak side of this great man, he loved popularity to distract-

tion, and nothing suits these large Landholders so much as to be accounted rich. But it is ever the part of a prudent husband to be modest in speaking of his wealth, that he may not provoke the cupidity of the designing.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE BUSTLE ABOUT THE GREAT WIGWAM
—WONDERFUL APPEARANCES—APPOINTMENT OF BA-
SHAWS AND PACHAS—COUNT SCRATCH-US-OFF'S EXPEDI-
TION—SANGRADO READS THE DECLARATION OF WAR TO
UNCLE SAM.

Now war, with all its horrors began to stalk before the *rarified* imaginations of the knowing ones as they collected spontaneously about the great Wigwam, when the starred and striped ensign waved in party-colored splendor; and Chiefs of high renown came forward with their pretensions to some distinguished post of honor in the service of Uncle Sam, each to receive the rich reward of those faithful and glorious services, not which he *had* rendered; but which he was ready, under oath, to promise for value received, that he *would* render sixty or ninety days after date, to that Country which had been the cradle of his birth, the nurse of his infancy, and was about to be the witness of his deeds of fame;—to that beloved parent Uncle Sam, who had so often dandled him on his knee and filled his dish with hominy in his boyish days, watched with paternal vigilance over the sinuous wanderings of his riper years, and bestowed on him the rich inheritance of freedom! It was indeed a most sublime and affecting spectacle! enough to melt a firkin of Boston butter, in the midst of June, (for it was about this time,) at sight of such hallowed patriotism. It was a sight, which a philosopher might contemplate with petrified amazement, which Old Homer

might gaze at with poetic rapture, and which Bunyan himself might view with Hudibrastic fidgets.

Here you might see the aged Hero who had led up the dance at twenty annual elections, offering to prove his claims to preferment, and boasting with what fearless constancy he had set the Electioneering battle in array—There you might behold the pert sleek-booted Jockey, declaring he could buy horses for the service of his liege Uncle better than any other man living. Also the swag-bellied Butcher, importuning for the office of Contractor. But what much surprised all, was the disinterested patriotism of some Newgate Emancipées, and Tipperary lads vociferating loudly for the unspoke-able honor of having an opportunity of laying down their *precious* lives for their dear *native* America. And what was still more remarkable, those who from beyond seas, had fled from justice, and had been sold for their passage, were seen to offer the compound oblation of their *lives, fortunes and sacred honor*. Still as you looked and wondered, the multitude increased and as they multiplied, the heat of their valor was augmented an hundred fold. Direful on that day was the measure of wordy vengeance dealt out to John Bull. His horns were to be knocked off, not a hair was to be left standing on his callous hide, and then horrible to tell! he was to be flayed alive and to be divested of the posterior dignity of a tail and to be driven, in this piteous *costume*, around the wigwam, as a trophy of patriotic vengeance, to frighten wicked children and for the amusement of the Ladies. Nor were the calamities of the evil-star'd Bull to stop here. His dominions on this side the water were to be taken and sold to pay the expense of "tanning his hide," as it was called. His

snowfields his Beaver and skunk-establishments and his Grind-stone founderies were to be knocked down by the hammer.

So great, and greatly confused was the noise, that old Potomac, altho' then bringing in a full tide with a strong wind, ordered it to halt; and perform quarantine before the wigwam, for half an hour. And the terrified genius of Goose Creek, shot up her goosy neck, a cables length, from the mud, to listen to the horrific concert of so many Babylonian throats. And it is said that the wind for some time was so variable, from the alternate vibration of noise, and the rebounding of its sister echo, that she knew not for some time, which way to lay her feathers.

But those who stood at a suitable distance could plainly perceive that the noise after a while gradually wore away and subsided, the crowd scattered and dispersed, and through a spy glass, innumerable empty Gin Kegs and Whiskey Barrels were seen piled up before the wigwam. But such observers as were on the ground declared, that although the crowd disappeared, they could perceive no abatement of the noise while they remained on it.

This circumstance has been philosophically if not *satisfactorily* accounted for by my learned Uncle Zachary, who says that by the unceasing action of sound the *drum* and *cornfan* of the ear, were so worn away by constant attrition, that as the noise subsided, the ear grew thin and more sensible to the action of sound. And he moreover declares, upon the honor of a feather-peddler, that walking over the ground the next day, he actually picked up fifty pairs of ears, which had either been thrown away as useless, or stormed off by the din.

In addition to this many dead fish were seen lying on their beams end on the Potomac, and floating down the stream killed no doubt by the heavy peals of aerial patriotism which flew up to the skies, and striking against the elastic shell of the blue expanse, rebounded and fell with terrible force upon the water.

The frogs in Goose Creek, lost their senses, and for some days, croaked without measure, or occasion. Thus far with a faithful record of *facts*; it becomes us now as faithful historians to notice some strange events, which although not without precedent in the records of other nations were considered as the harbingers of some awful calamity. We mention them upon the mere strength of hear-say, and do not vouch for their authenticity. It was reported that the Cocks in the farm-yards crowed at sunset, that the feline race, the cats, were affected with a strange frisking sensation, and ran up apple-trees stern foremost, and that that boorish animal the hog would point his bowsprit with a gunners precision, at the full moon, *in uno obtutu* for half an hour, serenading her full orb'd Majesty of the evening, as she made her debut from the chambers of the East, in plaintive and piggish strains. But as a certain learned brother historian hath said, "We return from this digression to resume the thread of our history."

It soon appeared that the bustle about the great Wigwam was something of greater import than a "fitful farce," for on the third day after, there appeared issuing from that renowned hive of political and military wisdom, a host of worthies, commissioned, epauletted, boot-ed, whiskered and perfumed, for the mighty contest.

And now, O for all the mouths of Hydra to recount—the hands of Briareus—the quills of half the geese in

Christendom—and the expedition of a hand-bill scribe to record their names ; and above all, for the imagination of Homer, to paint their various virtues and claims to endless renown. There first we beheld, as chief Bashaw, captain Pacha, and field-marshal, the great Dearbrosky, close on his spurs, followed Counts Smoke-us-off, Bloom-hoff, Scratch-us-off, Tan-us-off, Admiral Smyte-us-off, Wind-on, Maccoby, Lewskoy, and a numerous retinue of attending offs, and hoffs, and scoffs, and ruffs, and scuffs ; and boys, and scoys, even whose hard names time and lungs would fail me to pronounce, even had I the brazen throat of Stentor.

Meanwhile there was such a fever for conquest excited by so much patriotic puffing and blowing, that the Chief Steward and Madam determined to make one bold push, and accordingly they dispatched Field-marshal Count Scratch-us-off, with a body of about two thousand men, a long way through the wilderness, to seize the possessions of Bull, at a place called Sandwich. This was called “ taking the Bull by the tail,” before he could have any hint of what was passing. He was directed to make a most powerful and flaming proclamation, and *ex more*, according to custom, to do as much wordy execution as possible. This part of his commission, the valiant warrior did not fail to fulfil, for being brought up and instructed by Uncle Sam’s present wife, nay, being born of her, he inherited, in exuberant profusion all the windy excellencies of his accomplished mother. He therefore without taking overmuch thought for futurity, advanced by forced marches, to reach the object of his destination, the certain goal of his fame. The Chief Steward promised to supply all his wants—Madam assured he would have little to do but to show himself,

and his enemies would fly before him, like the timorous sheep from the redoubtable prowess of the celebrated Don Quixote. A few days provisions were enough. Cannon were unnecessary, since their office could be so ably supplied by the tremendous roar of a proclamation. The Field marshal advanced, crossed the Rubicon, and published his proclamation in the following words:—

People of Snowfields!

After thirty years' peace, Uncle Sam has been driven to take the Bull by the horns. He swears vengeance for the wrongs and insults he has received—The troops under my command are sufficient to execute that vengeance; and what I have are no more than a whortleberry — — compared with what are to follow. I come to find Bullites, not to make them, I come to nurse, not to flog you.—The wide ocean is between you and your cruel master, you have felt the switching of his tail and the buttings of his horns; yet I do not ask you to cut off the one nor blunt the other. Uncle Sam is able to provide for all your wants. I offer you the invaluable privilege of “managing your own affairs, in your own way.” I offer you the same liberty that Uncle Sam, and all his family enjoy. Many of your fathers fought your inhuman master in defence of the inheritance of Uncle Sam, so that we ought to be viewed by you, as friends and not as enemies. I want none of your help; keep at home. If you offer your service, I will accept it. Woe be to you if you take arms against me.

But let me warn you against one thing. Do not arm these cursed savage Wampums against us, blood and vengeance betide ye if ye do. This war will then change, from a war of conquest, to a war of *uprootification*. No Bullite, found fighting by the side of a *wamp-*

me will be taken prisoner. If reason will not inspire you with a sense of justice I'll flog it into you. Uncle Sam offers you Liberty and peace, and as much happiness as you can stagger under. You are left to your own free will to choose safety or perdition, freedom or fetters, do as you please then, but do as I bid you.

We are now obliged by the most unwelcome necessity, of leaving for a while this heroic adventurer, and to turn our attention to Uncle Sam. Sangrado, as his duty was, had been dispatched to him to make known to him the declaration of war, or in other words to furnish him with a fist full of reasons, and teach his lips the *why* and the *wherefore*, he ought to make himself very angry with John Bull.

The Squire found his patron, wide awake, and fully prepared to listen, for he had heard the uproar and noise from the Wigwam, and guessed the time was big with some weighty event. Sangrado approached him with an air of the most profound wisdom, and almost breathless said, Sir, your honor, Your Honor's Lady, and the Chief Steward—send their best love to you;—Let the love be, said Uncle Sam. I don't want to hear it, for these kissing messages I find are nothing more nor less than a preface to some fresh claim on my patience. A declaration of war I suppose they send, continued my Uncle. Nothing less replied the Squire, and by your Honor's permission I will read it. Begin said Uncle Sam and read slowly.

“The experience of many years of the injustice cruelty and intolerable tyranny of John Bull, moreover his treachery, and his meanness, and his perfidy, outraging every right, civil, moral, natural, social and religious, disregarding every principle of honor, impartiality, jus-

tice and humanity, exemplified in so many acts of outrage violence and oppression for so many years, in despite of all the remonstrances, warnings, expostulations and intreaties shewing the justice, the fairness, the equity the impartiality the reasonableness of our claims"—Hold, hold, Sangrado, said my Uncle, pass over that string and come to the point, I can never remember all that, any more than the Knight of La Mancha, could keep count of the three hundred sheep as they were ferried over the stream singly—now I tell thee honest friend, all I wish to know is, the bone of contention—the matters and things of which we accuse Bull, simply and singly, clearly and distinctly, each in its proper order like the counts of an indictment, that we may know exactly what we have got to do; mean time, I will take a memorandum of the charges with my pencil.

Sangrado. Very well, Your Honor (reads.)

1. He has blockaded the coast of Europe from Brest to the Elbe, by a proclamation which is contrary to the law of nations. May, 1806.

2. He issued his orders in counsel, declaring it unlawful for neutrals to trade from one port to another of France or her allies. January 6, 1807.

3. He furthermore issued his orders in counsel the 11th November following, by which *all* trade was prohibited between neutral nations, and between France and her allies.

4. He impresses our seamen from our merchant ships.

5. He has stirred up the Wampum savages to Butcher the innocent inhabitants on our frontiers.

6. He sent the infamous John Henry to bribe Tom Boston and breed disturbance in the family.

CHAPTER VI.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND HIS SQUIRE, CONTINUED—FRESH PROOFS OF THE INSOLENCE OF TOM BOSTON—SOME ACCOUNT OF COUNT SCRATCH-OFF'S EXPEDITION—SECOND ATTEMPT ON THE SNOWFIELDS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF ADMIRAL TOM-US-OFF.

WELL Sangrado, said Uncle Sam, is that all? That is the substance, replied the Squire. Now then inform me exactly, and with the precision of a Lawyer, how much is to be required of our Adversary, on each particular charge, or matter of complaint against him, that we may know when we have got through, Sangrado, that we may not go to work "blind fold," as they say. Declare off, clearly and clerkly, succinctly and distinctly and I will meantime note down the matter in my red pocket book.

San. 1. He must acknowledge that his Blockade was illegal. (Very well, down—go on.)

San. 2 and 3. He must be made to acknowledge that his orders in counsel were a violation of neutral rights—he must rescind them, and make reparation to our Merchants for the property taken from them, and give us assurances that they shall not be renewed. (*Very well—score two!—proceed.*)

4. He must restore our seamen taken from us, pay them their wages, and renounce totally and forever his claim of taking them. (*Down—go on.*)

5. He must disavow having had any agency in exciting the Wampums to acts of hostility against our frontier settlements.—*What next?*

6. Lastly, he must also disavow, likewise, any agency in sending John Henry to this Country, to create disturbances in your family. *Down*—But pray Sangrado; continued Uncle Sam, did my Wife or Jacques draw this Declaration. She did it, though, I suppose, I think I know her style : Did she not complain of *wind* in her *stomach* ? I know she has been troubled with such a complaint for some years, and I am afraid it will kill her yet.—Before the Squire had time to reply to these enquires the conference was interrupted by a sudden noise, which was nothing less than the insolent Tom Boston, who this instant made his debut from behind a clump of bushes, where the rascal had been evedropping and heard the whole that had passed. Uncle Sam's anger was enkindled, he called him an unmannerly rogue, and Sangrado lifted up his bludgeon to chastise his boorishness, and would certainly have done it, had he not accidentally discovered, in one corner of Tom's eye, something, I know not what, that looked like the most desperate and fearless determination : The insolent Yankee began. "So it seems we have not had suffering and privation enough yet, we must be put under the harrow again. We have jumped, as the saying is, 'out of the frying pan into the fire.' But tell me Sangrado, how many pages are there in that paper the declaration of war, I suppose you call it, which you have just put in your pocket."

San. Fifteen. "Is any thing said about Nap and the injuries he has done us ? O yes, here it is—(reads.)

"The Committee do not hesitate to declare that France has greatly injured the United States, and that satisfactory reparation has not been made for many of those injuries. But that is a concern which

“ the United States will look to and settle themselves. “ The high character of the American people, is a sufficient pledge to the world that they will not fail to settle it on conditions which they have a right to claim.” Is that all, said Boston ? all, replied the Squire. Well, continued the speaker, a short horse is soon curried. And pray let me ask, is not a loss of property as distressing to a man when taken by B, as when it is occasioned by A ? and is freedom less dear, or slavery more tolerable, in the dungeons of Nap, than in the ships of Bull ? Have you counted the cost of this contest ? are your seaports and harbors in a state of security and prepared for an attack ? Have you an army raised sufficient to carry your threats into execution and obtain the redress you claim ?—Had you resisted the encroachments of Nap on your trade at first, as you ought, these Blockades and orders would never have existed. Bull in reclaiming deserters to whom you have too often given shelter, and too frequently enticed from their duty, has some times taken your men. In doing this, he claims no other right than every other independent nation has ever recognized and practised on. That in the exercise of this right abuses have frequently happened I do not deny. It is, and ever has been a grievance since our first organization as a political family. But to make war, to oblige your enemy to renounce this claim, is the height of folly and stupidity. Few indeed are the cases in which a natural born subject can absolve his allegiance. The case in question is not one. Even the right of expatriation of which we hear so much, in its most plausible features, grows out of the refinement of civil society, and does not exist in the individual as an abstract and independ-

ent privilege. For instance, a subject of one of the German States emigrates to this country ; his prince reclaims him ;—we resist the claim, because the emigrant has become a member of our society, and because the yielding him would interfere with our municipal regulations ; but not because we have any natural right to his services or because we are under any abstract obligation to receive and protect all that fly to our shores. The individual was invested primarily, with no power to make a contract with *us*, or *we* with *him*. Hence a very important distinction becomes evident. We ought to protect all emigrants who settle among us permanently, but the privilege of birthright can never be conferred but by the mutual consent of the sovereigns, inasmuch as to one belongs the privilege to release, to the other, to receive. Therefore our local jurisdiction on land is total and exclusive ; but on the water, only partial and relative. The one embraces the entire interests of a single community ; the other, the rights of a variety of communities to which all nations are parties. The first territory we possess in *fee simple*, while in the other we are but tenants in common.—In the first case the integrity of our local and municipal jurisdiction protects the emigrant, in the latter, we are not invested with that jurisdiction ; of course, birth or the mutual consent of the parties interested, is requisite to consecrate and insure protection. With regard to the charge of his having armed the savages against us, he has already disavowed having any concern in it. It is brought forward merely to increase the size of the budget. But the charge of his having sent a spy among us, to sow the seeds of disaffection, is the most ridiculous of all, and I am confident it is only brought forward at this

time to rouse your passions, my Leige Uncle, against your Adversary, and to excite your prejudice against me and my family, and perhaps also to cover the disgrace of being swindled out of 50,000 Dollars.

I have only to add as a last and I fear unavailing duty that unless you refrain from listening to the suggestions of this profligate and abandoned woman, you are undone. Jacques and she put their heads together and resolve what tales to tell you, and you believe every thing, not because one syllable is true, but because you are told to believe it ; you believe not from probability, but by the square foot, yard or acre, whatever is offered you. Now mind what I tell you, Bull will never yield his principles of Blockade or orders, until you have properly resisted Nap's decrees which were the cause of them. He will never give up the right of search, until you have sunk his last ship, and the last square foot of his Island. Again, were you the maritime power, and John Bull the complainant, you would never give up this right, it is the right of every independent nation. You would not dare give it up. And if the exercise of it is less useful to us than to him, this difference results merely from the different circumstances in which the two nations are placed. You say that the principles of your government, make it your duty to offer an asylum to the oppressed of all nations. Whence did you derive the authority to constitute a code of principles of paramount authority to the principles of national law and the rights of other nations ? It is a maxim in law "that you shall so use your own property as not to injure that of your Neighbor." You may go to war five, ten, or twenty years, my word for it, you will leave off where

you begin, or worse in point of attaining any of the objects you contend for.

As might be expected this phillippic of the impudent Yankee was not at all relished by either of the high-minded auditors. Uncle Sam with a careless, indifferent and self sufficient air, turned and walked away, while the Squire, who had been ready to burst with rage, tendered him the homage of his profound contempt.

We must now pay a visit to the valiant Field marshal Count Scratch-off. We left him in the dominions of John Bull, amusing himself with his proclamation, and halting his army at Sandwich, recruiting them by occasional excursions in the owl-pastures adjoining. On hearing the news of this invasion, Uncle Sam's wife began to set her cap for the government of a new territory, and her *gallants* were heard to make large swaggering bets that Count Scratch-off would be in Quebec within three weeks, and it is even said that several applications were made for the office of Governor of Canada. Adventurers were flocking from all quarters, in eager expectation of having a good slice out of the rounds of the Bull, and although there were not many who coveted the job of knocking the Bull down, yet multitudes were ready to assist in skinning and cutting him up for market. Among the most renowned and valiant of those who offer their knives, horses, and sacred honor, on this interesting occasion, was Admiral Tom-us-off, Chief Steward of Stoffles Land, sometimes called the pretty Knight of the fiddle, from his assiduity and attention to the Ladies; after this however, he acquired the name of Swagger master General to Uncle Sam, from the great zeal he displayed in driving out his tenants to protect

the frontier, while he kept his own sleek, sweet scented self out of the reach of danger.

Mean time, our valiant adventurer having settled himself at Sandwich, seemed to be content with the proclamation he had issued, by which he evinced an evident partiality to the ink-shedding instead of the blood-shedding system.

Here he remained about a month, when finding the stupid inhabitants of the Snowfields, so dilatory about accepting the blessings of Liberty and safety, that with the most nettlesome indignation and precipitate activity, he pulled up stakes and recrossed over to the territories of Uncle Sam.

This, or some other cause equally forcible and cogent, so roused the ire of the churlish inhabitants of these desolate regions, that they crawled out from under their snow banks, put themselves under the command of one Master Brooks, a most daring fellow, who not having the spirit of forbearance in his mind, nor the fear of gunpowder and proclamations before his nose, followed the Field marshal over, foot to heel, and without shedding a drop of blood, took him and all his company prisoners, being, as it appeared, determined not to part with their company at any rate. This happened on the 14th day of the 8th Month.

The intelligence of these events reached the ears of Uncle Sam, and mild and temperate as he was, threw him into a paroxysm of anger. He sometimes was half resolved to abandon the project of giving the boorish Bullites the blessings of Liberty. But the first Frost month after his Honor's wrath being a little abated, he collected another company, made up partly of the servants of his own family, and partly of the sons of Stof-

flies Land, and most graciously attempted to plant the tree of Liberty in another place. In this measure, he was greatly assisted by the Valiant Knight count Tom-us-off who sent one of his own generals to command the expedition and assist in placing the roots of the tree.

The place chosen for the second attempt to innoculate the clownish Snowfieldians with blessings of Liberty, was Queenston, a pleasant town separated from the dominions of Sam, by that frith of water which is kown by name the St. Lawrence. The famous attempt was made on the 12th day of the 10th Month, and in the early part of the day promised the most complete success; but Master Brooks suddenly made his appearance, accompanied by a host of his frosty Cossacs, and a multitude of the sons of Cain, who live in the forests, like wild beasts of the desert. Bsetting the valiant Samuelites with great fury, he soon regained the conquered ground, and obliged the Captain of the band to withdraw with great precipitation from the ground and recross the river. This he effected with great loss of killed, wounded and prisoners. Although John Bull claimed the victory, yet Uncle Sam gave him a most grievous scratching. He lost many of his servants, among whom was the brave Master Brook.

The effect of this attempt was nothing more than to teach Bull to be a little on his guard, and Uncle Sam that it would require more than six weeks, to instruct such blockish beings, in the saving knowledge of Republican freedom. Naturalists tell us that a goose by proper management, may be fatted in nine days, a turkey in three weeks, and a hog in a given period; but the blessings of "Peace, Liberty and safety" could not be crammed down the throat of John Bull far enough to

make any sensible alteration in his meagre appearance, although the Ragout was prepared by the most experienced Cooks, and the dish garnished with proclamations, and seasoned with gunpowder. A measure of this kind appeared to require strength, time, and money.

CHAPTER VII.

WICKEDNESS OF TOM BOSTON—PROPOSALS FOR AN ARMISTICE—NAVAL TRANSACTIONS—PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS OF THE HISTORIAN.

WE have already had occasion to speak of the General Covenant, by which the family of Uncle Sam was governed. This instrument gave the Chief Steward authority to call out the armed servants of the whole family, on certain specified emergencies: viz. In case of invasion, to subdue insurrections, and to put the laws in force. No sooner had the declaration of hostilities gone forth, when off-popped a thundering proclamation, requiring all the liege servants of the family, to vex, hurt, plague, worry, bother, and in every way, teaze, pinch, frighten and thump John Bull, to a sense of his duty, and in aid of these potent *persuasives*, the Chief Steward immediately required of the chiefs of Clans in Tom Boston's dominions to put a certain number of the militia, or as they are humorously termed by the "Lords of the Ancient dominion," the Leather-apron-interest, under the control of the Field Marshal-general. Tom Boston instantly took fire on hearing this order, and resolutely forbid his Bashaws complying with it. Holding the General Covenant in one hand, and a clenched fist in the other, he exclaimed, "None of the occasions stated in the Covenant have occurred; these men are not wanted for defence—there is no invasion—there is no civil commotion—the Laws are not resisted." The

Chief Steward replied that a power to *correct* an evil, involved a power to *prevent*, and that if none of the cases had actually happened, yet he had taken the most certain measures to bring on an invasion, and insisted on his right to the forces required in the order, and almost intimated that obedience would be had in some way, either by hook or by crook. But Tom, stubborn as a mule, declared that if such an attempt was made "the flood that overwhelmed him must rise higher than his mountains—the storm that swept him, must tear him from the bottom of his vallies, and that sooner than yield, every vale should be a Thermopylæ, every height, Bunker's hill."

On hearing this daring insolence of the hardened Boston, the Chief Steward with infinite address shook his head, and nothing but the most consummate self-command, kept him from shaking his fist. But the hardened ingrate did not escape without punishment. Orders were immediately given for a proclamation-burden of hard names to be manufactured in the Slang mills; and the Lamp black factories, to be hung in hand-bills, around the shoulders of Tom and his *Coadju-tors* and *oppugnatores*; who had the hardy presumption to resist the powers that be, or the authority, that *would be*. Among the Chiefs who distinguished themselves by their disobedience, were Caleb Codline, Roger Saybrook, and George Mountain. They too, partook lustily of the punishment which was meted out to Tom Boston.

Tom and his associates were called, Rebels, Tories, Bullites and Factionists, besides being obliged to suffer the excruciating tortures inflicted by 10,000 profound contempts, and to endure the inexpressible anguish of being——let alone.

But what evinced the most obdurate and premeditated villany, was these remorseless wretches, Gallio like, "cared for none of these things."

Since the thread of adventures is broken, it may be well here to mention that John Bull, hearing that Nap had by a proclamation revoked his decrees, rescinded his orders in Council, and proposed a cessation of hostilities. This, he fancied, might lead to an accommodation, as by it one of the principal causes of contention were removed. And indeed, had Uncle Sam been left to himself, his wrath being somewhat cooled, it is believed he would have accepted it. But the Chief Steward considered his honor concerned, in obtaining the whole or nothing. And the event proved the wisdom of his calculations; for he warred most valiantly more than two years, and then made a "Glorious peace" on the precise terms now offered, saving that he gave up the privilege of catching fish in a certain place, and a small lump of territory, merely to prove the sincerity of his disposition. O Conquest, how resistless are thy attractions; Honor, thou art something more than a "trim reckoning," more than the image of "him who died yesterday," or, in thy forbidding presence, Nature might be permitted to plead—and reason to advocate!

Now courteous and delighted reader, since you and I have been in copartnership hitherto in this toilsome journey, frequently through unpleasant paths; let us now like two dogs long kenneled together, break out and snuff the "breezy gale," the fragrant air, and seek, if not better, more agreeable company. We leave for awhile the costume of masquerade, and the regions of metaphor,—we become ourselves and dare to be men.

It was on the tenth of February, 1799, the earth had not yet been broken to inhume the mortal remains of Washington, when the gallant Truxton, encountered, and took the Insurgent, one of the finest ships in the service of the French Directory. The day was as glorious to the American people as its recollections will be grateful to future ages. The sons of Columbus, had endured every indignity from that accursed band of civilized pirates, which it was in the power of human wickedness to offer, had suffered the last outrage which the patience of a Christian could endure, or his charity forgive; when she would read in this important event, that a beneficent Providence had yet some designs of mercy towards an ungrateful people,—that a redeeming crisis was yet presented, if they were disposed to embrace it. The friends of Honor, of their Country and the Constitution, were awakened to hope, to gratitude and the holy duties of Patriotism. The triumph of the Naval hero was complete. His praises were sung in both hemispheres, in both worlds. Real Americans lavished on his name, their highest songs of praise: they did more; they bestowed on him the rich bequests of their gratitude and love. The gentlemen of Loyds, recollecting that Americans were allied to them, not less by valor and the love of glory, than by blood, presented him with a service of plate worth five hundred dollars, as a testimony of their respect for his talents and his valor, as a proof that every true son of honor is a citizen of *all* nations, although he can be descended only from *one*.

But the honor of the Naval Hero was short-lived in his own country. The gangrene of political apostacy had pervaded the limbs of the body politic, had taken

deep root, and threatened slow, but certain ruin. A minister from the American republic, had, in violation, not merely of his *instructions*, but of the laws of honor and the restraints of shame, offered to mortgage the resources of America to the profligate Directory of France. He was promptly recalled and censured by Washington. Instead of making suitable expiation for this offence, three Ministers were afterwards sent, who dared to fulfil their duty, to say that their Country had rights and insist on their admission. A storm arose. The advocates of American rights were driven from their places in the government, and men devoted to the interests of France were put in their stead. So glorious a thing was it to be the suppliant of a foreign Despot—so politically pious, to outstrip the Divine behest, “Love your enemies.”

A navy became the object of scorn and derision. The immense debt of England was cited as the offspring of her overgrown navy; her navy was declared to be the procuring cause of her perpetual wars. Our little fleet was dispersed by the wind of popular disgust. We were declared to be land-lubbers in fee-simple: tenants of Earth and not of Ocean.

The events which form the sequel to this interesting epoch of our history, are familiar to all; they will be still more intimately felt by the hearts and happiness of posterity.

Will it be credited by future times, that such was the temper of the American government, towards a navy, although then actually engaged in war with that power which they most dreaded and hated, when the gallant Capt. Hull informed them by his letter of August 30th, 1812, dated off Boston light house, that after an action

of 30 minutes, he had compelled the British frigate the *Guerriere* to strike to the *Constitution*, under his command? But posterity *will* believe, that although governments may be corrupt, nations were grateful! They will believe the declaration of the historian, when he asserts that this victory was received by the American *people*, with all that joy and gratitude which was due to the splendor of its achievement and the greatness of its consequences. The immediate effect of this victory on the public mind, was the severest of all censures, both on the long pursued policy, and the belligerent measures of Government. It was the first ray of hope which penetrated those dark clouds of disgrace which had enveloped our military character.

This was soon followed by the triumph of Capt. Jones, who took the British sloop of war *Frolic*, after an action of 45 minutes. But it was the fortune of the gallant commander himself to be compelled to surrender his victor-ship, the *Wasp*, a few hours after the conflict, by striking to the *Poictiers*, 74. Both these events occurred on the 18th October, 1812. On the 25th of the same month, Commodore Decatur, captured the British Frigate *Macedonian*, Capt. Carden, of 49 guns, after an action of one hour and thirty minutes. The *Macedonian* was one of the best Frigates of her size, in the British navy. She had 36 men killed, and 68 wounded, and as respected her masts and rigging, became a wreck. The Commodore's Frigate, the *United States*, lost 7 men killed, and had 5 wounded, and was so little disabled after the action, that the Commodore declared that had it not been for bringing in his prize, he should have continued his cruise. In this, as in both the preceding actions, the superiority of American gunnery, over that

of her enemy, was apparent. A steady, cool and determined bravery, indeed, was never wanting, but was always conspicuous.

The close of this year was distinguished by the brilliant exploit of Commodore Bainbridge, off the coast of Brazils, who, after a severe and well contested action of one hour and fifty-five minutes, compelled the British frigate Java, of 49 guns, to strike to the Constitution under his command. The skill and science displayed by the brave Commodore, and his gallant crew, in leading the Constitution to her second triumph, extorted the praises of their enemies, and claimed the highest love and gratitude of their country. The Java mounted 49 guns, had a complement of 400 men, besides 100 supernumerary officers and men, going out to the East Indies, with Lieut. Gen. Hislop and Staff, and several other officers of distinction. The Java had 60 killed and 101 wounded. The loss of the Constitution was 9 killed and 25 wounded. The Java was made a complete wreck, and being lightened of her prisoners and their baggage, was blown up.

Before the extatic joy of the Nation had had time to subside, the news of another naval triumph, no less honourable to the American flag, than any of the preceding, reached our shores, which proved that the talents of our Commanders were as diversified, as the several scenes in which they acted, on the immense theatre, were distant. This was the capture of His Britannic Majesty's Brig Peacock, Capt. Peake, who fell in the action, by the United States ship Hornet, Capt. Lawrence, after a severe conflict of fifteen minutes. So completely was she cut in pieces, that although the utmost dispatch was used, she went down before the

wounded and prisoners could be removed. Thirteen of her crew went down, besides three of the brave tars belonging to the Hornet. The circumstances under which this action was undertaken, entitle the brave Lawrence to the highest reputation for boldness of decision, and exactness of calculation, and will ever characterize it as one of the most brilliant achievements of Naval enterprize. It was undertaken with a ship of superior force, and within sight of the Espeigle which mounted 16 guns, and lay during the action, at the distance only of two leagues. It took place off Demarara, on the 24th Feb. 1813. The Peacock had 7 killed and 29 wounded. The Hornet had only 2 killed and 3 wounded, and was so little damaged that she was fitted for action a few hours after the engagement. The brave and since unfortunate Lieut. Shubrick,* bore a distinguished part in this glorious event.

Could the history of the lamented Lawrence close here, no circumstance could arise to embitter recollection. His next conflict, the issue of which is well known, covered the land with mourning, but instead of diminishing, threw a majestic and awful lustre on his fame. If the mingled tears of friends and of enemies, add durability to the tints of the evergreen that encircles the temples of the brave, the wreath of Lawrence

* Lieut. Shubrick, was charged with dispatches from Commodore Decatur, after his subjugation of the Barbary powers in July last, to the Government of the United States. He sailed from the Mediterranean in the Epervier sloop of war, the latter part of the month, and had on board the liberated captives. As she has never since been heard of, it results that she must have been lost in some of the severe gales that prevailed last season.

shall be distinguished by admiring ages, until the billows of old ocean shall forget to roll.

The effect of these events, was, in no respect however to influence the fate of the contest. While our brave tars were tearing the dusty laurels from the veteran brow of a gallant foe, a temporizing and incapable cabinet were dealing out a peck of flints to one half starved and unpaid army, a keg of powder and a barrel of whiskey to another, and cashiering the officers of a third. While a constellation of naval victories darted an effulgence of glory on both hemispheres, a host of supernumerary and beardless officers, were drying their shirts by grisly moonshine: a junto of ignobles, with no patriotism but the love of office in their hearts, and no wisdom but mutual jealousy in their heads, most profoundly judged, that the splendor of the triumph would be increased, by dyking out the waters of the St. Lawrence, with the puerile efforts of a wheelbarrow, and blowing up the ocean with the hypochondriac wind of a Torpedo. The genius of Columbia presided over the destinies of our little Navy, while the meagre ghost of Don Quixote directed every movement by land. While the charming goddess was scattering laurels with the discriminating wisdom of a sage, the crazy Knight of La Mancha was most valiantly thumping his ribs against a windmill.

But we turn from the disgusting subject. We will not attempt a caricature, since language and nature have denied us the materials for sketching the outline of a picture.

The neutral enquirer, the tenant of another realm, and still more, disinterested posterity will have a right to demand; "Did not these once deadly foes to a navy,

openly confess their error? Did they not instantly retract, and make the only atonement in their power to a degraded and long defrauded country?" No; so far from it, that the peals of rejoicing had scarcely done sounding, when Democracy flapped her dusky wings, took the lovely infant in her harpy fangs, had the child named anew, and stood its god-mother. Nay, before the astonishment of the bye-standers had ceased, she declared herself its legitimate parent, began to inflate its chest with the wind of adulation, and offered her Ethiopian breast to its coral lips. "What, all this without a blush!" Ah! honest friend, "carry your coals to Newcastle," talk of blushes to a monument. The wide spread waters of disgrace had deluged the land; the redeeming energy of Columbia's fame, had fled to the ocean. Thus circumstanced, there was no room for delicacy of feeling, for the mincing ceremony of blushing. And it must be confessed the brazen visage of Democracy was admirably fitted, hammered, and disciplined for the occasion. Placed in circumstances exactly similar, Satan himself would lack composure of countenance when boasting of the most humble act of Christian charity, performed by another. Well might a faction be proof against betraying any symptoms of shame, who could never be even suspected of compassion. When the motives to patriotism have ceased to be any other than personal and temporizing, no contrition is ever felt, but when ability falls short of ambition; and the bosom which has dealt towards the war-worn soldier, with a treacherous hand and an icy heart, is warmed with other combustibles, than a sense of shame or love of country.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONFERENCES AT THE WIGWAM—TRIAL OF COUNT SCRATCH-US-OFF—EXPEDITION AND WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF SMYTE-US-OFF—CAUSES OF ITS FAILURE—MISFORTUNES OF OUR FRIEND NAP—REFLECTIONS.

“WHAT a piece of work is man!” says one—“How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties!” and he might have added, how diversified in talents; how gigantic in ambition! This learned exclamation, with the lucky addition, was forced on the author’s mind by comparing the magnitude of the task he had undertaken, with the variety of talents, requisite to its faithful execution. When once a man by some unlucky whim of imagination, considers himself as a literary character, how blind must be his ambition, to undertake to be a historian, at the first onset! to whisper in the ear of posterity, a knotty string of facts, leaning for aid, on that slender reed, a goose quill, and trusting perpetually to the “fitful freaks” of recollection! Yet such, unhappily, is the case of every author, who makes truth his pilot, and instruction his object.

We are now to take a fresh peep at the drawing room: the important events which we have recorded in the two preceding chapters made it necessary for the noses of the knowing ones to form a perpetual focus of wisdom. The surrender of the valiant Count Scratch-us-off, perplexed them not a little. They feared the anger of Uncle Sam. After a short debate, however,

it was considered best to charge the Field Marshal with being bribed by the gold of John Bull, a charge that always rested heavily on the shoulders of his butting Majesty. And this, it was thought, would the more easily go down, as the chief Steward had formerly paid fifty thousand bits of silver, to prove the destructive efficacy of gold on Tom Boston ; so much expense, therefore, having been incurred, to establish the fact that corruption was *possible*, for which we had never realised any thing in return, it was thought Uncle Sam, would be under obligation to believe this merely out of courtesy. It was decided that the Field Marshal should be tried, with great form and solemnity, which was accordingly done. The charge of bribery was not supported; but another was resorted to, which by management was made to answer all the purposes of a substitute—viz.—Cowardice: and, although the Field Marshal made it appear tolerably well, that he had not all that support which he had a right to expect, and was assailed by an unexpected host of the sons of Cain, yet he was made the scape-goat, to carry the freight of the charge of mismanagement from the sensitive consciences of fortunate office holders, and thus the business ended.—The Chief Steward discovered great judgment in managing this affair. He employed a certain Squire Peacock, and gave him a round two thousand, to appear at the trial and bedaub the unfortunate Marshal with the lamp-black of his imagination, and as he was a slang-whanger by profession, he fulfilled his duty in a masterly style. Uncle Sam accepted the sacrifice, and made no further rout about it.

The exploits of the navy came next under consideration. Here Sangrado had something to say. He de-

clared that as he had the publishing of every Decree, Bull, Ukase, Proclamation, and Manifesto to the family, he had a perfect right to consider himself the only genuine opinion-founder and whim-vender, in the family, and that accordingly he had some years since, declared himself the "organ of the public will," and that as he had been directed by his employers to say many grievous things against a navy, and as the saying is to *write* it down, it would be a hard thing now to oblige him to *right* it up. It would be like forcing a child to repair its own mischief, like rubbing the nose of a puppy in its own filth. "And although," said he, "I do not expect to get my living by my *modesty*, yet it is very convenient even for great knaves, to have some respect for the character of being *consistent* in their knavery."

The honest Squire was answered by a broad laugh. Jacques thought it very extraordinary, that a man who was so well paid for his work, should talk about *consistency*, "for so long said he as you get constant employ at your profession, what is the use of prating about modesty or conscience. One might well suppose that a man, who had so roundly and so often declared, that the Berlin and Milan decrees were revoked, in contradiction to positive and practical proof, backed by the declaration of Nap himself, might be prepared to assert any thing. As long as we are consistent in our exertions and devices to hold our places, and secure the emoluments, let consistency be wanting wherever else it may. Modesty! indeed! a wretch, who lives by *lying*; *lies* for a *living* and lives to *lie*, to talk about modesty, or be squeemish about falling in love with what he has so zealously labored to make every body hate,

betrays a weakness which I should have supposed this fellow, one of the last to be suspected of." In short, all agreed that as it was formerly expedient to decry a navy in order to *obtain* office, it was now as absolutely necessary for them to support it, in order to *keep their* offices. None but fools and zealots would deny the doctrine "that the end justifies the means;" and if it was justifiable, by *any means* to *obtain* office, certainly there can be no measures, which it were not justifiable to adopt, to secure and retain it.

It was thought best however, to say as little about the navy as possible—to keep boasting of its exploits—sing out "free trade and Sailors rights" in every corner, and attribute our good fortune, whether by land or water, chiefly to the justice of our cause, and the consummate *wisdom* of the *counsels* which directed every measure.

Much was said about that modern Pharaoh, Tom Boston, who would not let the people go; but it was prudently concluded that as he had cited a former opinion of the present Chief Steward in defence of his conduct, it was best to let the matter rest. The disasters in the North were bewailed, in tones between growling and whining; but great hopes were entertained from the expedition which was then preparing under the gallant Smyte-us-off, who, being born and bred in a warmer climate, would not suffer from the phlegm and irresolution of the Northern Captains.

To this brilliant and decisive expedition we now hasten with all the ardor of historic frenzy, confident the admirer of daring and romantic adventures will find an ample reward for the trouble we shall give him in pursuing its details. The brave Field Marshal had made

the science of war his study in his retirement, and so exact was he, in all his calculations, that it was said he could estimate to an half-pint, the quantity of water that would be necessary to fill the surrounding ditch of a mole-hillock, and determine within a quart, the quantity requisite to drown the groping tenants from their subterraneous palace, and drench their velvet jackets.

From the realms of Tobacco, with an eye fired with the love of Glory, and a heart ready to burst with courage—a head filled with military science to the fourth story, and a breast burning like a coalpit with patriotism, our Hero bent his course toward the theatre of action. Volunteers flocked after him from all quarters, like children after a show-man; or boys in the train of an Elephant. The abortive attempts that had been made, served only to enhance the credit of a succeeding enterprise, and such a fund of glory, *in prospectu*, was placed before the greedy ambition of adventurers, that, although Uncle Sam's paper scarcely went at par, the stock in this Glory or Laurel fund, sold readily at two hundred per cent.

Julius Cesar writes of himself, (boastful fellow!) "I came, I saw, I conquered." Our Hero, imitating and surpassing Cesar, came, and saw, and — — issued a tremendous proclamation. It was near the close of the saucy month of October; the frost had already nipped every vegetable but the evergreen, and chilled every drug but the cordials of Cupid, and the essences of Patriotism. Standing on the brink of the modern Styx, at the utmost boundaries of the fields of Stuffle, the valiant Knight let off the following expectoration of windy verbosity from his breast:

“ Men of Stoffle’s Land !

In a few days I shall plant the standard of Uncle Sam, in the heart of the Snowfields. I have, with me a powerful force, almost as many as I could wish ; but, knowing, as I do, your attachment to our beloved Uncle, and your *passion for adventures*, I would accept of a few of you, if you offer soon, merely for sake of company, and that you may look on, and be able to teach your sons how to conquer. I shall most certainly take all the possessions of Bull from him ; I will leave him neither hide nor hair, root or branch. I will not promise you there will be no fighting ; but I will engage it shall not last long, for I have fixed the time when I will be at Quebec, even to a day. Perhaps you may be discouraged by the failure of two attempts already made ; take heart my lads, the fault was not in the troops, but in those who led them. ‘ The Commanders were popular men ; but destitute alike of theory or experience in the art of war.’ Come then ! and put yourselves under my direction, for a little time. I promise you good treatment, but you must expect to be subject to wholesome discipline. ‘ Come in companies, in half companies, in pairs or single, and I will organize you for a short tour.’ Come on foot, come on horseback, come in carts, come in waggons, and let some persons come with you to take each vehicle of conveyance back. Come, bringing provisions sufficient to serve you for four or five days, and I promise you, to give you an opportunity to eat them up. Come then and share in that rich harvest of glory, into which I am about to thrust the sickle. Another opportunity for so splendid an enterprize, will not offer during your lives. And how will your bosoms burn with anguish hereafter, when you shall fold your

arms and say, 'Canada is conquered; the laurels are all gathered, and *I* was not there.'"

Our adventurer, as might be judged, soon collected a motley multitude around him. There you might see old fellows with rusty guns, and young fops and foplings, without any arms, only waiting for preferment, hanging round the Knight's palace, to catch if possible, a nod or a smile from his Eolian Majesty. Volunteers of all ranks and descriptions were flocking to his standard.— One had a gun, another a bayonet fixed at the extremity of a broom-stick; a third a cartridge box, a fourth a knapsack, a fifth a canteen, and sixth a knotted club.— Of clothing, some had coats, others shirts; some had shoes, and others stockings. And some, to make amends for the *absence of all these precious articles*, had a blanket. In the Camp all was hurry, bustle and confusion. The troops were daily exercised in all the important tactics and evolutions necessary to their approaching enterprise. Mock skirmishes, furious onsets, marches, countermarches, advances and retreats. In these operations many individual disasters occurred; here was a whiskey cart upset; there a gaming establishment routed. In one part, a party of Military Belles disturbed, in another, a drunken soldier trampled in the mud. Day after day was fixed on for the purpose of crossing the river Styx. Peter the fisherman, was engaged to act as Charon, and invested by Count Turn-skin, with all the powers requisite to constitute him Stygian Admiral, and Ferryman of souls, (for in many instances there was little use to embark,) and every wherry, that plied on the Stygian waters, was stamped with the *impri-matur* of requisition. At length the *expectata dies*, the wished for day arrived. The boats were ready; the comman-

ders were ready—the land of Promise lay in full view. Conquest invited, Glory beckoned, duty urged; Patriotism stimulated, the harvest was ripe;—but alas! the Reapers,—the Volunteers, had run away, the night before. Will posterity treat it as a fact, or spurn it as a calumny; that sons of Whiskey, from the farm of the immortal Broadbrim, having emptied their Canteens of all the genuine whiskey, the aqua twitch-eye, which they brought with them from home, decamped in one night—not by half “companies,” in “pairs” or “singles” but by hundreds, bag and baggage, officers and men, and left this vast harvest of glory to rot on the ground. Yet such is the fact; I assert it with all the long-favored gravity of an historian. Various conjectures have been started as to the true cause of this premature decomposition of our Knight’s army. Some asserted that he put the yeast into the Beer too *soon*; others that he put in too *much*; others that he should not have drawn the *corks* so soon; but away with these whim-whams, the historian will give his opinion. Every *beer-woman* knows that this beverage in its working state, is in danger of throwing out the corks, or of bursting its containers whenever a thunder-gust comes over. Now Bull had roared most tremendously for several days, on the other side the Styx. Knowing the fate that was preparing for him, he put on a voice of thunder, by which means, out flew the *stoppers* and *all* the fixed air; the patriotism evaporated, escaped, and broke away.—And those who came as Volunteers, went away as such, —true sons of freedom, choosing their own time for action.

SONG,

By one of the Fugitive Volunteers.

WHAT'S freedom, think ye?—to resign
Ourselves to others' will?
Without the license to repine,
At pain, or threat'ning ill?

Can freedom heal a batter'd shin;
Restore our broken wind?
Remove one puncture from our skin,
Or calm a frighten'd mind?

We volunteer'd to show our love
For *war*, and not for *fighting*:
Nor Patriotism itself can prove,
Beyond this point, inviting.

Fool-hardy wretch, that waits the blow,
'Till forc'd, at last, to yield,
He offers the pursuing foe,
His breeches for a shield.

Far wiser he, that shuns the strife,
And prudent, bends to reason;
Weighs well the value of his life,
And learns to run in season.

The coward only, ever fears
The loss of reputation;
This loss the real Hero bears,
With harden'd resignation.

It is quite to our purpose to mention here, how very fortunate it was, on the present occasion, that the Field Marshal, and Peter the fisherman, had separate commands in this memorable expedition. This circumstance enabled them to throw the blame on each other, which they did, with so much dexterity, that Uncle Sam knew not against which to direct his reproaches: for, indeed, they threw the charges of "incapacity" and "cowardice," with such rapidity to each other, that our Uncle sat, rolling his huge eyes first at one, then at the other, like a kitten, watching the pendulous motion of a ball of yarn, that in the end, he grew weary and sick of both of them, and utterly refused to institute any enquiry into the causes of the failure of the expedition.

Shortly after this, certain causes rendered it necessary for the wise ones again to convene at the great wigwam. Very important and urgent matters presented themselves for deliberation. Among the most prominent of these were the misfortunes of our friend Nap. This fellow had raised himself from an obscure station in life, to the command of a great empire; and being deeply skilled in the art of war, he subjugated the nations around him and put them all under tribute, excepting John Bull, and Alexander Bearskin, who being stubborn dogs, would not so readily submit to his authority. As he could not readily get at Bull he determined first to humble Alexander, who assisted John in all his undertakings. For this purpose he collected an immense army, and marched into his territory, or, as it is sometimes called the land of Muscovy, determined to plunder and burn the whole country. But the surly Muscovite had employed a Commander to manage the

contest that brought the adventurous Corsican into serious difficulty. Nap was met at the confines of the invaded territories, and his progress obstinately disputed at every advance, until his wearied and wasted army reached Moscow, the place of its destruction. To this the bloody fields of Smolensko, Beresina, and many other places, will, for ages to come, bear melancholy witness. The vast and comprehensive mind of Kutusoff was perhaps the only one of all its cotemporaries, capable of conceiving, maturing, and of carrying into complete effect, a plan on which depended the happiness of Europe,—the freedom and independence of the world. He retreated indeed before the enemy, into the heart of his own country, like a flood rolling back upon its own resources. Behind him was desolation; before him the earth trembled. War had assumed his most gigantic form—his most terrific features. Ambition, on either side, prompted to the most daring enterprises and urged to mightiest efforts. At a single battle whole nations were annihilated, whole provinces destroyed. The noble Russian, whose temples were bleached by the frosts of fourscore winters, viewed the wasted province, the deserted village, the smoking city, with dignified composure, not because his heart was insensible; but he regarded these, as only partial and temporary evils, compared with the magnitude and importance of the objects in contest. The self-dubbed Emperor reached Moscow. The crafty Kutusoff with his powerful army had retired to the Southeast, and effectually cut off every resource, and every prospect of supplies. Moscow was a captive city; a desert; a hermitage, and the funeral pile of the Tyrant's power, almost at the same instant. He had no resource but in

flight—an ignominious rout, which was designed to show his disgrace in detail and prove the terrible consummation of his ruin. The flames of this queen of cities, gilded the pathway to the emancipation of nations—to the happiness of mankind. From it, the altar of freedom was ignited and sent its blaze to the heavens. Not a solitary nation in the old world, but hailed this epoch as the jubilee of Europe, and sent up its offering of gratitude to the great Dispenser of mercies. Humanity poured forth tears of joy as she beheld the day of deliverance to the captive approach. In this development of the vast designs of Infinite Wisdom, the genius of freedom rejoiced at the beneficent purposes of Divine Providence, towards a guilty world, and extended her arms to vast communion of social man.

He, who had for twenty years, chased repose from Europe, and poured out her blood as water, was in his turn, brought to taste the cup of affliction and to escape for his life. He, who a few months before drove his chariot wheels over thousands of slain, now found his way blocked up by enemies, and the perishing remains of his own army, and was compelled to fly almost unattended, before the unwearied pursuit of armies, whom his own ambition had made his foes, and on whom the pale ghost of murdered millions, called for vengeance. And who, the future historian will ask, commiserated the monster? What nation, that had heard his name, mourned his disasters, or awarded him its sympathy? Not one. No—accursed as is the moral condition of man, that *nation* has not been found, who could deplore his fall. That nation could not long exist who could be guilty of such rebellion against reason—such impiety towards Heaven. One Government, one Cabinet only,

(blush O Sun,) whose plans of self-aggrandizement were not yet consummated; whose deeds of wickedness "hated the light," "mourned in secret." One government!—But it was not the Turkish—not a clan of the Savages—nor even the herding Brutes—no; the faithful pencil of history proudly exempts them from so foul reproach.

But who?—the Index of truth shall point it out,—Infamy shall imprint its name with dyes prepared from the mud of Cocytus, its stains shall grow deeper through descending ages;—the waters that drowned the world could not bleach out the dishonor; nor the stream of Lethe destroy its memory.

CHAPTER IX.

SANGRADO'S SPECIAL CARE OF HIS MASTER—A VILLAGE
BAR-ROOM—SPEECH OF AN OLD SOLDIER—FAMILY CON-
FERENCE.

AMIDST such a multitude of disasters, treading on the heels of each other, it became necessary to keep a constant eye on Uncle Sam, and lest he should grow weary of the sport, to keep a perpetual distillation of encouragement dropping in his ear. Sangrado, to whom belonged the duty of reconnoitering the feelings of his adopted Uncle, was admirably fitted for his office. All, indeed that could be fairly expected from an obstinate and mulish adherence to his own opinion, aided by the most exact discipline might be justly counted on, yet still would the unseasoned warrior, although not deficient in courage, sometimes throw back his eyes, and softly wish he had never embarked in the contest.

When this happened, he was told by his faithful Squire, that it was dishonourable to retreat, that Glory and Honor must be searched for,—neither of them would search after him. The Squire, after the example of the Knight of La Mancha, had invented a sovereign remedy for every wound, and for every disease excepting a lean purse, and a crazy reputation. So dexterous and happy was his genius, and so *pat* the application of his faculties to every emergency, that he was sometimes called, by way of distinction, the “mental-mule-Doctor.” His Dispensary was far better provided than that of

Shakespeare's Apothecary, for instead of a "beggarly account of empty boxes," he could show a sovereign remedy for all the wounds, pustules and pimples to which the consciences of Political Sinners, were subject.

If Uncle Sam was defeated, he would immediately cry out Bravo! never hero performed so well!—and boldly threaten to knock the first man down that contradicted him. If enlistments went on slowly, the prosperous state of the country, and the high price of labor was the obstacle. If the loans were not filled, Tom Boston was sure to take a cursing. Whenever Uncle Sam's paper fell, Toryism and British gold were the causes, and whenever the justice of the war was called in question, "Free trade and Sailors rights," was the answer. Our faithful Squire carried his apothecary's shop in his head; his intellectual cordials, his "mental balsams" his "corn-plasters for the conscience," his "fever powders for the brain," his "grand restoratives for courage," his "treasury blister salve," and his genuine itch ointment prepared to cure the "itch after office." Who would not willingly consent to be sick, to have such a physician, and such attendance?

But the scientific gravity of history is bound to enquire: how could enlistments have a chronical progress in so glorious a cause? If words had been hailstones, and had fallen in a single shower on the heads of the Bullites, then, indeed, they had been ground to powder in half an hour; and the business of recruiting would have had no place. But as the proverb says, "words speak in a whisper, and actions through a trumpet." Every one knows, that when an enterprise of such magnitude is set on foot, which depends for its success on popular opinion, it is all important to act with great deliberation,

—to act cautiously and slowly—and that one half the Battle is won by “raising the wind,” as it is called;—the great art of War in any government, consists in its being *popular*, and how can a thing be made popular, without talking about it to the people? and how can we have talk without words, and how can we have words without wind? the very *summum bonum* of nine tenths of the words that are used. Every Blacksmith will tell you that no man can blow the bellows, and “strike, while the iron is hot,” simultaneously, at one and the same time. And Thomas the Magician, the wisest man that ever ran away in the day of battle, can declare how difficult it is to *speak* well and *act* well at the same time; may from his own experience could pronounce how near it approaches to an impossibility, to perform what we have *promised* especially if we have made *fair* and *flattering* promises.

The author of these wonderful adventures recollects that one day as he was sitting in the bar-room of a village Hotel, where a Lieutenant in the recruiting service had taken his lodgings, he found himself suddenly surrounded by bar-room politicians, who either moved by principle, or the desire of being noticed by the Lieutenant, who was strutting across the room with a segar in his mouth; all approved much of the war, and highly commended the wisdom and prudence with which it was conducted. Among a quorum of speakers, the attention of the learned auditory was soon monopolized by a man, who appeared to be turned of fifty, (and to the authors knowledge had *turned* down many a glass of grog in that bar-room,) not less from the consequence he assumed, than from an emphatical *d—n it*, with which he rounded every period. Having modestly confessed that

he had borne arms, in the Revolution, and proffered his service again, if the "*necessity of the case*" required, he went on to prove, that our contest with Bull, was a war of defence, and that invading his territories, in the present instance, was an act of retaliatory justice, in all respects defensible. That he was surprised that any one should think otherwise; that we had certainly a right according to the example of Bull himself to punish an aggressor, even through the medium of an unoffending neutral. But he would not, he said, confound *national* with *moral* law, nor had he any occasion, in the present case, to resort to this expedient; for the inhabitants of Canada, although Colonists of the Mother Country, and in a relative sense, only Provincials, were, notwithstanding, morally a party to all her acts, and liable for any claim which might be established against the parent Country. Canada was a limb, a member of the animal who had offended us, and it was ridiculous he said, for any one to pretend that because we could not seize the animal by the horns or beard, we might not therefore lay hold of the opposite extremity. With this view of the subject he declared himself greatly surprised that the army should not be immediately filled up, and he was confident that after his countrymen had had time to reason properly on the subject, there would be no difficulty in enlisting men. If however, government could not obtain men by enlistments, he declared himself in favor of forcible measures, such as they have in France—they raise an army in a hurry there—they understand it, *d—n it*. At the close of this harangue, a form appeared,—a man venerable for his years; his pace "slowly solemn by length of days," introduced his wasted figure into the company, and the instinctive re-

spect due to age, detached our eyes from the speaker, and for a moment perhaps prevented reply. The venerable whiteness of the strangers locks, bespoke him "worthy of four score," he was helped to a chair, and was no sooner seated than he began. "The war—the war, I suppose you are speaking of Gentlemen, for I listened a moment at the door as I came in. Well, I have been through two wars, I am too old now,—I was a soldier in the old French war, I was three years in the war of the Revolution.—But, some how, we had different times then, those wars were more popular than this, bounty was less, wages were less, the population of the country was nothing to what it is at present, yet enlistments went on, the army was filled up, there was not half the opposition to those wars, that we see now."—

"But interrupted our former speaker, did not the same men oppose the war of the revolution, that oppose this, the tories?"—Aye, the tories resumed the sage, but for the ingenuity of some of our modern politicians, I should have supposed that the office of tory was vacated at the treaty of peace, which acknowledged us independent; but as I perfectly recollect all the circumstances attending the beginning of the revolution, I will inform you, concerning the causes of the grand division of our people at that time into whigs and tories.—When a revolution first commences, it is rebellion, after it progresses, still it is rebellion, until success gives it character and respectability. In the commencement of all great changes, energy and decision are essential to secure success, let the cause be good or bad. The philosopher reasons, the sage deliberates, the multitude act. Reason may be the *legislative*, but the mob *must* be the *executive* power. What is termed prudence and prompt

titude therefore, in plan, often becomes cruelty and frenzy, in execution. The oppressive measures of the British Parliament were resisted, as indeed they deserved; but to give to the abhorrence of them, the greatest possible weight, it seemed necessary to the sagacious many, that full utterance should be given to an undivided and unanimous denunciation. Committees of safety were therefore constituted in every town, parish and borough, as conservators of the public weal, to take care that the embryo "republic should receive no detriment." These municipal tribunals were composed of men whose faith was strong, and whose resolution was unquestionable; not always indeed, did the wisdom of Mentor, or the philosophic honesty of Aristides characterize their measures; but zeal, with or without knowledge; zeal was not merely the evidence, but the leaven of patriotism. I need be at no pains to demonstrate to you, that it is impossible for any subject, even of the highest national importance, to appear in the same light to all. The greatest simplicity of features may distinguish it; yet the difference of constitutions, habits, education, manners, local and national attachment and prejudices, will give it all the capricious hues of prismatic variety. Very few comparatively at that time, attempted to justify the oppressive measures of the parent state. But some were disposed to temporize—wait events—and proceed with caution. Others considered that to repeat our petitions for redress might be better than immediate resistance. And not a few, some of whom were allowed to be good judges, prognosticated an unsuccessful issue to the contest,—they feared the infant would be crushed by the first effort of the veteran and skilful adversary. Timidity and doubt were construed disaffection; disaf-

fection to so good a cause was overt treachery, to doubt, therefore, was literally "to be damned." Like a school-master, who treats the timid and stammering child with the same severity that he inflicts on the perverse and obstinate, these committees of safety, proscribed all whose length did not exactly fit their iron bed, and who could not pass unsinged, through their fiery ordeal. When it is recollected that these tory-factories were established in every town, and that each prosecuted its pious labors with Inquisitorial zeal, it cannot be wondered that a host of internal enemies were procured, against the most sacred cause, that ever aroused the zeal and enlisted the feelings of men. He, whether guilty or innocent, who is persecuted for a traitor, who suffers and who is branded as a traitor, can never be reconciled even in the *abstract* to a cause, which has been the chief agent of his persecution, and of premature war on his opinion. I am not, gentlemen, condemning the measures of our patriotic fathers,—as little would I even be thought to justify those who opposed their glorious efforts in bringing forward the revolution. I am only proving that in such seasons abuses will exist, and "that offences must come," for they are inseparable from the condition of man. But I would forever denounce that policy, which, at this late day, when the fever of the conflict has gone over, would rekindle the flame, and make the civil war of passion eternal. At that time, far the greater part of the most obnoxious, and all who had taken an active part, left the country. Most of them now are buried in the solitude of the grave, and are beyond the reach even of official censure. With regard to the few who were permitted to remain in an inactive state, are not the reproaches of their countrymen for more than thirty years, a sufficient punishment

for error of opinion? You have seen them indeed, since the close of the revolution, unite themselves with Washington, and those patriots who at a critical and fearful crisis formed our Constitution.

You have seen them arrange themselves on the side of order, pending three dangerous insurrections. Solon enacted that no one should speak any ill of the dead; for humanity teaches us to spare those that are no more, and good policy should prevent hatred from becoming immortal. But hatred to this class is not the ultimate object of those who abuse it. It is the policy of the ruling party to keep up the spirit of reproach, and transfer the odious name of tory to all those who oppose their measures. To effect this object they have sacrificed millions to the French despot, and sold the nation to his influence. To effect this they have declared war, in order to make a distinct re-division of the people, and to apply to them the revolutionary nomenclature of *whig* and *tory*. And view it as you will, our Rulers are at this moment bemoaning the fallen fortunes of their tutelary saint and political puppet-manager, with very *interested* tears and Spaniel whining.

Already have the mandates of proscription gone forth, and attempts have been made by the parasites of power, and expectants of office, to teaze the nation into a war-fever. The political purgatory has sent forth its stench from near the seat of government; an attempt as foolish as it was wicked has been made to stifle the voice of opinion.* Those who oppose this

* The Baltimore Massacre, in which the brave General Lingard lost his life, Mr. Hanson and many others piled up for dead, after having destroyed Mr. Hanson's printing office and committing many other outrages.

war are already denounced as tories. If this were true, and if the opposers of the war possessed half the turpitude that is ascribed to them, 10,000 of the enemy's troops would march over the country, and every fortress and principal city in the Union would be in their hands in less than three months. If our rulers themselves believed what they are endeavoring to make the people believe, they would not rest quietly in their houses, or sleep in peace. Under such circumstances can any one wonder why the army is not filled up? When those who prepared and made the war will encourage it only by words, whither are we to look for help? do you expect those whom you have branded as tories and traitors at the first outset, to volunteer in your crusade against those phantoms which our abominable servility against the French despot has engendered? We have already had too much of this bar-room patriotism.

The result of this contest will prove, that a popular government must never engage in war without the undivided assent of the people. It is even questionable whether England who has made war her trade, ever engaged in it with so small a majority as our Government have in this instance. Strengthened as the Monarch is by a powerful aristocracy and fortified by an immense civil and pension rolls, no ministry dares risque a war in defiance of as respectable and powerful a minority as are now in opposition to this war. The experience of our present rulers will, besides, teach them this truth, that their present supporters, however strongly they advocate the war in *opinion*, yet they go no further. If war were to be maintained by preaching alone, they would support it to admiration. The war-party are

giants in faith and emmets in practice. Yet if the people have, in this respect deceived their rulers, the latter may console themselves, that they have set the multitude the example. They have so often cried "Wolf" without occasion, to serve electioneering purposes, that the kennel of courtiers from the Major-general down to the street scavenger, have learned to bark from instinct rather than from reason, and have become accustomed to testify their usefulness and fidelity to their masters, by the exactness of the time, and loudness of their notes, in returning the echo. Do not think gentlemen, that I am the advocate of the enemy. I know and acknowledge that you have received much injury from them, for which you are entitled to redress. And although the war may be *just* as it respects the enemy, yet inasmuch as it is impossible to obtain redress in the way we are seeking it, war could not be expedient, and if not expedient, it is certainly *unjust*, as it respects ourselves. If the balance of human evil produced by this war is likely to be against us,—if sacrifices are required of us without any prospect of an equivalent, it becomes us even now to pause. It was the duty of our rulers before they made us a party to this conflict to enquire, how far an impartial course of conduct between France and England would have prevented many injuries, which we complain of having received from the latter power. Our administration easily made the people believe that our poor Sailors suffered no serious evil by being plundered and immured in the dungeons of Bonaparte, after having their ships burnt and themselves stripped of every necessary of life. Nature speaks out and tells us that the miseries of a dungeon are the same whether on land or water,

that slavery is odious however disguised. After our Administration had thus succeeded in hardening the hearts of their supporters against the miseries of their countrymen in one instance, it is demanding too much of them to endeavour to excite any thing more than nominal sympathy by bawling out 'Free trade and Sailor's rights.'

The family Divan having again assembled, the unity and indivisibility of Uncle Sam's rights, came once more under notice. The lucky thought was suggested by old Owen (A rat of great age and still greater roguery who had gnawed into the cabinet to keep the bows and arrows in order) that it might be proper now, since our friend Nap had been unfortunate, to lower our tone and soften down our demand. The Chief Steward and his first Clerk opposed an immediate abandonment of a single claim on this account, "inasmuch as" said he, "Tom Boston has always charged us with having a secret understanding with Nap, and if we should fall in our demands, the moment we see our friend in distress, that circumstance alone would go very far to prove the charge that has been made against us. It is no way certain that our friend, the Champion of the rights of man, has utterly fallen; but it is true he has received a most sorrowful drubbing. He may yet recover his strength. But if I knew that he would never be able to make another effort, for the reasons already given, we could not at present abate a single claim. We must war at least one year after all hope of assistance from our Corsican friend is forever gone, to save appearances; to make Uncle Sam believe, in case Nap falls, that we never had any connection with him. But in the event of his success, we shall be able to secure all the

objects we are contending for, in which case we shall have no occasion to be troubled about the charge of foreign influence. Another consideration was of some importance. Nap had always been our friend and good policy forbids us to cast him off until all prospect of his being further useful to us has entirely vanished." Old Owen replied. He said he had never had any very high opinion of Nap's friendship. He thought he had not treated us with much delicacy in issuing his revocation of his Decree against our commerce so long after he had flattered us to declare them void by proclamation. This measure tended very much to make us ridiculous in the eyes of the world. The matter, said he, stands exactly thus:—

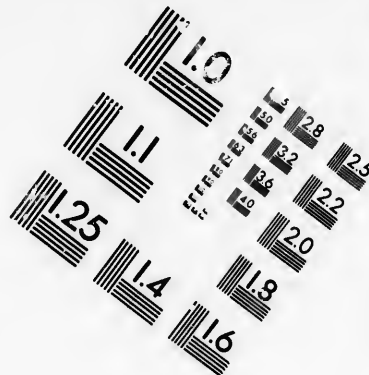
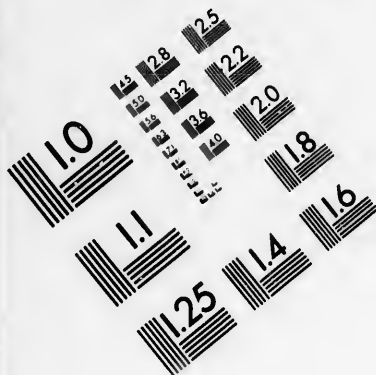
On the faith of a plausible French story, we boldly step forward and repeal our non-intercourse as it respects France, and declare his Decrees which were the cause of it, void at the same time. The cause we took for granted, the effect we made absolute. But upon what basis, upon what foundation did we so hastily adventure on this important measure? Why upon a mere French presumption, that we should cause our flag to be respected by the enemy, i. e. England. This *previ-ous condition* we were in no capacity to fulfil, yet we boldly came forward and assumed the non-efficacy of the obnoxious Decrees on our commerce, and seized the good will of our crafty ally by the foretop. We made an unconditional repeal of our non-intercourse law, which repeal was based on a *contingent* and *subsequent* event which might or might not take place. Now what does our noble ally? Why after he learns that war was determined on, eighteen months after date of our proclamation, he comes forward and declares his decrees re-

voked. To oblige us very much, and help us out of the mud, he antedates it one year; but to show us that this was an act of pure grace, or favor in him, he archly leaves us six months in the vocative. As if he had said, "Gentlemen you are chargeable with just eighteen months of folly, I generously wipe away twelve of it, leaving you to get rid of the other third part as you can: But"—At this instant Sangrado came in and the Chief Steward immediately silenced the speaker, by demanding what news from Uncle Sam—What was his pulse for war? Whether he thought he would take the field in earnest? The Squire replied that his honored Knight had as true a heart as ever was hooped with ribs, and he thought something of a military turn; but he was very whimsical at times. I once said he had him fairly mounted on his Colt, but he unluckily pulled only on one rein of the bridle, which turned his Rozinante up against a wall, from which nothing could start him. The Knight dismounted, gave him a hearty cursing and called for a single *horse-waggon*, put on his new five hundred dollar Coat, and rode about to see the troops. But you must know gentlemen, that mine Uncle has some odd notions, for let him encamp where he will, he will suffer his troops to lodge under no tent poles, but such as are brought from Pittsburg, nor use any vinegar or molasses but what is transported from Boston. He has become very talkative of late, says a great deal about the justice of the war, the tyranny of Bull, and the glory that will be acquired in conquering the liberty of the seas, by taking Canada, and always when I imagine I have him piping hot for the battle, I am momentarily expecting him to take up his line of march, some unlucky story pops into his mind, which must be told before he

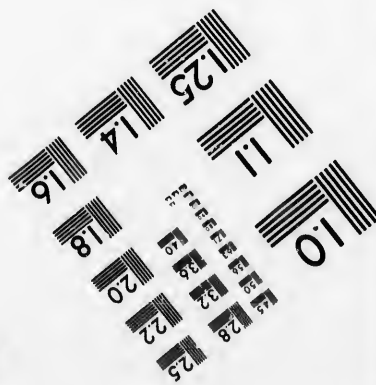
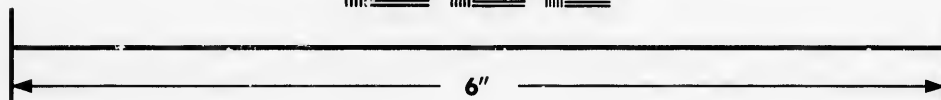
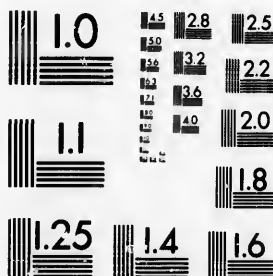
can start. On a late occasion, when an important battle had already commenced, when indeed nothing but his agency was wanting to secure the fruits of victory, the old blockhead, was earnestly engaged in discussing a Constitutional question, constructing a paper breast work before his kitchen door, and examining the merits of a new receipt for *destroying lice on calves*. No man ever spoke better, and to tell the plain truth, few ever acted worse. I have given him a regular course of lectures on the morality, the justice and expediency of the war, and what effect do you think it has had on him? Why he says our cause is so just and righteous, that we have nothing to do but wait the interposition of Providence—that the taking of Canada is a mere trifling job, like dressing out a Cabbage yard before breakfast—it can be done at any time. The Chief Steward shook his head, threw off a bladder of wind from his stomach, rose up and left the room.

Now reader I think it more than probable, that we may have the next Chapter from the pen of Uncle Zachary, for I have just observed him trimming his quill and looking very thoughtful. He remarked of late in a surly manner, that I would not finish a history in an age. We shall I fancy have a rapid relation of events, neatly condensed in his best Hebrew manner.





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CHAPTER X.

UNCLE ZACHARY'S CHRONICLE OF THE WAR IN THE NORTH,
THE WEST AND THE SOUTH—AND WHILE RELATING
THESE MARVELLOUS DEEDS, HE MAKETH MANY WISE
REFLECTIONS.

1. AND in those days, as soon as it was seen that there would be war between Samuel and John, behold there came from divers parts of the Country, many mighty men of valor, unto the Chief Steward and communed with him:

2. And said, Lo now we will stand by thee and strengthen thine hand, and encourage thine heart that it faint not. Therefore make us Captains of thousands, and Captains of hundreds, and of fifties, and give us wages, and we will subdue thine enemies before thee.

3. And the Chief Steward hearke:ed unto them and did so. And there were Captains of thousands, and Captains of hundreds, and of fifties, and of—none at all; even a multitude, so that they that drew the *sword* were more than they that drew the *bow*.

4. Now of those that were made captains of hosts, or chief captains, there were Henry and William Henry and Jacob and Alexander, who warred in the North and in the West of the lands of Samuel. And in the South there were Andrew and James and Samuel.

5. And besides these there were many Captains who appertained to the several tribes of Samuel, who drew the sword in defence of their own borders.

6. Now it came pass that in the first year of the war that Henry prepared himself to go out to battle, and he collected a great army, and directed his course into the woods of Shatt-o-gee, and he marched over the wilderness, and the very shadows of the sons of Cain fled before him.

7. And inasmuch as no enemy appeared to contend with, he found in a block house, the body of a dead wampum, and he warred against it and burnt it.

8. After this he returned with his army to Greenbush, for it was winter.

9. Moreover it came to pass in the second year of the war that Henry warred against the sons of Bull and he passed over the great water which divides the land of Samuel from the land of Bull, and besieged a defended city called Little York, and took it.

10. Albeit, many brave and valiant men fell of the army of Samuel, and among those who were greatly lamented was Zebulon, the armor bearer of Henry.

11. Now this came to pass on the twenty-eighth day of the fourth month. And there was much blood shed on both sides, and many lives were lost by the blowing up of the ground whereon the men stood.

12. And many prisoners were made by Henry, and he possessed the city and a portion of the Country round about. Yet all this did not finish the war.

13. And it fell out on the first month of the same year that the sons of Samuel lay encamped in the wilderness, at a place called French-town, and the sons of Bull and the children of Cain came upon them, a great multitude, and smote them with great slaughter. Notwithstanding the sons of Samuel fought valiantly and killed many of their enemies.

14. On that day many of the warriors of Samuel fell into the hands of the Bullites, among whom was James the Captain of the host of Samuel.

15. But the Chief Captain of the host of Bull behaved very vilely, inasmuch as he promised to save all the prisoners alive, whereas the sons of Cain fell upon them and killed many; wherefore he got unto himself great shame: And the Chief Captain's name was Proctor.

16. And it came to pass on the twelfth day of the fifth month of the same year, that a host of the sons of Samuel were placed in a garrison in the wilderness, at a place called fort Meigs, and they were commanded by William Henry.

17. And this same Proctor came upon them with a great band of the sons of Bull and the children of Cain, even a multitude, and being exceedingly puffed up with pride, this son of Belial spake great swelling words against William Henry, like Rabshakeh of old, and demanded that he should give up the fort; therefore he spake from the pride of his heart and said "give up that ye may save yourselves alive."

18. And William Henry answered and said, I will not give it into thy hands. If thou take it by the sword, Bull thy master will honor thee; but if I give it thee through fear, he will have thee in little esteem.

19. And this son of Belial besieged the fort, and William Henry came out against him with chosen men, even the Kentuckyites and the Ohioites, and the warriors of Bull, and the sons of Cain were cut down before them and slaughtered: and they fled into the wilderness in such haste that they left their stuff behind. And William Henry returned from the slaughter.

20. After this the sons of Cain said unto Rabshakah forasmuch as Samuel hath discomfitted thee, we will forsake thee; (for the children of Cain be a treacherous and deceitful people,) and they deserted him, a great number.

21. And the children of Cain *chode* with Rabshakeh and said. Thou hast deceived us; forasmuch as thou badest us bring our wives and our little ones unto this place and spake strong words, that thou wouldst not fly before the Host of Samuel. But now thou hast fled; "thou art even as a fat animal which carries its tail on its back for pride, when no danger is near; but if only a leaf fall it droppeth its tail between its legs and is gone."* And Rabshakeh dropped down his eye lids and was ashamed.

22. Moreover it came to pass on the twenty and seventh day of the same month, that Henry, the Chief Captain of all the hosts of Samuel, warred against Fort George and took it. And Henry slew ninety of the sons of John on that day, and of the sons of Samuel, there were killed seventeen.

23. And Henry's armor bearers were John and Morgan, Peter the fisherman and others. And they took from the sons of Bull on that day an hundred captives. Nevertheless an end was not yet made to the war.

24. In all these matters Henry was much helped by Isaac the waterman, for with his boats he encountered the boats of Bull and put them to flight. Moreover also he wrought cunningly, and carried over the great waters the bands of Henry, so that Henry spake of him to the Chief Steward.

25. And about this time Morgan, surnamed Le-wiss, wrote a long letter to the Chief scribe of Samuel, and

* See speech of Tecumseh to Gen. Proctor.

the whole matter of it was, that he sent forty men to help Isaac, and that they all returned safely to their tents.

26. And it fell out, on the twenty-eighth day of the same month, even the fifth month, that the hosts of Bull, a great multitude passed over the great waters, in their boats to war against the men of Samuel, who were encamped on the borders of the great Lake, even at Sacket's Harbor.

27. As soon as the sun was up, the hosts of John fell upon the city, and upon the sons of Samuel unawares and drove them. Albeit many of the Samuelites who were unused to war, (of the tribe of Dan) were dismayed and fled.

28. And for a time the children of Samuel fled before their enemies. But Jacob the Chief Captain came up, and encouraged them, and said why should ye fear? And he fell upon the Amalites and they were smitten with the edge of the sword, and taken with great fear.

29. And the Chief Captain of the enemy was George, and he was of the King's household. And he fled with great trembling to the boats, and in much haste got him back, he and his men to their own country.

30. It falleth out by some means, that there is great pride in the heart of the sons of men.

31. Now the man Proctor, the son of Belial of whom we have spoken, had his evil heart stirred within him again to vex the sons of Samuel. And as his manner was he assembled again the wicked sons of Cain, and devised mischief against a small band of Samuelites which lay at Lower Sandusky.

32. Now the Chief Captain of this little band was a young Man, of the age of twenty and one years, and his

name was Croghan. And he was a Captain over hundreds.

33. On the first day of the week, on the first day of the eighth month, came Rabshakeh before the Fort Stephenson, and with great swelling words said, Give up and save yourselves alive, for I have eight hundred men in mine host.

34. And the Chief Captain answered and said, I will not give up, but thou mayest take it if thou canst. So he warred against it, but he was discomfited with great slaughter. Albeit the Captain of the host of Samuel had with him an hundred and three score men. And he destroyed of the band of Rabshakeh four score and three men. And Rabshakeh left his stuff behind him and fled to the wilderness with great shame.

35. The hearts of the sons of Bull were fully set in them to do evil. For on the fourteenth day of the sixth month, they came to one of the towns in the tribe of Dan and burned it. Whereby many of the inhabitants were reduced to distress, and forasmuch as the customs of war do not permit this violence, it became a reproach unto the Bullites unto this day. And the name of the town was Sodus.

36. Moreover Isaac, the waterman, took with him chosen men and went over to the land of Bull, on the thirty-first day of the seventh month, and ran into the harbor of York, and took from them many Mules burden of the flesh of kine and of the flour of wheat, and destroyed it. For Isaac feared not the face of danger.

37. Now Bull had sent many ships over the great waters, and they came near to the south country even into the Bay of Chesapeake. And they fell on the de-

fenceless inhabitants and committed many abominations, at a place called Hampton.

38. Also in the multitude of their evil doings, they entered a Synagogue and carried away the vessels of the sanctuary. And for all these iniquities, the reproach will not be wiped away while the Sun shineth.

39. Moreover in the Western Country towards the going down of the Sun, one of the Chief men of the host of Bull, slew one of the children of Samuel in cold blood. And the man that was slain, was wounded and defenceless and asked for his life.

40. Howbeit foolishness prevailed in the counsels of Samuel, for he was madly set on warring against John, meanwhile he provided not for the defence of his own borders. And he clave to his folly and would not let it go.

41. Now it came to pass that Samuel sent the valiant William Henry into the country of Bull, and he warred and took Malden. And Rabshakeh and his wampums fled before him, and it was on the twenty and third day of the ninth month.

42. Moreover in the beginning of the tenth month, which is called October, William pursued after this son of Belial and came up with him and smote his hands and put them to flight.

43. And of the Bullites, some were killed, and more than six hundred did William carry away captive. And the man Proctor fled, and left all his stuff, even all his armor, and his stores wherewith he made war, which William carried off, and the price of it was counted at ten hundred thousand pieces of Silver.

44. And in those days the children of Cain were troublesome and multiplied their evil doings. For in the

Southern Country near the Mobile at a place called Fensaw they came unawares on the children of Samuel and smote them, men, women and children, one hundred and three score souls.

45. Now about the first day of the eleventh month Samuel reasoned thus with himself, Lo the season is far passed and we have done little, and this is now the second year of the war; I will send now my oldest armor bearer, and he shall take with him an exceeding great army, and he shall subdue the country before him. And Samuel counselled with his chief men, and they said, Thou shalt do it.

46. Therefore called he Jaccobeus the *smoker* for he said he shall utterly *smoke* him from his hiding places. And he made him Captain over thousands.

47. He called also Wayd the *Tanner*, for he said he shall thoroughly *tan* the hide of Bull, and take off his hair.

48. And Jaccobeus the Smoker took his Journey from Sacket's harbor, and passed down the great river, even the river St. Lawrence. And Samuel said unto him ye shall halt at the French mills, and there shall ye meet Wayd and ye shall unite your men, and ye shall go down and take Montreal, which standeth on an island in the great river St. Lawrence. And he journeyed forward.

49. And the Bullites and the Cainites followed in the rear of Jaccobeus and caused him great evil. And when he came to the place appointed, behold Wayd was not there; but had returned back again. So Jaccobeus turned him about and fought the enemy many days and lost many of his men.

50. And with great loss and damage he came again to Sackets harbor.

51. Now Samuel spake unto Wayd on this wise: Go thou from Plattsburgh and pass through the wilderness of Shatt-o-gee and meet Jaccobeus, and he journeyed forwards one day's journey, and pitched his camp in the wilderness. And he remained there three days, and turned back again. Albeit his heart was not in the matter, for he did not love Jaccobeus aforetime.

52. And Samuel was wroth and chode with them, saying, Ye are like unto froward children. Have ye done wisely to prefer your own foolish passions to mine interest? Wot ye not that I have made you great and honorable? Wherefore then have ye neglected to obey my commands?

53. And the Tanner, rose up and was wroth and went unto his own home. Nevertheless Jaccobeus abode in the field yet awhile; for he said as mine honor liveth, I will be tried by a council of war, according to the custom in such cases.

54. And a council of mighty men was called to examine the conduct of Jaccobeus. And there stood up a certain Lawyer named Corkscrew, and said unto Samuel, Lo now I will speak in the ear of all these, against Jaccobeus, as I did against William aforetime, and thy counsel against Jaccobeus shall stand; and thou shalt give me two thosand piecies of Silver.

55. And Samuel said unto him am I a King or a Nabob, that my shoes should be cleaned with a silver brush? And he thrust him aside.

56. Nevertheless the counsel said unto Jaccobeus, take again thy sword, for thou art not to blame. So an end was made of the matter.

57. Howbeit the foolish counsels of Samuel were in fault; for his counsels were at variance. For John, a

son of perdition, had the charge of all the armour, and he was wise to work all manner of evil. And he provided tents for those that drew the sword. And he was jealous with an evil eye over the Smoker and the Tanner. And he said within himself, I will confound their purposes and they shall come to shame.

58. Howbeit Samuel clave unto this same evil worker. For the foolishness of Samuel, though he were brayed in a mortar would not depart from him. For although he had many Chief Captains, yet would they not obey each other. As if the hairs of Wild Asses tails should rebel and say each one, am I not an equal part of the tail?

59. In those days there was war in the Southern country, where the Sun beateth down in a more direct line upon the earth, whence it cometh to pass that neither man nor beast is straitened by means of cold.

60. And this war was made in the winter season, and after the ingathering of summer fruits. And Andrew, a true man was placed over it; and he warred against a powerful nation of the sons of Cain, and he drave them and smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt up their dwellings.

61. And Andrew was holpen in this matter by James surnamed White; by John surnamed Coffee, and by John surnamed Floyd, besides many others, all true men, in whom Samuel had confidence.

62. And now it came to pass that in the third year of the war, that Samuel sent forth an host against the country of Bull to war against it and take it; and he put over it Jacob as Chief Captain, for Samuel truly said of him, he knoweth the times and the seasons, and he feareth no danger.

63. On the second day of the seventh month did Jacob pass over the great waters, and on the day following he took the garrison at fort Erie. The day following which was the fourth day of the same month, Jacob with his host turned toward Chippewa.

64. And Jacob came to Chippewa, and the hosts of Bull were there, and they fought, and the destruction of men was like the felling of trees by a tempest, so great was the slaughter; the host of Samuel took unto themselves the victory. And the Captains under Jacob that wrought valiantly on this day, were Ripley, and Scott, and Jessup, and Miller. Albeit Peter the fisherman was there, but the host under him did not well, for they showed themselves afraid.

65. Moreover on the twenty-fifth day of the same month, Jacob moved forward his bands, and came to a place called Queenstown, at which he strove again with the armies of Bull, and discomfitted them and put them to flight. And Jacob had to his help the same captains as aforetime, and Peter the fisherman with his host did valiantly.

66. Howbeit many on both sides were smitten by the edge of the sword on that day, nor even yet was there made an end of the combat.

67. Now it came to pass that the Bullites gathered together a great host of men, and came to make war against the Southern country which pertaineth to Samuel. And with their ships they came up the sea which is called the Bay of Chesapeake.

68. And they came against the city of Alexandria, and took it, and carried off the ships which were therein; yet they spared the lives of the people.

69. And they came also against the city of Washington, which lieth on the river Potomac. Now this city is the place where the sons of Samuel are wont to meet every year, to deliberate on, and devise measures which concern the whole people.

70. Now for many days had the sons of Bull been journeying up the great river Potomac, and Samuel had warning of their approach; yet did he not provide the means whereby to defend the city.

71. Now in this city were the Chief Steward and the Chief Scribe, and also John, who had in charge the armour of Samuel. And the Books, and the Parchments, and the Chronicles, and the Laws, and whatsoever Laws and customs pertained to the children of Samuel, were laid up in buildings in this city.

72. And the sons of Bull were wroth that Samuel had warred upon John, and their wrath was kindled. And they came upon the city, and the men who were placed for the defence thereof fled before them. Also the Chief Steward, when he turned his eyes and saw the enemy, his heart failed him, and he lifted up his heels and fled.

73. Now the eyes of the people were upon the Chief Scribe, and upon John who had the care of the armour; but they said to themselves the enemy be upon us, and they also lifted up their heels and fled. For each remembered his deeds. And those that saved themselves this day by fear, were more than they that saved themselves by their courage.

74. And the Bullites burnt all the public buildings, and the books that pertained to Samuel, and all the shipping and the materials wherewith he made war, they carried off.

75. Now in this did Bull very wickedly, and showed a very evil and foolish spirit, and for this act of Bull, shame shall cover him as a thick cloud, and dishonor shall cleave to him forever.

76. Neither did Samuel wisely, for like Issachar, he bowed his back to the burden. And all the people cried out against the Chief Captain of the host of Samuel. Albeit the men who were with him fled, and he could not restrain them. (For divers of them were of those that aforetime made insurrection, and committed murder, and Barrabas also was with them.)

77. Yet in all this did not the foolishness of Samuel depart from him; but he clave to the same evil counsels. Even as a ravenous bird flying over the sea, fasteneth his talons in a great fish, so that he is drawn under and drowned.

78. Howbeit on that day, a certain man named Joshua, of the host of Samuel, fought valiantly, and was wounded and taken captive. Now this came to pass on the twenty-third day of the eighth month.

79. Moreover the sons of John moved by the Prince of Darkness, came up the great river Connecticut, in their boats, attacked Pettapaug, and destroyed much shipping which was wont to resort there. After doing this mischief, they returned again to the sea, for there were none to resist, save women and children.

80. Now the man Thomas had the charge of the ships of Bull in the Eastern waters. And he said within himself, I have done valiantly at Pettapaug in warring against women and children. I will even attack Stonington, then shall mine honor be as the light that shineth, for there is none to resist.

81. Therefore he sent a messenger to the people saying, "give up the town into my hands or I will even burn it to ashes. Give ye up, for it paineth mine heart to bring distress on your women and children."

82. Howbeit the people hearkened not to Thomas, so that he warred against them from the water; and it was night time. And the people fought valiantly, and had Thomas in derision. And the people resisted Thomas from the night watches even until morning, and they drave him from before the town; and Thomas sneaked away, even as a dog that is whipped droppeth his tail between the two hinder posts of his body, even so did Thomas.

83. Now it came to pass on the fourteenth day of the eighth month, that John Bull, with his brethren the sons of Cain, came against fort Erie with a great force and pitched their camp before it, and besieged it. And the force was under the command of the man Druminoud.

84. And he came against it in the night time, and fought with great fury, and he said unto his men, ye shall not save a man of the sons of Samuel alive.

85. But the unseen hand of Justice executed vengeance on the head of this monster, for while he was giving out this inhuman order, he was slain.

86. And the sons of Samuel fought valiantly and prevailed, and drave the enemy, and subdued them with great slaughter, so that more than four hundred of them were slain. Afterwards this part of the land had rest.

87. Again the sons of Bull appeared in the Southern country, near whereunto is the city of Baltimore, and with a great force attempted to go towards the city. But the sons of Samuel resisted and drove them, and

killed their Chief Captain whose name was Ross. And the enemy fled to his ships.

88. Time would fail us to speak of all the matters pertaining to this foolish and wicked war, wherein much blood and treasure were wasted to no purpose. We have now shewn how Samuel warred for more than two years, and so far from taking away any part of the country of Bull, he could not defend his own borders.

89. But as it falleth out in all human affairs, so more especially in war, the miseries of it cannot all be seen at once; nor even if a single view could be taken of all its calamities, would the mind of man be able to conceive thereof, or to realize them.

90. As it commonly happens in a private quarrel, so in war, one act of uncommon wickedness openeth the door to another, and the evil passions of men are set on fire.

91. An evil minded man, a Captain of one of the bands of Samuel, burned the town of Newark, in the country of Bull with fire, after driving out the people. And this he did at the beginning of winter, by which hundreds had not where to lay their heads.

92. For this act of violence Bull avenged himself by burning a place called Buffalo, in the land of Samuel. Now neither of these abominations can be excused, for they furthered not the objects of the war, by destroying the means of carrying it on; but only brought causeless distress on the people.

93. Moreover I said in mine heart, that if one man were appointed to bear the sin of a single war, or even the burning of a single city, these evils would not so often come on the children of men:

94. Forasmuch as there is in the hearts of all, a consciousness of right and wrong, and the hearts of most men would fail them for fear of punishment hereafter.

95. But man's heart is so deceitful and wicked that he casteth the fault on his neighbor and saith within himself, Behold am not *I* guiltless? So I saw that war was a sore evil under the Sun.

CHAPTER XI.

MISTAKEN NOTIONS OF HONOR CONDEMNED—NAVAL TRANSACTIONS—PERRY'S VICTORY—COMMODORE ROGERS—CAPTAIN PORTER'S CRUISE AND LOSS OF THE ESSEX—COMMODORE CHAUNCEY—CAPTAIN WARRINGTON—PREVOST'S EXPEDITION—BATTLE ON CHAMPLAIN—DEFENCE OF NEW ORLEANS.

So reader, as I expected, Uncle Zachary has gathered all the Canadian Laurels that were left, and nothing remains for us, but either to suffer the rays of a scorching sun on our temples, or sailor-like, take to the water. The old Rabbin is an excellent hound to take the scent and follow the track, as long as he can keep his Hebrew feet on *Terrafirma*, but, as you must have already seen, he is no *water-dog*.

It belongs to the fidelity of history, alike to record the events which do honor to the bravery of men, as those which would raise a blush on the cheek, even of infamy. That desire of distinction, that impulse to great actions, which is among the earliest perceptible passions of infancy, which is our companion through life and our solace even on the confines of the grave, is as diversified in its appearances, and as capricious in its results, as are the objects by which it is excited.—The fame of some, indeed, appears wholly the effect of accident. Hence we say "great occasions make great men." But for this or that event, or *accident*, such and such a consequence would never have happened. But

when carried away with such purblind opinions, we assume that to which we have no claim, we argue in a circle, and are bewildered in a false and delusory hypothesis. For on this ground, the apologists for the dignity of human nature, build their justification of war and of bloodshed, and even find an excuse for perpetual revolution in the affairs of men.

So these champions of human dignity assert, had it not been for the American revolution, the name of Washington would never been known beyond his native state; he might indeed have been a good magistrate, an accurate surveyor, a benevolent citizen, &c. but what of all this?—Aye what of it indeed, if this world were governed by the depraved ambition of the modern infidel. What of it surely, if this world were constructed and furnished merely for the sensualist; if this life be only a glittering levee, a festive Ball, and — the Tomb only a Register's office to signify its eternal close. But if indeed this span of existence be only the prospectus of our being, if indeed we are in this life mere recruits for immortality! then most assuredly we have a clue, which unravels and explains the whole mystery of our pilgrimage here, and which instructs us to believe that the benevolence of Washington while on earth, forms at this moment, the chief part of that celestial happiness, which he can derive from any consciousness of his being while here below. What if the revolution had never happened? What if the Father of his country had never been called to lead conquering armies, or guide the vast concerns of a grateful people, and instead of being destined to wear the martial and civic wreaths, he had worn out his life in acts of social benevolence. That benevolence would form the

basis of his Heavenly happiness. It would be like the dew of Hermon, like the oil which anointed the beard of the venerable priest of Israel. But do you condemn the principles of the revolution? says our philosopher. By no means, I regard it as one of the most beneficent dispensations of Divine Providence in the history of man. But if Washington sought to bring it about merely for his own aggrandizement, he would be justly chargeable with the guilt of sporting with the lives of his fellow creatures. But he and his patriotic associates had high motives. Principles, not men, were the objects in contest, and the smiles of Heaven attended their efforts. Hence true patriotism is ever consistent with Piety. But those that seek or procure war, under whatever pretence to justify their former opinions, to gratify their passions, or secure to themselves, the perpetuity of the emoluments of office, upon them shall fall the guilt of all the blood which has been shed in this unnatural contest. By such in their last moments, the cries of the widow shall be heard, the tears of the orphan shall embitter their recollections, and the frequent Ghost of man a victim, shall walk before them.

We must not however forget our office. With that conscious pride which forms the highest incentive to noble actions, every friend of his country rejoiced at the news of the ever memorable victory, achieved on Lake Erie, on the 10th of September, 1813, by the gallant Perry and his brave associates. After a well contested action of more than three hours, the Queen Charlotte and Detroit ships of war, and the Lady Prevost, schooner, besides three smaller vessels fell into the hands of the Commodore. The total of guns, fought by the British, was 63, while those on board the American

fleet were but 54. The enemy's force also outnumbered ours by 100 men. Captain Perry's ship, the *Lawrence* was made a wreck at the beginning of the action, so that he was compelled to leave her and go on board the *Niagara*. The loss of the Americans was principally on board the *Lawrence*, having 22 killed and 61 wounded, so that although she carried more than a third part of the fleet's force of guns, she was of no use in consummating the victory. It is due to the brave Commodore to declare, that however splendid his fortune on this occasion, it did not exceed his humanity, the image of benevolence was distinctly recognised in the features of the *Conqueror*. To this, the unfortunate Captain Barclay and his brave wounded tars testified with tears of gratitude. It is thus that humanity is ever the ally of all that is truly great in man; she sheds a lustre on the fame of the victor, which no other virtue could bestow.

Commodore Rogers, in the Frigate *President*, made a cruise of five months, traversing the great "highway of nations," in almost every direction, and after taking and destroying many vessels of the enemy returned to port in the month of September, 1813. During his cruise, the flag of the union waved for some time in the British channel and on the coast of Norway, and although no occasion occurred to test the superior valor of his crew or the skill and bravery of their Commander, yet that occasion was ever sought, with a diligence and awaited in a state of discipline which would have ensured success.

Commodore Porter in the Frigate *Essex*, of 44 guns, sailed from the *Delaware* in October 1812, and ran down the coast of South America, visited Peru, Lima,

Guayaquil and the Brazils, and finally accomplished the dangerous enterprize of doubling Cape Horn, and showed the "Star spangled banner" in the Pacific Ocean. In this run he fell in with and captured eight of the enemy's ships of war, Letters of Marque and Cruizers, which infested those seas. On board of these and other trading vessels which he captured he found an immense amount of property, consisting of specie, naval stores and provisions. Some of his prizes he manned and added to his command, and at one time his fleet was formidable to the governors of those provinces, whose dispositions were not the most friendly towards the United States.

In the Pacific Ocean, he discovered and took possession of the beautiful Island Nooaheevah, in the name of the United States, and established a friendly intercourse with the Natives. Here he overhauled and refitted his ship, and having left a Lieutenant and 21 men, he resumed his cruise, steering for the coast of Chili.— Having understood that Commodore Hillyer, of the Phebe frigate was cruising for him in those seas, he shaped his course for Valparaiso, in hopes of meeting him. In this he was not disappointed; the Commodore shortly appeared in the Phebe of 53 guns and 320 men, accompanied by the Cherub Sloop of war mounting 28 guns and a complement of 180 men. With this superior force, Commodore Porter lay for some time, blockaded in Valparaiso, until the 28th of March 1814, he determined to venture out. In this attempt a heavy squall carried away his main topmast, when both the enemy's ships instantly gave chase. Finding escape impracticable, he ran into a small bay and prepared for action. Both ships came up; the Frigate placing

herself under his stern and the Sloop at his bow, the action commenced about 4 P. M. But the enemy met with so warm a reception that in half an hour both ships were obliged to haul off to repair damages.— They soon returned however to the combat, when Commodore Porter, laid the Essex along side the Phebe, when the conflict became terrible. The Essex having all her rigging shot away, every attempt to bring her to a position to board the enemy was fruitless, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the Commodore and his crew ; the enemy cautiously avoiding being brought to this decisive measure. After maintaining the unavailing conflict for two hours and an half, he surrendered what was left of the Essex to the enemy. Commodore Hillyer, although he fought well on this occasion, gained no laurels. He contended with a ship to whose force, his own was more than double in men and nearly so in guns. On the other hand the Americans fought with a bravery bordering on despair, and which nothing could equal but the naval skill, by which every effort was directed. Some, perhaps will accuse Captain Porter of trespassing on the claims of humanity, in protracting the conflict beyond those limits which the most scrupulous honor could require. He was not indeed contending with a pirate from whom he expected no quarters ;—the liberties of his Country were not involved in the issue, and had the Essex carried any other banner than that of the American navy, we might allow his accusation very considerable weight. But the Commander and his hardy tars, felt that they fought beneath a flag that had never been dishonored ; while contending, they remembered the victories of Truxton, Hull, and Decatur, and they knew that no ordinary meas-

ure of bravery would satisfy a country which claimed these Heroes as its citizens. It is ever a painful duty to make *valor* a *sacrifice* ; but whenever it becomes so, the cheerfulness of the act, augments the value of the oblation. In this action, the Essex had 58 men killed, and 65 wounded.

Commodore Chauncey, who in the beginning of the war was placed in command of the fleet on Lake Ontario, with an inconsiderable force, kept in check the superior power of the enemy in that Lake, and by his skill baffled all the attempts of Commodore Yeo to make a descent on the American coast. His fleet conveyed over the troops under General Dearborn, when he attacked Little York, and its guns covered the landing of the troops. On the 5th of October, 1813, he fell in with and captured five of the enemy's vessels which were bound to Kingston with troops and warlike stores. Captain Chauncey's command was in many respects, an unpleasant and difficult one. Stationed on an inland sea with a force always inferior to that of the enemy, in case of any disaster, that should essentially reduce his strength, the whole shore on our own side would immediately have been exposed to the invasion of the enemy. For his fleet, could be reinforced in no other way, than by the tedious process of building. In this situation he was placed, knowing the importance of a prudent course, which the Government never ceased to inculcate, feeling, at the same time, the dread of popular disquietude which was likely to be engendered, by over-heated expectations from the brilliant successes of our Navy on the Ocean. His better judgement, however, raised him above those passions, and led him to prefer the interest of his country to con-

siderations of an inferior nature. The cool and now unprejudiced voice of his countrymen, has sanctioned his conduct, and America, already ranks him among those Naval commanders, from whom, on any future emergency, her highest expectations may be realized.

In summoning the feelings of our countrymen to the Ocean, the natural theatre of their fame, the exercise of gratitude, and the triumph of honorable pride are excited by the gallant achievements of Captain Warrington, of the Peacock, who captured the English brig Epervier, carrying 18 heavy guns and 128 men, after an action of 42 minutes. The Epervier had 11 men killed and 15 wounded. The Peacock had only two wounded and those slightly, and received so little injury as to be fitted for action in fifteen minutes after the encounter. The Epervier had 54 shot-holes in her hull, 20 of which were within a foot of her water line, lost her main topmast, and had her rigging much damaged. This vessel seemed doomed to misfortune. She has since been made the maritime Coffin of the unfortunate and gallant Shubrick and his gallant crew, while returning from the Mediterranean, last season.

Among the events which in a season of war decide the fortunes of a nation engaged in defending an extensive coast and an equally extended frontier, it does not often occur, that either the invading, or repelling power, places the issue of the struggle at the hazard of a single trial. Of a different character, however, it would appear is the expedition which next claims our attention. The great revolution of affairs in Europe, which took a decided character early in the year 1814, placed a large disposable force in the power of the enemy. This event, as an auxiliary to the shameful mis-

management on our own part, had changed the contest from an offensive to a defensive war. The veterans who had served in Spain and had learned no other duty than to conquer, were poured into Canada, and the enemy, determined to make an attempt, in his turn, at invasion. This force, 14,000 strong, principally organized at Montreal, and provided with every thing necessary for the expedition, appeared before Plattsburgh about the first of September, under the command of Sir George Prevost, an able and experienced officer. General Macomb was strongly entrenched at Plattsburgh, with about 1500 men. The enemy's fleet on Lake Champlain hove in sight in a few days, and it appeared to be his plan, to have the success of his fleet first tried before any very decisive measures were taken by land. The enemy justly entertained high expectations from this armament. It consisted of the *Confiance* of 30 guns and 300 men, *Linnet* of 16 guns, 120 men, *Growler* and *Eagle*, each 11 guns and 40 men; together with 13 Gunboats mounting 18 guns and 550 men: constituting a total of 95 guns and 1050 men, commanded by Captain Downie an intelligent and brave officer. To oppose this force, the Americans had the *Saratoga* 26 guns and 270 men, the *Eagle* 20 guns 120 men, *Ticonderoga* 17 guns 110 men, *Preble* 7 guns 30 men, besides 10 Gunboats mounting 16 guns and carrying 350 men, making a total of 86 guns, and 820 men, under the command of Captain Thomas Macdonough. On the 11th September at 9 o'clock in the morning, the enemy appeared and formed in a line about 300 yards distant from the American fleet, his ship, the *Confiance*, being opposed to the *Saratoga*, when the action began. At half past 10, the *Eagle*, not

being able to throw her shot to effect, cut her cable and anchored between the commodore's ship and the *Ticonderoga*, where she soon made a sensible impression on the enemy. The galleys and gunboats were all engaged. The guns on the starboard of the Commodore's ship, being all dismantled, a stern anchor was cast out, the bower cable cut, when she came about, and poured a broad side into the enemy's ship which soon after surrendered. The fire of the *Saratoga* was then turned upon the brig, which surrendered in fifteen minutes after. The sloops which opposed the *Eagle* had struck sometime before. The galleys all pulled off and escaped excepting three, which were reported to have sunk. According to the Commodore's letter, the action lasted without intermission, two hours and twenty minutes. The *Saratoga*, suffered most, having received the heavy fire of the *Confiance*: of 52 men killed, she lost 28, and out of 58 wounded on board our fleet, she had 29. The British lost 84 killed and 110 wounded, most of the enemy's shot passed through the rigging, and as Captain Macdonough reports, there were not 20 whole hammocks in the nettings after the action. The *Saratoga* had fifty five round shot in her hull, the *Confiance* one hundred and five. The fruits of this victory were more than four hundred prisoners—11,800 lbs. powder, 85,000 cannon ball, 6000 muskets, 600 suits sailors clothing, besides all the winter clothing of the whole of their land army. The effects of this triumph were more important in determining the issue of the war than any that had preceded it. Sir George, with his whole army, stood anxious spectators of the action, and as soon as the result was shown, instantly made preparations to retreat. This he effected in a precipi-

tate manner, during the following night, assisted by a heavy fog, which is common at this season in the vicinity of the lakes.

It is due to General Macomb to state that he displayed great prudence and firmness in repelling the attacks of a powerful force for several successive days, and in keeping the enemy ignorant of the sickly state of his troops, and to the forces under his command, that they acted on all occasions with the most determined bravery. By the hasty retreat of Sir George, the enemy suffered an immense loss in the munitions of war which he left behind: vast quantities of provisions left and destroyed, bomb shells, intrenching tools, cannon ball, grape shot, ammunition, flints, tents and marques. The loss of the British in the several actions with the garrison amounted to 368 killed—494 wounded—252 prisoners (taken on the retreat) besides about 800 deserters. The loss of the Americans was only 37 killed and 62 wounded.

We now return for a moment to the hero of Champlain. After the action, he appeared to be almost the only person, on either side who did not feel the effect of victory; his solicitude for the wounded on board his own and the enemy's fleet, hushed every exulting impulse of the heart, arising from the thought of having bravely conquered. He, like the gallant Perry, proved by his noble and generous conduct, that humanity is the choicest diamond that glitters in the crown of the victor. This is not the language of adulation;—it is a representation of fact, but too faintly drawn. The splendor of his own triumph was forgotten to give place to feelings of sympathy for the fate of the gallant Captain Downie, whose fortune it was to lose his life with the battle; and his heart was moved in humble grati-

tude towards the Great Father of mercies, and asked, why hast thou thus made us to differ ?

In offering these remarks, it would be invidious to confine their application exclusively to the heroes of Erie and Champlain. The praise of this exalted virtue is equally due to every American commander, on whose temples Neptunian Mars has placed the wreath of victory.

The lethargic indifference of the general government to measures of defence, invited the concentrated powers of the enemy to another quarter. Soon after the abortive attack near Baltimore, the enemy collected his forces in the Chesapeake, and a considerable amount consisting of transports carrying about 10,000 troops with several frigates, sloops of war and gun-boats put out to sea. These were soon joined by a reinforcement from the West Indies. Notwithstanding the great notoriety of these movements, New-Orleans was still left in a most defenceless condition. At the time that the forces of the enemy entered the Mississippi, if the reports of respectable citizens of New-Orleans may be credited, there was not ammunition enough in the city, to furnish her own militia. As soon as government were apprised of the intentions of the enemy, they gave orders to the Governors of Kentucky, Tennessee and Orleans to call out the militia and direct their march for that city. General Andrew Jackson was ordered to repair thither immediately and take the command. If any praise is due to government for selecting this officer, it would be ungenerous to withhold it, for certainly no commander could have been appointed who would have discharged the arduous duty committed to his management with greater ability and decision. He found a

very few troops in the city of any description, and those that came in from the country were mostly without arms, and all without discipline. He had literally an army to manufacture out of the raw material. His presence, however, inspired confidence, and after issuing several spirited general orders he brought the citizen-militia to some kind of subordination. The difficult navigation of the Mississippi rendered the progress of the enemy slow. About the 20th of December they made their appearance at a pass in the river, called the Rigolets, when an attack was made upon our gunboats which were taken, and dispersed. The event gave the enemy command of Lake Borgne, and enabled him to choose his point of attack. On the 23d of December the British shewed themselves, to the number of 3000 about six miles below the city. General Jackson met them with a force of 1500 men, and the action commenced about 7 o'clock, P. M. General Coffin was ordered to turn his right on the river, while General Jackson attacked his strong position on the left. The schooner Caroline, Commodore Patterson, gave the signal of attack from the River, by firing into the enemy's camp, when one general onset was made with such fury that the enemy gave way in every direction. General Jackson took about 60 prisoners and remained all night on the field of battle. In the morning he took a strong position about two miles nearer the city.

On the 8th of January the British made preparations for a general attack. Their design appeared to be, to storm the position of General Jackson with two strong columns, advancing on his right and left. The Americans reserved their fire until the enemy approached sufficiently near, when they opened a steady, deliberate

and deadly discharge of musketry, which cut down their columns and brought them to a stand. After breasting their fire for about an hour, the enemy retired in confusion. The vast disproportion of loss on this occasion, will ever form a theme of astonishment to those who recollect that the invading army was chiefly composed of the veterans who had conquered in Spain, and that they were opposed by less than half their number of militia collected from all parts of the country, wholly undisciplined, and unused to defending breastwork, and resisting a regular attack. The British loss was killed 700, wounded 1400, prisoners 562. While the Americans lost only 15 killed and 6 wounded. The Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen fought on this occasion with great bravery. Accustomed to the rifle from their infancy, their aim was deliberate, severe, and deadly. They fought behind immense piles of pressed bales of Cotton, which effectually resisted the fire of the enemy. The British lost on this occasion, their commander in chief, General Pakenham, and two Major Generals Kean and Gibbs, who were mortally wounded. The issue of this battle proved the power of the Americans to defend themselves, while it betrayed the weakness and incapacity of our Cabinet. The government have indeed manifested some symptoms of a desire to take the praise of it to themselves, by endeavoring to identify, the defence of New-Orleans and our triumph on the water, with the war itself and calling it *glorious*; but they have only partially succeeded; and there is much truth as well as point in the remark of General Jackson, that "to Heaven and our own exertions the success is to be ascribed."

To Americans it is a subject of just exultation to reflect that they have yet many characters of great promise, whose distinguished worth this war has exhibited to view, how much soever they may lament the late shameful and unprofitable contest which called them into action. Among these they will ever reckon the name of JACKSON, as pre-eminent among those, who have a high claim on their gratitude for his important services, and so long as he may be spared to enjoy his well earned fame, to him may we look with confidence, should the cause of his country again summon him to the post of duty.

CHAPTER XII.

REMARKS OF THE HISTORIAN—GLOOMY CONDITION OF
UNCLE SAM'S AFFAIRS—FAMILY MEETING—RESULT OF
THEIR DELIBERATIONS—TREATY OF PEACE—WHIMSICAL
CONDUCT AND OPINIONS OF UNCLE SAM RESPECT-
ING IT—THE ACCOUNT BALANCED—REFLECTIONS ON
WASHINGTON'S AND JEFFERSON'S ADMINISTRATIONS—
ON OPPOSITION—CONCLUSION.

The picture and the shade are now before us. The defence of New-Orleans, noble indeed of itself, gathers fresh tints and graces by being contrasted with the Washington Hegira. At home, in the midst of their resources, cannon, shot, tent-poles, molasses and vinegar enough; sufficient warning of the approach of the enemy, wind-catridges already made, proclamations by the ream already printed; yet alas! the city must be abandoned. The archives of the nation, her public buildings, library, the emblems of her sovereignty, the proud memorials of her many triumphs, all, all abandoned to the gothic clutches of a rapacious enemy.

Of Jackson and his brave companions in danger, it might be said in the words of the poet, *furor arma ministrat*; but of our *pavidæ matres* at the seat of government, we must reverse the apopthegm and say *arma ministrabant furoribus*: the arms of the enemy indeed furnished them with the *madness of fear*. Is there an American heart unwounded at the recollection! Or have we lost all distinction between virtue and vice.

Has the torrent of national disgrace, that has so copiously flowed for the last ten years, decomposed and washed away that adamantine isthmus, which separated honor from infamy? Has a repetition of the act of bowing our necks, with a sinic servility, to the burden of shame, neutralized our feelings and blunted our perceptions! Why did not the verdant sod that covers the ashes of Washington burst asunder. But no! Had his pale ghost met the shameless fugitives with the stern upbraidings of a seraph, they would have dodged regardless along, "let us live to enjoy our offices" would have been the answer. Thus ended the farce of taking Canada in six weeks, of bringing the "enemy on his marrow bones." So much for paper courage and ter-rapin gallantry. It must be confessed, that the enemy had a fair specimen of *Cabinet* intrepidity—Moles' eyes, wooden-legs, leaden crutches, when danger is to be sought for, but when there is any *running* to do, aye, then we see the speed of the dromedary, the wings of the eagle. "Prudence, said Falstaff, is the better part of valor." So thought our wise ones—so acted our valiant ones. Even goose creek mars, the god of war, "sacked up" his dotard bones in a skin which at times had betrayed every sinful passion but shame, and gave manly chace to his valiant file-leaders. "Did it burn," said a tender mother to her son when some powder flashed in the pan? no madam, but it smells so! smell! yes, it shall smell to Europe—to Lilliput! to posterity! And how did Uncle Sam, high-minded patriot, relish the conduct of his servants on this occasion? Oh, he accepted a Phillippic from the mouth of the Chief Steward, at the next family meeting, as a full atonement for the desertion of his favorite city. A bladder of angry

wind, let off with dignified violence against John Bull, was received as full satisfaction for all that had happened. And as for the loss of honor, it was agreed by all, that the saving of so many valuable lives, was an ample equivalent. The wise and the great ones congratulated each other that although they had lost their *wooden*, they had saved their *real offices*.

"One may steal a horse, while another is hanged for looking over a hedge." Count Scratch-us-off was tried for his life for a far less offence than giving up the city of Washington to pillage and flames, and received pardon from the same power that explained away this shameful transaction with an Aphaetical discharge of wind. But now came on the season when the family must again meet to deliberate on measures for the general good. It was not, perhaps, the most pleasant meeting that ever took place. Her ladyship looked a little sour; before her eyes were the ruins of her noble residence; her drawing room, where so many fine plans had been formed, was no more. As this misfortune, however, had been so much a matter of her own seeking; she thought best to bear it with the best practicable grace.

The Chief Steward, the Chief Clerk, Mars Fugitivus, and Neptunus Minor, all accommodated themselves with private lodgings. We have seen the prospect immediately before their noses: what was it abroad? Dark clouds on the North, West, and East: The strong box empty: the army wasted by sickness: our frontiers threatened in every direction. But, what was worst of all, our friend Nap in confinement on the Island of Elba. This "Wonderful man," as Mr. Gerry once called him, bound over to his good behaviour, and his splendid fortunes razed down to the condition of a private

citizen. His corsairs could no longer burn and destroy our vessels and imprison our seamen : no longer drain us of our "surplus cash," which once so vexed the philosophical head of the man of Monticello. No more could our friend Nap give us his advice with respect to our affairs, which was always the more grateful, as it was generally conveyed in an authoritative style. But it was no time for whining ; a closet Conference was called, at which all the friends of war were invited. The first thing to be done was to fill up the army and make some fresh attempts at loans. The Chief Clerk having turned project-monger, submitted a plan for recruiting, the substance of which he had taken from the regulations of Nap, and which in the country of its birth was called *Conscription*. To give it the cast of originality, it was thought best to name it anew and term it *Classification*. In favor of it, it was urged that something must be done immediately to keep up the spirits of Uncle Sam ; and this method possessed many advantages over the old plan for recruiting ; as it took away from the recruit, the troublesome right of *free agency*, by which such tedious delay was produced. The recruit would in this case know at once what to do and would not stand stammering and bantering with the recruiting officer, until the enemy was at our backs. This project gained the approbation of all present, and was therefore ordered to lie on the table that its advocates might have a little time to *lie* it into popularity.

Meanwhile it was thought best to new-vamp the old system and give it fresh vigor, by offering more bounty and higher wages, this would keep the attention of Uncle Sam from prying with a mischievous curiosity into his money concerns ; for it would be an obvious pre-

sumption that he was still rich, if he was able to shake his purse at new expenditures. Neither was the low state of the strong box any objection to this measure, for since promises had become a *sine qua non*, in all money concerns, they had so far become the national currency, as to be the only coin *receivable* by Uncle Sam's creditors. To give greater facility to this new project, a most lucky thought entered the head of some one, which was incorporated with the projected amendment, and which was no less than to augment the number of candidates for enlistments, by declaring boys and minors of all descriptions whether in the condition of parental tutelage, apprentices or wards, eligible to the office and dignity of soldiers. In support of this measure, it was agreed that those who were of age to reflect, or had come to years of discretion, knew so much about the war and the management of it, that they were backward about enlisting; that to address the mind of man in its most giddy and thoughtless period, when the brains were unsettled, or had not yet begun to grow, the chance of success would be much greater. For it was considered as a settled point that *silent votes*, and the *previous question*, would reason *down* every thing except the fear of danger, and the power of the enemy, and could reason *up* almost any thing except *cash in propria persona*. This measure, met, as was expected, with violent opposition from Tom Boston, as it passed the *formula* of debate in presence of the heads of families; but it was adopted. Codline, Saybrook and Spinyarn, patriarchal governors of Tom's dominions passed seven decrees against it, and threatened to flog any boy who entered the army without the consent of his parents, master or Guardian and also enacted severe penalties against those

who were instrumental in enticing them away. These fellows, had the impudence to quote a certain passage from an old musty record, which directs children to "Honor their father and mother that their days may be long on the land &c." pretending to infer from this that running away from parents without leave first had and obtained, to engage in "glorious war," to conquer (no body knew what,) was disobeying and consequently *dishonoring* parents. The measure at first, appeared a little high-handed to the *true blues*, to the advocates for the war, who were not in a situation to take a view of the whole ground. But it was soon shrewdly whispered in their ears that the *fathers* of such had manfully resisted every enticement to enlist, and shown themselves proof against every allurements to the field of danger, that it was probable that all their sons were true begotten in this respect, or if it otherwise happened, it would be easy to blow a little of the Bladensburgh panic into their tender breasts, which would be sufficient to embargo them in the paternal kitchen, until the war was over.

But in the midst of this cogitation-fever and project-labor, in popt a messenger with a treaty of PEACE, which it appeared had been signed at Ghent, on the 24th of December preceding.

Ye invisible beings, of mosquito penetration, whose eyes discern the motion of every nerve and muscle in man, relate, how many a heart that had been long depressed with fear, began to bound with hope and dance with exultation. Relate, how the sluggish blood which long since retreated to the hiding places of the heart, began from this moment to crawl along the clogged

reins, and resume its wonted office in the several systems of the assembled great ones.—

Within a few hours, all was confusion about the Wigwam. A host of whiskered gentry were seen dodging out and in and multitudes crowded around to know what the treaty contained. The mob were soon informed that it would be good manners for them to wait until *Uncle Sam* had first heard it. The long table was drawn out, and the Bladensburgh noblesse seated themselves around. Sangrado, as his duty was, stood behind *Uncle Sam's* chair in waiting. The Chief Steward having commanded silence, bade the Chief Clerk stand up and read the treaty.

Chief Clerk reads. "His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America, being desirous of terminating the war which has unhappily subsisted between the two countries"—

Uncle Sam. Hold Sir. It is of no use to read all that, preamble, I'll take my pocket-book and call for the matter as I want it. In the first place let me ask, how many articles have you in that thing—it looks long—quite a large paper.

Chief Clerk. Eleven Articles Sir.

Uncle Sam. Eleven, aye.—What! eleven, why that's more than we wanted. I have a memorandum of only six in my pocket-book. Now begin with the first article; that renounces forever his illegal blockades, I suppose.

Chief Clerk. No Sir, that relates to making Peace—

Uncle Sam. Peace, Peace? no need of that, war ceases of itself, when we leave off fighting: When we run away from the enemy; aye, Jacques?

Chief Steward. Why Sir, having declared war in due form, it was necessary we should declare peace with as much formality.

Uncle Sam. Aye, very well, read on, come, the Blockades!

Chief Clerk. The second article speaks of ratifying the treaty, and the time in which hostilities shall be considered as having ceased, with respect to the captures of vessels on the high seas. This article is a necessary consequence of the preceding.

Uncle Sam. Oh, very well, go on.

Chief Clerk. Article third treats of the exchange of Prisoners.

Uncle Sam. Very well, read on.

Chief Clerk. Articles fourth and fifth treat of running boundary lines anew.—

Uncle Sam. Boundary lines, what? Oh, aye so as to take in Canada I suppose, very well, read on. Come the Blockades! I have my thumb on it.

Chief Clerk. Articles seventh and eighth refer to boundaries also.

Uncle Sam. What, what, boundaries again, more territory! Sangrado, we shall have to make you Governor yet.

Chief Steward, (aside.) D——n that Pocket-book, I wish it was burnt.

Chief Clerk. Article ninth relates to hostilities with the Indian tribes. Article tenth treats of the abolition of the Slave trade. The last article relates to the mutual obligation of the Treaty on both the contracting powers.

Uncle Sam. What! what, have we not obtained a single thing we have been fighting for? What does all this

mean? Boundaries, Ratifications, Indians, Slaves, obligations? what, we didn't go to war for this trumpery! Blockade's, Sailors' rights, John Henry, what! have we no redress, what?

Chief Steward. Oh yes, my dear sir, we have obtained all we contended for. The blockades and orders in council are much the same thing. Bull rescinded his orders in council long since. With regard to sailor's rights he is dismissing his own sailors now, and sure when he has more sailors than he knows what to do with, he can have no motive to take ours: and with regard to John Henry, we have taken our satisfaction in playing the same game with Bull at a much greater rate, so that we may sett off even in that respect.

Besides we have acquired immortal honor in this war: look at the exploits of our Navy and the defence of New-Orleans, the defence of Fort Meigs and Stonington, the capture of Little York and the battle of Chippewa. The honor we have obtained alone, would well recompense us for all the charges of the war.

Uncle Sam. Exploits of the Navy! you must give Tom Boston credit for that. His brave tars have achieved every victory, that has been gained. Surely you won't have the brass to boast of the exploits of the Navy. Have you forgotten that you have been the deadly enemies of a navy all your days? That you turned Tom out of office for building it? Sangrado give me a glass of your Whiskey with a few of your Lethean drops in it—I grow faint.

While the Squire was administering the balsam of forgetfulness to the war-sick Knight,—in comes the Chief Scribe of the strong box with a huge bundle on his back. No Jew-Pedlar ever trudged beneath a hea-

vier load ; down goes the budget, when the scribe began to pull out and unrol a paper of much greater Longitude than Latitude, when the Knight with his usual importunity began to ask what he had—what it meant ? The Chief Scribe replied that it was an account Current, of his honors receipts and expenditures during the war.

Aye said Uncle Sam, read it let us hear how it sounds, don't be tedious now, just give us the round numbers, don't descend to the particular items.

Chief Scribe. The whole amount of expenditures, is two hundred millions of dollars ; for which we have in return, experience in the art of war, say fifty millions. The increased value of our Navy and Fortifications, say fifty millions more. Then there's the *Glory* we have acquired, no one will deny is worth at least one hundred millions more, and this balances the account.

Uncle Sam. Aye then we have done well ; we have the Peace, the Boundary lines, the pacification of the Indian tribes, and the ratifications as all clear gain—*neat profits*, aye Sangrado ? we've done very well, aye ?

Sangrado. But then we have lost Moose Island.

Uncle Sam. Aye, Moose Island, what is that worth ? What are a few roods of earth, to a whole continent of fame ! But what a strange thing is war ! How magical, how potent in its operations ! By two or three years of war, blockades become ratifications. Sailors rights boundaries ! And John Henry's plots are transmuted into abolition of the slave trade. Aye, but there's the *Glory*, that's the choicest part of the whole. Well, then I suppose I may take this bundle, and use it as occasion requires ; What papers are all these, so nicely folded which I see here in the "*Sacks mouth.*" Aye, *Glory Bills ! Drafts at sight, on immortality.* Wonderful met-

amorphosis! in former times we used to call just such things as these *Tax Bills*, but *Tempora mutantur*, times are changed.

During these transactions her ladyship and Sangrado expressed by significant smiles, their pleasure at seeing the complete delusion of Uncle Sam. Sangrado imputed it to the draught of Philosophic nectar which he had administered to him.

As Eneas, the Trojan prince, shouldered the shield on whose surface the fortunes of all his posterity were represented, so our Hero lifted the *portentous budget* on his shoulders amidst the mobocratic shouts of "glorious war;" little reflecting on the bitter sequel of its contents—regardless of the past as unconscious of the future. So nations pass down the beguiling stream of fate, the evil genius of the demagogue cries out "Breakers," and hurries them along until they have shot the "impassable gulph," when they look back with useless astonishment, and wonder how they came there. In a free government, the frequent recurrence of the elective power to the will of the people, would, if that will were well informed and unbiassed, ever prove a sufficient barrier against the efforts of a despot on the one hand, and the intrigues of the demagogue on the other. As in an absolute government, the Tyrant breaks the nation into factions, and attaches the least obnoxious and most powerful of them to his cause; so in a republican state, factions are created by ambitious, designing and crafty individuals, who hold up the *public welfare* as their sole object, and make the most ardent and disinterested professions. In the former case, the Monarch is the tyrant, in the latter the prevailing faction. Under these circumstances, when oppression reaches a definite point,

the choice of the weary and suffering multitude, usually settles down between the terminable ambition and measured revenge of an individual, and the inexorable malice of an incensed multitude.

No class of men of whatever party, can have any claim to the character of Statesmen, who have not a regular plan, some uniform system, the operations of which extend beyond the temporary exigences of the moment, and which in no case can contravene those principles, which form the basis of the government. Washington had a plan of finance general and uniform in its operations. The exceptions urged against some of its features, even *then* served, in the eyes of correct statesmen only to strengthen their conviction of its wisdom and its Justice; but it may be said with truth, that in putting the complex machine into operation, he was greatly assisted by that great statesman, Mr. Hamilton, whose profound and comprehensive views, were as admirably adapted to the exigences of that important crisis, as his principles and his integrity were pure and irreproachable. His impartial policy toward the different states of Europe, at an epoch more difficult than any we have since witnessed, kept us from being embroiled in their destructive conflicts. A different course of policy under the two last administrations toward these same nations, has written the wisdom of Washington in characters of blood, on the history of our country.

Washington knew that we were a commercial people, and he acted from that conviction. He saw a productive revenue arising from the multiplied operations of Commerce. He felt that in protecting Commerce, he fostered Agriculture. To this end, he never ceased to

recommend the gradual creation of a navy. His successor followed his example, until popular clamor silenced his efforts. Here then comes the awful chasm in our road to independence—to that independence on the smiles or the frowns of other nations, which whensoever occasion may demand, shall place us beyond the reach of their intrigues or their power. The Washington policy with respect to a navy, seems now fully justified. Political folly and wickedness has furnished the occasion; and over-ruling necessity has forever established the doctrine “that a powerful naval armament is essential to the independence of this country.” Nor has the correctness of the Washington system of finance and of revenue, been less the subject of historical demonstration. A direct tax was once reprobated from a principle of idle fear of a *possible evil*; it is now tolerated in a threefold pressure, as a necessary act to remedy past *wickedness* and *acknowledged folly*.

A standing army once presented a frightful bugbear to philosophic delicacy; it is now the harmless and rational armor of freemen, as little dangerous as the fowling piece of a gunner, or the rifle of a back-woodsman. Such are the strong colored results of our party struggles during an experiment of fifteen years. When demonstration takes the place of argument, truth is honored, although in the minority. History will look with peculiar complacency on the measures of Washington, and her approving criticism will fasten with delight on his extensive and liberal plans, at a crisis when experiment was dangerous, and miscarriage destruction.

Could truth record the same decision with regard to the policy of his successors, the advocates for hereditary governments, and limited monarchies, would even

at this early period of our history, be almost compelled to yield the argument in favor of our republican form, even on the score of experience. But unhappily Mr. Jefferson's ambition prompted him to aspire to the chief Magistracy, with more regard to the efficiency of the measures, necessary for the attainment of his object, than delicacy with respect to the morality of those measures, or the awful effect they were to have on our political institutions, and the public mind.

In comparison with the many distinguished characters whose important services at that period, claimed the reward of national gratitude, Mr. Jefferson stood but a slender chance. His revolutionary services were little more than votive and nominal. His hostility to the oppressive measures of the parent state which produced the rupture, was rather the effect of hatred, than the result of principle. His *courage* and *firmness* were purely of the *theoretical* cast, as the hour of trial abundantly proved.*

He came into office, therefore with his head full of projects and his heart of promises. For it was plain that the less he had already done, the more he was bound to offer. The more brilliant the career of his predecessors, so much the higher must rise his professions of attachment to the public welfare. And in this part of his duty public expectation was not disappointed. He had no sooner entered on the duties of his office, than he began to be rapidly delivered of his numerous *kind wishes* for the general good. Economy was his favorite measure; and this he carried to such a ludicrous extent that the "ears even of the groundlings"

* This alludes to his well known flight to Carter's mountain.

were split with his applause. To such an extravagant degree did he carry this darling measure, that it almost fixed the period for its own destruction. Discarding any expenditures for coast or maritime defence, it invited foreign aggression and insult : exposed us to the liberal contempt and ridicule of every petty maritime state in Europe, and laid in the course of events, the foundation of that scandalous Terrapin system, which consummated our shame and plunged us into war.

His gun boat system, that ridiculous monument of human folly, outlived all his other schemes. But it existed from necessity, as the only surviving partner of the navy ; it now forms one of the discarded items of philosophic weakness. His dry-dock plan scarcely survived the christening ; and his Canal-project was still-born. Public contempt has fixed the fate of economy for the present, from which the famous Gun-boat system finds a refuge only by its insignificance. Both these experiments have been very costly to the nation : the expenses of the gun-boat scheme, although immense have been paid off, and are no longer felt ; but we are doomed to taste the bitter fruits of Jefferson's economy for ages to come. But still asks the enquirer, are not parties useful in a republican government ? They are, most certainly when opposition is the result of attachment to *measures* and not to *men*. Its efforts then serve to make the ruling party watchful only for the *public welfare* ; not watchful to retain their *offices*. But an opposition formed on corrupt principles and from depraved motives, tends to deprave the *ruling party*, by conforming its measures of *defence* to those of *attack*.— Why then, and on what principles does the opposition to the present administration continue ? We answer :—

Because the present ruling party, when in the minority first receded from the main body; they declared their recession indeed to be the result of principle, of attachment to *measures* and not to *men*; we declared the motive a *corrupt* one. A revolution of fifteen years has brought us exactly back to the same ground, with respect to *measures*; yet their attachment to men continues; not to men as merely belonging to the *party*; but to the very men who first seduced that party from its allegiance and whose experiments have cost the nation so many millions and so many lives. If you condemn the treason, why do you retain the traitor in your service? But the traitor has reformed say you. Not on *your* hypothesis; he has *apostatized* from all the professions he has ever made. He has declared by his conduct that he became a partizan from corrupt motives, that he has *continued* so from corrupt motives until he had brought his Country to the brink of bankruptcy and ruin; and now to reward him for changing his principles, even when this change comes from the depraved purpose of saving his office, we are called on to give him our caresses and suffrages. Let the reformation be complete; if the Ostracism of the revolutionary patriots were an error, which is acknowledged *defacto*, recall them.

If you cannot restore the stolen goods and wasted property, punish the thief—if you cannot punish the thief, dismiss him from your service. Do not retain him merely to gratify your malice against those who have committed no other crime than endeavoring to prosecute the offender and bring him to justice. If it is bowing too much to vote for a man of political opinions opposite to your own, give your support to the

least exceptionable of your *own* party ; to those if you can find them, whose hands are not polluted with the speculation of the public treasure, and not stained with blood. "Oh ! you say, all men are imperfect ; it is all the love of office ; there is no such thing as disinterested patriotism on earth ; men are governed wholly by selfishness." This consequence you infer from your disappointment with respect to the men whom you have supported so long ; and perhaps also from the universal indifference manifested towards the late war. In the first instance you beg the question by drawing a general inference from a particular case ; and in the second, the experiment was an unfair one. Washington, Hamilton, Patrick Henry, Warren, Montgomery, and many others were Patriots ; (yet they all aspired to renown and were, in a certain sense, *selfish*,) and their names will appear on the page of history as patriots, long after the bickering of the present time shall be laid asleep, and on the same page the names of those privileged wretches who have tortured the nation with experiments, for fifteen years, will be recorded only as demagogues and as beacons for the warning of posterity.

We must now retire from the didactic to the historic department of our closing duty. The faithful Squire, at the promulgation of the treaty found himself saddled with the heaviest task that had ever yet been laid on him. It was indeed a bitter pill for high minded war hawks to swallow. But the doctor knew his patient. Her Ladyship, notwithstanding her seeming good cheer, was not the happiest personage in the family. The Chief Steward carried not a fig for the conclusion of the farce, so might he save but his office.— It becomes us to notice a remarkable change in Uncle

Sam's Lady. She has lately discarded all her former notions of parsimony and philosophic whims of economy, and has most graciously bestowed on herself a very splendid Salary, and whereas, formerly her family servants received only six dollars *per diem*, they now receive fifteen hundred, for each entertainment or levee she holds, to see company. Some have feared that these high wages would make her servants too independent and lazy and withall too proud to do the work of the kitchen and keep the *dishes* in order; but it must be recollected that since madam has very kindly taken on herself the duty of electing the Chief Steward, and in fact discharges the functions of two offices, she is certainly entitled to a stipend commensurate with her labors.

The Squire is a person of some acuteness and never is troubled with scruples of conscience. He did not lose the Governourship of Canada, for he never had it, even in expectation. He is one of those *twistical* and *twistable* beings, who can always serve all occasions, sail in all winds, and blow hot and cold, wet and dry through the same whistle.

SONG,

By the Squire.

FULL of valor, full of fire
 For honor did our hero pant;
 Sangrado was his faithful squire,
 Democracy his Rozinante.

With wind and types to storm a foe,
 No warrior e'er could beat him;
 And if towar'd danger ne'er he'd go,
 No danger sure could meet him.

If Bull again, his head should show,
 With slander we'll berate him ;
 And if we cannot kill the foe,
 We'll tan his hide *verbatim*.

And what's the use to storm and rave,
 That Canada's not taken ?
 The attempt we've made, alike doth save
 Our credit and our *bacon*.

We've conquer'd office, reason, shame,
 Fought truth and conscience down ;
 Drain'd the last cent from Uncle Sam,
 And turn'd him on the Town.

And what could *Jacks* and *Jemmies* do,
 To save a falling City ?
 But stay and have their hearts bor'd through
 With bullets !—What a pity !

A living *dog* to *lion* dead,
 King Solomon prefers ;
 And he for fame that gives his head,
 'Gainst fame hath shut his ears.

Some say that glory here below,
 Is *transient* in its nature ;
 Our Tax-Collectors yet shall show,
 'Tis form'd of *solid matter*.

Economy was once the toast,
 When we were leagu'd with *Bony* ;
 But Uncle Sam has turn'd *Jack tar*,
 And now he *spends his money*.

With Salt our glory-fund we use,
Our Clothing, Sugar, Rum,
Nor shall our children's children lose
The boon for years to come.

Bone of our bone shall glory be,
A debt redeeming trophy :
Our *Ladies* sip it in their tea,
And we, in Punch and Coffee.

'Till glory breed us valiant sons,
And yet unbreathing Beauties ;
The Tax Direct shall form their bones,
Their *flesh*, the Impost duties.

