



***TIMOTHY  
TEMPLETON***

***THE ADVENTURES  
OF MY COUSIN  
SMOOTH***

**Timothy Templeton**

# **The Adventures of My Cousin Smooth**

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## **SOME PARTICULARS RESPECTING COUSIN SMOOTH**

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No uncommon type of our "Young America" is Mister Solomon Smooth, the individual whose part in these sketches was performed for General Pierce in particular, and "Uncle Sam" in general. Mr. Smooth was born and "grewed" on the extreme south point of Cape Cod—a seemingly desolate spot, yet somewhat renowned as the birthplace of Long Tom Coffin. If I would select one of our nation's 'cutest sons; if I were called upon to name the kind of man with that in his natural composition to make the safest, shrewdest, and most calculating merchant; if I were called to pass judgment on the man most qualified to sustain the spirit and characteristics of the American nation abroad—one who would never betray our national energy, nor degrade his profession, nor fail to seek that which might promote the interests of those who reposed trust in him, at

the same time never forgetting his own—if I were about forming an expedition, and would provide myself with that character of man upon whom the issue of its success most depends; if, I say, I would seek the man possessing those rigid qualities of a moral nature which are a sure protection against doing aught that may degrade the councils of a nation, I would make this sandy cape my starting point, and draw from the upward growth of that stern energy to be found among those flourishing, energetic, and intelligent communities embraced within that circle which terminates at Cape Ann, and between the circling arms of which two capes heaves Boston Bay. But Smooth, though somewhat primitive in his personal appearance, is none of your common Cape Cod coasters, such as your Captain Doanes, and Cooks, and Ryders, and Clapps. Not he! So slender of person is he, that there can be no particular impropriety in our drawing a comparison between him and that peculiar type of person commonly called a Virginian bean-pole. Nor, when he gets himself (as is not uncommon with him) "all over" native brown homespun, does his configuration materially change, there yet remaining, and boldly refusing to be disguised, that face so full of penetration, and those features so sharp. The waggishly inclined have identified them with the wizardry of dividing storm currents. Nevertheless, of this lean conformation, which is better within than the world without is in general willing to admit, is Smooth particularly proud. In manner, Smooth is piquant; and being an acknowledged member of the fast school—that is, a disciple of manifest destiny in particular and Model Republics in general—he accepts the mission so kindly

proffered him by his unfortunate friend, Mr. General Pierce, and has no objection to giving the world and kingcraft (the latter rudderless, and drifting on those quicksands of common sense which it were well for nations had they proved destructive centuries ago) a few lessons in the go-ahead principle. What Smooth means to convey by the go-ahead principle, is simply that when common sense triumphs universal in a nation, sycophantism dies, and with it that pest of peoples, kingcraft! So, with the most amiable intentions, does Solomon set out for Washington, to have a first talk with General Pierce: this talk he hopes will be a prelude to putting straight the nationalities now drifting on the rock of intrigue, without that safety-valve which a people fully conscious of enjoying their rights can give. And while thus employed, Smooth does not forget that it is a well laid down rule that many small Presidents may talk very large and yet cut very ridiculous figures: hence his first talk with Mr. Pierce, who is well known for general and very respectable characteristics, may be productive of great good to mankind in a mass. In New England educated, (that land where niggers may be white men, and white men too often turn niggers), loving universal rights, peace to consolidate a nation's good, and keep down that martial spirit which is its cankering curse—being tenacious of freedom in its broadest acceptation, and commercial prosperity with a general diffusion of its results, it is Mr. Smooth's candid opinion that ere another century rolls into the page of time America will whip, feed, civilize, and republicanize the great American continent. Could this be done at an earlier period, so much the better for mankind in



general. Smooth was borne out in this opinion from the fact that Europe had got into a great fuzzle, the result of which was an equally great fight. Kingdoms and empires had become disordered, their craft was stranded; potentates were turning their people into minions of slaughter. Nicholas (modest god of all the Russias) thought his murdering a few thousands an act most pious: it was all for the sake of Christianity and a very small holy *rite!* On the other hand, there was Mister John Bull, so dogged at times, and yet so hard to hold once his propensity for fighting somebody was excited, hurling very unchristian lead and steel into Nicholas's subtle-headed serfs. But the thing most wondrous was, that Uncle John, now foaming with the fever of war, had got Johnny Crappo at his back instead of his belly—a fact that would be recorded on the strangest page of history. Strange fighting companions were they; but as pig and dog do now and then become bed-fellows, who can give too much expression to his surprise at this strange Anglo-French combination? Let the world say what it will with reference to our worthy friend Uncle John fighting the battle of Mohamedanism—let it lay at his door the grave charge of degrading himself by seeking to make firm the rotten props of one of the most debased governments that has stained the history of the world with its crimes, John will humanely acknowledge the charge while forwarding to Turkey a copious edition of his "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."

We hope with Mr. Smooth, that Master Bull and Cousin Jonathan may war only in words. Both are sensible gentlemen; both are keenly alive to that inspiration called

fighting for one's rights; both are for ever finding a small bone to snarl over; but peace is found the greater bone, which, by preserving, affords the best picking. Indeed, we must all admit, that if polite diplomatists and small politicians had their way, their naughty recriminations would give us plenty of war, with only bows and smiles to pay for the blood and treasure wasted. But Mr. Bull is considerate with his power; while Jonathan shrewdly calculates how much being embroiled in war will disturb his tin business. May our discretion continue to form the best defence against war between the most enlightened governments of christendom.

At home our negro question bids very fair to get political parties into an interminable snarl; which said snarl is made worse by the singular hopes of those having friends who would like to be next President of the United States. The "white house," (that shrine of patriotic worship!) having its avenues strongly bolted and barred with formidable niggers from Virginia and Carolina, has become a mammon of faith before which politicians are making sad niggers of themselves. Mr. Solomon Smooth lamented this; and, in order to ascertain what could be done in the way of finding a remedy, he determined to plainly introduce the matter during his first talk with General Pierce;—in a word, to see what could be done in the way of straightening things ere he tried the quality of his cigars and Bourbouin whiskey, a large stock of which the General was known to keep on hand. The party to which Mr. Smooth belonged, "Young America," enrolled among its numbers many young gentlemen whose spirits were fast, and young ladies whose

talents were fast increasing; hence it was that he was a firm believer in the elastic principles of a go-ahead government: such an one, albeit, as would republicanize Russia, knock Austria into a smash, or make her declare herself something—revolutionize Europe in general, and in particular teach kings of the christian faith how very unchristian it is to wage savage wars. In addition to this, he would have the world in general more enlightened, and kings made to know that their highest duty was to mould their conduct after the example of good citizens. Were this not enough, he would go for annexing to these "United States" all the rest of creation; Mexico and Central America in particular, to aid which object he would have the moon perform a specific part on behalf of manifest destiny.

The reader must remember that our hero Smooth is a man most unpolished, though never so bad as he seems. But we will let him speak for himself, and as his letters are addressed to Uncle Sam, of course those may read who will.

*Enough from the Editor.*

White House, Washington, D.C.,  
June, 1855.

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# CHAPTER I.

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## MR. SOLOMON SMOOTH IN WASHINGTON.

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"Dear Uncle—Once upon a time you were called Sam; but now that the reign of Pierce is upon us it is difficult to tell what you may not be called. Not long since you were the son of greatness, you are now the shadow of Pierce—the man whose little light posterity will snuff out. I have thought of you frequently, Uncle: I have seen you in sorrow looking back upon the past, and my heart has beat with sympathy as I saw you contrast it with the present. Once patriotism stood on manly feet, now Bunkam reigns. Politics are turned into drum-sticks, parties are lost for want of a policy, principles are buried in the market-place. Mr. Smooth has been long accustomed to hard knocks and crooked places; but anything so crooked as Mr. Pierce staggers his digestion. If the concentrated wisdom of the nation riots here (thought I as I entered the city) who can gainsay my coming? I knew the atmosphere I entered had foul malaria in it; the city I found as straight as the face of parties on the other hand was deformed. But being in the federal city, I became forcibly impressed with the fact, that your smallest man has the largest expectations, though he will not object to become the nation's drone. Having made this wonderful discovery, I took up my line of march for the National Hotel, a gorgeous palace where an uncouth million meet to revel in

cheap luxury. So large was the house that a pilot to guide me through its thousand galleries to bed was an indispensable necessity. I was fatigued, and cared not where I hung up. Large as was the establishment, everything looked so costly that I became cautious lest what I sat down upon might become soiled, in which event I might be compelled to pay the shot with a short locker; or, should the case go before Pierce, he might in the profundity of his wisdom exile me to some remote spot on the Mosquito coast. I walked into the establishment like one who feels himself an independent citizen, and then commenced looking at the place and the people, as the people commenced looking at me. Returning looks, and question-asking, seemed the fashion. 'Stranger!' said a well dressed but rather inquisitive individual, 'you must, to be anybody in this place, smother yourself in dignity, and eat dough-nuts of Southern make. Large quantities of this diet are made now at the White House; in fact Pierce has turned the establishment into a factory, where that article is manufactured *ad libitum*, and all are expected to eat.' I thought the person who thus accosted me had large experience of matters in general, for he gave me a slanting wink and a cunning nudge, which I rendered into an insinuation to stand treat. I affected not to understand him, and edging aside a pace, made a bold effort to gain the long and very expensive mahogany counter that stretched half across the office, and behind which glowed out the figure of a fat citizen, whom I stared right in the face. You cannot get cleverly through this world without brass; if in your face you have enough to establish a foundery, so much the better. It

is indispensable in political matters; and, whether right or wrong, the reader can best judge. I have thought the smaller the politician, the larger were his dealings in the article. No one could be more cautious how they scandalized their neighbours than I am; this, Uncle Sam, you well know; but I question the policy of being delicate during the reign of Pierce, whose cabinet recalls to my mind the story of the clacking hen, that forever kept up a noise without laying one egg. To make your way in Washington, you must storm and put to route a whole platform of valiant gentlemen, who have become political images in brass. As they love you, Uncle Sam, so also would they live upon you, die upon you, be buried at your expense, and their friends be very angry were you not a mourner at the funeral. This I, Smooth, declare an honest fact, notwithstanding the high respect I entertain for all those patriotic gentlemen who would take such care of my Uncle's affairs.

"Now, this very phlegmatic and good natured citizen, who stood: behind the mahogany, had a face as broad and placid as a town-clock seen by moonlight. His figure, too, was tightly driven into a suit of extravagant cloth, and altogether presented the appearance of having quite recently escaped from the hands of James, his tailor. It was not in the power of man to analyze his character from what he said, for what he said meant nothing, when judged by the world's wisdom; but you saw that James had succeeded in making him in love with himself. Should he chance to read this imperfect sketch, he will excuse me when I say he seemed a person brought up to himself, and entertaining the hope that at no distant day he would become a very

important character—perhaps outshine General Pierce himself. He looked at me, and I looked at him; then he grinned at me, and I grinned at him. At last I said, I reckoned we might draw the game. I then added, that from the look of the establishment I could not be wrong in assuming that they did a large business in the way of feeding hungry politicians and honester people. 'You may stake some on that, old feller,' says he, with a suspicious leer. His nasal was somewhat strong, so I put him down as from Vermont State, perhaps from the more mountainous part of it. As if shy of my patronage he upon the counter, pompous, spread his hands, as if the mahogany was all his. This seeming indifference rather touched my dignity, which was of tender quality, so I cast upon him a look he could not misinterpret, inquiring if he could tie a body up for the night in a spare corner. 'You may bet on that! got a spare pin we can hook ye on somehow, I reckon;' he ejaculates, sprawling his elbows, and making a support of his fleshy hands, from between which his face peered like a soft pumpkin sorely squeezed. In this position he stared, and stared, until his countenance assumed an anxiety, equalled only by that of a stump lecturer about inauguration time—say one, who had hoped for the mission to the court of St. James, but as a matter of patriotism would not decline the Dublin Consulship. At length he condescended to say, with an air of languishing endurance, that 'he could do me up brown, in the way of comfortable quarters.' I thanked him for his great kindness, said I wanted to exercise a judicious economy, and could not do the extensive, like those persons sprawling in easy arm chairs at the left hand corner, to whom I pointed, and who,

like Mr. President Pierce's representatives abroad, were making a great noise to no purpose. After looking quizzically at the tie-up under my arm, then at my tall white hat, and again at the coarse weave of my homespun, he inquired if that (pointing to the bundle) constituted my baggage. Instantly I told him it was none of his business; that there was no occasion for his feeling so large, though Mr. Pierce was President. He made an upright of himself, and very civilly rejoined that there was no place this side of Cape Horn—and he doubted if there was on the other side—where it was so necessary to see the colateral as this Washington. He was proceeding to say much more, and something about the doubtful character of General Pierce and his friends, when I interrupted by saying, I thought he must have forgotten my name. 'Smooth is my name,' I reiterated, 'of the Young American party, the party that intends doing up the manifest destiny for mankind.'

"'Manifest destiny never pays debts: must see the collateral 'afore we tie ye up! Fact is, stranger, we must have the hold-fast for fear of the shot falling short. The General has got so many tin-less friends, who visit Washington on a small affair of business (here he gave his shoulders a significant shrug), that a body has to keep a sharp eye in the wind.' Suddenly he began to drum on the mahogany, screw his face into a disc of puckers, and look so wise. So glad did he seem, that he whistled Yankee Doodle with the variations, looked every which way, and then laughed right out at what he called Smooth's outfit.

"'Needn't laugh at the fixens—old feller!' says I, 'Uncle Sam and me are going into the tin business, and Sam, being



a generous old butt, will stand all the treats and hotel bills. Besides that, I was born in the very sand heap where Tom Coffin was raised.'

"'Who cares for Tom' says he, turning aside, and making a polite bow to a thirsty senator from the far west: the senatorial gent bent his neck over, and approaching with his lips the ear of the important individual, whispered something from out the smallest corner. This something, when translated into decent English, might be rendered thus:—If justice and gin slings are administered at your bar, pray direct me the way to it! The fat man pointed up a narrow, dark, and very long passage; and then suddenly turning to me, he said: 'If Tom Coffin lived now-a-days, when politics went on the fast, he wouldn't be worth shooks, he not having a vote, nor wanting an office under the new administration.' 'Now, stranger,' says I, directing a look as if I was going to strike something at him, 'don't make such a fuss about the needful—look'a here!' I just plumps out Uncle Zack Brewster's letter, and having fascinated his eye, tells him how Cochran and Riggs 'll do the dust. Like an hydraulic current let loose did the fellow prick up his ears: then he said, '*do* tell,' with a musical emphasis that seemed so full of credit. Again he drew a long breath, and a seriousness came over his face that could only be likened to that of a South Carolina locomotive when drawing a whole convention of secessionists, who, having failed in devising means to dissolve the 'federal union,' were returning homeward very melancholy.

"'Never doubted Mr. Smooth's word,' says he, with simple dryness,—'but, notwithstanding, painful is the experience

that office-holders and seekers, though always kind to Uncle Sam, and tenacious of his dignity and cashbag, seldom maintain the same earnestness for their own when legitimates are left in the key-hole.'

"'You mean that the General's friends don't shine over on the square?'

"'Precisely so!—Mr. General Pierce himself is a sort of mixed stripe; but his friends (and he has regiments of them!), all fighters in the Mexican war when he was brigadier, expect so much something material for themselves that all *outsiders* are forgotten. Now and then the General is sorry to inform his many friends that he is a little ill; to which a voice here and there is heard to say that he is not inclined to do the clean thing.'

"'Well, I saw what the feller wanted; so I pulled out a fist full of shiners, just to show him what Young America could do. The seeing the dimes smoothed him down into the most agreeable amiability. His face loomed out with good natur, his feelings seemed coming right from his inards; and he struck up Yankee Doodle by way of an offset.

"'Pooty full, Mr. Smooth,' he generously remarked, 'but we must try accommodate you somehow! We'll tuck you away in a spare corner, high up!'

"'That's a good soul,' said I,—'know'd ye warn't a bad sort of fellow,—when a body understood how to get the good out!'

"'Apartments for Solomon Smooth, Esq., from Cape Cod,' he said, mutteringly, looking over his book, and drumming with his fingers on the page. Mr. Smooth, in proof of his fast

principles, will have no objection to tying up in the seventh story?'

"'Rather stiff that, Major! Young America can do most anything,—hang up on a pin if it be necessary to accommodate, but don't just like the moon for a bedfellow.'

"'Won't trouble you with a bedfellow, Mr. Smooth,' he, grinned out, shaking all over his broad sides.

"It being well understood in Washington that great men were most condescending, while little men, with large expectations, were most aspiring, there was nothing left but to cut a course between the two. As for the latter quality of gentlemen, they never stood at trifles, and when they failed to get the big business, had not the slightest objection to the small,—which was the doing all Mr. President Pierce's thinking. Therefore, be it known that, with a full knowledge of this sad state of affairs, did I write down:—'Mr. Solomon Smooth, from Cape Cod:' which, when down, looked like the footprints of a hen that, having dipped her claws in an inkstand, had waddled across the page. Thus ended my induction at the National.

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## CHAPTER II.

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### MR. SMOOTH SUPS, AND GOES TO BED.

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"At length, Uncle Sam, I found myself somebody; and while looking about me on the many well-dressed and very good-natured gentlemen who subsisted on the hope of your generosity, could not avoid the contemplation of what a glorious world this of ours must be, possessing as it does so many good hearted souls like yourself, so rich—but as indifferent to their own best interests. 'You will take supper, Mr. Smooth?' inquired the man behind the mahogany. Before I had time to speak, he pulled a bell that jingled like Jehu. And then there came scampering in a school of negroes, so tidy, trim, and intelligent. One bowed—another smiled—a third waited with a salutation my commands. 'Take care of Mister Smooth!' again spoke the man behind the mahogany, as with an effort to be commanding in accent. That they might know more emphatically (as Uncle Tom Benton says) that Mr. Smooth was none of your common citizen, I turned my eyes on the darkies, and stared at them until they turned pale. Then one possessed himself of my bundle: moving off with a scientific motion, and a bow *a la cabinet*, he bid me follow. Obeying his summons, onward we went, through a long, dark passage, and into a spacious hall up stairs, where he said they eat their people. No sooner was I bowed to a seat than a dozen gentlemen darkies set upon

me in good earnest; so fast did they beset me with eatables that I begun to think they had mistaken me for a thanksgiving turkey about to be fatted for the table of the secretary of the treasury. The fixins, as Mr. Samuel Slick would say, made one feel quite at home; not so with the darkies: they recognizing my home spun, soon became sassy; whereupon I turned round and set upon *them* with the broadest grin I could summon. Nor could I withhold a laugh at seeing them laugh. 'Reckon how mas'r's on big business to Washington wid Mr. General Pierce,' says one, whose face was black, and bright, and full of the quizzical; while another, with a flat crooked nose gave a cunning wink out of his left eye. This being detected by a superior, in the brisk person of a son of the Emerald Isle, who stood well six feet in his boots, a 'soucer' with the broad front of his knuckle bones, between the colored gentleman's two eyes, was the rejoinder—a most striking remonstrance, that laid him measuring the floor. Troth! an' it's myself 'd stop yer botheration. Sure, ye dark spalpeens, is it by the same token ye'd trate the gintleman? (Here the honest son of sweet Erin showed signs of his Doneybrook getting the better of him.) 'Myself 'll take care of Mr. Smooth—doesn't he belong to the self same party, the know-nothings? The divil a such a country, as Hamirike: an' it's the boys from Donegal that 'ud be taking her dignity in care.' Saying this, Mr. Patrick (for such was his name) stretched the whole length of his important self over the table, and says:—I'm yers to the buckle of my shoe, Mr. Smooth! It's a divil a one but yerself I'll vote for at the next helection. Sure, an' didn't mysel jine the native Hamerikan party, with Tom Connolly,

afore we'd been two months on the beloved soil an', sure, it's Tom and myself that's goin to put through the *nonothin* for ye.' Here Mr. Patrick anxiously paused for a reply. To never say a bad thing when I could not think of a good, ever has been my motto; so I returned his good nature with saying:—'Give us yer hand, Mr. Patrick—we will forget the two, and yet be one! and that our faith may be made strong, we will together do brown the patriotism of these United States.

"'Ye better believe that!' returns Mr. Patrick, with an exultation of happiness; and concluding with: 'I'd kill every nager in the land, be the pipers I would! an' it's the boys from old Ireland what does be keeping the bright face on pure Hamirikan principles. Sure an' warn't it the brave boys that halicted General Pierce and his cumrades?' Here Mr. Patrick again paused, and with a wise look, shook his head. 'We put the broad staunch face on the democracy,' again he interjaculated with a mutter. Indeed, Mr. Patrick the reader will easily detect, had the crude idea of right in his head; but, unfortunately, he could only get it out in these simple and sideling insinuations. The negro, whom we have before described as being knocked down, picked himself up and had nothing to say.

"'There may be much in what you say, friend Patrick,' said I: 'The boys from Donegal do with the elective franchise much that *native-Homers* in their carelessness leave undone. Mr. Patrick acknowledged this, shook his head, and said the fact, though deplorable, was preeminently established.

"'Like every one who visits Washington these times, yer a friend of the General's, and have fit with him in the Mexican war?' again he inquired, seeming to anticipate my answer. Of the Mexicans I know little—of the war less: it were well our country made peace its friend, war its enemy. As to the General and his fighting in Mexico, that was a matter that best affected himself; through it he became a great potentate, but not so great a man; but, I accept the general idea that he is now become troubled of a short memory. During this time I had not forgotten number one—my supper! Having stowed it well away under my lining, I felt very much like a man who had just turned away his back on Secretary Marcy, having through personal friendship received the country's best collectorship. Seeing the point of good-nature to which my feelings had arrived through the strong argument of meats, Mr. Patrick proffered his services to navigate me out of the place where he ate his people—through entries, corridors, passages, halls, and down stairways, along which we were ever encountering persons who, like Mr. Pierce, were groping their way in the dark. In the course of time, and after much feeling and fumbling, I again encountered the light of the mahogany counter, behind which stood the same individual I have before described—his person so formidable, his face so full and fat, his hair so sleek and smooth.

"'Had a good supper, Squire Smooth?' says he, a broad smile spreading over his broader face. On answering in the affirmative, he introduced me to numerous unsatisfied politicians. One of this very numerous gentry, and of whom I had, unfortunately, occasion to know more at a subsequent

period, (he was a man of grief from South Carolina), swore, by his knowledge of southern rights and secession, that his State, so neglected, would certainly go out of the Union. She had not a minister abroad—only Consul General at Alexandria, which was said by the knowing ones to be somewhere in Egypt; and where, to prove his strong faith in southern principles, and his independent indifference to the feelings of thin-skin northerners, he had purchased two very handsome Nubian slaves of the feminine gender. This was merely to illustrate the truly American spirit of our institutions: perchance it might arouse from his stupor the Viceroy, who not fully cognizant of the height of civilization to which America had arrived, was making singular, and to me very praiseworthy efforts, to free his people from the curse of enslaving men. To our patriotic Consul General we say—go it!—a few more such examples will give the Egyptian an impression of our liberty and christian love most strange: the brilliant light of our western star will, I fear, have much in it to remind him of those darker days when his forefathers built pyramids.

"'Come to see the General, I s'pose, stranger?' our Carolinian inquired, with a suspicious look, touching a companion beside him on the arm. To his inquiry I returned—nothing shorter! 'Cape Cod,' he followed with a respectful bow, 'did noble work for the true democracy; she is great in sands, shoals, and cod-fish; she will send General Pierce a chowder, as emblematic of his foreign policy—' Here I interrupted by assuring him that Cape Cod could stand anything to the stomach digestible; But whether she could digest the General was a doubtful question. Cape Cod, be it



known over the broad acres of this land, I added, has a spirit above living on government: she turned disdainfully from the means that were fast turning the functions of government into a machine for grinding out patronage—she never sacrificed Uncle Sam for the sake of what is in his tin-trunk. At this, which he was pleased to call an expletive, he began to summon his dignity: at once he stiffened in a manner that proved how much superior to me he considered himself, and how much more of Uncle Sam's shiners were necessary to his conceived maintenance. 'Cape Cod is the place,' says he folding his arms, moving to a more piquant position, giving his person a little more importance, and making a target of the brightly polished stove, against which he permitted a well-directed stream of dark fluid to explode ere he wiped his lips.—'Cape Cod is the place from whence all persons come who profess to be born free and equal; but they are a scrubby set—' Considering it a duty I owed to the nation, I again interrupted him. 'Cape Cod,' replied I, 'has got gumption, principle, and the spirit of a go-ahead in her: she germinated the Young American party. Understand, citizen, (here I found spunk was necessary), a cape-coaster can at any time boast a full fair of fish; if he draw them from Mr. John Bull's waters, so much the better. He is no stranger to Mr. John Bull, whom he esteems rather a dogged fellow, pugnaciously inclined at times, but never so bad as he seems; and though stubbornly behind the age of progress, nor willing to believe in the principles of manifest destiny, often improves upon acquaintance.'

"'Good night, Mr. Smooth,' said he hurriedly; 'when you tie up for the night—remember me—! Hope to see you bright in the morning.' Off, like the handle of a jug, he went. And now it being time to stow myself away, I hailed for a pilot to navigate me safe into the seventh story. My fat friend at the counter, whose eyes were becoming leaden, rung again the bell, and out scampered some dozen darkies from nobody could discern where. I looked at the negroes with an expression of excitement, and then, somewhat alarmed:—'Stranger,' says I, 'these 'ere niggers a'int all going to put me through, be they?' He said he reckoned one would do; and to a question as to what time I would complete the journey to bed, he replied that seeing I was of the Young American stripe, and that the distinguished of that party could do almost anything, provided I started soon I would reach the destination about midnight. 'Now, providing it's any accommodation, Mr. Smooth, we can send you to bed by steam. Say the word and up you'll go!' he rapidly concluded, rapping with his fingers on the big book he had so leisurely laid aside for the night, there being no chance of another customer being caught this side of twelve o'clock. I shook my head and moved off, telling him I did not appreciate being busted up. 'Ain't a mite of danger!' says he: 'why, stranger, we havn't killed more nor two dozen this year or more.' That Young America was a go-ahead I was fully conscious; still, being somewhat anxious to extend a little friendly advice to General Pierce, I begged to be excused from all dangers, Young America must live to proclaim the manifest destiny of a universal republic. You may lay aside your steam fixings until a more expedient

time to use them—'Here he interrupted by saying my walking up would only save six cents;—' can put Mr. Smooth into the machine and send him up in a jiffy. Further, we have got some dozen old gents here who go to bed by steam every night!' I shook hands with the fellow, exchanged glances, bid them good night all round, and trotted off, following the darky, who wound his way round corridors, up stairs, and through passages for more than an hour, (at least, I thought it was!), until I fancied we had got lost in an interminable labyrinth of narrow passages. It was just after inauguration, which fact was duly made known through the medium of sundry corks of champagne bottles, which were sounding pop! pop!! pop!!! Again merry voices were heard announcing the misfortunes of those about to pass out: while another whose voice seemed somewhat mellow, said he had in his eye the office he wanted—exactly. A third voice, as if echoed through a subterranean vault, said they must all be forbearing—the General was so undecided in his opinions. Pretty soon, the negro, having wound his way high up in the world, turned a corner, gave a tremendous guffaw, and opened the door of a place that looked very much like a closet in which to stow away lean lawyers. 'Now, Cuff! ye ain't goin to stow this citizen away in that ar place, be ye?' says I.

"'Mas'r,' returns he, 'tis just the snuggest place ye ever did see; why! tain't da length on ye, seem how mas'r can double himself up anyhow,—just as Ginerol Pierce do.' The darkey laughed and drew back with a bow, as I began to philosophise that, being now so well up in the world, it was the best policy to coil up and invoke Morpheus,—which I did,

bidding good-night to all below, and promising myself a pleasant interview with General Pierce on the following morning.

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## **CHAPTER III.**

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### **IN WHICH MR. SMOOTH HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL CASS.**

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"Smooth had just stowed himself away in the shape of a figure 4, when there came a voice as husky as Uncle Zack Peabody's conk, (which said conk had been used to blow his way through the fogs of Newfoundland for nearly half a century), saying:—'It's mighty tight squeezing there, ain't it, stranger?' Where the voice came from seemed a puzzle for all creation. No room was there in the place for another soul—all became as still and watchlike as the tomb. In fear and anxiety I gazed upon the dark wall, and along it to the little window facing the avenue; and there, behold! but tell it not in the Capitol, was the broad, burly face of General Cass, like a wet moon in discontent. Unhappy with himself, he was peering in at the window. Again he muttered:—'I can't get in!—such has always been my fate.' The much-disappointed old gentleman bore such an expression of discomfiture on his countenance, that Smooth was forced to the conclusion that to be sociable would only be doing a good turn—more especially as the General and Uncle Sam never got along well together. 'Then it's you, General?' says I: 'well, don't be in a hurry!' After a short silence, he inquired if I could accommodate a traveller who had been long on the road, and short of shot. I said I was not well to do for room; but as to be obliging was the order of the day, and seeing that he

was soon to try another turn by joining the 'Young American' party, I would see what could be done. He had got upon the roof of the institution,—just where he could slip backward with great ease, though it took some effort to go forward. Being somewhat infirm of age, I took him gently by the hand and assisted him in, where I thought he might, if he pleased, stand upon a square platform. The General was very polite, bore strongly in his demeanor the marks of time and honor; I could not suppress the capricious thought—that it was time a sly corner in the patent office were provided for political relics of a past age, and he safely stowed away in it. All things of a by-gone age should have their place; notwithstanding, knowing that Uncle Sam and him had tried to be intimate friends, and that he had many warm and substantial voters in the far West, I felt to be less than condescending would be bad political policy. He took a seat, and began to get up his good-nature, as I inquired what earthly mission he could be prosecuting on so dark and cold a night.

"'Well, now, friend Smooth,' he says: 'I like you, but the question you put so honestly has a point which you cannot see, though I can painfully feel. However, as I have no secrets, I don't mind telling you: it must be private, nevertheless—I am sensitive not to have these matters spread all over the Union. To-night, you see, a conclave of political wranglers met below, in this house. Conscious that they would have a large '*grin*' at me, discussing the means by which I have always been the rejected of this great and growing people, I came that my ears might lesson of fools. To this end, I mounted the chimney, and was reconnoitering