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THE

REIGN OF REFORM,

OR,

YANKEE DOODLE COURT.



BY A LADY.



BALTIMORE :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORESS.

1830.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE object of this work is to “*shoot folly as it flies*”—and to check, if possible, the *violent spirit* of “*Reform,*” now so *indiscriminate* and so *alarming* to the interests of the country. That a *female* writer should thus oppose a *majority*, and attack even the “*Wise men of Gotham,*” (alone and unaided as she is,) may excite much astonishment—even among the *minority*; but she *fears naught*, when conscious of employing her pen in a *just* cause. And her *patriotic* ardour is not to be checked by even the *frowns* of those now in power. The “*proscribed*” and *insulted minority*, she thinks will *approve* her undisguised sentiments; and be gratified by seeing certain *great* personages delineated with *accuracy*—and placed in the *proper* light, so very essential to have effect; as to “*give the Devil his due,*” is ever allowed to be fair and *just*. To give *insulted patriotism* a *triumph*; and to endeavour to disperse the clouds of *prejudice*, which *calumny* so basely caused to partially obscure the

great *Western luminary*, of *Kentucky*; (whose "*integrity*," and *patriotism* has so vilely been called in *question*;) she deems also as *incumbent* on a writer whose pen has ever been devoted to the genuine ardour of *patriotism*. That the great Clay stands *unrivalled* in point of superior talent, as a *statesman*, cannot be *disputed*. His modest forbearance to his numerous *political defamers*, has at length proved the mild dignity of his character, and that exalted mind which his foes, through *envy* and *self-interest*, still labour to seclude from the admiration of the world. But the time is rapidly advancing, even in his *native State*, that will reinstate this (now a *favourite*) star of the West—in the conspicuous station which his merits and unrivalled talents demand. The excitement throughout the West is rapid and astonishing. Put down the new system of "*Reform*," and all will soon be well again. Appreciate and *reward* merit, talents, and *sterling* integrity, for the glory of the nation. *Retrieve* the honor of the American character in time to convince the world you can *discriminate*.—Be *unanimous* for the promotion of the *Great Clay*, and obtain a glorious triumph over the *Reign of "Reform"* and "*proscription*."—A "*Reign of terror*," to the country.

THE AUTHORESS.

Thompson

THE
REIGN OF "REFORM."

DIALOGUE

Between COL. HARDFARE, and MAJ. DAUNTLESS,
(two Revolutionary Patriots.) December,
1829.

COL. HARDFARE. Well, Major Dauntless, what news from the Capitol?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Ah! Col. worse and worse! His "*Hickory*" Majesty finds his *Club of Hercules*, not sufficiently formidable to keep off *vulgar* intruders from the *Yankee Doodle Court*, but has stationed his *life-guards*, like monarchs of Europe, to awe and intimidate all who have the presumption to assert their *claims* on his Highness' attention, and consideration. This is *republicanism* with a vengeance Col. The Yan-

kee Princes strut and swell their pompous figures like bull frogs in the fable; but it will be all over with them ere long, depend upon it. The *Palace* with all its spacious saloons and superb drawing-rooms can scarcely contain them. Those immense "*Parisian Mirrors*," reflect their Princely figures to *great* advantage. Even His "*Hickory*" *Highness*, steals a glance of self-complacency at his erect and formidable figure, while passing to and fro amid the crowd of parasites.

COL. HARDFARE. By the by Major, that is certainly a serious reflection for the *nation*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. It is indeed Col. Also, that Henry J., Prince of *Influence*, is the *royal favourite*, and consequently, the most influential character at Court, (Her *Immaculate Highness* the *Princess* of *Influence*, excepted,) but there is a long *Green Goblin Grim* figure glides to and fro in the *Palace*, and is to be seen at all hours there. It must gain admittance by some super-human means. The guards are quite passive at its approach, and stand back with the points of their bayonets lowered submissively. But, it speaks not! it looks not around! and with stern aspect and solemn step glides to and fro of late, to the *Royal closet*; where, no doubt, the most impor-

tant affairs of the nation are now deliberating; which a short time will *develope*.

COL. HARDFARE. Aye, Aye, Major, and *perfect* the "*Reform*."

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Yes, and with a vengeance! Col., there's no *mistake* in that, we may rest assured. The *Green Goblin* is never at rest. It is most active now in defending itself against accusations from opponents, who are getting more numerous and powerful than is deemed *safe* in the present order of things at the great City; where the *Green Goblin* thinks he has an unquestionable right and privilege, being *privy* counsellor, (Lord *deliver* us!) at Court. What a happy faculty it is Col. to be able to see further than one's *nose*; and the *Green Goblin* does not want for *prominency* and *length* in that very dignified, and remarkable feature, it must be indisputably admitted. Some men have impudence enough to impose *superficial* acquirements on the world, but there is no *mistake* in this Grim personage, although his form is,

————— "long and lank,"

He moves upon a *sinewy* shank."

Sterling talents and *integrity* are so very rare

and inestimable at this day, and so very requisite to serve the "*Reform*," that we must all reverence with *due* submission, this Grim Personage.

COL. HARDFARE. A most *formidable* Court Goblin, or inquisitor, truly; and one who is, in some measure, a suspicious and dangerous one; as envy and *low cunning* is ever assiduous and indefatigable in persecuting *genuine* merit, talent and "*Integrity*," in those whose *lustre* serves to expose his Goblin deformity of character, while his Goblinship is labouring to *vilify* his superiors throughout the nation. As you have been apparently a close observer at Court, Major, you can inform me what is now said of the favorite *Princess*, who has already made such a noise in the country.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Yes, Col. if you mean that very delicate "*bone of contention*," the (*Immaculate*) Princess Rosilia, I can assure you, there is but little else thought of at present; than the *virtues* of that "*amiable* woman," as His "*Hickory*" Highness is pleased to pronounce her; she is the fashionable theme of conversation at Court and in the great City. His Highness' infatuation, may, however, be tolerated, in some measure, as *military* characters, we know, are generally cele-

brated for gallantry; particularly in the *earlier* part of life, and it is certainly a pleasing recollection. You, or I, Col. would even *now* be gallant men, (at *fourscore* years) were there an "*amiable woman*" in question, you know——therefore——ha! ha! ha! Col.

COL. HARDFARE. Pshaw! Major, I don't see the necessity, or *propriety* of an "*amiable woman*" thus turning the head of the nation; and becoming ridiculous and a *reproach* to the Government.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. *Policy*, my dear Col. dictates that the good qualities of the Princess *Immaculate* should be extolled; and *gratitude* that her virtues shall be vindicated. There is a "*wheel within a wheel*," in the cabinet at this time, we may rest assured. This very *loyal* lady has a *claim* on his "*Hickory*" Highness, because she is *persecuted*; and for the most powerful of all reasons, because she is *thought* still young and beautiful.

COL. HARDFARE. She is the modern Helen, it seems, who is to revolutionize the country. Truly, Major, I doubt whether this very delicate "*bone of contention*," will reflect much *honor* on her champions. I've no idea of *petticoat* govern-

ment. Give a *woman* the reins, and she'll drive us all to the *Devil* in a twinkling, by Jove!

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, Col. and with a vengeance? By Jupiter! this should be a matter of deep consideration. — A *woman* to cause contention in the Cabinet, be she ever so “*young and beautiful*,” (and an “*amiable*” woman also,) is like *Pandora's box* opened upon us, with a vengeance, by the God of War! It is well there is no *Menelaus* now to dispute the fair prize with *Paris*. But who is the Achilles, think you, who will challenge Hector? There is gallantry and valor enough yet to protect an “*amiable woman*” no doubt, notwithstanding the frailties of human nature. But, by the God of War, Col. we will not have a *ten year's* siege of it, they may rely on it. The “*bone of contention*” can, and *will*, be put aside, in a much shorter time, and the business *finally* settled, as there are more weighty concerns of the nation to be adjusted at this time, it is very evident, than thus wrangling about an “*amiable woman*.” By Jupiter! Col. what will *Europe* think and say about our *Yankee Doodle Court*? The most ludicrous imitation of *sovereignty* ever exhibited. A stigma on the character of *Republicanism*. O Hercules! what a reign of “*Reform!*” What a “*Retrenchment!*”

COL. HARDFARE. Ah! Major, we live in a *memorable* era! Posterity will profit by the *wisdom and talent* of the present Reign.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, Col. and we may add *Integrity*, you know, as we are convinced it is genuine, among the Princes of "*Reform*," who will all protect an "*amiable woman*." By Jupiter, Col. I would sooner command a regiment of Poltroons, than *be* commanded by a *silly woman*, scarcely above *mediocrity* at the present day. What astonishing infatuation!

COL. HARDFARE. So you will not "*strike your colours*" yet, Major Dauntless. What will you *do*?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. "*Strike my colours!*"—Col. Hardfare? D——n it, I'll *die!* first. I am Major *Dauntless*, and will never *disgrace* my name. I was not born to *cringe* to those in power, nor to *flatter* them. I am a blunt old soldier, and I know my duty to my country and to my God! I hate hypocrisy, and resist *oppression*. I fear no *man*—no—by the God of War!—nor *woman* either.

COL. HARDFARE. Bravo! Major *Dauntless!* the spirit of '76, that can challenge the *imbecility* of the present day to advantage. But what have you there?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Let me read it, and then judge for yourself. I picked up these scraps in various parts of the great City, and have reserved them as *tit bits* for my leisure hours, to share with my friends, and the lovers of *justice*. Possibly they were dropt by some of the court visiters at *levees*. I've quite a large collection of them, as you see, Col. and all *highly* seasoned for your palate and *mine*; and I may with confidence assert that they will be relished in a very *short* time by a *large* majority, among *political epicures*. Hear this for example :

“When a *Fly* retires to bed,
 He rests his tail above his head.”
 So in this “*Hickory*” *turn out* day,
 The *rabble* have the sovereign sway.
 But soon there'll be a *change* of times,
 And *greater* names will grace our rhymes.
 When those *turned out*, will be *turned in*,
 And what they've lost—be *sure to win*.”

COL. HARDFARE.—There's something to *hope* for yet Major.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, aye, Col. Hardfare, there's no “*mistake*” in that, we may rest satisfied. All in *good time* yet, Col. Here is another ragout still more *highly* seasoned :

“May the *Clay of Kentucky*, fine porcelain soon,
 Be produced to grace this Royal City!
 When tough Hick’ry no longer enjoying the boon,
 So *abused!* but *dismissed* without pity.
 When tyrants are “*hoisted on shoulders of friends,*”
 To great honors the first in the nation.
 And then are *ungrateful!* why thus it soon ends,
 In their permanent, sore degradation.
 Then Hurrah! for the *Clay of Kentucky!* refin’d!
 Hurrah! for the *Statesman!* the *scholar!*
 Let’s vote for the man who has *manners* and *mind*,
 More discreet than the *victim of Cholera*.
 Hurrah! for the *Clay of Kentucky*’s the cry!
 The *Hawks of the Palace*, will soon have to *fly!*

COL. HARDFARE. Ha! ha! ha! Bravo! Major Dauntless—this is not the composition of a *coward*. What next have you to the glory of the *Yankee Doodle Court?*

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. The composition of a *coward?* no—by the God of *War*, Col. Hardfare—it is a *bold* attempt, and the six *concluding* lines are admirable—Mark this Col., “the *Hawks of the Palace.*” Ha! ha! O d—n ’em!—I could shoot some of them myself. They are revelling in luxury and splendour equal to any Court in Europe, while thousands of *honest* Republicans

are literally starving. This is Liberty and Equality with a vengeance in our government—by Jupiter. Alas! my country! I fear that the principles of '76 are rapidly vanishing from among us. A few years more—but I shall not live to see it, thank God! The lustre of “*Virtue, Liberty and Independence!*” will be tarnished and disgraced—when ambition and dissimulation destroys integrity and patriotism! I deprecate the principles of the present day—“Principle in proportion to *Interest!*” is the motto of too many. Where was the American during the Revolution—who would not have been ashamed to have *avowed* this?

COL. HARDFARE. Truly, Major, this is an unexpected revolution in National affairs. The people have been gulled, in many instances, by those in power. Corruption, we know, is a growing evil among us. But this, we are assured, is the administration of *Justice* and “*Reform.*”

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. “*Reform!*” aye, with a *vengeance*, I say Col. *Hardfare*. “*Retrenchment!*” to perfection! O Jupiter! and Mars! look at the *gorgeous Palace!* The lofty pillars of the *new portico!* The magnificent and almost *regal* splendour of the *East* room. The richness and extravagant profusion of the furniture. Those

immense Parisian mirrors! and all to do honor, and to pamper the ambition of the chief Ruler of a *free* people. O Hercules! Could not the plain old "*Tennessee Farmer,*" have been satisfied with what his *predecessors*, (who were all infinitely greater than *he*,) thought sufficient, ere these *modern* improvements were thought of? Is not the "*Hero of Orleans!*" sufficiently compensated in being *Chief* magistrate of a *free* people, without the ostentatious display of *regal* magnificence? O blind infatuation! Deluded votaries of a *modern Cæsar!* Offer yet the *crown* and *sceptre* to your Idol—will he *reject* it! think ye? * * * * * O my country!—*one step* more—and your glory is tarnished *indelibly!* Freedom's bright smile will be banished forever!

COL. HARDFARE. God forbid! good Major!—the very idea, rouses the fire of Patriotism, and true *Republican* feeling in the breast of Revolutionary veterans. Would to God the *rising* generation could appreciate our patriotic energy! You are a genuine pupil of the good old *Republican* school, Major Dauntless—it is much to be lamented that the class to which you belong is now so *diminished*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. We are *told*, Col. *Hardfare*, that this is the Reign of "*Reform.*" Are the servants of the public to be scoffed at? Of what avail is *Integrity* at the present day? *Knavery* can put itself above honesty, by flattering those in power. But "*Liberty and Equality*" is the motto we inherit from the founders of our rights. The "*people*" will rule, and not a *party*; and will not be thus imposed on by the *imbecility* of those who now *arrogate* the right to do so. Old as I am, I would help to drive *oppression* from the helm of Government, ere I will witness the progress of injustice and *political partiality*. "*Rights of man*" is the privilege of a *free* people. No *party violence* to remove men of *sterling integrity*—to be supplanted by *ignorance* and *dishonesty* at the expense of the government.

COL. HARDFARE. True, Major Dauntless, "*Bargain and Intrigue*" are but too apparent *now*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. *By the God of War*, Col. *Hardfare*, it is too apparent to be *screened*. The enemy are "*foiled with their own weapons*" at last. They will be in a sad *dilemma* ere long, take my word for it. They have already got into a *quagmire* from which it will be extremely

difficult to extricate themselves; even with their extraordinary *military* prowess—and they may yet be compelled to appeal for a helping hand to those whom they now endeavor to *crush*. But they have encroached too far on the rights and privileges of the *minority*, and can therefore expect no mercy, or indulgence. It will be an *overwhelming* torrent, Col.—rest assured, retaliation with a *vengeance*. By Jupiter! and Mars!

COL. HARDFARE. How have they obtained such an ascendancy at the *Yankee Doodle Court*, Major, to *appoint* and *dismiss* from office whomsoever they *please*, at any time?—Court favours are *precarious*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Yes, by Hercules! Col. when we must depend on the caprice of a *woman*. You must know, there is a *fair medium* now at the *Yankee Doodle Court*, when offices and promotion can be obtained to a *certainty*—a very important *Court* secret, of which you shall be informed by and by, Col.

COL. HARDFARE. That would certainly be very desirable at present Major, for a vast number of *disappointed* applicants.—But, we may presume it would be of no avail for the now “*proscribed*,” who are doomed to languish out their

tedious days until a *prospect* opens to cheer their despondency. At *present*, the scene is extremely dull—enough to “*hang and drown*”—oneself.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Their despondency will be but of *short* duration, Major *Hardfare*—for the consolation of the oppressed. For, although the *Immaculate Princess of Influence* has unlimited sway (at *this* time at Court) in the distribution of *lucrative offices*—which a certain “*insignificant animal, in the shape of a human being, with the skin drawn over it’s bones,*” * can testify, from experience. But how long its elevation will be supported, is not difficult to surmise, as it is rumoured that the *War* has already begun in the *Great City*, and will not subside until they have all turned to *Clay!* Huzza! Col.

COL. HARDFARE. Bravo! Major, but that would be a revolution *unlooked* for—truly—and would be “*plague, pestilence, and famine!*” to those *now* in power—would it not? think you?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, and with a *vengeance*, Col. we may rest assured. It is very certain that there will be a great *explosion* ere long in our Government, and then all the affairs of the nation will have to be *set to rights* by an entirely *new set*

* A late Editor, and Government Printer, at Harrisburg—*Sir Lying Sneak*.

of politicians. 'This paper, which I picked up one day, a few weeks since, on my way to the Palace, (where I repaired many days in succession, but to *no purpose*, to obtain an interview with his "*Hickory*" Highness,) will elucidate a great deal, and portends more than they are *aware* of at Court—hear it :

1

Last night I saw a Goblin Grim,
 'Twas haggard ! pale ! 'twas tall and slim !
 All hearts might *quake* to look at him !

It *silently* did glide !

Yet, in its visage, wild and pale,
 There was portray'd a look of wail,
 That something grievous will assail
 Some evil will betide.

2

The Court, where all so joyous now,
 Before His Majesty all bow,
 As thus impell'd to take a vow

To perfect the "*Reform*."

To *turn all out* of ev'ry place,
 Who do the present *Reign* disgrace,
 Not having all, a "*Hickory*" face,
 To take the world by *storm*,

3

Brave ev'ry ill for *int'rest* sake,
 And for an *office*—*honor* stake!
 The *bread* from mouths of others take,
 To gain their *own* promotion.
 By paying Court to *Hickory* lords—
 Whose *pompous* aspect, mirth affords,
 To those who now must *sheath* their swords,
 And bend in due devotion.

4

Those who are now "*minority*,"
 May soon be the *majority*!
 In *turn*, assert authority;
 As each must have their day.
 Then *vice versa* be "*Reform*."
 For *great* will be the coming storm;
Thousands of hearts are growing warm
 To mould a King of *Clay*!

5

Tho' "*Hickory Clubs*" are stout we know,
 And formidable at each blow;
 Yet soon the "*mighty* are laid low!"
 When *justice* holds the sword.
 Which proud oppression soon will feel,
 And to their *conquerors*, forc'd to kneel!
 Nor for protection can appeal,
 When "*Liberty*" 's the word!

Not "*pointed bayonets*" will avail,
Insulted rights, will then prevail,
 The gorgeous Palace to assail,
 And force the proud to *yield!*
 Not *looks of sternness* will repel,
 Insulted patriots! who will tell
 Their *wrongs*—nor yet, "*their country sell!*"
 When justice takes the field!

Bravo! there's for you, Col. Hardfare, what think you of that?

COL. HARDFARE. I certainly admit, Major, that the oppressed and insulted "*minority*" have spirit enough, to have a *perfect "Reform"* of their *own* making ere long, to astonish and confound the *Yankee Doodle Court*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, and with a *vengeance* Col., rest assured. The tide is now nearly at an *ebb*, and will *turn*, rely on it. Then, what a weeping and wailing, and a *scampering* there will be in the Palace, and among the sycophants who are privileged to visit the Royal family. The Goddess of *Liberty* will yet protect the *struggling* votaries who invoke her aid, and we shall yet take the field in *triumph*. Huzza! the *present* incumbents of the Palace will be glad to evacuate

ere *three* years expire, and *one* and *all* write on their cards—"D. I. O."

COL. HARDFARE. What do you mean by that, Major? will you give a solution of that enigma—"D. I. O."

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, aye, Col. "*P. D. Q.*" I assure you as they say in the *Great City*, among the *ton* and the *mushroom* nobility, at *Yankee Doodle Court*. This "*D. I. O.*" you must know, Col. *Hardfare* is a *fashionable* phrase, or *embellishment* on a card—when dangling *office*-seekers have lost patience at Court, and have ultimately been *rejected*—then, "*D. I. O.*" or (to define it more satisfactorily) "d—n it! I'm off!"—is very appropriate, and I should add "*P. D. Q.*"—i. e. *Pretty d—n'd quick,*" in *such* a case. So will the phrase justly apply to the "*Hawks of the Palace*" you know, when an unexpected Revolution in public sentiment takes place. The *majority* must always rule, we know—and that will be the case with the now "*proscribed*"—rely on it.—"Whatever is, is *right.*"—Col. And the political *partiality* and unjust rigour of the present "*reign*" will chastise and "*Reform*" itself in due time.

COL. HARDFARE. True, Major,—and a ludicrous elucidation you have given, of those myste-

rious *Initials*. Yet very apropos—when a party is *vanquished*, we know.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. You have no idea I see Col. of the extreme *refinement* that prevails at our *Yankee Doodle Court*, where the Princess of *Influence*, the *Immaculate* Rosilia presides. That “*amiable* woman”—who thus astonishes and perplexes the nation. This “D. I. O.” is a favorite phrase of her *Immaculate* Highness, when she amuses herself, with the woful looks of poor *disappointed* office petitioners at Court. But it would certainly have the most ludicrous effect to be seen on her *Immaculate* Highness’ *own* cards ere the expiration of another *year*. Don’t you “smell a rat,” Col.?

COL. HARDFARE. Yes, I comprehend, Major. But had no idea of the very ludicrous solution.—What else have you in that enormous packet?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. You shall know the contents by and by Col. Have patience, while I comment on each as I read. Now for another *delicious morceau* :

“To Her *Immaculate* Highness—Rosilia the Princess of *Influence*, these lines are most devotedly addressed.”

Fair honor’d Princess! may we pay to you;
The tribute of the *heart*! thy virtue’s due!

Tho' *high in power!* yet thou dost lowly bend
 To soothe the *office-seeker's* heart! a friend,
 To those who seek your *aid*. A guiding star,
 To those (who else,) would sure have wander'd
 far

From *fortune's* favors: but thy smiles do cheer
 The darkest hour! and dry misfortune's tear!
 Thy *sympathy*—our boundless gratitude
 Awakens! Princess! may we yet obtrude
 A moment longer on thy notice here?
 May this, and every succeeding year,
Increase of power to thyself, and thine,
 Perpetuate: and thus unrivalled shine,
 In *worth* and beauty—tho' thy foes combine,
 With envy, malice, and injustice, base!
 To assail the virtue which they'd feign efface!
 Yet now thy "*day of triumph!*" does appear,
 And those who've most annoyed—have most
 to fear.

Thus persecuted merit ever gains
 Ascendency: and envy, for its pains,
 When quite defeated, passively remains.
 Thus o'er your foes—may be your triumph ever!
 Prosperity and *power* be yours forever!"

There's for you Col. Her *Immaculate* Highness
 the theme of all the rhyming *puppies* of the day,
 because she is an "*amiable*" woman.

COL. HARDFARE. Bravo! Major, how admirable! what loyal subjects this charming Princess has secured! Prince Henry J. is certainly an enviable man.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Yes, his Imperial Highness has an excellent help-mate, that is evident. She takes much of the trouble off his hands, of procuring offices for all the insignificant puppies and coxcombs who pay their court to her Immaculate Highness. Particularly if they are *a la mode* and have some "*Canaries*" previously conveyed in a mysterious manner to the Princess; not omitting the requisite invocation to the *muses*, who will favor their suit. O Jupiter! *Petticoat* Government! "*Canaries!*" and *poetic* effusions! Too effeminate to reflect much honor on a "*military chieftain!*" But, we must believe it to be the Reign of "*Reform,*" Col. Hardfare, and almost perfect, by an *infallible proscription*.

COL. HARDFARE. *We*, certainly bear testimony Major, of the salutary effects of "*Reform.*"— And there are *hundreds* who are as lamentable a proof of the *new* system. The Princes of the Royal Cabinet, are very *assiduous*, no doubt, Major in their respective duties.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. No "*mistake*" there Col.

though some persons have the presumption to say “there is much ado, about *nothing*”—among them. But we know, that the Duke of *Intrigue* is indefatigable in *his* station, (for the welfare of the *country*, there is not a *doubt* ; and *almost* as good a politician as Prince Henry J. Though some say he is *superior* in many respects. By the by Col. that Prince of *Influence* is a man of some judgment in the affairs of the nation.—A man of profound *erudition*—as we have incontestible proofs—from various *eloquent compositions*, befitting a Prince of the Royal cabinet, and the *favorite* of His Majesty. His *Influential* Highness is considered a perfect *Chesterfield* in politeness and refinement, (and next to the Duke of *Intrigue*,) the most sagacious of any among the Princes of the Reign. He “plays his cards” *admirably*, and, like his competitor, will assuredly *win* every game in which he is engaged. The Duke of *Intrigue*, is also a *keen* observer of men and manners. Keeps an eye to his *own* interest—(and faith Col. where is the man who does *not* ?)—It is *essential* at this day.—And if a *Crow* is such a fool as to be cheated out of her *cheese* through the insinuating wiles of the crafty Fox, it should not be matter of much *surprise* ; as Reynard is famous for sagacity—and can-

not incur censure for seeking his *own* interest and promotion—even at the expense of those whom he condescends to *flatter*. By this *political* course, he conciliates friends—a *wise* plan, Col.—for “time of *need*,” though a man is even high in power, this world is perpetually changing; and a man scarcely knows, now a days when he is on the *right* side of the hedge. Perhaps *Green Goblin* thinks so too, if he would but *confess* it, although, the formidable Editor is elevated to the dignified station of *privy* counsellor to His “*Hickory*” Highness. Hear this, and then you will know something more of what is thought of the *political* character of the *Grim Personage*.

“*To Green Goblin Grim.*”

The writer of this, wishes to correct an *error* in a note you received some weeks since, wherein it was stated, that she was then *decidedly in favor* of the present administration. It is wished to be *now* understood, that she is *decidedly opposed* to the existing executive, when there is neither principle, nor *common civility*, evinced by those in power toward their most zealous advocates. Therefore, *ingratitude* hath changed the sentiments of more than *one* who recently would have risked their lives in the cause.

For *yourself*, Green Goblin, you have shewn no great share of *politeness*, or *Republican* feeling, to have received the several productions of an *American* Authoress, as a *compliment*, and not even to deign an *Editorial notice*, or an acknowledgment of the favor, or *honor* of her attention in having called on you, (though *not at home*,) when she left her compliments and the works. But they were treated with *contemptuous silence*, (which, it is now ascertained, is not incompatible with your character.) Possibly you anticipate a *change* in the administration, and think it most politic to *suppress* those works; as you will, of course, proportion *principle to interest*."

What think you of *that*, Col. *Hardfare*?

COL. HARDFARE. I think Major, that it evinces a spirit of *independence* and *intrepidity*, that an *American* Authoress has an unquestionable right to exercise over a *self-interested*, and contemptible Editor.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. There is more than *one* "self-interested and contemptible Editor," now imposing on the credulity of their admiring friends of the Cabinet. Let them beware—ere they are *duped*. Hear this:

To His Highness, Henry John, Prince of Influence,
(the Royal Favorite.)

“Prince Henry J. is advised by a *friend* to beware of a *Serpent* in the Garden of Eden, and to have an eye to his *domestic* happiness. A reptile, who would traduce *respectable* females, to ingratiate himself with most consummate assurance, into favor with the Princess of *Influence*, and with the certainty of effecting his diabolical purpose, should be spurned as a *pest* to society, and may be admitted *once* too often. Prince Henry J. may rest assured, that this is not “mere *woman’s*” affairs. “*Canary*” birds sing sweetly, yet *Serpents* can charm them. It will be well if a reptile does not charm what is of more consequence to your Highness than a “*Canary.*””

COL. HARDFARE. Bravo! Major, this *caps the climax*. Ha! ha! ha!—what *more* have you there?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. I hope you don’t *wish* more, on that subject, Col. It is sufficient, if properly *understood*; and you know—“a word to the *wise*, is sufficient.”

COL. HARDFARE. True, but *who* do you suppose is the wily serpent alluded to in this mysterious paper?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Whom *would* you suppose but a *Lying Sneak*, recently a crony of *Green Goblin Grim*. A *banished* Editor from Pennsylvania now in office (in an inferior station) at the *Great* city, through the influence of the Princess *Immaculate*, who, moved by the sweet pleadings of two pretty "*Canaries*," to which was added that of a more *irresistable* nature, a portion of the intoxicating essence of *Court* adulation—(now quite the ton) to secure her Highness' *favor*.

COL. HARDFARE. You astonish me Major. Is there really such *imbecility* at the helm of Government? What a *deplorable* crisis! by Jupiter! for the country!

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. A *melancholy* fact, Col., and there is yet something truly *ludicrous* in the state of affairs at Court, and in the Cabinet. But it will soon take a *turn*—and their *gay* times of *folly* will be over.

COL. HARDFARE. How are they getting on in the *Great* City—and among the *Ladies* of the Cabinet, as it respects friendship and harmony among themselves? I hear of some *strange* occurrences.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. As to *friendship*, Col., do

not, I pray you, disgrace the sacred word by applying it *there*. And, as to *harmony*, it is merely understood as *discord* in their vocabulary. But, as a “house *divided* against itself, cannot stand securely,” so we may soon see it demolished and a better one supply its place. The *sooner* the better for the country. You have no idea of the state of society among the *Royal Family*, at present. His “*Hickory*” Highness finds it extremely difficult to keep them on terms of *common civility*. There is so much *distinction* to be observed among the royal *females*, it is positively enough to *disgust* a man, and weary the patience and forbearance of a Saint. There’s the *devil* to pay among them at this time I assure you, and all about an “*amiable* woman.” A source of perpetual wrangling, discord, and jealousy. Their *female* Highnesses are all up in arms—and keep a continual buz like a swarm of bees, about the *privileges* of the Princess of Influence. His “*Hickory*” Highness has to extend his Royal protection, or she would have had her beautiful *eyes* picked out long ago.—There’s the Lady “*Reform*,” the only *female* friend and champion of Her *Immaculate* Highness—among the whole Cabinet whom the fair Princess can rely on as *immutable*. The

others (*en masse*) have taken a "*decided stand in arms*" against Her Highness—and such an attack will puzzle even her Military protector, with all his *generalship*, to parry, even when aided by his *Royal* friend, who has already descended from the dignity of his station to redress the wrongs of the *Immaculate* Rosilia, because *he* asserts, she is an "*amiable* woman," and who will presume to *question* it? The Dutchess of *Aspiring*,* has been the greatest opponent in the female ranks against the fair and *Immaculate* Princess of Influence—and that, perhaps, because she is the *Royal favorite*; and the dignified Dutchess, cannot tolerate such *mushroom* Royalty—and from such a *vulgar* origin. So Her Grace has wisely *with-drawn* from Court, (although the Palace was never so magnificent as at present,) and retired to a *remote* spot, in all her characteristic dignity of deportment, that so much *annoyed* the fair Princess of Influence—who appears so beautifully *insipid*, and *insignificant* in the presence of Her Grace, the accomplished and spirited Dutchess. If aught can wound the *pride* and *sensibility* of the Princess *Immaculate*, it is the *ineffable scorn* of the noble Dutchess of *Aspiring*; who openly avows her hostility to Her *Immaculate* Highness—

* Hon. Mrs. C—h—n.

and will not be contaminated by the same *atmosphere*. There's *female* spirit for you Col.—by Jupiter! I admire it!—A woman of *good sense* and genuine *wit*, can support her dignity to advantage, and make a pretty *novice* in Court polish and etiquette—look very *ridiculous*—but the fair Princess evinces extreme sensibility, on some occasions—the tears of *beauty* are irresistible—the *toughest* heart is ever moved to compassion and sympathy. Faith Col., I don't know that mine, old and rugged as I am, could be hardened against an "*amiable* woman." We all have our *weak* side—and you know—that a man—is but a *man*—after all—and—

COL. HARDFARE. And—a *woman* is but a *woman* we know, Major—but—

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Human nature is not perfect, we know—and therefore—

COL. HARDFARE. We should have Christian charity for each other's failings.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Most certainly, good Col. but there should be *humility* and *contrition* (in some degree) to excite the sympathy and interest of the charitably disposed part of the world. Whereas, there is evidently too much arrogance, and consciousness of indisputable sway; to con-

ciliate many friends; even for an “*amiable woman*.” But the Princess of Influence knows the world—and says it is a “crooked path,” to get through. No doubt she has been entangled in many a *labyrinth* in her sojourneyings. By the by, Her Immaculate Highness is no *chicken*, I can assure you—Col. she “wears well” in the common phrase, has an *imposing* manner, and which, by the by, is assumed on certain occasions, as important to gain her point. Which is certainly a faculty, few among her female opponents in the cabinet can boast. She is now at the very *pinnacle* of power so long as it *lasts*—and an “*amiable woman*,” can surely philosophise amid some “*crooked*” paths, who has *Majesty* to support her on one side, and Henry J., Prince of *Influence*, on the other, and both *military* characters into the bargain! Bravo! Col., Hurrah! for the *army*!—the *military* carry the day!—*Love* and *Valor* rewarded!—Huzza! Col.

COL. HARDFARE. Why do you cry “Hazza! Col.?” I am only Col. *Hardfare* you know, and have no “*amiable woman*” to console *me* for being thrust out of office—to make room for—

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye—for a *rogue*, who could *lie* himself into your place, by flattering the follies and imbecility of those who have power

to promote him! Never mind Col., all will be *right* again in a little time.

COL. HARDFARE. Perhaps so—but not for *me*, I am forgotten now at Court. But there are some who may yet bask in fortune's favors, through the *influence* of the *fair medium*—we may suppose, and obtain eligible situations from Government, since they need not despair with the help of "*Canaries*," you say—nor yet need *we*, Major—

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. D——n the "*Canaries!*" Col. and the "*fair medium*" may go to the D—l for *me*. I have too much *honesty* to cringe or *bribe* for an office. I fought the battles of my *country*, and if that does not entitle me to a living in my *native* land—let me *starve*, while *rogues* fatten and flourish on the portion of honest men. And this, they impose on us as "*Reform*"—but the day of *retribution* will arrive. Many, like myself, have dragged out weeks and months in the metropolis to no purpose, but to leave what *cash* they took with them to circulate among the greedy citizens, who have become like *sharks*, since the present administration has rendered the circulation of specie so scarce. I could not get a *five* dollar United States' bill changed on my arrival early in the season, but for mutilated

rags of *corporation* currency, which will soon be of no more value than our continental bills after the Revolutionary war. This is a “tough *Hickory*” time, truly! even in the *Great City*—where hundreds of good men are also “*turned out*” to starve, because they did not contribute to the elevation of an *Idol*, who is now worshipped by an infatuated party, who will soon repent their folly, as the “*Hickory*” club, is transformed to a *rod of iron*. Some of the party have recovered their senses in time to save their *credit*—and we may soon see a complete revolution in the *Cabinet*, and honesty, and modest merit rewarded.—Huzza! for a *triumph*!

COL. HARDFARE. Well, truly Major, these are great proceedings at the *Great city*, I have formed a *droll* idea of *Yankee Doodle Court*. Come, let us drink bumpers (of *cider*, mind you, for we can afford no champagne or *madeira* now we are “*proscribed*”) to the *downfall* of the present administration of political *injustice* and oppression. Thank God, I can sleep *soundly* in my humble mansion, far from the cares, and broils, and turmoils of a *Court*. Eat my *crust*, and drink the produce of my orchard.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Yes, Col. Hardfare, you have yet possession of what, even *Royalty* cannot

deprive you; a *conscience*, clear as this glass of sparkling *cider*, which, with this *brown* bread, the *staff of life*, and this *chunk of cheese*, will prevent that fashionable disease *dispepsia*—which should only torment a *Court*. I should have caught it myself, or rather it would have caught *me*—had I become a *favoured* visitor there. So I console myself for reverse of fortune; swallow our *hard* fare, and sleep soundly without an *anodyne*. Good night Col. *Hardfare*, remember Major Dauntless's philosophy.

CHAPTER II.

COL. HARDFARE. Good morning Maj. *Dauntless*, how did your old bones rest last night, after your long journey to this quiet valley, and after our political repast? I suppose that Morpheus visited you *uninvoked* with his poppies, and afforded you a pleasing respite?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Yes, Col. a sound constitution and a *clear conscience*, is the greatest blessing in life. Even amid reverse of fortune, and abject poverty itself, *these* can soothe and remunerate us. And if we are forgotten by the world, since Dame Fortune, or *Court* favor has forgotten us, why should we repine, when our journey of *life* is so near at an end. Though it is certainly cruel to be thus curtailed by "*proscription*"—we are those of *other* days—the times that "*tried men's souls!*" But their toils! their struggles! are forgotten amid the *luxury* and *ingratitude* of the present day. Thank God! Col. we are drop-

ping into oblivion like the "*autumnal leaves*" of the forest! *We* soon must mingle with the *dust* of the land for which we *fought*! A few—a *very* few more winters! and not a *vestige* will remain of the *patriotic* defenders of the soil!—Oh! my *Country*! my *Country*! How dear to the heart of the soldier, is the soil for which he *bled*! my *dying* benediction shall be thine! although (I almost *choak* to utter it!) I am unrequited in *helpless age*, and reverse of fortune, in the land for which I fought and *bled*, in the ardour of youthful patriotism! But, let it pass!—yet, ah! Col. Hardfare, I fear that the love of *power* is a growing evil among the great—*Self* interest! injustice! dissimulation! and all the catalogue of evils prevailing, since the great! the Immortal Washington! (the only *true* father of his country!) has been taken from us! My soul is sick of the *contrast*. Let me sink to rest!—There is nought *now* worth living for!—let a *devoted* Patriot *die*!—and be *forgotten*!

COL. HARDFARE. Heaven forbid! good Major *Dauntless*, that the signal services of the *Revolutionary* Heroes, should be obliterated from the remembrance of *all* Americans! True, we live but to regret the *errors* and *follies* of the present

day. But the storm of oppression may soon subside, and all be well again.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Heaven grant it may, Col. But what think you of the *ingratitude*, as well as injustice, that prevails at Court?

COL. HARDFARE. That we ought to know is, a matter of *course*, good Major! why should that surprise you? It has *ever* been the case we read, in the history of *all Courts*—and why should we suppose our *Yankee Doodle Court*, would not endeavour to exhibit a *perfect imitation* of Royalty? *False* promises are the characteristic features of Majesty, and power makes itself conspicuous by *instability*, even to sycophants. Nothing so precarious as *Court* smiles and favors, Major. It looks like *dignity*, you know, to *awe* the multitude, and command the homage of astonished and admiring *fools*. *Truth* wears too *plain* a garb to be admitted at Court—and blunt *honesty* is too antiquated—it would be *laughed* at, among the polished princes of “*Reform*.” We are *now* advancing rapidly in civilization and refinement, as a *great* and powerful nation, it is very evident—so we must submit the direction of national affairs to the *wise* princes of the *Yankee Doodle Court* :—and rest assured there is more than *one* Solomon among them. The “*wise men*

of *Gotham*," are there to a certainty—Major, we are the humble subjects of a *wise* and *glorious* reign of "*Reform*."

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, Col. Hardfare, if we are satisfied to be "*led by the nose*;" but, for *myself*, I have not the good fortune to possess sufficient *prominency* of that dignified feature, (like the *Green Goblin*) and it would be extremely difficult, for even the most resolute among them, or their contemptible *party*, to attempt any such *discipline* with old Major *Dauntless*. I have *fire* enough yet in my composition to blow them all to the D—l ere *I* will be trampled on. Here is a manuscript, which merits attention from all true supporters of our national rights and privileges—hear it, and I will elucidate more fully hereafter.

"The *present* administration is evidently the reign of *Despotism*, under the *garb* of Republicanism, however *policy* may endeavour to veil it. Many of the people already feel the *rod* and writhe under the unjust and *indiscriminate* course pursued by those in power. Murmurings are already heard, and *dissatisfaction* is apparent in many countenances, recently expressive of pleasure and *pride* at the change of administration.

Alas! "*poor human nature!*" Too much prosperity can change even those, whom it was thought, were *superior* to circumstance or situation. Splendour, and unbounded devotion from enthusiastic thousands, can cause even the *stern and rugged soldier*, to forget himself! Yes! to forget that his dignified station is the gift of the "*people,*" and he should not now *forget*, and even *insult* his friends; and thus compel them to become his *enemies*; after they have most enthusiastically espoused his cause. At least, not so ungallantly to have wounded the feelings of an *American Authoress*, whose pen has been indefatigably devoted to the "*Hero,*" for at least *four years!* And with the most unparralleled disinterestedness, as is evident from so *early* a date. Yet her talents, however feeble, are her *only resource*. She wrote in praise of the "*Hero,*" through a purely *patriotic* motive, until her national ardour impelled her into difficulties of a *pecuniary* nature, which had for some length of time placed her, and those who *depend* on her exertions, in a situation inconceivably embarrassing. This was well known to the great personage, whose *military* achievements have been the theme of her productions, and to *whom* she was

at length compelled to make application, as to the father of her country, and in behalf of *her* aged father, who for many years, has experienced reverse of fortune—was a *Revolutionary* patriot, and an officer of rank and fortune. But now, (Alas!) at the advanced age of *eighty-one* years, depending on the success of a daughter's *literary* productions; who, herself, born to better fortune, has long contended with an overwhelming torrent of oppression and injustice. This is indeed, a case unparralleled! The appeal was in *vain!* Magnificence and luxury, amid the adulation of a *Court*, has rendered the "*Hero's*" heart, callous to the calls of humanity. Let it be not recorded on the annals of our country, that the man, who had the support of the "*people*," to exalt him to the *first* place in the nation; could, on the application of one of the *female* writers of the country, (and one to whose *pen* he is *obligated*,) whom he had previously received in the most gracious and conciliating manner; and although but a few months had elapsed—to then, through *caprice* or the interference of some malicious *political* enemy, refuse her admittance to his august presence: until, on a *second* application—and then, to have been *reluctantly* admitted into his princely man-

sion: Where, after an *hour* had elapsed in suspense, this great personage made his appearance. But, not with the deportment of one, who had been so long *eulogised* by the pen of the unassuming individual, who thus humbly craved his attention for a *few moments*, although she had been enthusiastic enough in her patriotic feelings four years previous, to have devoted many days for a *theatrical* exhibition* in honor of the "*Hero!*" where herself and daughter, took the principal characters in the Drama, and at no *small* expense and fatigue. This was a *voluntary* act; and would not have been *thus* spoken of in *this* place, but to shew the *ingratitude* of which some men are capable. The look of *savage ferocity* with which this formidable personage *burst* into the parlour, where his visiter sat *alone* and defenceless; (perhaps her *sex*, fortunately for her, at that moment of his unaccountable rage, prevented her being *kicked out of doors*; as his voice and manner indicated a corresponding *hostility*;) and who arose with all *due* respect for the great personage, who then strode up to her in the most threatening and *appalling*

* Cincinnati, (O.) March 25th, 1825 — Among the highly respectable *Thespian* corps of that city.

manner, declaring in a hurried and *ferocious* tone, that he was “very much engaged at that time, and had not a *moment* to spare then, nor for some weeks.” Not even deigning to *recognise* the eulogiser of his military achievements and his *triumphs*. Also one, who had boldly vindicated the virtues of his late *persecuted consort*; and in defiance of her numerous enemies. Where was the *gratitude* of a man, so recently elevated to the exalted station of *Chief Ruler*, of the greatest Republic in the world? Where was the wonted gallantry of the *soldier*? Where the respect for the *female character*? Is there really but *one* “*amiable woman*” among the sex, that all others are to be treated with *insolence*? Indeed, such was the effect produced on the mind of his unoffending visitor, by the extraordinary and *unjustifiable* deportment and language of the *Military Despot*, that years will not efface it from her memory. She was an *unprotected* depressed woman—an *Authoress*, and a candidate for the literary patronage of her *countrymen*. Here stood the man whom she had for *years* made the theme of her *poetic* flights, and several literary productions. No compliment or *compensation*, had he ever tendered her—*none* had she

craved or *solicited*, for those services. But *now*, at the very *zenith* of his power, she modestly appeared to crave his suffrage—not so much for herself and daughter, as for her *aged and infirm parent*, now bowed to the *earth* with complicated misfortunes, and bearing a wearisome existence in the land for which he *fought*. But the proud personage stood *aloof*! His towering figure stood more erect than usual, and with a *receding* step, he even *repulsed* her respectful greeting, as he drew back in *disdain*! Oh! arrogance! and *inhumanity*! how despicable in a man elevated by the “voice of the *people*,” to the highest seat in the nation! An individual on whom the nation has heaped honors and magnificence, equal to any sovereign in Europe, (and certainly incompatible with a *republican* government,) should have evinced his gratitude by attending to the petition of *filial* affection and duty at least, from one to whose *pen* he must consider himself *indebted*. But, alas! there is little to hope from those in power, when circumstance and situation can change them so materially. Short will be the reign of arrogant power! Sovereigns are influenced by their ministers, but thanks to the framers of our glorious constitution,

and those who established our liberties on a permanent basis,—that if our Chief Ruler prove a Tyrant, or a *Despot*, his reign is limited. And another will succeed who may administer *justice*. The energies of those who have extolled *false* merit, are not to be *paralyzed* by the coldness of ingratitude. There are stars of superior brilliance yet to succeed; and to the *West* we look for more *illumination* than at present we receive from the Palace, even with its brilliant decorations, and the (*supposed*) combination of talent in the Cabinet.”

COL. HARDFARE. True! on the honor of a *soldier*. And who do you suppose is the *author* of these bold remarks?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. A *woman* Col., and no other than the insulted and indignant Authoress of the “Hero’s” late brilliant “*Triumph*.” I give her credit for exposing the baseness of those who had professed for her the *warmest friendship*, and thus fulfilled the sacred promise—with a *vengeance*! by Jupiter!

COL. HARDFARE. These are glorious times Major. I *blush* for that exalted personage—who lost sight of his own dignity, when he forgot the respect due to the writer who eulogised him at

the expense of friends and loss of *pecuniary* resources. "O shame! where is *thy blush?*"—"Ingratitude" is the greatest of crimes. And no man can be called truly great—who may be charged with it. The literary services of a *female* have ever a claim on her countrymen—and much more from the personage in question.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Do you forget that this is the Reign of "*Reform,*" Col.? The order of things is reversed. But let us remember that the "*people*" rule, and the *first* step toward Despotism must be checked, or our liberty will be bartered for *chains*. "*Reform*" and "*Retrenchment,*" say they. Oh! truly, with a vengeance! 'tis a "tough Hickory" day and lamentable indeed, when "*charity*" is the expiring hope of the remnant of despised Revolutionary veterans. 'Tis cold consolation truly! and cold enough at Court, God knows. The last place to look for it on earth. By the by, I have the *copy* of the letter, or *petition*, addressed to His Hickory Highness, from the daughter of the superannuated veteran and *revolutionary* patriot—the father of the Authoress—and which will convince you of the "*milk of human kindness*" that is to be found at *Court*, and with a Hero of renown toward the veterans of

early wars—whose unobtrusive character has an indubitable claim on Majesty itself! But, alas! not even *filial* piety, Oh! no! for he never knew the sublime sensations of a parent's heart, toward a dutiful daughter struggling for a parent's support; and then to be spurned! *insulted!* Oh Col. it is too much! even that *letter!* will you believe me? was treated with contemptuous *silence.* Yes, by the *God of War!* and to the eternal disgrace of Majesty!

COL. HARDFARE. You weep! Major! By Heaven the *heart-felt* tears of the *honest soldier* are glory to him—they are recorded on Heaven's great tablet; and I revere you for your noble sympathy for a fellow creature.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Alas! 'tis all *I* have to give; but you are astonished Col. at a symptom of common humanity in these "tough Hickory" times? That's true, they are *tough* enough, God knows! But hope there'll soon be an end to them Col., that's *our* consolation, though *I* may not live to see it. No matter! it will be all over with old Major Dauntless before long—but, let him get the *whole* of the "*cat out of the bag*" first Col., as it is *I* who am in possession of more *Court secrets* than they are aware of. Let me get to the

climax, before I get shoved off into old "*Davy Jones' locker*," as the *sailor* says; and by the God of War! Col., the most *honest* class of men in the world—give me a *Jack Tar* yet for liberality and *integrity*. I have known many of them, and speak from experience. The Duke of 'Twig, I dare say, has his hands full of business for the Navy. He should be a patient man, for these honest fellows deserve attention. They toil harder than the army, and should be as well paid, if not better; and every grievance listened to with patient respect for the character of the *sailor*. How an honest tar despises the "*land lubber*," who is mean, and *mercenary*, and cold hearted! "D——n me!" says Jack, "you *land tortoise*! you are not worth a toss to the *sharks*! or the D—l's own fetching!" True enough Col., we should fare better with a *sailor* at the helm of government. At all events, we should have *free access* to the Palace, and "*sailor's rights*," in the ship—don't you think so Col.?

COL. HARDFARE. We could not certainly fare worse than at present, that's true—but patience!

MAJ. DAUNTLESS, Very true. It is a "*long lane* that has no turn," you know—so let us pray for fair weather and a better pilot, to get us through in these tumultuous times, or "D. I. O." old as I

am, to some spot in the western wilds, where I can laugh at the turmoils of a *Yankee Doodle* Court.

COL. HARDFARE. That "D. I. O." is an excellent phrase in some cases, Major.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. It is *super*-excellent, and so very applicable as you observe, in "some cases." Her *Immaculate* Highness is delighted to see these initials on the cards of some poor *disappointed* applicants for office, who have danced attendance at Her Highness's drawing room, for months in succession, and at length had to retire from "Court," with *empty* pockets, and an aching heart. Time to "*be off!*" you know, Col.

COL. HARDFARE. Why did they not procure "*Canaries?*"

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Ah! *that* indeed! I suppose the poor fellows were not in possession of this important *Court secret*. But I do not think even "*Canaries,*" without the introduction of a couplet, or sonnet, addressed to Her *Immaculate* Highness's "*eye brows,*" would have been of any avail. *Apropos!*—I have one of those irresistible compositions now in my packet, and will read it for your benefit, if you should be disposed to apply at Court, or to the fair and *Immaculate* Princess of Influence. You may now have some

idea of the style and manner requisite to succeed. It is *anonymous*, and written in a beautiful dandy-like hand, most exquisitely fine. It has probably been unfortunately *lost* by some of the Court Butterflies, before it met the eyes of Her *Immaculate* Highness, which has assuredly grieved the poor devil in office. Hear it!—

“To Her Immaculate Highness, Rosilia, Fair Princess of *Influence*, these lines are most *Devotedly* addressed :

“O charming Princess! do accept our thanks,
 Your *intercession*—*keep us “in the ranks.”*
 We’re at your service—e’en by night or day,
 To *fight your cause!* So, prithee! hold your sway.
 Smile still enchantingly!—We know your *pow’r!*
 We’re sure of *offices*—at any hour!
 For *Majesty* itself can ne’er *deny*,
 When *you* solicit, with a smile, or sigh!
 To serve your friends—who never will forget,
 Their *obligation*—and reward you yet.
 Prince Henry may need friends—*we’re* at com-
 mand,
 Your smiles we prize, and kiss your *liberal* hand.
 You *hold the reins!* a nation bows to you,
 The *favorite* Princess! then receive your due;
 The homage of our hearts! your course pursue!

'T'o speak our thanks—e'en language is too weak ;
 “*Canaries*,” praise you—and Sir *Lying Sneak* :
 Whose *petite* figure in your reticule,
 Might safe be screen'd—a pretty “*lady's fool*.”
 For he's at variance, with *Goblin Grim*,
 But you'll *protect*—will surely shelter *him*.
 Altho' his *sneaking figure* is well known,
 He is a “*perfect gentleman*,” we own.
 As *such*—who'd dare to question his *veracity* ?
 But all the *Lying Sneaks* have much *audacity*.”

COL. HARDFARE. Admirable! indeed Major! but, in some measure, *enigmatical*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. O it's well understood at the *great City* and at *Court*. *Double entendre* is something belonging to *Court*, you must know, Col., and we must have a little *foreign* etiquette and ton to give a little *polish* and refinement to our *Yankee Doodle Court*, where the nobility play “*High Life below Stairs*,” and will serve to amuse the world, with some *ludicrous* scenes, at all events. It proves what they *would* do—if they *could*. What would some of our *Immortal* patriots of former times, think and say about this wonderful reign of “*Reform*,” could they see it now, and the *dazzling* splendor of the *Yankee Doodle Court*, in these *Hickory* times? Their

spirits would sigh at the folly and vanity of "*poor human nature!*" But, what would astonish them most, would be the great dissention about an "*amiable woman,*" and all the affairs of the nation thrown into confusion, through that, and various other causes. "*Too many cooks*" we know, always make confusion and waste; especially when they don't *understand their business*. One thing, however, is very certain, that every hireling looks for his *pay*, whether it has been earned or not. But "*Reform,*" will settle and arrange every thing to the best *advantage*; we may rest assured, Col. I will now tell you a ludicrous circumstance that took place while I was in the *great City*: strolling alone on the great promenade near the Palace, I met a boy carrying a pair of "*Canaries,*" (you laugh, already, Col.) of most delicate plumage: who were jumping about and singing most joyfully; (as well they might, you say, when they were to be so *honored*) and the very emblems of *innocence*, (you smile *significantly*, Col.) I stopped to amuse myself, and asked the boy, where he was going to take them? "*To the Princess of Influence,*" said he, "also this letter." "Oh! a *billet doux!*" I exclaimed. "Hem! —truly!—all right, boy," (very romantic and *complimentary!* thought I.) "What did those

birds cost?" "Twenty dollars, sir, cage and all" "Indeed!" I exclaimed, "a very moderate sum, truly, to procure (without *fail*) an office of \$1500 per annum. Hem! and the '*billet doux*,' boy, is from the *same* person? I suppose." "Nan!" uttered the boy with a look of stupidity. "What is his name?" I demanded, "Why I dont remember his name, but I know its not like "*Billy Do*." "Well, it's from the gentleman who sends the '*Canaries*,'—is it not?—Who is he?" "I don't know; but he's only a *little* man who is come to see the *great* folks at the *Palace*, and above there." "O, true! boy, every "*little man*," is not a *gentleman*, we know. But you have some trouble with those birds; will he *recompense* you?" "I don't think as how he has much *pence* for himself, for he has been a month at our hotel, and Master always contrives to get all the *money*, because he belongs to the *Jackson* folks, and I heard 'em say, they will take all they get hold of. The *little* man belongs to the *Jackson* folks, and says he will have money enough when he gets his *office*, and then he'll *pay all his debts*." Here I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, at the simplicity of the poor boy, who appeared quite satisfied to wait for the fulfilment of the *promise*, of one of

the "*Jackson* folks," which will certainly not prove *fallacious*; and with the intercession of "*Canaries*," and a *poetical billet doux*! O Jupiter! what a *ludicrous* state of affairs at the *great City*.

COL. HARDFARE. Yes, truly, Major, I should be apprehensive of having such *flocks of "Canaries,"* from all parts of the *Union* were I Prince of "*Influence*," that I should certainly *limit* these gallant presents to her *Immaculate Highness*—They will certainly be a very great incumberance to *remove*, among many *other superfluous* trifles in her Highness's establishment. Why, Major, there is, truly, a *bird mania* at the Yankee Doodle Court. What will be the *result* of this folly?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. It would be well for *us*, and *too many* others, Col. Hardfare, if there were not a more formidable and *destructive* "*mania*," among the Princes of the reign of "*Reform*," to spread ruin and desolation throughout the country. They are running mad with "*proscription*."

COL. HARDFARE. Verified alas! by too many! But, the influence of that "*amiable woman*" at Court, should be *limited* or entirely stopped. It must soon get to the *climax*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Ah! Col. Hardfare, you are an *old bachelor*, and do not consider the ir-

resistible power which an "*amiable* woman," obtains over the susceptible hearts of men of sentiment and extreme *sensibility*. The *Immaculate Rosilia* is the Princess of *Influence*; and consequently *her* will—a law. There, you have it!—Do you want an *office*, Col.? If you have any serious ideas of making *application*, you are now in possession of the *secret*; and are indebted to *me* for the discovery.—Ha! ha! ha! Col.

COL. HARDFARE. *Spare* me! good Major.—I thank you for the interest you take for my welfare—but, so long as my *fields* afford me sustenance, and my daily labour about my little ground, secures to me a sound constitution, and a contented mind—I would spurn their favors at Court, when they are to be purchased by adulation and dissimulation, at the expense of my *conscience*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Bravo! good Col., you are my *own* man! Give me your hand? I revere your sentiments,—

“An *honest* man’s the noblest work of God!”

Princes are too fond of the intoxicating essence of flattery. I am a plain old *soldier*, and cannot *lie* against my *conscience*. The *coward* who can do so, obtains the reward of his *baseness*.

CHAPTER III.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Well Col. *Hardfare*, the weather is now getting fine, as Spring is about to enliven the face of nature with her vivid decorations. Truly the beautiful green of the smiling valley, with all its buds of vegetation, are infinitely more grateful to my senses than all the magnificence of the *Yankee Doodle Court*. Their levees, and their wrangling about *distinction*, (and the d—l knows what else,) will never procure them one hour of real happiness. Here is the vale of contentment and *peace*. Here, beneath the green umbrage of your groves in May—I can sit retired from the bustle of a Metropolis, and meditate on the *follies* of the day. Zounds Col., I have been so vexed at the crowd of *monkies* I saw in the *great City*, who call themselves “*men*,” that I could scarcely keep my temper within bounds, as they strutted about the streets and crossed my

path continually like so many *skeletons* dressed, or *laced* up in fine broad cloth and gay *silks*, (Oh! Jupiter! and Mars!) like *petite maitres* newly imported from Paris. They will soon have to change their delicate rattans and dandy canes, with gold heads, for stout "*Hickory clubs*," if their delicate hands could *wield* them to defend their dear little effeminate persons from the chastisement they merit for their impertinence; and which their consummate *insolence* should receive from plain *honest* men. *By the God of War!* Col. *Hardfare*, I would ask no better sport, than to have a regiment of such *delicate animals* for a day—thus equipped in Court attire—squeezed into *corsets*—by the Lord Harry—and their delicate hands cased in *white kid gloves*. Their huge *artificial* whiskers and mustachios, will answer for *modern vizors*, to screen their pale faces. Their scull-caps will do for a helmet. *Whale bone*, will supply the place of steel breast plates, under their delicate coloured sattin vests, and other dandy equipments, which will shew off to advantage. What a beautiful variegated field of battle we should have displayed to regale the eye, like a garden of tulips and hyacinths to please the ladies, who could, no doubt, *fight* better themselves, when put

to the test. What a fine *era* is this! Col.—it is time that a rugged old soldier of '76 was taking a quiet sleep with his fathers beneath the green sod of the valley. Fops and fools, now-a-days, attempt to govern the community. *Common* sense is getting out of fashion since the commencement of the reign of "*Reform*;" and it is almost impossible to *comprehend* them at the Yankee Doodle Court, they are getting so *polished* and *refined*, *Profane* language among the *females* Col. would also be the ton, as I heard a lady observe, were it not "too d—n'd vulgar for ladies."

COL. HARDFARE. Ah! Major, we old soldiers of *plain* times are indeed getting out of date, and are literally *kicked* out of society for our *honesty* and *candour*. It is a *reproach* to those who possess neither. We suffer, in a measure; but we eat the bread of our own labour; and are truly independent. Our *homely* meal is more conducive to health and comfort than all the refinements of luxury furnished for the glittering boards of the affluent: which a wanton extravagance displays to pamper their appetites, and command admiration—but, "disgust will succeed to satiety."

COL. HARDFARE. Aye, Col. you have no idea of the luxury and profusion of the Yankee Doodle Court. Besides, the constellation of *female beau-*

ty, taste and fashion, would dazzle your old eyes, and bewilder your brain. There's the fair and youthful Princess of *Insignificance*, niece to his Hickory Highness—and there is also the modest and *truly* amiable Countess of Dictate (lady of his Majesty's private secretary,) another of the Royal family—and a third, the commanding and supercilious Lady *Criterion*—(all *inmates* of the Palace) who has not the advantages of *youth*, and beauty; nor the least pretensions to elegance. Yet her ladyship makes herself quite conspicuous in the Palace; as all matters of taste are referred to her decision; who in some respects differs from *Lord Criterion*, who will not bear too close an encroachment on *his* rights and privileges in the *decorations* of the Palace. The Princess of *Insignificance*, is so languidly beautiful, and *unobtrusive*, that Her Highness serves merely to embellish the drawing room,—like some other *superfluous* articles recently transported there. This very timid fair one, has studied the *graces* to perfection, and she knows well how to assume a languid and pensively beautiful attitude. The Countess of Dictate is something inferior in this charm; and also a little tinctured with affectation—*Imperious* too, (when she wishes to make a dis-

play of her *privileges* in the Palace,) like the Lady Criterion. These ladies of the "*Hickory*" family, seem to think they have an unquestionable right to exercise their authority, and assert *their* consequence on some occasions; and would (if possible), exclude the "*amiable*" Princess of Influence from gaining access to His "*Hickory*" Highness. But the Countess of *Dictate* must not encroach too far in *that* quarter, she may rest assured—or, all the "*fat will be in the fire,*" and a *great* blaze it will make in the Palace. For, His Hickory Highness has already threatened to send the noble Countess of *Dictate*, to her "*native western wilds,*" if she persists in her hostility to the *Immaculate* Princess of Influence, when His Majesty has so repeatedly declared, that her Highness is an "*amiable*" woman. But, it seems the Royal females of the Palace are still obstinate and *refractory*, even surpassing many who keep up the animosity and *repugnance* to her Immaculate Highness in the *great City*; and thus there is as much confusion, and *serious* disputing among them, as for the fair Helen during the Trojan war—though the beauty of the fair *Grecian* was unrivalled—and she might have been an "*amiable*" woman also, for aught we know to the con-

trary—at all events, she made as much *noise at Court*. Many a *woman* has overturned an empire, and it is evident His *Majesty* has his turmoils at the *Yankee Doodle Court*, even amid the very *bosom* of his Royal family, and all about an “*amiable woman*.” So there’s no knowing how it may *terminate* yet in the great City, in such a *critical* state of affairs. At all events, the business of the *nation*, should not be set aside, or neglected, to *investigate* (or advocate, *without* investigating,) the merits of an insignificant female, who has neither *family, talents, education, or good breeding* to entitle her to such distinction and influence, as a *blind* partiality has endowed her with.

The Countess of Dictate has it in her power, it seems, to exclude what *other* visiters her ladyship may deem proper, from access to the Palace, and from the *Royal favor*, by issuing her ladyship’s commands (or even those of the lady *Criterion*) to the honest porter; who is, no doubt, paid well for his *private services*, and *fidelity* to his employers. Don’t you smell a *rat*? here too, Col.

COL. HARDFARE. Why Major *Dauntless*, you take one by surprise, like an active general in the

field. I really *do* begin to suspect there is more in the present state of affairs, than is “dreamed of in *our* philosophy.” Well—

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. This honest Pat—Mister Jamie Mac Faddle O’Claugherty, is certainly the most competent fellow that could have been appointed. In the first place, he has genuine *honesty*—too much so for any *Court*. By the by Col., did you ever know an honest *son of Erin* betray his trust.

COL. HARDFARE. I cannot say that I did. The honor of an *Irishman* is proverbial, we know.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Beyond a doubt, Col. “Touch my *honor*,” says Pat, “and you touch my *life*!” There’s spirit for you. Well Col., this Mister Mac Faddle O’Claugherty, (poor sowl!) has scarcely time to say his prayers; for he is to be seen from day-light in the morning, until star-light the next day, like a true sentinel, ever at his post. Go to the Palace at what hour you will, and you are sure to see Mister O’Claugherty’s uncovered head, (and looking as though it partook of the *uproar* of the Yankee Doodle Court,) make its appearance from the *grand entrance*, ready to know your commands. By the by, only a *select* few can *now* gain admittance within the massy

gates of the Palace yard—since the *life* guards have been stationed there, with their glittering weapons, to keep off the *rabble* who have been too ardent in their devotions at Court. But I think it was only requisite to see Mister Mac Faddle O'Claugherty's *carrotty colored head* pop out at the Palace door, to *deny* admittance before it is asked, (according to *orders*, no doubt,) for the honest fellow has become a perfect *machine*, and moves his wise looking head mechanically from his right shoulder to his left, (like a Chinese Mandarin,) several times ere he speaks, on the appearance of a visitor, (if a stranger) which manœuvre is evidently indicative of *repulse*. At length when Mister Pat (as the *spirit* moves him) prepares to speak, it is ever in an *under* tone, as if apprehensive of being over heard by some one in the Palace. This is the effect of his *office*. The honest fellow, is no doubt conscious of being a mere *tool* for Royalty, and is afraid to utter a *lie* audibly, for fear the *Devil* might hear him and remember it in purgatory.

COL. HARDFARE. Ha! Ha! Ha! Won't he take a bribe?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. That I doubt. An honest Pat will never betray his patrons. A yankee

might, we know Col. But Sir Lying Sneak, the ciscisbos of the Princess of *Influente*, assured me he slipped a *five dollar note* into the hand of Mister Mac Faddle, who had positively refused him admittance on his *first* acquaintance at Court; although his Majesty had seen Sir Sneak the day previous, and had (according to Sir *Sneak's* account, remember) invited him “to *dine*” with his Majesty on the following day. Of this, Mister Mac Faddle was ignorant it seems, and when Sir Sneak produced his *card*, and Mister Pat had positively refused to take it in, or to admit him; when Sir Sneak (understanding the business, and determined to gain his point,) had recourse to that “*all-potent charm*,” which often in all countries, has opened a Palace door, and which acted like *electricity* on the obdurate heart of Mister Mac Faddle O’Claugherty, who suddenly exclaimed in ecstasy, (as Sir *Sneak* says) “Och! and are *you* Sir Lying Sneak, and who *indeed* is to dine with his Majesty to day? Only plase to walk into the Palace Sir Sneak—(or Sir *Snake*) and I will conduct ye to His Majesty prasently. Only walk into the Great Parlour, Sir Sneak—’till I inform his Majesty ye are here; and pardon me for not having *known* ye for *Sir Lying Sneak* before.”

COL. HARDFARE. Ha! ha! ha! and so he "*sneaked*" into the Palace—did he? Bravo! a good plan!

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Ah Col., no doubt of *that*; even in defiance of the Royal mandates. But that fellow would *sneak* any where to get his purpose answered, which is ever of the most *villanous* kind. Yes Col., (according to *sneak's* account) he got into the Royal apartment, by means which seldom fail. But here was a ludicrous scene to follow: there was a *poor* importunate office seeker (who had probably sneaked into the anti-chamber many hours successively—for several days to no purpose) waiting the clemency of his Majesty, and seeing the *insignificant* figure of Sir Sneak commanding such homage from the inflexible Mister Mac Faddle; he deemed it a favorable moment to plead his own cause, and slipped into the audience parlour; (alas! poor devil! he was ignorant of the *charm* which Sir Sneak had made use of to effect his *entre*) and was obtruding, unperceived by the (hitherto, *too vigilant*) bustling Mister O'Clagherty, who was then engaged placing the *Great Chair* of State for his Majesty, and another for his *sneaking* visiter, and was beating up the crim-

son cushions, and doing every possible *honor* to his Majesty's visiter; when suddenly the *poor* office hunter (evidently fatigued with having *stood* for whole days in the cold anti-chamber) popt into the luxurious chair that was placed for Sir Sneak; and in the full spirit of "*Liberty and Equality*," forgetting it is the "*Reign of Reform*." But short was the poor fellow's dream of happiness, Mister Mac Faddle, in the full spirit of insulted dignity for his *patrons*, darted forward like a *true Pat*, and seizing the trembling culprit by the collar, whirled him out of his luxurious station, to a remote corner of the outer room, saying as he pushed him out, "stay there ye Mister Mac Impudence, (shaking his finger in a threatening manner, to the no small amusement of Sir Sneak, who laughed in *his sleeve*,) and don't attempt to come out of that *corner* agin, 'till his Majesty has seen Sir Sneak, and condescends to see you, when he is at leisure. Take your seat *Sir Sneak*, his Majesty will be with ye prasently. Och! how that impertinent fellow has 'pothered me."

COL. HARDFARE. A comical fellow that Mister O'Clagherty, and, no doubt an excellent porter. It requires some shrewdness to act in that capacity, we may suppose. He has a variety of

character to call his attention continually, and it is impossible that *all* should get in his favor. If he has received positive orders “not to admit certain persons!” he dare not disobey ; and, of course, must be thought surly, and even insolent, by some ; while others, no doubt, think Mister Mac Faddle one of the most *obliging* and goodnatured Pats in the service of the “*Yankee Doodle Court.*” It is really a difficult task to please *every* body.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. True Col., but he is *well paid to displease* certain persons, it is thought. The management of the Princess of Influence, is admirable in some instances. Mark this ! Not a visiter of distinction can gain admittance at Court, that her *Immaculate Highness* does not know it. Aye, and knows who has been received *graciously*, and who has been *repulsed* : although her Highness does not reside in the Palace. But Alberto (that *faithful* and *wisely* educated slave,) receives, and conveys all *cards* from Mister Jamie Mac Faddle O’Claugherty, for his “*Hickory*” Highness and the Royal family, and then carefully conveys them, (according to *orders from herself*) to his mistress, the Princess of *Influence*, who expects them regularly *every evening*, to be

informed what personages visited the Palace daily. Her Highness adorns her drawing room mantle-glass, and card-racks, with the motley collection; and absolutely to *overflowing*, past *enumerating*. You would infer Col., from appearances, that *all those great Personages*, had done her Highness the *honor*—I beg her *Immaculate Highness's* pardon—had done themselves the superlative pleasure of *calling* on her Highness. No such thing Col.; rest assured that is all a *hoax*! Her Highness's drawing rooms could not contain *one-fourth* of the persons, whose splendidly embossed cards embellish her mantle, exposed to the view of those who have the good fortune to be in her Highness's *good graces*. I saw the card of *Secretary Rush*,* and hundreds whose names I cannot now recollect; and which, perhaps, they would not thank me to *remember*, (as they were *second hand* from the Palace.) By this admirable stratagem, her Immaculate Highness obtains all the important information requisite for her purposes. Bravo! Col., give me a *woman* at any time for *Court intrigue* and proper management, in the affairs of the nation. Some say that her Highness, by *this* means, obtained the cards of several distinguished *ladies* of the Court, who

* On my visit at the *Great City* last spring.

have declared they would sooner *die!* than visit her Immaculate Highness, although she is the *Royal favorite*, and an “*amiable*” woman. I also heard they went one day *en masse*, and entering her Highness’s drawing room, ere she was aware, each took her own cards by *dozens* from her Highness’s mantle and departed, *sans ceremonie*. But what does it avail? The Princess of *Influence* obtains the usual supply every evening from her faithful slave, and also an *official* account of all that transpires at the Palace from day to day. Thus the supercilious Countess of Dictate, (though a Royal *inmate*) must be completely *out-generalled*, by the superior tactics of the Princess of *Influence*. But the Countess *retaliates* all in her power, on all those who dare presume to countenance the *Immaculate* Princess. I saw the lady who had been paying court *first* to the Princess of *Influence*, ere she dared venture to call at the Palace. In fact she was under the necessity of applying to the *Prince* of *Influence* for a *passport* to the Royal presence, as she had absolutely been several times repulsed at the Palace, by Mister Mac Faddle, (who, no doubt had his *orders*,) as she was a stranger at Court, and ignorant of court *etiquette* : *business*, (not curiosity) had brought her to the Palace)

and she was too much a *Republican* to be charmed with court splendor. This, the Countess of *Dictate*, it seems, was aware of; and also, that the lady in question, was an American Authoress, and the purport of her visit on *that* day, to present a copy of her late work in *due form*, to his Majesty. She succeeded in gaining access—to the no little vexation, (no doubt,) of the noble Countess of *Dictate*. This was at the *commencement* of the *Reign of "Reform,"* and his Hickory Highness's "*triumph,*" (so *large an edition*) over his political foes—must have been very *grateful*, for his Majesty received his visitor very *graciously* at that time. But on calling at the Palace a few days after, with a copy of the same work in a *plain* but neat cover, for the Countess of *Dictate*, and sent in by the obliging Mister Mac Faddle O'Clagherty, with a complimentary card, they were both *returned* with a very *insolent* and laconic message, (and quite beneath the *dignity* of the Countess of *Dictate*, a member of the *Royal* family,) that she "*did not want* the book; and had seen his *Majesty's*, which, was quite *enough* for her!" and as to the *card*—it was not allowed to be in the *Palace*, we may suppose; for it was packed out *sans-cere-monie* to the lady, who was allowed the *great privilege* of waiting in a carriage at the great Por-

xico, half an hour in suspense, until dismissed by the message of the *accomplished* Countess of *Dictate*—who will certainly *polish* and *refine* the Yankee Doodle Court to her *own* mind; *provided*, her ladyship can effect her purpose of excluding *entirely*—the Princess of *Influence* from any participation of Court affairs!—But her Immaculate Highness, is a woman of *spirit*—let the Countess *beware!* or her ladyship may yet be “*swept out by a Hickory broom.*”

COL. HAEDFARE. What *motive* could her ladyship have had, think you, for such *absolute rudeness* to the Authoress?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. The *motive* Col., is very evident—*female jealousy*, spite, malice! and the *d—l* knows what else, toward a *stranger*, and a lady who wished to pay her respects to the Countess of *Dictate*—*merely*, because her ladyship is of the *Royal* family. But, really Col., “*too much prosperity maketh a man mad!*” aye! verily! or a *woman* either! Had you seen the look of commiseration depicted in the honest countenance of *Mister MacFaddle O’Clagherty*, who was compelled to *return* the Authoress’s compliments to the fair Countess, you would have been prepossessed in his favor. I really think

it's a pity so *honest* a fellow should be kept in such a station, to witness the *ignorance, ill-breeding* and *corruption* of the *Yankee Doodle Court*.

COL. HARDFARE. Really, Major Dauntless, these are occurrences worth recording. They *characterise* the Royal family, and will *immortalize* the present *Reign*. The Princes of the Royal Cabinet are *unique*—we may never witness such *another*—as it cannot, surely be *surpassed!*

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. God forbid! that we even should have a *continuation* of such a *Reign* of outrageous oppression and *injustice!* By the "*God of War*" Col., it is a *fact*, (and a *melancholy* one!) that in *arrogance, ignorance, and impudence!* it can never be *equalled*; of which I will give you an *instance* presently, after I finish my description of *manners and customs* at Court, and in the *great City*. There's the *Heir apparent*, a worthy and interesting youth—to speak *truth* Col., he is *unassuming*, and does not meddle with the *turmoils* of the Court, so he keeps out of many scrapes and saves his *credit*—evinces that he has *common sense*, so very rare now among the *great* and in the *beau monde*, where there is so much insipid visiting among the wo-

men, who draw the men after their d——n'd follies, to become as frivolous and insipid as themselves. The *effeminency* of the present day is intolerable, and destructive to soul and body. No matter! the sooner the present race of *exquisite fools* are extinct, the better for the country. By Jupiter! Col. Hardfare, if his "*Hickory*" Highness should declare "*War*;" (nothing should astonish us in this reign of "*Reform*" you know,) it would be extremely difficult to find *men* to fight—we should have to fill up the ranks with *women*, and that could soon be effected at this time, as the *women* have already "*waged war*" among themselves in the Royal Cabinet; and the Princess of *Influence*, will, *herself*, make an excellent *General*. Indeed, she was heard to say in one of her Highness's steam-boat excursions last summer, that if the "*Prince of Influence*, is deserving of a *military* title—*she* is quite as much so"—and so, we might say, is the lady *Commandant* quite as deserving of the title of "*Commodore*." So they could soon have *officers* among themselves, for there are many *Majors* and some *Colonels* among the *female* ranks—also many other *officers*—but, as it has been said in an old military anecdote, "*every officer is not a soldier*;"

there's no knowing which party will have the *victory*—but they must soon come to a *decisive* battle, and then we shall see sport Col.—Bravo! for the Princess of *Influence*.

COL. HARDFARE. You think she will *conquer* then? do you Major?—ha! ha! ha!

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. I do, most certainly Col., if *impudence* has sway, and I will now give you an instance as I intimated. One Sunday afternoon, early in the season, her Immaculate Highness was deliberately *walking* from the Palace, and leaning on the arm of His Highness, the Prince of Influence, (Her Highness's *lawful* protector, you know Col.,) when they were overtaken by a lady (whom Her Highness will long remember,) to whom the fair Rosilia had shown some marks of favor, as Her Highness had most *pressingly invited* her to re-visit the *great* City for the season—and which invitation, seconded by the condescending politeness of the *Prince* of Influence, was irresistible, and the lady relied on the *false* promises of the “*Reforming*” nobility, to her *cost*, I assure you Col. But she will manage to have all back with *interest*—aye, and with a *vengeance* too, ere long—rely on it.

COL. HARDFARE. But it appears that the Prince and Princess of Influence, only follow the

Royal example Major, for "*Hickory*" favours are very *precarious*, it seems.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, aye, Col. Hardfare; there's no *mistake* there: which the most of us have *verified*. But the lady should not have relied on the frail promises of *mushroom* nobility. You must know Col., that this *Immaculate* Princess had the audacity to make some observations (during that lady's several month's absence from the *Great City*) highly to the *disadvantage* of the person Her Highness was then *pretending to serve*. And *conscience* evidently caused the fair Rosilia a *twinge*, when she was suddenly accosted by that lady—requesting a *private* interview with Her Highness, on the following day, on some very *important* business. The fair Princess was evidently disconcerted; and, as the lady refused to accompany their Highnesses home; the "*amiable*" Rosilia (though very *reluctantly*) appointed an early hour on the *third* day from that, as Her Highness was to be engaged with "*dinner parties*" at her *own* mansion, and that of her dear lady "*Reform*," for the two following days. So said Her *Immaculate* Highness—and who will presume to doubt her veracity: we may rest assured, there was a large banquet *prepared*—but you

must know Col., it is deemed *vulgar* for every one to *accept* an invitation. It would seem, you know, as though they had no *other* engagement. And as the *Yankee Doodle* nobility are to be the criterion of *refinement, taste, and ton*, they may be privileged. How many persons of *distinction* were there, is not difficult to surmise; as her Immaculate Highness has a select few, who have access to her splendid mansion; so the fair Princess is in no danger of being *eclipsed* you see—there's *female policy* for you again. The lady "*Reform*" (Her Highness's inseparable and *immutable* friend) was there, we may calculate to a certainty; as also that very delicate and *petite* figure of a human being, of the *male* gender, (neither a *man*, nor *gentleman* in character,) Sir *Lying Sneak*—a great favorite of Her *Immaculate* Highness; as the dear *little* fellow says, she is "a *charming*" woman—and, many others say, Her Highness is ——— (what says the *Camel*?) Princess of *Influence*—(an "*amiable*" woman,) a very *appropriate* title, to a certainty. There is now such a *new order of gentility* at the *Yankee Doodle Court*, that we must not be astonished at *inconsistencies*. Sir *Lying Sneak* was certainly the *first*, to pay his devotions to the fair and *Im-*

maculate Princess of Influence—who, like all “*amiable*” women, is pleased with adulation, even from a *Lying Sneak*—and whom Her Highness peremptorily asserts, is “a *perfect gentleman*”—although his *sneaking* character is incompatible—yet, if *he*, or any other *Court sycophant*, should suggest some preposterous custom at Court, it would be instantly adopted by the fair Princess, who *smiles* approbation—and, as she is so well known to be an “*amiable*” woman, there can be no *mistake* in any thing that may please Her *Immaculate* Highness, who can do nothing *amiss*, we may rest assured—which is *hereditary*, as good “*razor strops*” were never *amiss*, where they were wanted. A *fierce* looking group the Court butterflies would make, with *unshaven* chins, amid their silks and dandy attire—never despise the “*bridge that carries you safe over,*” Col., that’s *my* motto. I dare say, Her *Immaculate* Highness, could have supplied such a poor d—l of an *unshorn* soldier as myself, with some good “*razor strops,*” to have sharpened my old razors on, from among some of the old chests, stowed away in Her Highness’s old lumber sky-loft, for at least these *thirty* years—and of which her *ancestor* knew the benefit, before he com-

menced *gentleman* at the *great City*. By the by, Col., the Princess of *Influence*, is of a *military origin*—so, we should not wonder at her *Heroism*—her ancestor could beat the *rat tat too*, to perfection, I heard, on his *debut* at the *great City*, some thirty or forty years back—perhaps, previous to commencing the trade of making “*superior razor strops*”—well, this is all right in our land of “*Liberty and Equality*.” But, the sudden metamorphos, which a *Yankee Doodle Court* has effected in our land, is so truly *ludicrous*, that I can scarce credit the evidence of my *senses*. The Immaculate Princess of *Influence*, however, graces her *new* title to perfection—*because*, Her Highness, is now an “*amiable*” woman, since she has *profited* by her long residence at the *great City*, where she has acquired the *polish*, requisite for a *Court*—which Her Highness was (evidently) *destined* to adorn. But the “*Razor strops*,” Col., what a pity I did not appeal to the *charity* of Her Immaculate Highness—true, I had no “*canaries*,” but then I am a *poor soldier*, and could have caught a *tree frog*, or a *screach-owl*, which would have assisted at the concert in the *aviary*; and might have been useful, as they portend a *storm*, the latter being an *ominous* bird, you

know—and if I could not have procured either, as I am a superannuated soldier, and a *Revolutionary*, it would have been *charity* to have bestowed something—as her *Immaculate Highness* should have recollected, that “*Charity* covereth a multitude of sins.”—Hey! Col.

COL. HARDFARE. Aye, Major—but, *Charity* is excluded at *Court*, you should remember.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. *Too* true, Col. *Hardfare*; but, Her *Immaculate Highness*, is the *Princess of Influence*, and we have a right to *expect* something you know, from her.

COL. HARDFARE. Ah! Major, if Her Highness is not *disposed*, (and like all women, she has her *whims*, I suppose,) it would be waiting for “*dead men’s shoes*,” you know—

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Yes, indeed—many a poor devil has run himself *barefoot*, trotting after the favor of those in power, whose *bounden duty* it is to hear the *petition* of many whom they treat with *contempt*. But you shall now hear, Col., of the appointed interview with Her *Immaculate Highness*, and the lady to whom Her Highness had made professions of *friendship*—you will say, “it is not a *year* shows us the heart of a man”—no! nor a *woman* either, Col., by Jupiter! Well,

the lady waited on Her Highness, in due form, on the morning appointed—when the fair Princess made her appearance *en dishabille!* and *quite a la mode!* we must suppose, at the *Yankee Doodle Court*, and

“*Loveliness*, needs not the foreign aid of ornament,”

we are told—therefore the less gew-gaws a *fair* woman has about her, the more we see of her *natural* charms, you know, Col.—*I* love to see a pretty woman *en dishabille*, both in person and *mind*, particularly an “*amiable*” woman, as we can then judge for *ourselves*, and are not compelled to be *led by the nose*.

Well, to my story—Her fair Highness’s delicate hands were encrusted with *bird-feed*, (by Jupiter! what a *Princess!*) consequently Her Highness could not tender the hand of friendship or hospitality to her visiter, as an “*amiable*” woman *should* have done toward a lady, for whom her *professions* had been so profuse—even (as Her Highness had *promised*,) to the “*extent of her influence!*”—therefore, we may suppose, it would have been *unlimited*. It appears that Her Highness was so extremely anxious to know the

purport of this mysterious visit, (which was evidently, *unwelcome*,) that she did not take time to *have her fair hands washed*, to receive her visiter in a *proper* manner. But, even a *Princess* should never forget (for a moment,) the respect that is due to *herself*, and to her *friends*, in every instance—yet, this is *Court polish*, we must suppose, and the fair Rosilia is certainly an “*amiable*” woman, to thus condescend to *feed* her little warblers of the aviary, though she is a *Princess*, whose will is a *law*! But it occurs to me, Col., that it is a very *political* and *convenient* method, (which only a *woman* could devise,) to have her hands plastered with *bird-feed*, to prevent the *plebian* touch of those, to whom Her Highness is sensible are only inferior in point of *fortune*—but, whom, in another view, Her Highness *dreads* and *envies*! and from whose *just* remarks, and *provoked* retort, even the *Immaculate Princess of Influence*, will shrink abashed, when she recollects, that this visiter was the lady whom Her Highness had so *pressingly* invited to the great City, with a *voluntary* promise of serving, essentially, in a *pecuniary* way—by throwing “*some hundreds*” in her pocket. Instead of which, Her Highness was pleased (like most of those in *pow-*

er,) to *reverse* the prospect, and the lady was made the *dupe* of Her Highness's *caprice*, and abuse of her *despotic Influence*—so has many a poor d—l of a candidate for *Court* favors. But, this Immaculate Princess, pursued a very *erroneous* course in *this* case—she has proved herself a bad *politician*, though an “*amiable woman*”—she should have *secured* the friendship and influence of one of her *own* sex, who is not to be despised with *impunity*, nor insulted, even by the Princess of *Influence*, when unconscious of provocation. But, perhaps Her Highness thinks, now she is placed at the very *pinnacle* of power, she will not *require* the good will and services of others—“*let her take heed lest she fall!*” Aye, and with a vengeance! Her Highness already finds it more difficult than she imagined some months since, (at the *comencement* of her brilliant career,) to bring *all the ladies of the Cabinet*, on “*their marrow bones*,” to Her *Immaculate* Highness. (O Jupiter!) Aye, and in “*spite of their teeth*,” I suppose. Affairs at *Court*, and in the *great City*, at *this* time, give *unequivocal* testimony *how far* this Princess of *Influence*, has succeeded in this course, I assure you, Col.

COL. HARDFARE. There is the *test*, Major—but what passed at the interview with the lady

whom Her Highness received in so *condescending* and *elegant* a style?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Don't be impatient, Col. you will have it all by and by—and soon enough for the honor of the *fair Princess*, I assure you. You must indulge me as I told you at first, with occasional remarks and comments on the *extraordinary* occurrences I am detailing of the affairs at Court. I am an old Revolutionary, and am a *privileged* character, it is known. Well, now for the *purport* of the interview. The lady had done herself the *honor*—not of calling on the Princess of *Influence*, observe, Col., but *vice versa*, we know—*mark* me!—for the purpose of calling Her Immaculate Highness to *account* for having presumed to utter some expressions and remarks detrimental to the *reputation* of the lady who then addressed Her Highness, and demanded an *elucidation* of her sarcastic inuendoes and *too free* observations, particularly respecting “*independence of character—ridiculous extravagance in dress, &c.—her perpetual travelling about* with a daughter whom she taught to be as aspiring as herself, and as independent in *spirit*,” which her Immaculate Highness deemed very “*improper and ridiculous*,” for persons in *their*

situation, depending on their *talents*," (what a pity *Her Highness* is not endowed with some *useful talent for emergency*, as the clouds of misfortune are already gathering around her,) therefore *Her Immaculate Highness* thought proper to make those very free remarks to a distant *relative* of the lady, who had *accidentally* been thrown in *Her Highness's* company, and heard the observations with indignation, as the *great Personage* seemed to think *she* might speak with *impunity*. But the becoming spirit with which the *slandered* lady was defended by her relative, extremely disconcerted *Her Immaculate Highness*, and made her look excessively *silly*, as she, though *Princess of Influence*, felt it indispensable to make an *apology*, but observed, the remarks did not *originate* from herself, yet absolutely declined giving the *names* of those persons from whom she heard them, and affected to have *forgotten*. So there must be some *Lying Sneak* in the way, it is evident, somewhere about Court and the *great City*. Perhaps they are a numerous family. *One* thing, however, is *certain*: a woman who has but *few* ideas of *her own*, must rely on other people's stock, and is but a mere *echo*, and as *contemptible* as *censurable*. And to "*cap the*

climax" of Court impudence, Her *Immaculate* Highness had the assurance to assert to her *visitor*, that a *certain* person (whose *name* Her Highness absolutely refused to give) had made it his business to call that morning on the *Prince* of Influence and herself, for the *express* purpose of assuring their Highnesses, that if they really "*knew who that lady was*, with whom they were conversing two days previous, on the public promenade, they would have had more *respect for themselves* than to have done so;" and that the *Prince* of Influence should not suffer Her *Immaculate* Highness (*Oh! Jupiter and Mars!*) to *be seen in such company*." There's for you, Col.—By the Goddess *Diana!* I am confounded with the *brass* so current at Court. Bravo! but this is *intolerable!* The very *d—l* himself acts the *saint* we know, on *occasion*—but it won't do here, Col.—No, *d——n* me—by the "*God of War!*"—the "*cloven foot*" is too apparent, for the purpose of *disguise*. Now, had it been the great black coat *Camel*, who is so *formidable* to Her *Immaculate* Highness, it would not be *wondered* at that Her Highness should have been so *disconcerted*; but it was only an *inoffensive woman*. It is certainly extremely *impolitic*, and dangerous, (according to common report,) for persons who

live in “*glass houses*,” to be *hostile and arrogant*, if they are “*high in power*,” as a little retaliation will soon *demolish* them ; and a great *crash* it will make when it does. What a pity *some* people have not *sense* enough to know what is for their own benefit, and keep their “*fingers out of the fire*.”

COL. HARDFARE. That indeed, Major, and what was the result of the interview? Did Her “*Immaculate*” Highness *conciliate* with her visitor?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. No, by Jupiter! Her Highness had not the *foresight* to “*settle with her adversary*” in good time, while there, but kept up an affectation of *dignity*, becoming a *Princess of Influence*; and made some very laconic and un-courteous replies to one whom Her Highness seemed to consider so infinitely *inferior*, and not worthy Her *Immaculate* Highness’s condescending favor; and Her Highness, not then aware, that such a *female* friend could be an *acquisition*, took no care to *secure* her, by further *promises* and *Court* smiles, but dropt the *mask* at once, which had concealed some deformity of character for a while—that of *dissimulation* and *pre-meditated* insolence.

COL. HARDFARE. The characteristic of *mush-room* nobility, of course, Major. Well, what of the *Camel* you mentioned? I am anxious to hear what could be the motive for so *inoffensive* an animal to be so *hostile* to a fair and *Immaculate* Princess.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. You shall hear, Col., presently, far as *I* can learn. This hitherto, very *docile* and *inoffensive* Camel, who is a great favorite in the *great* City, among a large congregation, has been roused to indignation by the *homage* paid to the *Immaculate* Princess of Influence; and also by the blind partiality of His "*Hickory*" Highness, to defend the *Immaculate* Princess from her formidable and *numerous* foes. These great Personages, and more of the Royal family, made their appearance one Sunday at church—some *six or seven months* since, if I recollect right—but I dare say their Highnesses, particularly the *Immaculate* Princess, recollects the day to a certainty—when the great black Camel got up into the pulpit, and poured a volley of his *wrathful* invectives and accusations against *her* and the whole *Royal* tribe; but more particularly aimed at Her *Immaculate* Highness, whose look of beautiful stupidity, and *unconsciousness* ;

roused still more the (naturally *docile*) spirit of the Camel, who continued an invective that excited the indignation of his *Hickory* Highness, and caused him to *rise from his seat* in the Majesty of his *wrath*, and implacable resentment toward the Camel—and then hastily to walk out of the church followed by the Royal family—whom I am told have not since *honored* the Camel by their Royal presence at his *lecture*. The Camel, it is allowed, has an unquestionable right and privilege to descant on the “*vices and follies*” of the present day, (and *God* knows they are numerous!) and to assert his prerogative from the *pulpit*—if he is but a *Camel*. To put down *immorality* and *idolatry*—even among the Princes of the “*Hickory*” Reign. Some of whom, have the presumption to claim his *Majesty’s protection*, but the persevering Camel is not to be “*defied*” with *impunity*. It is therefore expected there will be a *battle royal* among them; and that the *Camel* will be triumphant is almost reduced to a certainty. As also the oppressed and (as it was deemed) *defenceless* lady whom her *Immaculate* Highness thought to *trifle* with, and insult with *impunity*; forgetting that her Highness’s *female* antagonist is ever in possession of the most powerful of all

weapons—the *lash of satire* ! which the *possessor* knows when to make use of to the best advantage, (viz: in vindication of insulted *rights*,) and which may be keenly felt even within the walls of a *Palace*. The *shafts of satire* are more to be dreaded than the “*pointed bayonet*.” They can pierce, where they are *aimed*. Huzza! Col. Hardfare! for a victory!—Liberty and *equal rights*—a complete and perfect “*Reform*,”—a “*turn out*” in the Cabinet, in retaliation—proscription at an end—and “*Integrity*,” and modest merit rewarded throughout the Union!—Good night, Col., I shall now sleep *soundly*.

CHAPTER IV.

COL. HARDFARE. Well, Major, here's another fine spring morning—how did your old bones rest last night, after our late chat on the affairs of the *nation*?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Sweet was my sleep, Col., yet I had a *dream*—the impression of which will not leave me to day. Dreams are often *prophetic*—it concerns the Palace and the Royal family. It was something *allegorical*; I will endeavor to relate it as accurately as I can—it is a curious, and perhaps a *portentuous* vision, for those concerned in it. Methought, I saw His “*Hickory*” Highness seated in *regal* splendor, in the great *East* room of the Palace, surrounded by the crowd of *smiling sycophants*, (so inseparable from a Court,) who strutted about, wrapt up in their own consequence. On the *right* side of His Majesty, sat the *Immaculate* Princess of In-

fluence, in all her irresistible charms, looking like *Diana* herself, so perfectly *modest* and beautiful. *Behind* her, (mark me!) sat her handmaids, *Chastity* and *Prudence*—Prince Henry John, and His “*Hickory*” Highness, were evidently basking in the sunshine of her fascinating smiles, as the fair Princess was playing off all her captivating graces to rivet her chains still closer, to excite the envy and jealousy of her female competitors at Court—when suddenly a great bustle and uproar took place in the Palace, and a confused running to and fro, created alarm—while a most tremendous and extraordinary noise, methought, was heard throughout the Palace. A variety of conjectures seemed to terrify and perplex the late festive group. Some cried, “*Green Goblin Grim!*” others, “it’s a huge animal, and all ran together in a throng, receding from the formidable intruder, and surrounding the *Royal chair* for protection. But it was *there*, that the terrible monster seemed making its way with most awful growlings, (methinks, I hear them yet,) and signs of displeasure. His “*Hickory*” Highness, *thus* to be attacked, and in his *own tent*, was too great an encroachment to be borne; and methought, he arose in the *Majesty of his wrath*,

but *speechless!* for he beheld ——— what do you think, Col.?—why, the *black Camel*, with his Majesty's "*Hickory Club*," and looking *defiance* at the Royal group, as he stood undaunted.—Yes, with the identical "*Hickory Club*," me-thought, which was sent His Majesty from the society at Easton, (Pa.) some months since, and which His "*Hickory*" Highness, received in so very gracious and *complimentary* a manner.—You stare, Col., but I *saw* it—(in my *dream*,) aye, as plain as I see you now—and, I also beheld Her *Immaculate* Highness, fainting in the arms of Prince Henry John—and *Sir Lying Sneak*, holding a bottle of volatile spirits of hartshorn, to Her Highness's nose, while her handmaids, *Chastity* and *Prudence*, took to flight on the approach of the *Camel*, and were not seen again. The ladies of the Court all fled, and the dandy butterflies flew out of the windows.—*Green Goblin Grim*, had been seen gliding about the Palace, as usual, previous to the sudden appearance of the *Camel*, when the *Green Goblin vanished*, and left his friends to the mercy of the enemy, who seemed to have the best of the day, for he could foil his foes with their "*own weapon*."——I awoke!

COL. HARDFARE. Bravo! Bravissimo! Major *Dauntless!* that is a dream worth *recording*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, Col. Hardfare, and well for the party, if it is not *verified*—aye, and with a *vengeance!* Methinks, I see the whole *terrified group* hemmed up by a *black Camel*. O Jupiter! and Mars! what a scene, what a set of *Heroes!* But, I was really so terrified *myself* on awaking, that I thought the *Camel* stood before me in reality—and that *Green Goblin Grim*, stood behind him, menacing *vengeance* with one of his goblinship's tremendous and formidable *frowns*, as the Camel was wielding the "*Hickory Club,*" (of which he kept *possession,*) as though in *defiance* even of *Green Goblin*—I was somewhat alarmed for myself: I have no objection to a fair fight in the *field*, you know, Col.—let me die nobly! honorably!—not be *knocked* down, without a *challenge*.

COL. HARDFARE. True, Major *Dauntless*.—But *you* do not apprehend any hostility from the Camel; whom, we are told, is a very *innoffensive, patient* animal, when not *provoked* and *imposed* on—and, as he had possession of the "*Hickory Club,*" (in your dream,) we may infer that the contest will soon be terminated in that quarter?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Why, Col., were it reality, I should deem it matter of some *doubt*, whether his *Royal* opponent would have "*waged war*" with him; as the Camel's *credentials* might intimidate the Royal family, for he is a most *respectable* and *honorable* Camel, and has a host of advocates, even in the great City. Another ludicrous scene relative to the influence of the Camel, I will also now relate. Passing her *Immaculate* Highness's mansion late one night, I heard a *serenade*, so much the *ton* this season at the *great* City. No doubt, they intended to do all *possible honor* to Her *Immaculate* Highness; but, unfortunately, and perhaps, *unintentionally*, struck up "The *Camel's* a coming! Oho! Oho! The *Camel's* a coming!" when, poor fellows, they were not honored by the least attention, for not a more effectual method could have been devised to fright afar off, the *Immaculate* Rosilia. Indeed Her Highness never ventures out alone on foot, and is most frequently seen protected in her coach by Prince Henry John, when their Highnesses are drawn by those *beautiful* grays from the western wilds, which were presented them by His "*Hickory*" Highness, (on His Majesty's arrival at the *great* City,) to his

highly esteemed friends. What an advantage it is to be a *Royal favorite*, you see, Col. Hardfare.

COL. HARDFARE. I do not see it, Major. I see only *Hardfare*! But "all is well that *ends well*"—remember.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, aye, Col., very true. *Time*, we know, regulates every thing. Their Highnesses are well supplied with glittering vehicles, for they frequently take the air in His *Majesty's* coach, particularly Her *Immaculate* Highness, to the exclusion (of course) of all intruders of the Royal family in the *female* department.

COL. HARDFARE. Pray, Major, has this *Immaculate* Princess *superior* attractions or acquirements, that she makes such a noise in the country?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. I'll tell you, Col.—an *ordinary* woman with a superior degree of *assurance* can always effect more than either beauty, *merit*, or *talent*. The Princess of *Influence* has not, in *my* estimation (and I may assert, *some others*,) any *extraordinary attractions*; and as for *acquirements*, that are of such a nature as to *adorn* the high station she now holds, I tell you Col., it is all a *sham*. Her Highness has no *meritorious* talent, rest assured; yet there is a certain

“*Je ne sa quoi*,” as they term it, in some people, scarcely above *mediocrity*, that can, with *superficial* judges, pass for *wit*, grace, and even *talent*. “All is not *gold* that glitters,” we know, and may rely on it in *this* case. *Art* can produce most astonishing effect, we are convinced, and *some* women have an address and manner (assumed on *proper* occasions) that often captivates even their *enemies*. But in former days, it was thought,

“There’s no woman where there’s no *reserve*.”

By Jupiter, now-a-days, Col., the *bolder* a woman can make herself, the more she *carries the day*. What the d—l is a woman worth to *any* man, when she knows nothing but the *fashionable phrases* of the day, and of the frivolous set to which she belongs? Destitute of *intellectual* resources, how soon her society must *weary* and *disgust*. Beauty, now-a-days, is not what was termed beauty in a female some years back. An accomplished and *beautiful* woman, was then, a moderate share of personal attractions, and a mind *carefully cultivated* like a rich garden to yield the delightful flowers of *wit*, *fancy*, *sentiment*, and *good sense*, to charm and *secure the heart of her husband*. Not *frivolity*, *insipidity*, *coquetry*, and *fashionable*

levity to catch every *coxcomb*, who pays devotion to insignificance, by "the *God of War!*"

COL. HARDFARE. Why, really, Major Dauntless, you are a man of *sentiment*, if you are a rugged soldier of '76, and know how to *discriminate*, I see.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, aye, Col., I *hope* so; at least, sufficiently, not to be *imposed* on, by *superficial* characters. Her *Immaculate Highness* affected to be averse to attend a grand dinner given at the Palace some months since, where *several hundred* persons of rank were invited to pay court to His Majesty. Her *Immaculate Highness*, of course, and Prince Henry John, were to be there. But her fair Highness declared she detested going, as all the *foreign ministers* and their *ladies* were to be there, and she could not understand a word they would say. How peculiarly unfortunate, Col., for a *Princess* to be ignorant of any foreign language, and also of *Court polish* and *etiquette*. Such an "*amiable*" woman too! Her Highness should have *completed her education*, (*privately*,) after she was so suddenly elevated to grace so *conspicuous* a station. But Princesses can have their *interpreters* and *amanuensises*, who may *read* occasionally, as well as *write* letters for their Highnesses, as it is certainly

a *mechanical drudgery* for a fair Princess, when Her Highness is *indisposed* for either, as her *exalted* station should exempt her from such laborious pursuits. But Her Highness, perhaps, intends adhering to the "*Retrenchment*" system, as her ancestors knew from *experience* the value of economy. Yet they might have had the *Rose* of the family made conversant in foreign languages, *anticipating* her elevation, as she had been noticed and brought out by her superiors at an *early* period, and the modern languages are so very essential at *Court*. But, her fair and *Immaculate* Highness has played a *good* game at all events, and now reaps the benefit *for a while*. But there are many bitter drops among the sweets of life even at *Court*, we are convinced, as *early* acquaintance cannot brook Her Highness' elevation, as it is so far beyond her former *level*, and therefore it excites envy and *persecution*, as those persons, and many others, will not pay to this *Immaculate* Princess the *obeisance* which Her Highness conceives she has a right to exact, as Princess of *Influence*; therefore it is with Her Highness, as it was with Haman at the King's gate; with this exception, that there are too *many Mordecais*, for the tranquillity of Her Immaculate

Highness.—Therefore, she must be internally miserable, even amid all the Court splendour and adulation that surrounds her. So it cannot be entirely the “*Theatre of her triumphs*,” where she has only *one* female friend to “*enter the lists*” with Her Immaculate Highness, against a *host* of formidable female opponents, who are too vindictive to be subdued by an imperious favorite, and her *aid*, the generous and intrepid lady “*Reform*,” (*who*, by the by, has many *friends*, but her ladyship is a part of the Royal family, and is under the necessity of conciliating His Majesty, by endeavoring to protect the fair *favorite*, as she must assert Her Highness is an “*amiable*” woman, which certainly comes with a better grace from *such* an advocate, than it does from *some others*,) who endeavors to console her dear Rosilia; but it is the opinion of many in the *great City*, that the Prince of Influence, had better taken Her *Immaculate Highness* to “*Mexico*,” to have spared her feelings of sensibility at the persecution of her enemies. Indeed, Her fair Highness would do better *any* where, than at *Court*. There she is too conspicuous to escape censure, which a luminary of such attractions must ever excite. There are “*spots in the Sun*” we are told, and we should not be astonished at the partial imperfections of a

smaller luminary ; and Prophets, we are told, “ have seldom honors paid them in their *own* land.”

COL. HARDFARE. True, because they are too *well known*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, and the ungenerous world ever points out the foibles of “ *poor human nature*.” Well, this is the day of “ *Reform*” remember. There’s room enough for us all to “ *Reform*,” and by Jupiter! Col., we, the *proscribed*, and the *minority*!—yet, no, faith, we are now the *majority* by being the “ *proscribed*,” and will soon set up a “ *Reform*” of our own, aye, and with a *vengeance*, by the “ *God of War*!” The Duke of “ *Retrenchment*” should visit the levees often, and meditate on the corresponding appearance of the magnificent *East Room*. The reflection of “ *Retrenchment*” from those immense, and extravagant “ *Parisian Mirrors*,” shew every object in *proper* light, and now serve to reflect the *folly* of those who placed them there. O most *wise* King, and *worthy* Princes of the reign! we are struck with awe at your *wisely* conducted “ *Reform*.” Spare not until it be *perfect*—for your *own* glory and the *benefit* of the nation. We are all fully sensible that the present Royal cabinet required *great* embellishment, Col., and those

mirrors are admirably calculated for the purpose, you know.

COL. HARDFARE. Aye, Major, they, who hold the "*loaves and fishes*," think so, I dare say; but *I* think the embellishment should have been at the expense of *mind* to compensate the nation, not thus impoverish it by a wanton extravagance; how much more *prudent* would we have appeared in the eyes of other nations, were our government *truly* economising! were the *National debt* something less, at this day of splendour and *superfluous* parade at Yankee Doodle Court. Not thus to set up a cry of "*Reform*," and "*Retrenchment*," and yet have a *Palace*, decorated in regal splendor, in a *Republican* country, that must excite the *mirth and derision* of Europe. The glory of Liberty, I fear, is passing from us!

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Alas! Hardfare, have we come to this! Yet why do the people suffer themselves to have sand thus thrown in their eyes? and be *blinded* for the purpose of "*Reform*." In the true sense of the word, what are we to understand by such a "*Reform*?" How are we to define it? Patience yet for *three* years, good Col. Hardfare and it will define itself, to the full extent.—aye, and with a *vengeance*, rely on it.

Then the *disposal* of that profusion of *superfluous* articles of regal splendour in the great East Room, will convince "the *people*" of the true meaning of "*Retrenchment*," which is now, only a *hoax*. The people are deluded by a *shadow*. Those now in power are more fond of external appearance and extravagance than their *predecessors*, but the people must not *believe* it. They are *told*, that this is the day of "*Reform*," and must believe it is so, even against the evidence of their *senses*.

COL. HARDFARE. Aye, Major; the people may have patience to endure for a *short* time yet, but rely on it, they will not be altogether such dupes as is *expected*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Why, if we may *rely* on the assertion of *Green Goblin Grim*, (now so high in favor at *Court*,) we shall all become a miserable race of *slaves* ere long. Led from step to step, further by the nose, by Jupiter, like Asses—till every *honest* man would be brought in *complete subjection*, and the object effected. For instance, the Goblin's *very eloquent* piece on "*Political excitement*," some few weeks since, (which must be circulated throughout the Union ere this; but which God forbid! should have the *desired* effect) wherein his *real* motive is very obvi-

ous. "*Political excitement*" says this grim Personage, "*is now progressing as we could wish. There is now, no fears of the result.*" ("*Don't halloo before you are out of the woods,*" grim spectre!) "*The Republican,*" (*i. e.* the Royal) "*party is wide awake,*" (so are its opponents!) "*to perform their duty,*" (aye, with a *vengeance!*) "*with the same zeal, unanimity, and energy, in 1830, as they did in 1828, when they saved their country,*" O Jupiter! oh! Justice! *record* this audacious assertion! "*saved the country!*" Yes, with a *vengeance!* Goblin; at the expense of trampling on the *rights of the people*—of setting Liberty and *Equality* at defiance—that glorious motto of the nation. Why, Col. Hardfare, if I'd my will, I'd have the Grim Goblin *tarred and feathered, or ducked in a mill pond,* for the amusement of those whom he now thinks to insult with *impunity.* Mark further, Col. "*The work goes on bravely, and we rejoice to see it*" "*Political excitement,*"—yes, Green Goblin, an excitement that is preparing for *thee*—aye, with a *vengeance!* and for all those who thus insult the people's rights, a reward they least *expect.* Retaliation with *interest*—and I hope *I* may live to see it. So—"The *federal* party have become a

mere *skeleton*," says this Grim Personage—" *miser* loves company" we know,) and quotes* "the love of *Political* sway is an unconquerable passion." We admit it, Green Goblin, and see it *verified* to our sorrow, at this day. Hear again the Goblin's remarks on an observation of some of the *opposition*, (or "*minority*,") about "*Disorganizers* stopping the wheels of *Government*." (Pity they *were* not stopped, Col. Hardfare, rather than run on at the rate they do *now*.) But the Green Goblin asserts they were "not stopped;" and says, that a "few ill-advised *désperadoes* in Politics, have undertaken to fix a stigma of such *intentions* on the eight Republican senators." "But," says he "can an act so glaring and indicative of like motives, be *pointed out*? We appeal to the "*people*," (better not, Green Goblin may be *disappointed*) for an answer! *Time* will furnish their *well matured* conviction upon the subject." (no *mistake* there.) "We wish that time," (it will come too soon for you, Green Goblin.) "when their conviction might properly be announced through the *ballot boxes*, could be *this day*! (Alas! for poor *Goblin Grim*! if it could!) "We ardently wish it at *hand*! We are *impatient* to hear the voice and judgment of the "*people*" pro-

* Remarks on Hartford Convention, No. 3.

nounced," says this audacious personage. Oh! rest assured, it will come *soon enough* for thee thou Grim spectre!—and for the oppressors of the people's rights of *equality*. Tremble then, thou Goblin Grim!—thy spectral form will *hide* itself from the brilliant beams of the *Western luminary*, now attracting *thousands* to admire and extol. Soon will you see, that what was deemed a *setting* sun, will *rise in glory!* and illumine the *obscurity* that prevails at Court—where they are hostile to *light* "because their deeds are *evil.*"—Good night, Col. Hardfare.

CHAPTER. V.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Good morning Col., how did you digest the "*tough*" dish of Politics which I served up to you last night? You thought you have had *Hardfare* enough already.

COL. HARDFARE. True Major, but the *seasoning* was to my palate, I assure you, and I wish a similar repast this morning to break my fast.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Have you any objection to a *Clay* dish this morning, Col. Hardfare?

COL. HARDFARE. It will be very acceptable, Major, you may rest satisfied. We have had so much of "*tough Hickory*," for this year past, that I could wish most heartily to have a *Clay* repast in succession for *some years* to come. It would be more easily *digested*, you know, and no danger of *dispepsia*. It will require something of a diametrically opposite nature to change that insupportable disease which is literally destroying so

large a portion of us. *Anti-dispeptic* medicines are now in great demand—the *proprietors* will amass fortunes, and the patients derive great relief—so give me a dish of *Clay*, good Major, for this day at least.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Then you must know, Col., that when the present Lord of "*Reform*," (being just then *appointed*, and on his lordship's way to the *great City*, with his *suit*,) had stopped at Wheeling, (Va.) Mr. *Clay* was on his return home from the metropolis—Mr. C. was received by the citizens of Wheeling, with the highest demonstration of respect and pleasure, and escorted to a hotel on the *bank of the river*, where the Lord of "*Reform*," and his party were snugly moored in good quarters, enjoying their brilliant prospects at Court. Suddenly the shouts and huzzas of the crowd reached their ears, and the name of *Clay*, almost congealed the life-blood at their hearts. They hastily decamped from the house, as if the d—l were at their heels, when the equipage of the great *statesman* drew up to the door—and all the "*Hickory*" party, with the Lord of "*Reform*" at their head, and T. P. Moore of Kentucky, ran down the bank of the river to escape from the *reflection* of the brilliant "*Star of the West*."

COL. HARDFARE. What! Major, did they *run into the Ohio*, at the risk of being *drowned*, to conceal their *chagrin*?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Not *quite* into the river, Col., I was told, but close to its margin, to look for a steamer to carry them off, and ran about like *mad-men* for some time, because there were none there. Then the Royal party were compelled to look for a "*Hickory*" house to protect them from *Clay*, as they were resolved (most *wisely*,) not to *re-enter* the house from which they had fled so cowardly. So the Lord of "*Reform*," and his dear friend T. P. M. took up with a *plain* "*Hickory*" house, which their *lordships* considered by no means calculated to entertain such *exalted* personages. But they made a virtue of *necessity*, and endeavoured to philosophise on the occasion until next day—when their lordships took a speedy departure for the *great* City, glad to make their escape, no doubt, from among the *numerous friends* of the *Western luminary*. A public dinner was given to Mr. Clay on the following day, at the spacious hotel of Mr. Graham, where the *patriotic* citizens of Wheeling—hailed the presence of *Henry Clay* with infinite satisfaction—and done all possible honor to the virtues of that *great*

statesman and *patriot*, in anticipation of a *yet more* pleasing event at *no very distant date*.— Among the numerous and appropriate toasts given on that day was this—by a respectable mechanic of the place: “May our next Lord of “*R form!*” have *fortitude to meet a plain citizen of our country.*”

COL. HARDFARE. A very just remark, Major; and he might have added—not make himself a *laughing-stock* to the mob, by exposing his *chagrin*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. This scene was surely *prophetic* of the *result* of the present “Reign of terror;” to use Goblin Grim’s own expressions; and the *Hawks of the Palace*, say I, will soon have to flee from the overpowering brilliance of the Star of *Old Kentucky*. Then will be the “day of triumph” for the now *proscribed*, which will bring forward those now in minority, as a *party*, to confound and disperse the majority; and with a vengeance Col., rely on it, to retaliate on the *guillotine*-like system, pursued so assiduously, and indiscriminately we might suppose, through the *wise* counsels of Goblin Grim. A “reign of terror,” in truth.

COL. HARDFARE. Aye, Major, God grant it may soon terminate.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Amen! Col.—and now I have entertained you so long with regal splendor, and the Immaculate Princess of Influence, allow me to descend into the *plebian* walks of life for a while, and give you a description of another class of society, at the great City; all requisite to make up “varieties of life,” you know, at the *Great Metropolis*. You must know, Col., that I took a peep into an assembly room one evening, to amuse myself with the sight of some ridiculous animals I might see there. But, what was my astonishment to behold—the *Princess of Influence*!

COL. HARDFARE. What! reduced to her *proper level* at last? Major—say you so?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Not *quite*, as yet, Col., but all in *good time*. It was truly ludicrous to behold the supercilious airs of the *plebian* ladies.—Ha! ha! ha! Col.

COL. HARDFARE. Were they hostile as those at the *Palace*, toward the fair and Immaculate Princess?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, Col.—equally so, if not worse—some curled their pretty lips in *disdain*, and turned their *backs* on her *Immaculate Highness*—others *sneered aloud*, and laughed in

defiance. Mrs. T. a lady of some spirit, and wife of one of the "*Reform*" party too, I learn, had stept out of the cotillion (when the Princess of Influence was seen among the set)—and refused to take part in the festivity. Such a hub-bub was never among the women. They got into groups and posseys, and whispered, and laughed *aloud*, occasionally: also throwing significant and scrutinizing glances at the fair Princess, who, (as usual) was arrayed by the *Graces*.

COL. HARDFARE. But where were Her Immaculate Highness's handmaids—*Chastity and Prudence*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Don't you recollect, Col., that the *Camel* put them to flight; as portended in my dream—and they assuredly will never be found near Her Immaculate Highness again—they are so very timid, they have been terrified afar off, and *cannot return*. But the swarm of "*exquisites*," or monkey-like dandies, (who always surround her fair Highness, like a swarm of musquitoes,) attendant on her fair person, make up the loss—for it is a most superlative happiness to wait on an "*amiable*" woman. But if she drop a glove or handkerchief, how the d—l these perfumed exquisites are to *pick them up*, is a mira-

cle to me; for their wasp-like figures, screwed up in corsets, by Jove! could not be very expert to shew their devotion, Col.—a good sized *Kentuckian* might put half a *dozen* such delicate animals in his pocket without inconvenience. These insects sip *tea*, and taste *sweetmeats* with the ladies. What a delicate and effeminate race! What brave looking Knights of *modern* chivalry, to protect a “charming” Princess! Corsets for breast-plates, and gold headed canes for swords, by Jupiter! what will they avail? There, too, I saw a *petite* figure, resembling *Sir Lying Sneak*, bowing and breathing *devotion* on the fair hands of the *Immaculate* Princess, who seemed to blush; but, perhaps, recollecting that *modesty* has so long been exploded among the *ton*, as an *anti-quoted* incumbrance, Her Highness dispensed with it, and this being evidently the reign of *impudence* as well as “*Reform*,” a coquette may play off her airs to advantage, and perfection, in a Ball-room.

COL. HARDFARE. Is the Princess of Influence a fine dancer, Major?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Oh! to perfection, Col. Her Immaculate Highness dances like a top on a *pewter plate*, and waltzes like a *whirligig*.

COL. HARDFARE. Then she is a *nonpariel*! indeed, and excites the *envy* of her sex.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Not *entirely*, good Col. Many an *aching*^s heart beats under an embroidered vest. *Humble honesty* breathes freely. The rosy *milk maid* may be envied by the Princess of Influence—for neither envy, nor malice, pursues the happy, unobtrusive rustic, who has never heard of *Court*. Princes themselves may often envy the listless cottager, careless of renown—and a pitcher of *cold water* and a crust of bread for the “*proscribed*” keeps the head *clear*, and prevents dyspepsia, that fashionable tormentor, most assuredly originating from *fat offices*. So *we*, shall be in no danger of the disease—that’s some consolation, Col. *Hardfare*! is it not?

COL. HARDFARE. Most certainly Major, and we shall thereby become good *Philosophers*, and have a *keener appetite* for the good things of this world, by and by.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. *Aye*, Col., when we can get *at* them you would say—that’s very true. We have had d——d “*tough*” times, and *hard fare* for this year past, but it will serve a good purpose eventually, as we shall know how to *pro-*

vide better for the future. A little "*bought wit*," you know, Col. Hardfare—if not "*too dear*."

COL. HARDFARE. Yes, Major, we all know, that it is best to grow wise by *experience*, in this licentious age. How did the *Plebian* assembly terminate.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. As usual, Col., in "*vanity and vexation of spirit*." Effeminacy in the men, and dissimulation, flirting, and inconstancy among the women. *Virtue* is an *antiquated* incumbrance now-a-days among the *ton*, that is easily got rid of; and wealth, arrogance, and impudence, carry the day. Huzza, Col., for improvement in *morals* at the *great City*! The reign of perfect "*Reform*."

COL. HARDFARE. To the *glory* of the *Yankee Doodle Court*?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, Col., there's no *mistake* in that, we are sure. The present Reign will read well on the annals of our country, for the benefit of *posterity*, by warning them to avoid the rocks and quicksands on which a *bad* pilot ever runs the ship. But there will be more *light* in the binnacle, next voyage, and a more *competent* commander—also, a more select ship's *crew*, who will *retrieve* the character of the ship, for

the honor of the nation. Huzza! Col., for the brilliant *star of Kentucky!*

COL. HARDFARE. Very good, Major *Dauntless*. I wish success to the *Western luminary* with all my heart and soul; but what will the *Royal family* think and *feel* on such an occasion. Will *they* rejoice! think you? to *surrender* the ship?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Why if there's no *alternative*, they may as well get off with a *good* grace, you know, Col., and save *some* credit by it. But, really the situation of the *present* inmates of the palace, must be like that of persons who can read their *own* fate by the *prognostics of the times*. A "*short* life, and a *merry* one" is some people's motto, for instance—"Mr. North, have you those very *superb* vases, to dispose of, which I saw in your collection yesterday?" says the Princess of Influence, one morning to a gentleman, who had brought some thousands of dollars in valuable articles, of the most fashionable and splendid kind, designed as *embellishments* for the Yankee Doodle Court, and also the *mushroom* quality of the *great* City.

COL. HARDFARE. Aye, Major, they needed *embellishment*, there has been so much *rusticity* transported to the Yankee Doodle Court. In-

deed it will scarcely wear off in *three* years. Well, what of the *vases* ?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Enough to convince you of the "*Retrenchment*" of the Cabinet, Col,— Mr. North replied to Her Immaculate Highness, that he had *reserved* them for her; and wished to have them sent up, being the most superb articles of the kind in the collection, and particularly appropriate for Her Highness. "O! you ask such an *enormous price*, Mr. North," returned Her Highness. "I beg your Highness's pardon, but they are considered very low, for articles so very superior. Your Highness I know will be pleased with them." "O Mr. North, the *money is so scarce* with us at present. It is the "*Reform*," you know; and I have already expended so *many thousands* these few months past, for the gayety of the approaching season. My *drawing room* decorations have cost me so much, you know. What have you ordered for me *to-day*?" "Your Highness's drawing-room curtains and drapery are sent, and I have come to superintend the arrangements. Will your Highness be at leisure to look at them? Why, I am pressed with *engagements* at this time, but we must have them up. The *levees* are commencing at Court, and I must have

my drawing-room arranged in *appropriate* style. I will certainly look at those vases again, Mr. North, and request the Prince of Influence to accompany me. But you ask so extremely high for them. Indeed I am afraid Prince Henry will refuse to give them to me." "No fear of that—your Highness need not consult the Prince of Influence, for he can *deny* you nothing, and your Highness's *own* taste is infallible. Shall I *send* them?" "Why you may *reserve* them, most certainly; for the fact is, I *must have* them, they are so very *splendid*. But the *money*, Mr. North, is so hard to make up, just *now*, you know." "You need not mind the money *now*, madam; the *credit* of the Prince of Influence is good, and His Highness may remit it when most *convenient*; so your Immaculate Highness may have the *vases*." "I will take a ride to your ware-room in an hour, Mr. North, as there are some other superb articles—but they take so much *cash*, to get *all* that is wanting—and that one absolutely *must* have, you know." "Certainly, madam; name your commands, and Prince Henry J.'s *credit* is good enough for *them all*." "O but do you know, Mr. North, that I have already expended more than eight thousand dollars, within a few months, only

at the commencement of my purchases ? and how much do you suppose since ?”

“Oh! that’s a *trifle* for your Highness—there are *resources* sufficient, we know. The Lord *Criterion* has been looking over my articles, and chosen a quantity of brilliant decoration for the *East* room. Your Highness had better come soon, while there is a *choice*, you know. I am really sacrificing some of them.”

“O Mr. North, the Lord *Criterion* has monopolized so many superb articles for that *East* room that really it seems as though he would never have done with it : and is so selfish and *self-opiniated*, no one dare *interfere* ; it is really laughable to see how entirely *devoted* his lordship is to the ——” “Service of “*Retrenchment*” I suppose your Highness would say ? “O no! Mr. North—why—yes—in a degree—in some measure—but I mean to say—to the splendid decorations of *that* part of the palace, in particular. It is really his lordship’s *hobby*. He will not allow even *myself* to suggest a single improvement, much less any one *else*, you know, in the Palace. I laugh at him often.” “Not allow your *Highness* to have a say ? I am astonished ! really it is unaccountable. *You* ought to give directions, as

your Highness's taste is infinitely superior, we know." "O they are determined to manage it themselves. Capt. B—— absolutely thought *I* had superintended all the decorations, particularly the azure drapery of the curtains, &c.—and I could scarcely convince him that I had just *suggested* a *slight improvement*, which the Lord Criterion thought proper to *adopt*, as it had a pretty effect—but nothing further was allowed me; however, *I* shall assuredly get all the *credit* of it, so it is all the *same* you know, and I can then laugh at Lord *Criterion*. But I assure you His Lordship appeared to consider the improvement all *his own*. His Lordship intends to *astonish* and delight all the visiters at *Court* this winter by the *brilliancy* of the decorations, particularly those of the *East* room, to which his lordship has been absolutely *devoted* for six weeks past."

COL. HARDFARE. There's a spirit of "*Reform* truly, Major. How enchantingly those *Parisian* mirrors must reflect the "*superb*" furniture and *Jimcracks* of that great *East* room! O Hercules! what a substitute for *Talent* and *Integrity!*"

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. No "mistake" there, Col.

COL. HARDFARE. Not in the *contrast*, Ma-

jor, but the people certainly—made an egregious “*mistake*” when they exchanged *intellectual* brilliancy, for *gilded mirrors*, to reflect —— the “*Reform*” —— and some *glaring defects in the system*. But what was done with the *vases* ?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Her *Immaculate Highness* engaged them at \$60—but they were estimated at more. It was a *paltry* sum, for two *superfluous* vases, articles of *foreign* finery, of *cumbrous* size to be removed in so *short* a time, and is a convincing proof of the folly and “*extravagance*” of the Princess of Influence, thus neglecting and forgetful of a “*rainy*” day ; and which the *boisterous* appearance of the weather already indicates.

COL. HARDFARE. We may suppose, Major, that the Prince of Influence has a greater profusion of splendid decorations than *other* Princes of the Reign, as His Highness has the most *accomplished*, most *beautiful*, and most “*amiable*” Princess to adorn the *drawing* room, and therefore it is absolutely *requisite*, we know.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. True, but the *quantity* or *estimate* of the furniture cannot be *ascertained* as the Prince of *Influence* had positively refused to admit the *assessors*, last summer* into his

* June, 1829.

Princely mansion, and even peremptorily demanded their *authority* for thus presuming to come to His Highness, on *such* business—that he would submit to “*no such imposition,*” or *encroachment*, and ordered them *off!* telling the principal one, however, to have his bill of *taxes* made out, and he would pay it, be it what it might; but would never submit to such an *imposition* as suffering them to go over his house. There’s a *Prince* for you, Col. A man of *spirit*. I admire a *military* man, who has a *high spirit*. By “*the God of War*”—it is like “*tough Hickory*”—not easily broken. His Highness was disturbed while at *dinner*, it is said, and *that* you know, Col. *Hardfare* was, alone, enough to make *any* man vindictive, much less a *Prince*, we may suppose, for it is devilish seldom *we* can dine sumptuously, Col. *Hardfare*, you know, from *experience*, since the *Royal* ones hold the “*loaves and fishes,*” and *we* must be satisfied with the “*crumbs* that fall from their table.” But Col., though we fare *d—d hard*, at present, like all those *opposed* to the modern “*Reform*”—yet, we are *profiting* by the *Royal example*, and when the “*tables are turned*” (*over*) which are now very *tottering*, we shall be able to give *them* as spare diet in return. (Aye,

and with a *vengeance*, Col.) for the benefit of their health, to be easy of digestion ; and prevent *dyspepsia*, that tormenting *Court* disease, through inactivity of *mind* and luxurious and *super-abundant* fare, at the expense of the “*people*.”

COL. HARDFARE. True, Major, but that was really *extraordinary* conduct in the Prince of Influence. A Prince of “*Reform!*” What could have been his influential Highness’s *motive*? do you suppose?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. That’s best known to His *Influential* Highness himself, Col. *Princes*, we know, or *ought* to know, have an *unquestionable* right and privilege to act as *they please*, on *all* occasions, and *more particularly*, Col., when they are *reforming* the nation. The Prince of *Influence* has supported his own dignity admirably, in this case, to prove that His Highness is not to be *imposed* on with impunity.

COL. HARDFARE. True, most certainly, in that case *we* ought not to forget that it is the “*Reign of Reform.*” *We* who thus *experience* the rigour of the times. But those Princes of the Reign must have *easy* times at Court, there is so little *mental* energy required by this time, as the “*Reform*” has progressed with such astonishing *ra-*

pidity. How do they pass their time there on an average, Major?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. O, to *advantage*, we may suppose, Col. *Splendid levees*, and a perpetual round of *Court* amusements fill up the *vacant* hours. 'Tis a *six months* session of Congress, you know, and consequently, the *great City* is more than usually lively and brilliant.

COL. HARDFARE. So one might suppose; and there is much *intellectual* brilliance there also, of course among such a concourse of *great* Personages?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. No "*mistake*" in that, Col., we may rest assured. The great *competition* of *talent* is what they are all wrangling about. There are more *political* contests at *this crisis* in the *great City* than ever was known *before*, for very obvious reasons—there never was such a *constellation* of *intellectual* brilliancy there until *this* day, both in *Cabinet* and *Congress*—and this beautiful, and so very *requisite* system of "*Reform*," is working miracles, and will set all the (*hitherto confused*) affairs of the nation, to rights. It will soon bring all things into *proper order*, and there will be *nothing* left for the *succeeding* administration to perform. It

will be truly grateful for all the exertion of these vigilant Princes for the benefit of the *nation*: *Superior* talent and genius, is the gift of the *Gods!* and we bow in admiration of the *overpowering* brilliance of the *Royal Cabinet*.—Col., let us—

“Be *first*, true merit to befriend?

“His praise is lost! who wait ’till *all* commend.”

COL. HARDFARE. Aye, *Major Dauntless*, you are not *slow* to discover talent, and give merit its *due*. But what of “*arraying the North* against the *South*”—and all that great political contention among the Hon. members.—Think you, it is any thing more than a mere war of *words*? A wily display of argument for the competition of *talent*, to astonish the nation?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Nothing *more*, rely on it Col. But the great *Massachusetts Demosthenes*, (who is so very obnoxious and formidable to *Green Goblin Grim*,) will *ever* have “*the best of the battle*” rely on it; and for the *glory* of the nation. What a *Herculean* weapon he wields! A stout “*Hickory club*,” is a mere *willow switch* in comparison. He strikes his hearers with astonishment, and captivates even his opponents,

with whom he plays as a “wary cat does with a *timid mouse*, whom she is conscious of having in her power at any moment when disposed to put her *paw* on it.” This *North star*, remits an effulgence equal to the luminary of the *West*, and has already astonished the nation.

COL. HARDFARE. Yes, Major, we are already making a *noise* in the world. Europe will assuredly give us *due credit for talent*; among our *statesmen*, which is even more *requisite* than in the Cabinet, as it takes most of the *trouble* off the Princes of the Reign. Too much *mental energy* impairs health, and is wearisome we know.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, Col., they take good care now-a-days not to *fatigue* themselves. Fools if they would, when they can get along more easily.

COL. HARDFARE. How do those “*Emblems of Innocence*” fare, Major, when they are getting so *numerous*. There will be great *flocks* of “*Canaries*” raised throughout the *Union* we may suppose, when this *Court secret* is divulged, (as it will be *now*) as most important to *Office hunters*. I really suspect there was some anticipation of something of the kind, as I now recollect having seen immense quantities of “*Canaries*,” a year

ago in Philadelphia, and other cities, which excited my astonishment; but *I* had not the most distant idea of the little warblers being raised for such a *speculation*. It must have originated from a knowledge of Her Immaculate Highness's extravagant fondness for *birds*—and thus has become a *fashionable* compliment. Pray, Major, has Her Highness no fondness for any *other* of the feathered tribe than those diminutive “*Canaries*?”

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. O yes, Col., Her Highness has some fine *Mocking* birds; and several others; but the “*Canaries*” carry the day, I assure you.

COL. HARDFARE. So it seems—but has she no *Parrot*? There is some *congeniality* in a Parrot for a *woman*.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. *Parrot!* Col. Hardfare? Do you take Her Immaculate Highness for a *fool*?

COL. HARDFARE. By no means—Major—we all are fully sensible to the *contrary*. But she loves to *talk*, or she is no *woman*, you know.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Why then, do you suppose Her Highness would keep a *tell tale*—which a *Parrot* is so well known to be. Not a single circumstance escapes “*Poll's*” notice, and her tongue is never quiet, if *that* is congeniality? Her Immaculate Highness would have more trou-

ble in such a case, than she now endures from her *female* persecutors; and God knows that is *quite enough*. There could be no retailing *scandal*—no laughing behind the back of *absent* persons—no sarcastic, unfeeling, and *erroneous* observations that “*Poll*” would not *reiterate*; and cause more perplexity than you are aware of.—No, no, Col., Her Highness is an “*amiable*” woman, and would not wound the feelings of the *absent* and defenceless in such a way. Even *Sir Lying Sneak*, knew better than to take a *chattering Parrot* to present Her Immaculate Highness. But he *obtained an office* through two dear little chirping “*Canaries*,” and set the *example*.

COL. HARDFARE. Ha! ha! Major, you are before me in apprehension—I did not *reflect*.—Well—what more?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. “*My dear!*” (says Her Immaculate Highness to the Prince of Influence, one day,) “where do you suppose those beautiful lines of *Poetry* came from, with those “*canaries?*” Let me *read* it to you—is a very *pretty* composition I assure you. “Pshaw!” (replied His Highness with a contemptuous *sneer*) “Some fool has *copied* it out of the ‘*Souvenir*.’ It is very evident those lines are not *original*.” “La! my dear!

how can you *think* so!—they are so very pretty, Now do have patience to hear it *all*?” “Not I,” (replied His Highness) “they are too *insipid*!” His Highness then turned away—not having any taste for the *sentimental*—when Her Immaculate Highness, after reading this very *frivolous* composition, *six* times over at least, to every visitor; (and a very *convenient* method of entertaining them, answering *two* important purposes; first, that of gratifying Her Fair Highness’s *vanity*, and second, making up—a *subject* to spare Her Highness’s *slender stock of ideas*—not a *bad* contrivance,) took it to Lady “*Reform*,” whose *superior* judgment, made Her Highness quite satisfied. As the *Lady “Reform”* is *infallible* as her *Lord*. Her Immaculate Highness, has therefore much consolation amid her turmoils at Court—surrounded by her persecutors as she possesses *one* female friend at least.

COL. HARDFARE. A most amusing and edifying “*Reform*,” to a certainty, Major—a memorable era, for the honor of the nation! whose character must now stand high and fair *abroad*, when they stand so *fair at home*. There’s nothing more wanting to *immortalize* us!

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. That’s certain, Col., for there’s the Duke of *Intrigue*, turning *lawyer* oc-

casionally, (O Jupiter!) and can plead a cause at *this* time in court they say, equal to any of his competitors at the bar. It is an admirable talent certainly, and what an advantage in this reign of "Reform and *Retrenchment*," to have Princes who are so *condescending* to do any thing for the benefit of the *nation*—and then, it evinces a *versatility* of talent, so very desirable, and so *requisite* in a Prince, who may stand as fair a chance as any *other* Prince to get hold of the *reins*; which should ever be commanded by a *skilful* hand—"give the *d—l* his due," always, you know, Col., so we cannot say too much in approbation, and admiration of the Princes of the reign of "*Reform*," and admirable "*Retrenchment*!" Good night, Col., I must retire and endeavor to *digest* this *substantial* dish of politics, by a turn or two over the piazza ere I sleep, to secure the benefit of refreshing slumber to refit me for the continuation of our important subject to-morrow; when I shall endeavor to bring it to a *close*, with a promise of a *larger* edition *next winter*, when there will be more to relate, for the *recess* is near, and *we* must take holiday also. Good night.

CHAPTER. VI.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Good morning, Col. *Hardfare*, I hope you slept well last night?

COL. HARDFARE. Thank you good Major; I did, and am happy to see you look so refreshed. What were your visions during the night, and the reign of Morpheus? Were you transported again to Yankee Doodle Court, and dazzled by the incomparable attractions of the fair Princess of *Influence*?

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. No, Col., the *Prince* of Influence, and his "*Hickory*" Highness, will ever keep such a poor d—l as *myself* from getting so near Her Immaculate Highness—and more than that I can say, Col., that a *candid and honest* man, will not crave the honorable privilege. But allow me now to *finish* the scene I *attempted* to paint at the commencement of these details—the delineation of "*Hickory*" *clemency*, must be more

fully given to evince the polish of *Yankee Doodle Court*. It was early one morning in the latter part of November, 1829, when the authoress was so very elegantly received by His Majesty—(you will recollect, Col.,) she was the bearer of a packe't from a female artist of celebrity, also an *American*, and whose talents have a *claim* on the attention and patronage of His Majesty, as he has been immortalized by her paintings. The "*treaty of Ghent*," exhibited for many years in the rotunda of the Capitol, and executed in a superior style. But *painting* nor *poetry*, are appreciated at the Yankee Doodle Court, (they must adhere strictly to *Retrenchment*, you know,) when the authoress had waited a full hour or more, in the audience parlour, (as described) and His Majesty burst into the room in all his *terrific* grandeur of deportment, characteristic of the "*Hero*," about to encounter the *hated foe*; while he stood like the *demon of Vengeance*, looking *sternly* on the face of his terrified visitor, until he received the *packet*, and then deigned to tell her to "*be seated*," (though in a *haughty* and *repelling* tone, that ill became so *great* a man,) while he perused the packet—when suddenly one of the side doors were opened by a female, resembling the lady

Criterion, with a *white turban* twisted about her head in *mock oriental* style, (there's *affectation* of refinement at Yankee Doodle Court,) and who stood for a few moments gazing impertinently and with great *scrutiny*, on the visiter, as though it were *sacrilege* to have entered the Palace, without her *ladyship's* knowledge and permission—and after *critically* surveying the stranger, and peeping her head into the room, to ascertain what his *Majesty* was employed about, (who was too intent on the subject of the *packet* to observe her,) her ladyship closed the door as unceremoniously as she had *opened* it; and some minutes elapsed when another female form, silent and *inquisitive* as the former, partially made her appearance, at the same door, but not attired with such *commanding* grace. This one resembled the Countess of *Dictate*, or the Princess of *Insignificance*, whose persons bear some resemblance to each other—the latter is the delicate *lily* of the Palace, and as insipid as delicate. *Sans ceremonie* this last figure disappeared also, and in a few moments again—a pair of bright and *inquisitive eyes*, belonging to an *invisible* body, could be discovered, as the door was left *ajar*, for the purpose (evidently) of making *discoveries*, (had there

been any to make,) in time to alarm the Palace, if *treason* should have been feared, I suppose—(but the *Camel* was not there.) At length, when His Majesty had got through with a hasty perusal of the papers, and had promised (“*Hickory*” promises are precarious,) to attend to the request of the artist—his visiter then ventured to solicit His Majesty’s patronage, for her *own* specimens of *domestic* production. But His Highness endeavored to *excuse* himself, although his patronage would have been consonant to the wishes of the *Princess of Influence*, who had urged the necessity of having the *new* style of painting introduced into the Palace, and had intended it as a proof of Her Highness’s taste and *influence* with his Majesty—but, *alas!* for the *proprietor!* and for the *Princess of Influence!* The Countess of *Dictate*, and the *Princess of Insignificance*, counteracted all Her Immaculate Highness’s intentions in this instance, and *absolutely declined* having “*any thing of the kind introduced into the Palace,*” merely because the Immaculate *Princess of Influence* had *recommended* it to His Majesty, some months previous—which, of *course* had *great weight*; but a *few months* make a material change at *Court, Col.*, and even a *few days* some-

times—so it all “*vanished in smoke,*” for His “*Hickory*” Highness started from his chair, and rang for Mister *Jamie Mac Faddle O’Clagherty*—whom His Highness ordered to request the *ladies* of the Palace to attend. The Countess of *Dictate* and the Princess of Insignificance, made their appearance in a few minutes, but the Lady *Criterion* did not condescend to be present at the consultation. His Highness then turned toward the visiter and abruptly demanded her “*name,*” that he might introduce her to the ladies of the Royal family—this was *too much* for the *eulogiser* of His Majesty’s *triumph*, and the *zealous advocate* of a Hero for so many years, and already *personally* known to His Majesty some months since, on *presenting the volume*, with her *name* prefixed. O Hercules! good Col. *Hardfare*, think of *that*—and hear further, that His Majesty, on being referred to the *exterior of the packet* which he held in his hand, (since he can thus *forget* his friends and their services,) gave a *hasty* introduction to the Royal ladies, and referred the authoress to *them* for patronage—consequently, her fate was *decided* in a very few moments, as it was well known to them, that the *Princess of Influence* had intended the applicant should succeed

at the *Palace*, as her Immaculate Highness had taken some pains to do so—and had ordered some of the painting for herself, some six or seven months previous. For this *particular* reason, the ladies of the Palace were firmly resolved it should *not be patronized there*, as the Lord *Criterion* had “*set his face against it*,” (to use his *own* expression,) and the ladies were governed in a great measure by his *Lordship*. So the fair Countess of Dictate observed, that she “*did not wish any thing of the kind*, and had heard that the Princess of *Influence* had ordered some,” so her ladyship “*declined*,” and observed they “*already had so many very superb articles of furniture and decorations for the Palace, they would not know what to do with any more*”—(very consistent you see, Col., with the system of “*Retrenchment*.”) “*True madam*,” observed the visiter, with some independence—“*it would certainly be superfluous, if that is the case, and a very great incumbrance, when the time will be so short, to want them here*.” Then bade the Royal ladies good morning as ceremoniously as they *deserved*—feeling herself infinitely superior to *purse-proud* arrogance and insipidity, and also to *ingratitude*, from a *greater* Personage, whom she

will ever consider her *debtor*—but whose favors of *remuneration*, if they were *now* offered, she would *spurn as indignantly* as herself and her *petition of filial piety*, was indignantly and *contemptuously* treated at Court.

COL. HARDFARE. Alas! Major! the fate of too many who were dazzled by a “*meteor that now vanishes in smoke!*” But a *lady* to be thus repulsed, was certainly not *in militaire*, we know.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. No—“*By the God of War!*” Col., it is an eternal stigma on *gallantry* at least, which neither *age*, nor “*engagements,*” however “*pressing*”—can, in the least degree *excuse*—for an interview of only a *few minutes*. And *that* was even obtained with the greatest *perseverance* and difficulty, as she had been *positively* refused admittance on the *first* day of application—although *coach-hire* is known to be exorbitant by the *hour* in the *great City*—when visitors to the *Palace* must go so often to *no purpose*. But she did not give up the point in *despondency*, although absolutely *repulsed* by His Majesty, who, in the true spirit of Royalty—*refused* to see her—although she had been introduced to the *Palace* some months since, through the Princess of Influence, procuring a *pass-port* from

the *Prince of Influence*, that caused the doors of the Palace to *fly open* like magic. But now; she had relied on the *recollection* of that auspicious moment, and had the temerity to go *alone* in a coach—and without the *very requisite* protection. Mister Jamie Mac Faddle O'Claugherty had his *orders*—and dared not disobey. His Majesty sent out word to her on a *second* application, that he was too “*much engaged to see her at all,*” and * if she *must* see him—“his son would wait her commands on the *following* day.” The authoress returned for answer by *Mister O'Claugherty*, that she had not the honor of *knowing* His Majesty's “*son,*” and declined the interview, as her business was expressly with His *Majesty*, and she *claimed* an audience—to deliver into his *own* hand, a packet *entrusted* to her for that purpose.” She was *repulsed*; however, she went on the following day at an early hour as described, and met the reception, I have so *feebly* related—as neither *pen* nor *pencil* could do *justice* to the interview! *Description fails!* O Jupiter! Col., here was *Majesty* to perfection! and with a *vengeance*. What a pity the authoress

* Forgetting her very fatiguing Dramatic representation a few years ago in the *Road to Ruin*, (*Prophetic of the Present Reign*) to do honor to a “*Hero.*”

had, for so *many years*, devoted *her* precious time, her *living!* alas! to extol with national enthusiasm, the *imaginary* virtues of a *Military Despot*. She will become *wiser* at all events, by her *late* visit to *Yankee Doodle Court*, as she has seen His Majesty in the *proper* light at *last*; and will now *profit* by the most *correct* delineation.

COL. HARDFARE. It was evidently reserved for *her* to portray the *true* features of Royalty. She will *correct* the *false* colours in which she has heretofore represented this great Personage; *because* she had not an opportunity of seeing him in *proper* light as you observe, and which is a very *essential* point.

MAJ. DAUNTPLESS. That is indisputable, Col., and will exculpate the Authoress from any *reflection* from the *Party*—as she is *perfectly justifiable* in the course she has taken—and in now endeavoring to turn the attention of the *stupid* multitude, to the refulgence of the *rising* Western luminary! who would never have degraded *his* exalted character so far, as to insult the pride of an *American Authoress*—and wound her *filial* feeling's by suffering that *petition* to remain *disregarded*; though apprised that she was then thrown into *distress* at the *great City*, (where the

“milk of *human kindness*” is so little known,) through the Princess of Influence *failing* in her Highness’s *voluntary* promises, and His Majesty having refused his *patronage* to a person who felt she had a right to *claim* it on so *pressing an emergency*.

There, Col. *Hardfare*—I think now, that you have the whole affair explained as *concisely* as I can give it to you—and you may make what *conclusion you please*—but will not change the opinion which I have now firmly adopted respecting the *high-souled*—noble character of His “*Hickory*” Highness—and the (*confirmed*) “*amiability*”—and *kind* feeling of the fair Princess of Influence, respecting *pressing invitations*—and *voluntary* promises. The Authoress is much *indebted*, eventually, for the *caprice* of the Royal family, as it has furnished her with *materials* to make up her losses in that quarter, to amuse and *enlighten* the world; and what is of still higher consideration to *her*, will *fill her purse* more abundantly, (and at the *expense* of the *Yankee Doodle Court*) than if they had not shewn the “*Cloven foot*.”

COL. HARDFARE. An ample retaliation, Ma

gor—by Jupiter, many will envy her *triumph* over such mean oppressors.

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, Col., a triumph well earned by “*the God of War!*” for a *female* to struggle against such an *overwhelming* torrent, and yet to *conquer!* Huzza! Col. for “*rights of women!*” in this Reign of “*Reform.*” “*Liberty and Equality!*” shall again be our boast! I hope his “*Hickory*” Highness himself, and *all their Highnesses* may yet experience “*trough*” times—that they may know how they are to be *borne*; every one in his *turn* you know—Col. *Hardfare!* as that superannuated veteran, in whose behalf the *petition* was most *humbly* and *respectfully* presented to His Majesty—is now sinking into despondence; and a very few *months, or days,* may now remove him to that region, where the Princes of “*Reform*” will not have the *sway* they *now* hold—and even *Majesty* must yield his “*Hickory*” sceptre, and the “*Camel*” will assuredly get “*through the eye of the needle,*” if their Highnesses can get into *that* kingdom *after* their Reign of “*Reform.*” But their Highnesses are evidently not much *concerned* about the *future,* so they now “*carry the day.*” O wise “*Reform,*” and most admirable “*Retrenchment!*” “*Two*

splendid mirrors 150 square cubic feet in size!" (O Hercules!) to reflect the wisdom of the Reign!—How will Senator Benton's "Republican feelings be shocked" in this instance. Where are the *calumniators* of the *Great Clay*? Let them blush now, to behold the mild dignity of this *unparrellled* Statesman retiring, and aloof from *slander* and *reproach*! Plain, *unadorned*, but by the effulgence of *powerful intellect* and *proving* to the world—his *real greatness*—when thus,

“————— With *noble* pride,
 “When *injured*—and offended—never tried
 “His injuries by *vengeance* to maintain—
 “But, by *magnanimous disdain*!

calm in the grandeur of his exalted *mind*, this great statesman, modestly retired from the clamorous metropolis, to await an *auspicious* time when his *patriotism* would be *acknowledged*, and the foul tongue of *slander* be silenced *forever*!—The services of the *Statesman* should not be forgotten!—we are an *enthusiastic* people, and when *genuine* merit is too apparent to be *mistaken*, the shouts of a multitude will bring forth the *Western luminary*, who has withdrawn its effulgence for a *while*, but to dazzle with *ten-*

fold lustre, when the *proper* time shall arrive; and the clouds which *unjust prejudice* and *base calumny*, gathered to obscure a star of too great *magnitude* to be long concealed, will *disperse*—*Justice* demands this, for the *honor* of the nation, to prove the *talent* of the country, and to wipe off the tarnish of a *Yankee Doodle Court*, in the *land of Liberty* and *Equality*, which a *Washington* has bequeathed to a *brave* nation, who should carefully and jealously watch encroachments on the *rights of the “people.”*

COL. HARDFARE. Bravo! Major *Dauntless*! you are a true *Patriot*! Success to the *Star of the West*!

MAJ. DAUNTLESS. Aye, Col., no *mistake* there! rely on it. Now I will give a specimen of Major *Dauntless's* plain, *blunt rhyme*, on the subject—which I have written *extemporaneously*, as you will perceive; but if it is to the *purpose*, that's all we require. It is addressed to

The *wise* Princes of the Reign of “*Reform.*”

If the shoe should *fit* you—wear it—
 If it *pinch* you—*grin* and *bear* it—
 If the *lash* should *smart*—don't flinch!
 It will not help the case an inch.

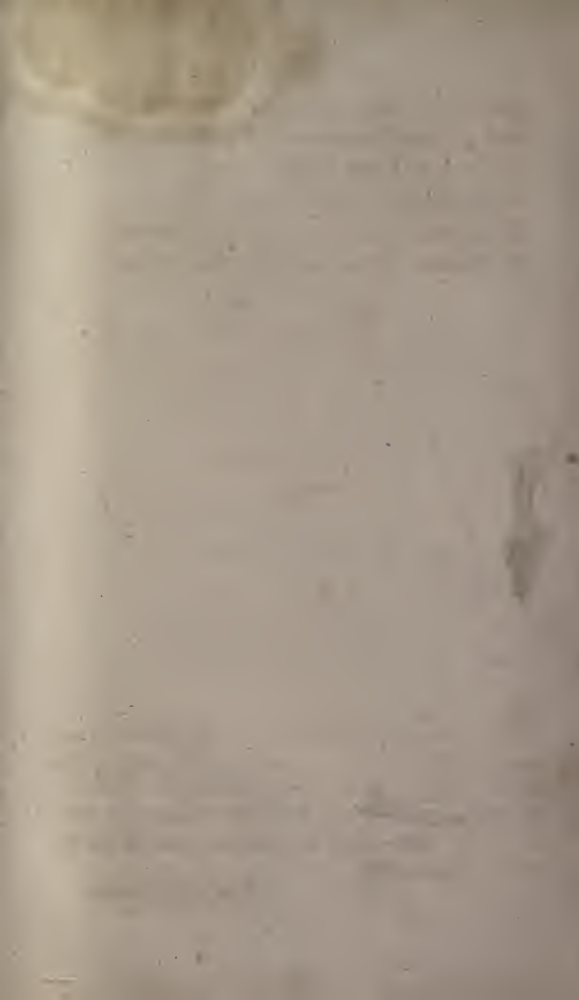
'Twill be most prudent to be *quiet*,
 For fear "*the People*" make a riot,
 And rush to *Yankee Doodle Court*,
 In eager haste to see the sport.—
 That Princes of "*Reform*," should be
 Thus *lash'd* for—— *their "Integrity!"*
 'Twould cause *enquiry* of the matter,
 (And *few* might be disposed to flatter.)
 So, better to suppress your groans—
 Tho' it should cut you "*to the bones.*"
 For when *this* lash is in *good trim*,
 It e'en can smart *Green Goblin Grim!*
 And make him rave! and swear! and thunder!
 But, no avail! he must "*knock under,*"
 For no resource from "*Hickory Club*"
 Can be obtained! "*Aye, there's the rub!*"
 The Princes of "*Reform*," may float,
 Until a *storm* *upsets their boat*—
 Then each will scramble for *himself*,
 Nor wait to quarrel for the *pelf*—
 For all so *perfect* in "*Reform*,"
 Should be *prepared* for coming storm.
 And, tho' their barque's "*tough Hickory!*"
 The cry's for "*Clay! and Victory!*"
Kentucky's sons have seen their error—
 Indignant at this "*Reign of terror!*"

They now resolve to *stop the sway!*
 And eager to bring out their *Clay*,
 Which is of finest *Porcelain* kind,
 None to *compare*, will others find!
 Then hark! the *West* cries out "*Huzza!*"
 We'll beat "*tough Hickory*" with "*Clay.*"

FINIS.

NOTE.—The *copy* of that *petition* to His Hickory Highness is *misaid*, but will appear in the *second* edition, which has already been put to press, as this small edition was hastened for the Honorable Members of Congress before their rising, that they may see the fine effect of "*Reform.*"

THE AUTHORESS.



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