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DOWNFALL
OF
FREEMASONRY,
BEING
AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND TRIUMPH
OF
ANTI-MASONRY;

ALSO,
OF THE ORIGIN AND INCREASE OF
ABOLITION:
TOGETHER WITH A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE TRAVELS, DAN-
GERS, ATTACKS, DISCOVERIES, AND ESCAPES
OF THE GOVERNOR
FROM THE CUT-THROATS OF THE LODGE,

DURING
THE FIRST YEARS OF HIS ADMINISTRATION, IN HIS VARIOUS PE-
REGRINATIONS THROUGH THE STATE—CONTAINED IN
HIS OWN LETTERS—TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED
FAITHFUL BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF HIS LIFE AND MY OWN,

WITH NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.
All carefully revised by Punkin's shorthand, worked by steam from Blubberlips.

BY JONATHAN PUNKIN, ESQ.
E.P., S.P., C.C., O.A., and F. D. E. A. U. .Y I., &c

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR,
NEAR THE COUNCIL CHAMBERS
Unction Room,
. 1838.

EXPLANATION.

Entered by JONATHAN PUNKIN, Esq.,—Ex Pedler—State Printer—Cabinet Counsellor—Organ of the Administration—and Fellow of the Down East Academy of Useful Yankee Inventions, &c. &c.

P R E F A C E.

The history of the present administration is characterized by many extraordinary events. It will be referred to by succeeding historians of the Keystone state, as a sterling point of the first magnitude; and whatever throws additional light upon the events of the times, will be held in the highest estimation. It seems little less than a providential preservation of the materials for a true history, that the Governor should, himself, have chronicled, not only his own acts and measures, but the secret motives and influences under which they were performed and devised, in a series of letters of the deepest interest and importance. In the following letters, written by the Governor, with his own hand, or dictated by him and his much abused "Kitchen Cabinet," will be found the only true and accurate history of the origin, progress, and final triumph of Antimasonry—the rise and increase of Abolition—the establishment of a sound currency of shinplasters—the management of the improvement system—the examinations of the common schools—the science of phrenology, and of political economy—and the art of enabling a minority to rule a majority, by skilful registry laws, and apportionment bills—together with an improved mode of manufacturing state printers, cabinet counsellors, &c. &c., and also, of the art and mystery of rising in the world through the learned profession of peddling spinning jennies, patent threshers, and other useful and subtle contrivances of Yankee ingenuity. The great mass of valuable facts contained in these letters, has induced me to collect and publish them, with notes and explanations, so that the future historian of this state will be able to

draw from this collection, the most minute and authentic information touching the numerous reform measures just referred to. I hope the public will readily admit that the intimate personal and political relations subsisting between the Governor and myself, have peculiarly fitted me for this undertaking. I have prefixed brief, but I trust interesting and faithful biographical sketches, both of his eventful life and my own, from the perusal of which, the rising generation may derive invaluable benefit. We are both children of our republic institutions, and the paths by which we ascended to the giddy heights we have reached, are radiant with the lessons of instruction and experience. Let those who are to come after us, pause, admire, and imitate!

JONATHAN PUNKIN.

May, 1838.



1. The Governor on the morning he delivered his *visu* of the Locomotives.

2. The Governor meditating on the relative value of Canal boats & broad wheeled Waggon's.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE GOVERNOR.

IN composing the life of a great man, much of its interest and value depend upon the manner in which it is written. To do full justice to the character, talents, acquirements, and services of the Governor, is no ordinary task, and to accomplish it in a manner as satisfactory as possible, I have adopted, as a model, Plutarch's Lives, the most classical, entertaining and instructive work of antiquity. The facts stated may be implicitly relied upon, for I have obtained them from his Excellency himself, and from a number of the oldest inhabitants of the neighbourhood where he was born and reared.

The precise place of his birth is not distinctly known. This has been not an uncommon occurrence with other distinguished men. Seven Grecian cities claimed the honor of being the birth place of Homer. Asia, Africa and Europe dispute the glory of having produced Romulus and Remus, the immortal founders of Rome, the Eternal City of the Old World, and Europe and America dispute the palm of renown, in having produced the Hero of New Orleans, for it has never yet been decided, whether he first saw the light in the great eastern or western hemispheres. Neither the governor, nor any of the old inhabitants with whom I conversed, can determine whether he was ushered into the world on the Berks or Lancaster side of the dividing line between those two counties. It is to be fairly presumed, however, from the sound, unwavering political principles which he holds in common with the enlightened yeomanry of Lancaster county, that he was born on that side of the line.

According to *his* best recollection, he was born a few days after the victory over Cornwallis at Yorktown, as it is distinctly recollected by several old ladies, that one of his uncles returned with his baggage wagon from the wars, and communicated to the family, the night before he was born, this closing action of the revolution. He described the roaring of the cannon and the clashing of the bayonets and swords, in so vivid a manner, as to have produced a deep and lasting impression on the mind and character of the future Governor. Indeed, it is to this fact that his warlike spirit is mainly to be ascribed—that patriotic spirit which made him seize his wagon whip and march at the head of his baggage wagon in 1813, to the wars under Gen. Harrison—that determined and manly spirit, which has induced him so often to veto the acts of the Legislature and bring the cringing spaniels to his feet—that bold and belligerent spirit, that prompted him to hurl defiance at the gigantic power of the General Go-

vernment, and rebuke the base bowing of the knee to the dark spirit of slavery.

From the old ladies before mentioned, I also learned, that the night of his birth was distinguished by terrific prodigies, which seemed to indicate the commencement of some great event. Hurricanes levelled whole forests, barns, houses, and corn cribs, to the earth. Torrents of water swept the valleys, and forked lightnings flashed in the skies and scathed the hardest rocks on the hill peaks. Fiery warriors galloped over the clouds, dressed in the glowing garb of the Knights of Malta, and directly over the house where he was born, a flaming masonic square and compass was suspended in the heavens, which seemed broken into atoms and vanished in a few moments after his birth. The horses leaped out of the stable windows and ran neighing over the fields; the catile rushed bellowing to the hills; the cocks were silent at daylight, in mute astonishment, and all animated nature in that section of the country seemed to be lost in amazement.

Among other strange portents which attended the birth of this extraordinary man, a masonic lodge, established a few miles from the house of his father, was so completely prostrated by a tornado, that not one stone was left laying upon another—its books of bloody oaths were scattered like the sybil's leaves—the sword of the Grand Master was found driven up to the hilt in a neighbouring hay-stack, and his apron, decorated with all the devices of the lodge, was found next morning dangling at the tail of a weathercock, upon the steeple of a Unitarian church, several miles from the thrilling scene of action, where it continued to hang fluttering in the fitful breezes for months, until it was supposed to have been taken off by witches in a midnight dance.

In the recollection of the members of this lodge, its destruction and the birth of the future Governor were inseparably united. They shuddered whenever they saw him, and it may be truly said, that although he was not aware of it, until it was revealed to him by William Morgan, yet, from the days of his childhood, he was marked by those who were skilled in the occult mysteries of this hellish institution, as its future enemy and destroyer.

Even when a mere infant, he began to manifest different endowments and propensities from other children. He never cried; but when neglected or treated ill, he looked silently down, and seemed to be calmly waiting for the avenging hour to come. At six weeks of age he had a full set of double teeth with which he seized the pap spoon, when not fed to his liking, and held fast to it with the most manly perseverance, until his jaws were pried open, or food more to his taste was brought. Thus early did the attributes of the man begin to shine.

The first word he ever pronounced was *I*, and whenever he wanted any thing afterwards, his nurse knew, when that was

pronounced, that he must have what he wanted, or else eat no supper, by which his health was endangered and his growth checked. This consideration generally secured him whatever he desired, and, to do him justice, his wants were always regulated by wonderful judgment and discretion.

When he was about six months old, a very sagacious and noted fortune teller came to his father's house, and the moment she entered the door, little Josey held out his hands towards her, and she started back in surprize, for the instant she cast her eyes over the lines in his palms, she pronounced him a *wonderful child*! She said, when he grew up, the town where he was born would not hold him—that he would travel into a larger sphere—that whatever his business or fortune might be, he would have many difficulties and dangers to encounter, and whether he drove men or horses, he would be distinguished for a free use of the whip.

When he was about three years old, he was sent to school, and was much distinguished for the progress he made. At the end of two quarters, it is actually averred, that he knew two letters, I and O, and his teacher, even at that early day, said he could discover flashes of that great genius, which would one day burst out and illuminate the world. He continued to go to school for about three years, at the end of which time he had mastered a great part of the spelling book, and was repeatedly heard to say, that in many parts of it he could make decided improvements. He considered the fable of the old man and the boy in his apple-tree, as calculated to do great injury in its influence upon young minds, because it prevented them from being as cautious and wakeful as they ought to be in avoiding detection; and, in the next place, it taught those whose rights were invaded, a wrong kind of justice; that the old man should have thrown the stones first, and the grass afterwards, and then the boys would have some reason to be afraid of being caught. It is astonishing to see how, at this premature age, he discovered and acted upon the principles of Lycurgus, in all respects, except in his fondness for the "*black broth*." He was very sensitive of his personal honour at school, and never suffered his rights to be invaded by any boy younger or weaker than himself. This disposition led him into many battles and fisticuffs, in which his true character was fully displayed. All those whom he could whip were soundly thrashed, and those whom he could not whip, he either complained of to the master, or told that he would whip when he got to be a man. He had several altercations with his teachers, whose authority he disputed whenever he thought it exercised in a wrong way, and whose capacity to teach *him* he frequently denied.

The occasion of his finally leaving school, an event which took place just as he was entering upon his seventh year, was a me-

morale one in his personal history. A new set of rules had been established by a new teacher, many of which he thought entrenched upon his personal rights. The first time one of these disputed rules was applied to himself, he flung the dunce cap from his head, dismounted from the stool, and, following the example of our fathers in the declaration of independence, declared his allegiance to the master absolved. A scuffle followed, in which he was rather roughly treated, but like the battle of Lexington, it was the first blow in his future Excellency's war of mental independence, and, to the great benefit of the State of Pennsylvania and the world, sent him forth to act and think for himself, untrammelled by the rules and the rod which hold weaker minds in subjection. His father endeavoured to expostulate with him and induce him to return to school, but he declared he would die first, and would much prefer working on the farm.

A few days after, his father was ploughing out corn, and little Josey, being about the right size, was riding the horse. He could not keep him in the furrow, and when exhausted by his blundering, he indignantly exclaimed, "If I was the horse I would keep in the farrow." Thus were his notions of reform, and original conceptions, carried into every situation in which he was placed.

Shortly after he had arrived at the age of ten years, he was fired with an anxious desire to see the city of Philadelphia, by the glowing representations of a neighboring boy, who had been down and seen the wonders of that place. Accordingly, the first time his father went down with potatoes, little Josey travelled down upon the load, and reached the city in the afternoon, when he dismounted, and after purchasing some mint-sticks and a couple of ginger cakes, he sallied forth with one of the cakes under his arm and eating from the other, to see the curiosities of the town. It is impossible here to resist reflections upon the similar entrance into the same city, of Doctor Franklin, some fifty years before. What a lesson for mankind to study! To see the philosopher and statesman, who it is said, has snatched the lightnings from the skies and the sceptre from tyrants, and the equally distinguished philosophic, tyrant hating Governor, and exterminator of that Jezebel, the lodge, each poised on his own dignity, calmly surveying the crowded throng around them, of which they were one day to become the wonder and admiration! Who would have expected to find in those rustic country boys, subjects for the eulogiums of historians in after times! Even yet, the Governor can remember that he was followed by a wondering throng of impertinent city boys, who regarded him at that infantile period of his life, as an object of general curiosity. He can still recollect with what interest he looked into the stores and jewellers shops. But the

place where, above all others, his attention was rivetted, was a store in Chesnut, between Third and Fourth streets, in the windows of which were displayed beautiful wax works. Such hold did they take upon his youthful mind, that he continues to admire them more than any efforts of the painter or the sculptor, to the present day.

In passing by the State House, in company with his father, he saw General Washington, whose appearance made such an impression upon his juvenile imagination, that he still speaks of it with rapture. It is to this circumstance we are to refer his prompt and manly vindication of Gen Washington's character from the charge of being a member of the bloody lodge, for when he saw him, he says he had neither apron, gavel, square, compass, cable-tow, trowel, seven stars, nor ladder, about him, but was dressed in a simple plain black coat, such as he now wears himself, in imitation of that great man.

It does seem as though Providence exercises a special guardianship over some men, who are reserved for great destinies, or else, how could Alexander the Great have tamed the fiery Bucephalus; Washington have escaped from the seventeen fair shots of the Indian marksman, or Bonaparte have crossed unharmed the bridge of Lodi, amidst the carnage of a raging battle, or escaped from the explosion of the infernal machine, which shook Paris to its deepest foundations? Great as were their dangers, the immediate hand of Providence was not more perceptible in their probation, than it was in preserving from harm, the future Governor and the exterminator of the lodge. Thrice did reckless draymen drive over him in the street; once did a past Grand Master of the lodge, leap his enormous black charger over his head; twice did he fall off the docks into the Delaware, where ravenous sharks sought to devour him, and times without number did stages, hacks and wagons, drive furiously over and around him, but he miraculously escaped from all these perils, without a hair of his head being injured, and after buying a barlow knife and a fiddle, returned home with his father to recount what he had seen, and indulge in thoughts of future greatness.

This expedition to Philadelphia gave him a distaste for the further prosecution of agricultural pursuits, and although he continued with his father for several years on the farm, yet he did so with great reluctance, and was constantly talking of trying his fortunes in the West, where money could be made by the exercise of his genius. The military turn of his mind was very early developed, so brilliantly, that a militia company in which he was bearing arms as a substitute, during the "Whiskey Insurrection," elevated him to the rank of fourth corporal at the early age of seventeen, a post, which he often says himself, was the most rising one in the company; and certain it is, that he attained it at an earlier age than any other man upon record, ex-

cept my grandfather, Elderkin Punkin. During his active campaign in the Whiskey Insurrection, his good conduct won for him the confidence and respect of all. It was noted that as soon as he received the appointment just mentioned, his demeanor became dignified and officer-like, and betokened to the common soldiers, that he felt and would exercise all the prerogatives that belonged to his station. At the close of the campaign, he had risen, by regular gradations, up to the post of second corporal, and it was observed by all, that at each elevation, a commensurate sense of the importance of his station rose with him. He was much pleased with the country in Cumberland and Washington counties, through which he passed, and told his father upon his return, that he could not remain in the narrow in which he was born. This declaration brought to the mind of his parents the prediction of the fortune teller, and with tears of joy at its truth, and sorrow at the separation, they bid him a silent farewell.

Thus, at the age of twenty, did this future great man, without money, means, or friends, relying on his own powers, start out, as he himself said, with a determination to raise the family name, and not to relax his efforts until he had reached the Chair of State. He made a temporary sojourn in the county of Cumberland, where he was busily engaged in laying the foundations of his future greatness. He looked profoundly into the operations of his own judgment, and found in that, a never failing resource. For a time he pursued his old avocation of working upon a farm, and so deeply and intensely was he engaged in reflections upon his situation, and the means of improving it, that he was known for days together, to plough in the rich lands of the Cumberland Valley, without a *critter* to his plough. He remained here for two or three years, in the summer season following agricultural pursuits, and in the winter working in an adjacent still-house.— Having many leisure hours in the latter employment, he devoted them to acquiring the accomplishments which combined amusement with improvement. In a few winters he became in this way, an unrivalled performer on the fiddle, and could play fox and geese, all-fours or old sledge, and hustle coppers, with greater dexterity than any man he ever met, except his old friend, Nerr Middleswarth.

By industry and economy he, in due time, found himself master of money enough to procure four horses, two of them with one eye a-piece, and a broad wheeled wagon, with which he entered upon the carrying business between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. He continued it with great assiduity for several years, having been enabled to add two more horses to his team during the second year. In those times, it is known, that teamsters were in the habit of travelling in numbers together, like caravans crossing the desert. The future Governor was distin-

guished for his skill in driving, much more than for hitching up or currying his horses. He was in general the last of the number with whom he travelled, who started in the mornings from each stopping place, for which he assigned the significant reason, that he was fond of driving the rest all before him; thus proving still further the truth of the fortune teller's predictions. His skill in handling the cartwhip was unsurpassed; the hostlers, night and morning, often volunteered to feed, curry and hitch up his team, for the sake of hearing him, meanwhile, crack the tune of yankee doodle with his whip. His prejudice against fat horses was unconquerable, considering too much flesh was a burthen for them to carry, and a useless expense for him to put on. It was owing to this wise conclusion, that he always drove a team whose ribs and hip bones, denoting great strength, could be seen at a distance.

A few years before the war, the illustrious subject of this biographical notice, feeling the loneliness of a single life, and fearing that he could not lay up much of the goods of this world in his rambling, uncertain, and whip-cracking occupation, took to himself a wife and settled upon a small farm in Washington county, which, at intervals, he continued to employ others to cultivate, while he followed his former avocation upon the roads between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. The declaration of war cut off a great portion of this business, and having little to do with his team, he contracted with a commissary of the army to take a load of flour and pork to supply the North Western Army. Whilst upon this expedition, the martial notes of Gen. Harrison's bugle, and the offer of higher wages than he could make on the turnpike, fell simultaneously upon his ear. Patriotism and interest responded to the call, and the Governor, enthusiastically brandishing his cart whip, entered upon that brilliant series of exploits, which have made him a competitor for fame with Harrison, Wilkeson, and Hampton. Armies cannot march without baggage; baggage cannot be transported without wagons, and wagons cannot be driven without horses and drivers. It is therefore obvious, that the distinguished subject of this sketch was as essential to the military operations of the army, as the commander in chief. Wherever it went he followed in its train, participated in all its perils and dangers. How often he was stuck fast in the mud; how often broken down, or how often upset, it is impossible now to decide, and until these things are known, the amount of gratitude that the country owes him, can never be determined. Suffice it to say, the Governor considers that as one of the hardest seasons of toil and sufferings that he ever endured. Independent of the exposure of his own life and the lives of his horses in numerous battles, his loss of property was very considerable. At the battle of the Thames, though stationed a mile east of the battle ground, a random shot from a six pounder, shattered his feed trough into atoms, and scared his

horses off a bank into a morass, near the place where Gen. Harrison was standing. It required all his efforts, and those of one or two others, to extricate them from the danger, and had not Tecumseh been killed by Colonel Johnson, and the Indians been subdued, he would inevitably have lost horses, wagon and all.

At the siege of Fort Meigs, owing to the stubbornness of Col. Croghan, he suffered great loss and hardship in being compelled to haul off a large quantity of baggage, which Gen. Harrison had caused to be piled up and ordered to be burnt, from the transportation of which he would have been entirely free had Croghan obeyed Harrison's orders and surrendered the Fort.

But of all the perilous and bloody battles in which he either took part or heard the firing, the battle of North Bend was the hottest and most severe. A battle, however, which has been unaccountably overlooked by all the historians of the last war; but one, which the Governor will have occasion to remember to the last day of his life. On that field of carnage, his off lead horse was slain before his eyes by a prowling savage, and he forced to retreat without time being given to pull off his skin or old shoes. With this battle ended the Governor's active military career. He left the wars with one horse less, but with four or five hundred dollars more than he would have had, had he remained attached to the peace establishment.

Cinnatus like, he returned home to his farm, and for a season reposed under the shade of the laurels his valor had won upon the battle field.

The services performed by the Governor for his country rendered him extremely popular among his fellow citizens, and although absent a great part of the time with his team, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, it was thought due to him to confer some mark of approbation and distinction upon him. Accordingly at the next Spring election he was nominated for the responsible and important office of Constable of the township where his residence was situated, and after a hotly contested canvas, he was elected over a masonic opponent by a respectable majority of three votes. This was the Governor's first election to any civil office, and here commenced that career of civil distinction, which has ended in his elevation to the highest office in this great Commonwealth. He entered upon the discharge of its duties, and gained much approbation for the energy and vigor he displayed. He eradicated all crime—caught all the criminals in his section of the county, and especially turned his attention to the extirpation of hustling matches and other unlawful games, at which some of his old associates took much offence, but he justified his conduct on the ground of official duty, with which all were compelled to be content. He appointed a competent deputy to serve warrants or drive teams with equal capacity, and thus, by changing em-

his gigantic and noble intellectual powers. His person is striking and attracts the attention of passing strangers, and even boys in the streets. Doctor Johnson said of Edmund Burke, that a man could not ever meet him under a gateway in a shower, without being convinced that he was no common man. This remark is equally true of the Governor.

He is about five feet ten inches in height, broad shouldered, with an ample development of the abdominal region, and a corresponding counterpoise on the other side. He bears little resemblance to Edward I. king of England, surnamed "Long Shanks," but a much more striking similitude to Charles the Fat, king of France, whose ample shoulders, rotund cheeks, and parenthetical legs, are well known in history. All his movements are staid and dignified in the extreme. He walks much and strongly, always carrying in his right hand a trusty cane, little inferior to the celebrated club of Hercules. The habit of carrying this was acquired by the persecuting attacks made upon him by the masons.

His suavity of manners, even to passing strangers in the street, is very unusual in so great a man—he sees every body and desires that every body should see him. His polite attention to every body he meets, has rendered it thus far unnecessary that he should make parties or conciliate acquaintances by treating with cake and wine, an expensive custom, which he considers as aristocratic, and heartily abhors.

His colloquial powers are very superior—so superior, indeed, that he always, in all companies, prefers talking himself to hearing others talk. In this respect, he much resembles the distinguished Lord Chancellor Erskine, who, from his constant and forcible use of the personal pronoun *I*, was honored with the expressive epithet of "Chancellor Ego."

His complexion is ruddy, with a slight tawny tinge. His hair, originally black, is now sprinkled with gray, and grows luxuriantly upon a head, which, like Sir Walter Scott's, gracefully tapers like a sugar loaf, or the summit of a pyramid. This luxuriant growth of hair he mainly attributes to the circumstance of sowing Lake Plaster, without his hat on, when he was a boy. It has exposed him to some inconvenience, for, like the Soldan Mourzuffle, spoken of by Gibbon the historian, it produced such a plentiful crop of hair as to commingle hair and eye-brows, and rendered it necessary, in order to exhibit in its own fair proportions, his "expansive and magnificent forehead," so much lauded in his lithograph likeness by the Pennsylvania Inquirer and others of his *disinterested* friends, to lop it off with the edge of the razor, and thus makes the labour of his barber twice as great as in shaving common men.

It has been said by the poet, that "the eye is the window of the soul." Never was truth more apparent than this in relation

"I have seen it stated that the steam vessel 'Great Western,' is of three hundred and fifty horse power, and it instantly occurred to me to institute an investigation upon the subject, to ascertain whether it would not be safer, cheaper, and better, to employ the horses themselves. I have been familiar with the use of steam from my boyhood up. The first I recollect in regard to it, was getting my fingers sadly burnt by endeavouring to cook a small potatoe in the spout of my mother's teakettle. Afterwards, by trying further experiments in a steam distillery, where I was engaged at work, I blew up the hop tub and scalded myself and several spectators. I have always found it a dangerous article to handle, and I cannot believe that it was ever intended by the Almighty to supply the place of that valuable and docile creature, the horse. Steam, you can neither saddle, bridle, nor harness; neither can you confine it by wall or fence,—it goes like a volcano, puffing, hissing and burning whithersoever it pleases, and destroys every thing in its way.

"I observe, it is stated, that these steam ships started with 400 tons of coal, and that their engines and machinery weigh 150 tons, making an aggregate of 550 tons of coal and steam works. Let us now see what would be the advantage in employing 350 horses themselves, which must of course have a combined power equal to this boasted steam engine.

	TONS.
" 350 horses a 3 per ton,	116½
2000 bushels rye chop,	51½
350 do oats for change of diet,	5
1000 bundles straw,	4
5 tons hay,	5
350 harnesses and swingletrees,	2½
Grand total,	184½

"Deduct this from 550 tons of coal and steam works, leaves the enormous balance in favor of horse power of 365½ tons. This, if applied to the carrying of freight or passengers, would leave a vast profit in favor of these packet lines that employed horse ships. So much on the score of economy; and as to the superior safety of boats propelled by horse power, no man can entertain a doubt, and I boldly and confidently challenge the oldest and most learned member of this ancient academy of arts and sciences, to produce a single instance in the history of the world, in which a horse boat ever blew up or took fire."

With this elaborate and unanswerable essay, I leave the life of the Governor, and shall conclude it by a brief description of his person.

Nature has chosen a most fit and emblematic tenement for

back—the one half in onions at the market price, and the other in cash.

JONATHAN PUNKIN, Sen.

“Weathersfield, Oct. 4th, 1813.

“N. B. Whoever takes him up, or gives me notice where he may be found, will confer a great favor on an afflicted family.”

I was thunderstruck at this movement of my father, and in the alarm and confusion of the moment, denied my name. I was puzzled to know what name to assume; but suddenly be-
 thinking myself of the name of my old playmate, Theo, and of the place where we kept our plunder, I boldly told him that my name was not Jonathan Punkin, but Theo Fenn. “You need not deny your name,” said the landlord, “for your personal appearance and your dress all prove that you are the very rascal described in this advertisement.” So without more ado, he tied me, and took me home in a one-horse wagon. I found my father exceedingly displeased, and my mother crying; both told me that I would be an everlasting disgrace to the Punkin family. The unfortunate termination of this, my first attempt to peddle, entirely cooled me in my peddling ardor for several years.

I remained at home, working in the garden and doing chores about the neighborhood until I was nineteen, when my spirit for speculation and adventure burst forth anew. My father, about this time, bound me out apprentice to a carpenter, who obtained his lumber from the state of Maine. He was perfect master of his trade, and was very ingenious in his inventions and contrivances. Having understood the slow process of making shingles with the crow and shave, in the forests of the State of Maine, was the reason of their being so dear, he had been for some time engaged in endeavoring to remedy this inconvenience, by inventing and perfecting a machine which should split and shave the shingles at a single operation. Having succeeded to his mind, and obtained a patent, I was sent to Boston with one of the machines, to have it tested by the academy of arts and sciences in that city. Being acquainted with one of the lumber dealers from Maine, who informed me that shingle timber was so plenty there that it could be got in abundance, without owning an acre of land, it occurred to me on the way, that it would be an excellent speculation for me to travel at once into Maine with the machine, and set up the shingle making business on my own hook. So I deviated from the way I was sent by my master; and leaving Boston far on my right, proceeded at once into a dark and dense forest of white-pine timber, upon the head waters of the Penobscot river, where I commenced operations, in conjunction with several squatters. We prosecuted our work, and had nearly a boat load of patent shingles completed, when the Sheriff of the county, with a posse at his heels, came suddenly upon us, and took us into custody, under an act of assem-

My passed the year before, providing for the apprehension and punishment of timber stealers.

We were thrust into prison, to await our trial at the next criminal court. But I was resolved not to hew stone in the penitentiary; so I set my wits to work, and calling to my recollection the devices of Baron Trenck, Stephen Burroughs, and other oppressed patriots under like circumstances, I succeeded in a short time, with an old case knife, a watch spring, and a few nails, in contriving a machine for picking locks, with which I effected the escape of myself and my compatriots. Never was the truth of the good old maxim, that "necessity is the mother of invention," more happily illustrated than in this case, for on many occasions since have I profited greatly by this pick-lock production of my own genius.

It was fortunate for me that I made my escape the night I did, for the very next day my old master from Weathersfield came to apprehend me as his runaway apprentice, and as the abductor of his new patent shingle splitting machine. For upwards of a year, I continued to skulk about in the back settlements of Maine and New Hampshire, and found it extremely difficult, on many occasions, to elude the pursuit of the officers of justice. My associates and myself laid the hen-roosts and sheep-folds, throughout those sections of the country, under liberal contribution; and on one occasion I came very near paying a good price for the whistle. One morning before daylight, I entered a tailor's shop to repair my tattered wardrobe, and was pursued by a raw-boned ruffian Yankee constable at least fifteen miles, to the line of the State. I effected my escape by leaping off a ledge of rocks, and swimming the Androscoggin river.

Having arrived at the age of twenty-one, I considered myself free from my master, the carpenter, and ventured to return to Weathersfield once more. My friends were glad to see me; and on my promise of reform, and to return to habits of industry, they offered to compromise matters with my late master, and to furnish me with the means of getting into some kind of business. I never liked to work, and as I had not completed the trade of carpenter, nor acquired education enough to teach a common school, I saw no other course open for me but to resort to labor, however disgusting it might be. I accordingly hired a half an acre of onion ground, adjoining my father's, and commenced planting it, when it occurred to me that it was a much easier mode of making money to marry a rich wife, than to hoe and weed onions.

About two miles east of Weathersfield, lived a very wealthy old farmer, named Deacon Zorobabel Slaughter, who had an only daughter, called Tabitha, a very pretty, modest girl, who made the yellowest butter, and spun the neatest yarn, of any girl in that neighborhood. I went to her father's to buy some onion seed,



Jonathan pursued by a down-east constable.

and happened to get acquainted with the fair creature. She treated me with politeness, and invited me to call again. Upon looking round upon the fine farm, houses, barns, cattle, and horses, of the Deacon, I found that pretty Tabitha had stolen away my heart. This was my first love. I visited her regularly for three months, without daring to pop the question, she kept me so at bay; when, accidentally, I was called to Lieutenant Hosea Wheelock's, on business, and discovered that his only daughter, Jarusha, was, if anything, prettier than Tabitha—her father having a better farm, with \$1,500 ready cash at interest. I could not tell how it was, but my susceptible heart fluttered worse than it did at Deacon Slaughter's. I lay awake that night two hours, endeavoring to settle in my mind which of these angels I loved most dearly. It was a hard question; and at length I determined to court both, feeling certain that, in the event, I might secure one or the other of them.

Each attended a different church; and I, according to the habit inculcated by my father, attended the church frequented by one of them in the forenoon, and the other in the afternoon, of every Sunday. I always sat in front of them, and ogled them as pleasantly as I could, and occasionally volunteered to wait on them home, which they, out of pure modesty and bashfulness, always declined. I wrote them passionate letters, and sent them amatory books and pictures to awaken their sensibilities, but all to no purpose—for a malicious, meddlesome, old woman, who had been watching my motions for some time, informed each that I was also trying to court the other. After this impertinent and wicked interference, the first time I visited the Deacon's, he ordered me out of the house. I still thought there was a chance left; and upon going to see my other sweetheart, the Lieutenant kicked me out of doors, and gave me a severe caning. As I was backing out of the door yard, the fair Jarusha, to complete my despair, laughed and made wry faces at me, from a second story window.

After this ill treatment, I became so disgusted with blushing females, that I resolved never again to have anything to say to those whose skin was so white and thin, as to show their blushes through it. Thus ended in smoke my bright matrimonial speculations, and I was obliged to retire to my onion-bed once more for support.

I had seen too much of the world to be content with this kind of life, and again my peddling propensities glowed afresh in my bosom. I converted my crop of onions into the various appropriate notions for a peddling expedition—got trusted at a tin shop to the amount of \$200, which I forgot ever to pay—received powers of attorney to sell and transfer patent rights from the patentees of the corn sheller and cob converter, grain thrasher, and spinning jenny, and putting my whole load upon a one-horse

wagon, with a large pine body painted red, drawn by my father's old sorrel mare, Nelly, which was his parting gift, I mounted the box, and with a light heart, throbbing high with expectation, turned my own face and the face of the old mare towards Pennsylvania, in quest of my fortune.

Thus equipped, little did I think, as I drove down the main street of Weathersfield, that in so few years I should rise from my humble station, to sit at the right hand of the Governor of this great Commonwealth, and advise what legislation was necessary for a million and a half of people! Little did I think that it would become my lot to abandon my pedlar's cart and the pursuits of my boyhood, and become, like Dr. Franklin, a teacher of the people and the favored organ of the government! Bright as were my anticipations, I dared not hope for what is now reality! I had heard of the speculations of my uncle Hezekiah, and I expected, like him, to accumulate a snug little fortune, retire with it to the south, where blushing damsels are not the only ones to be found, and pass the remainder of my days in comfort and peace. But I have far outstripped my fortunate uncle. I have entered among the circle of great men; I have unbunged the treasury barrel, and am in a fair way to have as much money as I have notoriety. Such are the freaks of fortune! To-day we are the strolling pedlers of tin whistles; and to-morrow we are state printers, cabinet counsellors, the rulers of governors, and the vetoers of most important laws! What a striking manifestation of the omnipotence of genius! What a mighty achievement of the principles of our free institutions! The kings and emperors of Europe can confer *patents* of nobility upon heroes and philosophers, but our free government can confer higher *patents* of honor and renown upon the obscure venders of *patent* thrashers!! But enough—I am straying from my subject. Let us return again to the humble path by which this lofty eminence has been gained.

I drove on my way as fast as the ambling gait of Nelly could carry me, and in due time reached New Jersey, paying my current expenses with candle moulds and tin cups. My modesty greatly embarrassed me in my progress, but I soon wore it off among the Jersey men. I found the men generally suspicious and crabbed, which induced me usually to prefer trading with the women. In one of the interior counties of that State, I stopped at a country-house, and found nobody but the mistress at home. I proposed to trade with her, but she refused—saying that her husband considered the Yankee pedlars all a set of jockies and scoundrels, and that he was now in the town towards which I was directing my course, and would return home that night. Seeing a pet lamb, about one month old, lying in the corner by the kitchen fire, I proposed to purchase it from her, and offered her a dollar for it—one quarter in cash, and the rest



One of Jonathan's stock speculations in New Jersey.



in a string of scented bees-wax beads, which I solemnly assured her were made of the purest amber. She took me up, and the bargain was accordingly struck. I put the lamb in my wagon box and drove on, resolved to make something out of the speculation. About five miles from the house, I met her husband, whom I determined at once to punish for his outrageous abuse of honest pedlars. I accosted him, and inquired if he was a farmer. He answered in the affirmative, and asked me what I wanted. I told him I was the Agent of the National Agricultural Society, for the State of New Jersey—that this society was very anxious to extend the breeding of Saxon sheep—that I thought that section of country peculiarly adapted to the raising of them; and as I had but one lamb left out of the wagon load with which I had started from the Society's depot, at Newark, the price would be lower, as I was anxious to return for another load. The purchase of it, I assured him, would entitle him to five shares in the stock of the Society, and give him his due proportion of all the blooded horses, sheep, and horned cattle, to be imported hereafter by the Society's agents. I took it out of the box, and offered it to him for twenty dollars, as it was the last one, telling him that I had sold the other for thirty dollars, on the same terms. He was pleased with the appearance of the lamb, and the interest it would give him in the stock of the Society, and offered me fifteen dollars. I told him that I did not wish to stand upon trifles, and seeing it was him, he should have it for the cash down, and I would make up the other five dollars to the Society out of my own pocket. He took the little fellow, and giving me the money, we parted, both mutually pleased with the speculation. I went on to the village some miles ahead, and put up for the night, thinking of the fortunate results produced by my matchless genius on that day.

But, alas! my triumph was of short duration. About midnight, my chamber door was burst open, and I was seized by the Sheriff of the county and a half dozen others. I could not find out what it was for, and I stoutly protested against the proceeding. They dragged me before a neighboring magistrate, where, to my surprise, the wife from whom I had bought the lamb, and the husband to whom I had sold it, were sitting in the room. Then, for the first time, did the truth flash across my mind. I knew the confounded lamb had got me into the scrape. I thought, however, my wits would extricate me; so I put on a bold front, and with a scowl of defiance, demanded of the justice, in a loud voice, what I was brought there for.

He was a tall, raw-boned, malicious looking man, and promptly answered me—"You shall soon hear, you swindling vagabond! And so saying, he handed a book to the man who had bought the lamb from me. "Brother Van Dusen," said he, "take the bible and swear to tell the facts of this case." "Do

you call him your *brother*," said I, "if so, you can't judge in a case between us." "We are only brother masons," replied he, "we both belong to the same lodge, and he had been attending the laying of a corner stone yesterday afternoon, when you practised this infamous trick upon him." The man and his wife both swore to the facts as I have already stated them, and the magistrate, with many abusive epithets applied to me, took down an old law book, and read the act of assembly prescribing the punishment for swindling, and proceeded to pass sentence as follows:—To sitting six hours in the stocks, and to have the front part of my head shaved as far down as the ears. The latter part of the sentence was imposed, because I was peddling in New Jersey without a license. He paid no attention to my expostulations. I denied my name—denied I was the man who bought and sold the lamb—denied every thing, but all to no burpose. The Magistrate said that the oath of his brother mason, was amply sufficient to outweigh every thing that could be said or sworn to by a dozen such vagrants as me.

They took me as soon as it was daylight, and rigidly enforced the whole sentence upon me, in a public place, all the idle boys in the village making my devoted head the target, at which they aimed all the rotten potatoes and eggs they could lay their hands on.

My head was shaved with a dull razor, and however stiff and upright my hair was before, from its frequent combings in hedge fences, it has grown much more rigidly stiff and straight ever since.

From this infamous infliction of unjust punishment do I date my unrelenting hostility to the lodge. I learned upon inquiry that the magistrate was the master of the lodge, and Van Duzen was the high priest. I saw them exchange grips, winks, and signs during the trial, and am perfectly satisfied that my infamous punishment was owing to masonic influence. From that day I swore eternal vengeance against the "scarlet handmaid," and I am resolved never to rest till the lodge is laid low in the dust.

I hurried from the contemptible little state of New Jersey in disgust, without having been able to sell a single patent right, and at Trenton, shaking the sand off my feet with indignant contempt, I left its confines, and entered the long looked for state of Pennsylvania. Here, said I, am I among the old patrons of my uncle Hezekiah; they had sense enough to appreciate his genius, and I know of no reason why they should not appreciate mine.

I employed the remainder of that summer and most of the winter in traversing the neighboring counties, disposing of my stock of notions. I had good success in selling every thing, except my patent rights. I laid in new editions to my stock of

tinware, buttons, knives, pins, &c., in several of the county towns through which I passed, but the people had been so often bitten in the purchase of patent rights, that I could succeed only in selling two spinning jennies, in exchange for patent wooden clocks, during the whole season. These clocks, after I had cleaned and greased them, I turned to good advantage. I pursued this business with very little change in incidents, except being occasionally hauled up before some masonic justice for peddling without license, and for getting rather the advantage of the natives in making bargains, as I did in New Jersey, up to the time when I called upon the Governor to get his certificate in favor of my patents, in the manner described in my biography of his excellency.

After I had obtained the certificate of his honor in favor of my corn-sheller and cob-converter-into-pearlash, I went into Lancaster county, where, upon the authority of his name, I made very extensive sales of the patent right. I established my head quarters in the same house then occupied as a printing office by that masonic editor, Sam Stambaugh, in the town of Lancaster. I carried on a great trade in patent rights, and was sued some dozen times by masonic purchasers, who pretended I had lied about the virtues of my patent corn-sheller. The judges and juries being most commonly masons, I was usually compelled to pay heavy damages and lose the benefit of my patent.

While I had my head quarters in the lower room of this printing office, the lamented and never-to-be-forgotten William Morgan was abducted and murdered by the lodge. It produced, as is well known, a great excitement. The honest yeomanry of Lancaster county were indignant upon the subject, and the masonic paper edited by Stambaugh teemed with letters and communications, written by high masons, endeavoring to blind the eyes of the people in reference to this atrocious deed. Knowing, as I did, that the lodge operated secretly and in darkness, I thought I should be doing an act of justice to the public to endeavor to find out who were the authors of these exculpatory letters and communications, and as I had been engaged in getting subscriptions for a new edition of the American Primer, I knew the handwriting of almost every citizen of Lancaster county. I therefore, every day, when the editor was absent, went into the office and took the manuscript copy from the boys and examined it with great attention, and thus discovered who were the writers of these incendiary productions.

It was soon found necessary, in order to fight the blood-stained banditti of the lodge, to establish a paper on purely anti-masonic principles. As the sale of my patent rights had been very much injured by the suits and slanders of the masons, stimulated, I have no doubt, by the malignant secret communications against me, sent to all the lodges in the United States by those infamous

rascals who persecuted me in New Jersey, I felt a strong desire not only to change my employment, but to wreak in a signal manner my burning vengeance against this unholy institution and all its members. Having, in the way I have described, become acquainted in Stambaugh's masonic printing office, with many important secret facts, and having acquired there a strong desire to enter upon the printing business myself, I promptly tendered my services to the anti-masonic committee of public safety, who were about establishing a paper, as its editor and conductor. By a strange fatuity on the part of the committee, they rejected my offer, alleging first, that I was wholly incompetent for the station, that I could neither read nor spell intelligibly; and secondly, that my character as a dishonest, tricky, Yankee pedlar, was too abandoned even for an anti-masonic editor!

Determined not to be thus foiled in my efforts to prostrate the lodge, I took a partner, bought out an old office with the remnant of my peddling stores, and established a free, virtuous, unmuzzled, anti-masonic press in New Holland, Lancaster county, where I commenced my glorious career on the side of the constitution and the laws, against the old "crimson harlot," with a zeal commensurate with my hatred of the wicked, corrupt New Jersey justice, and his masonic accomplices. Not being so fortunate as to have any acquaintance with grammar, or the rules of composition, I found great difficulty in writing my editorials; but, as I state in one of the letters in this book, in my conversation with B. Bembo Blubberlips, I took the short way to dress down the masons. I wrote down the name of the man I wanted to abuse, and then charged him with every crime of which I had been myself guilty, or that I could think of, and persisting in repeating these charges, never correcting, or admitting that they were unfounded, my paper became a formidable scourge to all freemasons. To take the rough edges off of my own composition, I employed a neighboring schoolmaster to correct and polish it. With his aid my editorials were considered tolerable in point of style, and when spiced by the numerous charges, in glaring capitals, that I made against my masonic enemies, such as **THIEVES, LIARS, RUNAWAYS, VAGABONDS, LOAFERS, SWINDLERS, &c.**, they made the lodge tremble, and I delighted to see the reptiles wreath in tortures under my lash. All the lodges in the neighborhood were arrayed against me, and appointed numerous assassins to waylay and murder me. At the corners of the streets I was assailed with bludgeons, pistols, dirks, and cowskins, almost daily and nightly, and I was sometimes seriously injured. Nothing saved me from death but my superior dexterity in the art of running, in which I soon found I could excel any mason in New Holland.

At length my fame and my sufferings became so widely known

that the anti-masonic committee, who had at first rejected my services, invited me to come and establish myself in the city of Lancaster. I yielded to their solicitations, and raised the broad banner of pure anti-masonry in this very citadel of the lodge. I at once commenced a determined warfare on the whole fraternity, cutting and slashing and calumniating the characters of all the masons, their wives, families, and relations; and then it was that a scene of persecution was commenced against me of unheard of atrocity. The lodge, with a poisonous malevolence unparalleled, sent to Connecticut, Maine, and New Jersey, and obtained certified copies of my manifold trials and convictions, and induced the tinner and others, to whom I owed money, to send on their claims to masonic lawyers, by whom I was hunted to the very door of the jail. By the treachery of false friends, they ascertained I had changed my name—that the tricks of the two young ladies with whom I had fallen in love, had induced me to forswear any further intercourse with light complexioned females whose blushes could be seen, and they published that in this rash determination I had been practically consistent since I came to Lancaster; and to crown the whole of my persecutions and sufferings, scarce a day past that some vile masonic bullies, whose sisters or mothers I had slandered in my paper, did not assail and cowskin me in the streets and in my own office. I was caned in the public square in the presence of hundreds, had large masonic quids of tobacco spit in my face, my arms and legs broken, my eyes blacked, and my entire countenance dinged and battered until it retained scarce a trace of its original loveliness. I was kicked and hissed out of every company, spurned from the public houses, and marked as a general outcast. My office windows were knocked in, my sign pulled down; my type thrown into pi, and every other masonic indignity offered that the malice of the lodge could invent. I bore all like a martyr, and whenever I attempted to get redress by appealing to the courts of justice, on account of any of these wrongs, the masonic judges and juries acquitted the criminals and generally made me pay the costs. Thus did I continue to fight and bleed for the constitution and the “supremacy of the laws,” and bore upon my back the whole weight of the lodge in Lancaster, with their canes and cowhides to boot, until the year 1831, when, learning that the masonic virus was not as bitter in Harrisburg as in Lancaster, and hoping that as soon as we got a majority in the state I should be able to get the printing, I struck my tent and boldly pitched it again in the capital of the State. I started from Lancaster on the tenth anniversary of the day on which I turned the head of old Nelly down the main street of Weathersfield towards Pennsylvania. It was a happy coincidence, and I augured success from the hour of starting, though.

I never then expected to reach the eminence I have since attained.

I found that I had been misinformed as to the malevolence of masonry at the seat of government. It was nearly as bitter as at Lancaster, and I had hardly had time to commence my onslaught upon the private characters of the leading masons and their families of Harrisburg, before I learned that all the infamous stories which had been published about me at Lancaster had been communicated by secret signs to the organs of the lodge here. I had the same scenes of perils, of cowskinings, and of blackened eyes to go through, though not repeated so often as at Lancaster. I found, by trials on several occasions, that I could outrun most of the masonic assassins by whom I was attacked though I was several times waylaid and caught. The last persecution inflicted upon me by the lodge here, for merely calling a democratic masonic meeting a set of "loafers," vagabonds, and scoundrels, was a short time before the adjournment of the legislature, when one of the officers of the meeting, with unheard of insolence, assailed me in open daylight, in the market square, while hundreds of persons, members of the legislature and others, were looking on, and beat me in a most cruel and merciless manner with his fist. He knocked me down on 'the pavement half-a-dozen times, kicked me into a cellar, and bunged up both of my eyes, one of which was nearly beaten out of my head. It has not yet recovered its sight—I have not been able to see with it since—I have been compelled to wear green spectacles to the present day, and fear that I shall be compelled to wear them the rest of my life. Though I have endured sufferings before of the keenest severity, this has exceeded them all. I cried for help—I refused to fight, and endeavored to run, but the assembled spectators looked on as coolly as if I had been a mad dog, and all the consolation I got from the man who bound up my wounds was that I must quit blackguarding others, or not be so contemptible a coward myself.

Among other masonic persecutions I have undergone here, was being expelled from the House of Representatives merely for grossly libelling a member, and having to take my reports of proceedings on a shingle in the gallery. Such are my irresistible claims upon all friends of the "supremacy of the laws."

I have looked into my pocket and my bosom, and find ample remuneration for all I have borne. I came into Pennsylvania a poor, despised, guilty outcast, and am now a rich, honored, and influential state printer and cabinet counsellor. In fame, I already exceed all of the Punkin family, and in wealth I am at least equal to any; and should the Governor be re-elected, I shall be the Stephen Girard of the Punkins. I have already a commanding influence in directing the destinies of this administration. It dare not breathe or move without consulting me, and

in order to render my ascendancy over it the more permanent and complete, I recently purchased the *Intelligencer* establishment, the rival to my own paper, and placed it under the control of my late foreman and reporter. It will move as I direct it, and in concert with me. With this influence at my back, my position is impregnable.

Should, however, myself and the State be so unfortunate as to lose the election of the Governor next fall, I do not despair. The same iron firmness with which I have buffeted difficulties and persecutions in Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and in this state, will buoy me up again. I can return to the same occupation by which I have risen to the position I now occupy, with patient resignation. I can mount my pedlar's cart again with signal advantages, for I know mankind now much better than I did when I began. Out of my various patent rights, and particularly my valuable invention, the *short-hander*, spoken of in the following letters, with which I intend to supercede all congressional and legislative reporters, I have abundant resources to make a fortune. Besides, I can connect with my peddling expeditions a commission as itinerant abolition lecturer, with which subject I am both theoretically and practically familiar, and thus I shall have a bright prospect of again rising in the political world. As Hercules smote the Hydra, and Jolus, with his hot iron, seered the bleeding necks, so has it been with the Governor and myself in our holy crusade against the lodge. With his cudgel he has smitten off its head, while I, with the red-hot iron of calumny, have scorched it, never to spring up again. The carcase of the monster lies stinking above ground, and the people have nothing to do but bury it, with all remembrance of its iniquities.

THE GOVERNOR AND PUNKIN COMPARED.

AFTER THE MANNER OF PLUTARCH.

The contiguous stations occupied by the Governor and myself, in public authority and public estimation, and the extraordinary rise of both from origins so unlike, and by means so dissimilar, seem to render it necessary for the benefit of the present generation, but more particularly of posterity, that our prominent traits of character, features, and exploits, should be brought into immediate juxtaposition. From this painting of both upon the same canvass, as it were, a clearer and better comprehension of the character and talents of each may be readily derived. Some of the most discriminating, interesting, and instructive of all the precious biographical relics of Plutarch, are his parallel comparisons of different distinguished men of antiquity, in whose fortunes or relations his penetrating eye beheld any similarity.

In our personal appearance, a stranger would be struck with the great and manifest contrast between the Governor and myself. He is about five feet ten inches in height, presenting this singular personal peculiarity: at three different points, across the shoulders, hips, and knees, he is precisely of the same diameter, while the depressions between these points render his personal outlines a beautiful series of curvatures. But I am five feet and eleven inches in height, and at each of the three points mentioned in the Governor's person, with the exception of the hip line, I am diametrically his opposite, the length of the line across my shoulders and knees being just half that of the one across the centre. The outline of my person is, therefore, similar to his, only in reversed curvatures. It is manifest, as he stands upon arches, that he is built for great personal strength; and that as I taper from the centre to the knees, terminating in a pedal expansion, it is equally manifest that I am built for great fleetness. Had we lived in Greece in the times of the Olympian Games, the Governor would have won eternal honor among the flingers of the discus, and I should have won equal renown among the racers.

The Governor's head tapers from all sides to a point, in the two organs of firmness and self-esteem; mine, though terminating at a point in the same organs, is sharpened only on the front side, not unlike a carpenter's chissel. His head is covered with hair, greased down as smooth as Appollo's; mine is adorned with a crop of wirey, upright bristles, like those that grace the back of the noble wild boar. His "magnificent forehead" is laid bare

to the admiration of beholders, by the edge of the razor, like the mountain top by the axe of the woodsman; mine, like that mountain top with all the rugged magnificence of nature, stands unshaved, unmasked, and uncleared. His face bears the full, smooth, contented rotundity of the well-fed alderman; mine wears the premature marks of care, persecution, cowhides, and fists. His gubernatorial eye rolls like the Globe, before light was commanded to shine upon it; mine like the moon, sometimes behind the curtained darkness of eclipses, and sometimes in the full blaze of its midnight lustre. He has travelled hundreds of miles to confront the foes of his country, in fields of blood and carnage; while I, being of a more pacific disposition, have run almost as many miles to leave them behind.

I cannot distinguish the color of complexion even in the daylight; while he can tell a mason in the darkest night. He is devotedly attached to his cane, which is his constant companion and support; I abominate canes above all things, except cowhides and hemp. He is fond of talking about himself, and I about others. He was born an antimason; while I was made one by the persecution of the New Jersey lodge.

The Governor attends church, so that the people may see their Ruler; while I go, as well to see the people, as to have them see me. One half of my success in the world has been due to my regular habit of attending church—when young, it turned aside suspicion, and it has been a panoply as impenetrable as the shield of Ajax since; it has given credit to my calumnies, reputation to my paper, and personal standing to myself. From my quiet, sanctimonious demeanor, no man suspects me of being a hypocrite; and when it is supposed I am profoundly immersed in meditations upon the sermon, I am concocting libels for my next paper, upon the masonic scoundrels and their families, who sit in the pews around me. On the score of advancement, I am thus much the gainer by going to church, and on the score of economizing my time, I am equally so; for on Sunday afternoons I have found with what ease and point I can write editorial scurrility. My imagination is relaxed and rendered buoyant by the music and the smiling faces, while my malevolence is aroused and embittered by the immediate presence of my masonic persecutors. Cromwell and his partizans prayed, while they were cutting the throats and burning the houses of the people of England; and why should not I, being a descendant from the same puritanical stock, be engaged in the kindred employment of perpetrating libels, whilst others are praying, and whilst they think I am praying myself?

Papers emanating from me, I write myself; those emanating from the Governor, he writes by proxy. In his various travels about the State in canal boats, the Governor has become a distinguished navigator, and when the term of his office here shall

expire, he has his eye on the Navy Department at Washington. I, in my various journeys on my peddling chariot, have become distinguished as an inventor and vender of patent rights, and when my term of service here shall expire, I am not without hopes of being installed Commissioner of the Patent Office. The Governor was drawn up the hill of fame by six horses, and a broad wheeled wagon; I was drawn up the same hill by the old mare Nelly, and the little wagon with the red pine box. He rules the State by virtue of his connection with me—and I rule it by virtue of my connection with him. He is an abolitionist from policy, and I from principle. He deprecates the oppression of the black race, because it is almost as good a political hobby as the murder of Morgan; I deprecate it, because, with Arthur-horse Tappan, I consider the black race as good as the whites, and one portion of them better.

In conclusion, it will be evident to every one, that we have both risen by force of our own original genius, and maintained the position we occupy by virtue of our superiority over other men. We agree in principles, friendships, and antipathies, as we do in interest and objects. We rose together, and reign together. Shoulder to shoulder, we have valiantly marched in the overthrow of the lodges. We have left upon this blood-stained institution many marks of our own good swords; while its minions have made many upon me, as signal proofs of their appreciation of my valor, I can count many scars to show that the deadly strife was mutual. I can content myself, however, with the reflection, that, upon high authority, we are assured that he who *"sees with an eye single, shall have a body full of light,"* and that, if this assurance be true, my body will hereafter be a splendid coruscation. The Governor comforts me under my afflictions, with the hope that, as republics are never ungrateful, and the people never forget their champions and their friends, when the wars with the lodge are over, the exterminated monster buried in forgetfulness, and the halcyon days of antimasonry are pouring their noontide blaze of light and liberty upon the world, that then, like another Jackson, covered with stripes and scars, I may be elected President of the United States. Reaching that exalted office, through perils, difficulties, and dangers, unparalleled in the history of civilized times, with a body battered, but a character rendered more pure and indestructible by the assaults of an infuriated legion of confederate masons, unnumbered indictments for libels, and the fires of persecution, will be a triumph that must confer upon my name immortal renown. The Governor and myself are embarked in the same bottom—we have our eyes turned to the same port—we have common enemies to combat—and I say, with a proud satisfaction, that united we stand, divided *he* falls!

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GOVERNOR'S .CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

To my truly well-beloved friends and advisers, Masonically called "MY KITCHEN CABINET"

MY DEAR FRIENDS—When I left Harrisburg you made me promise to write and inform you of what adventures I met with on my journey, which, at your especial solicitation, I have undertaken.* I have, for two days past, been knocked about over the rough roads of Bradford county so much that my bones will hardly hold together, and I have so severely injured my right wrist by holding fast to the stage strap, that I am compelled to send you this *confidential* letter in the hand writing of the Secretary. I would give the best office in my power if I was only safely back again. This is the most rascally country on the face of the globe, and is only fit to be inhabited by such fellows as live here. They have neither manners nor principles. They pay no more attention to me than they would do to a common wood-chopper. The boys laugh at me as I walk along—the girls giggle—and one chap had the impudence to tell me "if I had nothing else to do but to come up there electioneering, I had better stay at home and help my kitchen cabinet salt the porridge." I soon found out that this impudent puppy had been reading that new masonic paper, the "Keystone," and had learned from that to be insolent.† I have not been treated with civility by any body but a few of *your* friends and *mine*, who

* The Governor states this fact correctly. His journey into the northern section of the State was agreed upon and advised by his confidential friends, in council assembled, and the result has verified their predictions. The holy banner of anti-masonry floats there in triumph.

† This paper had just been established, under the supervision of the Grand Lodge—as its cabalistic name indicates. It has been one of the most zealous and wicked in the State, and finally attained so enviable a distinction, as the organ of the Lodge, as to induce the Governor to publish his letters in it, as the only effectual channel through which he could reach its hood-winked readers. By this means, he completely counterruled its poisonous influence, and converted it into a mighty lever, to overthrow the "bloody institution" which it was designed to uphold. In this matter his profound and sagacious policy astonished both his enemies and his friends.

hold the offices of prothonotary, register and recorder, &c. &c. in the different counties, and they do not seem to be men whose influence can do much for us. By the way, my dear friends, allow me to digress a little, and assure you that although your counsels have been in the main salutary, yet you have been confounded unlucky in the men whom you recommended to me for office in this quarter of the State. I believe we have chosen the very worst—and that instead of gaining friends in our selections, we have generally made enemies. I left this matter to you—and the people are dissatisfied. They say we rejected the best, and appointed the least worthy. I am told, in many counties, the officers have had to employ clerks, not understanding the duties of the offices themselves; and along the canals I can bear testimony to our unhappy selections. At four-fifths of the locks the men are disputing politics with the travellers, and leave the women to tend the locks. I had a mind, a dozen of times, to get off the boat and use my cane on the heads of the villains. The superintendents don't attend to their duties. At Clarke's Ferry, and other places, I found great fleets of boats stuck fast in the canal, in consequence of not paying proper care to the filling of the levels.* It is most annoying to me. I heard a fellow (who did not know me) swear the delays and mismanagement now on the public works were greater than under the masons—and alleged that I was a hypocrite and a villain to deceive the people so about *reform*. I tried to set him right, but he called me a blockhead, and said he had no doubt I had been to Harrisburg, for a justice's commission, and felt very grateful to the *Governor*. I was about to inform him who I was, when the Secretary pulled me by the sleeve, and the matter dropped.

I find great opposition to the *Bank* and the "*poll tax*." These confounded yankees know all about matters. They are talking of "*repeal*" in every town—and are determined neither the one or the other shall stand. Oh! my friends, this was another mistake *you led me into!* I never would have signed those bills had it not been for your advice.†

My old friend Harrison, in whose cause I feel so much interest, because he, like myself, is slandered by the masons, and stands at the tavern doors on Sunday afternoons while the people are coming from church, to defend the cause of his country,

* It is true that great fleets of boats were stuck fast in the canal, but the Governor is mistaken in regard to the cause. I have instituted an elaborate examination into this subject, and find that, instead of the superintendent being at fault, the whole difficulty arose from the want of water—had it been a foot deeper in the canal, the boats would not have stuck in the mud.

† The friends of the Governor are justly answerable for these acts. I may truly say *pars fui*. The Governor is an enemy to *all banks*—he thinks they are a *curse* to the country, and ought to be prostrated; but he yielded to the dictates of sound policy, and looked three years ahead.

has few friends here. After you leave Dauphin county his cause grows dark. In Union he has little chance—in Northumberland none—in Columbia none—in Luzerne and Bradford not the slightest chance at all—and his friends and my friends are sinking in despair.*

Stevens' apportionment bill has ruined us in the North. That masonic organ, the "Keystone," told the truth for once—the "North is indeed against us." I thought that bill would enable us to carry the State, with even a majority of 20,000 *against us*, but it is hopeless in this quarter. It is doubtful whether we shall get a single representative from the counties bordering on the Susquehanna river. Poor FENN,† who is one of the most *faithful* of ye, will lose the printing—counsellor SHOCH, the clerkship—the surplus money coming from the General Government will be taken out of our hands—and my administration, the only patriotic administration since the days of Snyder, will be dogged by the cut-throat masons. I shall be impeached for treason by the "Gibbet" party—and ordered by the powers of NEW YORK to be hung.‡ Heaven forbid it! But it seems as if nothing was impossible with that *arch magician* VAN BUREN. Had we better call another *extra session*, and provide for the worst? Take this matter into consideration, my friends, and come to some conclusion before our return. The Secretary is getting impatient, and last night, in his sleep, he was muttering the word "resign." If he leaves us all is lost, for his Secretaryship rules, as you know, Lancaster county. Keep all things in order till I get back, which will be in ten days, and we will then talk over our difficulties. The people have got it into their heads General JACKSON is coming through this part of the country soon—and some of the landlords have had the impudence to tell me they soon expected one of the greatest men in the world would pass through and stop with them, an event they would esteem as the most distinguished of their lives. *Only think, such talk to me, Governor of Pennsylvania!!* I believe these fellows have a poor opinion of a governor. Only mention the name of "JACKSON" and I am instantly forgotten. One thing, in conclusion—Don't, for Heaven's sake, give countenance to that calumny about the "*Kitchen Cabinet*."§ It will ruin us.

* The election in these refractory counties proved the deep knowledge of human nature possessed by the Governor.

† For this compliment, I owe the Governor an eternal debt of gratitude. I have earned it by "wear and tear" of body and mind. His prophecy was right. I LOST THE PRINTING!!!

‡ It is a fact that the impeachment of the Governor was contemplated, and nothing saved him but a majority of his friends in the Senate. Such are the risks which an honest man runs in serving his country!!

§ This calumny about the "*Kitchen Cabinet*" is a vile masonic coinage, designed to reduce the standing of the Governor's best friends to a level with its

It is in all men's mouths. I am often asked—Pray, sir, where do you get your cooks? Which do you find the best, those from France, England, Ireland, or *Connecticut*? It does no good to deny that I have *foreign cooks*—that cursed story of the “kitchen cabinet” comes up wherever I go. You know I am the Governor *myself*,* and although I sometimes give offices to *your friends*, it is because *I please*, and it is nobody's business.

Done at Towanda, near the York State line, this 2d day of September, 1836, in the year of my *reform administration the first*.

THE GOVERNOR.

LETTER II.

To my dear friends and advisers, Masonically called “MY KITCHEN CABINET.”

I informed you in my last letter that I should return home in ten days—but I received your kind favor a day or two after I wrote to you, advising me to change my plan and take my route back, through a part of the State of New York, and the eastern counties of Pennsylvania. I have followed your instructions, and now send you this epistle from the town of Jubelum,† situated about forty miles from the Pennsylvania line. We have heard much about the grandeur of the Empire State, and of its splendid advances in the march of internal improvement—but I do not scruple to declare that Pennsylvania (I would call her the Keystone State, if it was not for that villainous masonic paper called the “Keystone,”) is far ahead of New York in all things that give a country distinction and glory. The barns here are only corn cribs—their ploughs turn the furrows to the right hand, instead of the *left*—their water drives nothing but saw mills—their woods are infested with shingle splitters and bloody masons—and although their dwelling houses are large and neatly whitewashed, they are built right on the road side,

authors. It arose from the fact that all great measures of policy are submitted to the judgment of a certain number of his intimate advisers, on whose opinions his excellency places great reliance. Such councils have been usual with the wisest and best Governors in this country since the days of Governor Stuyvesant.

* No man who knows his excellency will dare to deny that he is himself the Governor, and none tell him so as often as we do, who are stigmatised as his “Kitchen Cabinet.” Those who know his great firmness and independence of character, will admit that it would be a dangerous experiment to tamper with his excellency, or his office. There is no mode of securing his excellency's good opinion, so certain, as a respectful recognition of the dignity and honor of his station.

† It is evident from the name of this town that its founder was a royal arch mason, most likely a near relative of Mr. Van Buren.



Jonathan in a quandary, after his dulcinea had given him the slip.

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where every strolling canaller and roguish yankee peddler* can intrude themselves, and disturb the quiet of their domestic arrangements. As for canals and rail roads they have none worth mentioning; and the inhabitants are totally ignorant of all political principles except the support of that arch intriguer MARTIN VAN BUREN. This would be enough to make me detest the country, but there are many other causes to awaken my deep abhorrence. I will mention them to you by and by.

I did not state to you that I was honored by a public entry into the town of Towanda. When we arrived within half a mile of the town we were greeted with a loud huzza—which awoke me from a sweet *nap* into which I had fallen after our hard night's ride. The Secretary started up, scratched his head and demanded what it meant. They said they had come to honor the Governor. I jumped out and found myself in the midst of *our friends*. There was the Prothonotary—Register and Recorder—the corps of Engineers on that division of the North Branch canal—and two friends, Col. KINNEY and Squire A., to whom, at your request, I sent a justice's commission a few months ago.† We formed in procession, Col. KINNEY and myself at the head—the Secretary and Chief Engineer next—and the others in due order to march into town. We were followed by quite a number of boys, whom you know I like to see rally round any cause, because it augurs well for the next generation,

* I regret to see that here the Governor has shown that he was not free from the prejudices entertained by the people of this State against that occupation in which I served my apprenticeship, and which has so well fitted me for the office of State Printer to his reform administration. It is not at all improbable that he, or some of his relations, may have fallen in my way, and purchased some of my flea powder, or other notions, for I do not believe that all my countrymen understood the business of trading as well as I did. Since the Governor has understood that I obtained my knowledge of tricks by peddling, he has altered his views of the profession, and considers it admirably calculated to sharpen a man's wit, and give point, pith, and pungency to his editorials.

† The Governor does not mention all the circumstances attending his *entree* into Towanda, nor would I, did not the pledge of being a faithful aunotater compel me. One of the office-holders, I think it was Esquire Mix, had prepared an address in true Yankee style, almost as eloquent as some of my editorials, which he delivered to his excellency on his landing. The Governor, not being informed of it, had not committed any thing to memory to say, though he had a good speech in his pocket, and so, in a half choking manner, could only utter:—"I did not expect this great honor; if I had, I would have had a speech memorized for the occasion; as it is, my boeom is too full to permit me to give utterance to my satisfaction. I am quite overcome with gratitude and commotion. You must take the will for the deed. I would have made you a good speech had you given me timely notice." The office holders and boys raised three cheers at the close of this effort, which was pronounced in a stammering manner, whilst his excellency kept his eyes fixed upon his beaver, which he held up, and appeared to be earnestly engaged in cocking, after the manner of those worn by our revolutionary sires. Few of the surrounding crowd had ever seen a Governor before. They, therefore, said nothing, not knowing but all Governors delivered themselves in the same way.

and when we had reached the hotel, the sun was just rising to behold the exciting scene, almost equal to that of laying the corner stone of the Penn lock,* or my own inauguration; and the loud discharge of three well charged muskets invested the termination of this grand display with a degree of awful sublimity, to which the echoing hills replied. I received the gratulations of our friends, and set down contentedly for a few days, until your kind and flattering letter started me on the road towards Elmira. I must confess I did not resolve to leave Pennsylvania without much hesitation, and nothing but *your* advice could have tempted me to undertake it.

We set out, and just at evening crossed the line, the Secretary gave a deep sigh which I involuntarily returned, as the red haired stage driver said, here is the line, and we both sat mute and absorbed in deep reflection, which was disturbed by nothing but the rumbling of the stage wheels over the stones. The whipperwills anon began to sing, the fire-flies flickered through the dark woods, the stage lanterns blinked as the Secretary does when he is sleepy. I felt my breath draw harder and harder, when all of a sudden a most dreadful yell shook the hills to their foundation, and I heard distinctly repeated three times "*shoot,*" "*shoot,*" "*shoot.*" Heaven save us! I exclaimed, the minions of the lodge are on our track—the murderers of the lamented Morgan are whetting their bloody daggers for the *expatriated* Governor of Pennsylvania! Why, oh! why, did I venture among the wretches who could cut a man's throat, embowel him, tie his vitals about his neck, and plunge him into the depths of Lake Erie! Oh, my family! my friends!! my country!! what will become of them, if I am doomed to ignominious death by the assassins of Morgan? The Secretary leaped up, caught his arms about me, and conjured me to be silent: that it was nothing but an *owl*!† An owl! said I, that murderous note is shouted by nothing but the bloody throats of the Lodge.

Our direful suspense was speedily terminated, for we soon arrived at the house where the stage was to stop for the night. It was a place fit for scenes of blood. A large, dark, fog mansion,

* It is known to the public that the Governor, some years ago, delivered the speech at the laying of the corner stone of the Penn lock, at Harrisburg. It was written by a certain gentleman of the city of Philadelphia, and was spoken in a very impressive manner by the Governor, amidst the flapping of masonic aprons, and the rattle of mallets and squares. This was before the murder of Morgan, or the Governor would not have been found in such bad company.

† The Governor and the Secretary still differ in opinion upon this subject—the former contending that this shout was from the masons, and the latter that it was the *hoot of an owl*. It is of no great moment which is wrong; suffice it to say, the noise that could terrify his excellency must have been dreadful, and if it was not the masons, it was because they were not there. I am inclined to agree with the Governor, because I have heard similar shouts from the minions of the lodge, and have only saved my life by the aid of my legs.



The Governor way-laid, and almost murdered by a royal arch-mason.
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in the midst of huge hills and impenetrable woods. The dogs surrounded us like enraged tigers, and one of them tore the tail of the Secretary's coat quite off—the door creaked like the gate of a prison as it was opened to admit us; the landlord, a tall, gaunt, grim-faced wretch, who looked like the practised cut-throat of a Lodge, or a chief manager of a guillotine. He greeted us in a gruff manner, and inquired what we would have. We called for supper and a bed room. When we entered the room to get our supper, I noticed that the woman of the house looked kind, but pitiful, and when the landlord came into the room, she slunk away in a corner, as if she wanted to say something to us but dared not. I noticed a back door partly open, through which I saw several stout ruffians, not unlike the one I have described, peeping in. I saw guns, hatchets, and large scalping knives, hanging on hooks around the room, and on the beam just above our heads I observed, as I thought, two masonic aprons, and the square and compass hung on the same hook.

We heard whisperings, and more than once I caught the tall man winking, and making signs towards the door; and to confirm all our *suspensions*, I had a glimpse of a sly, malignant looking fellow, who often walked by the hotel where we stopped in Towanda, and who, as I heard, was a *secret agent* of the Post Office department.* I found out, too, that that was not the regular stopping place of the stage on that route, but that it had doubtless been so contrived by the aforesaid agent, as to have us stop at this place, for what purpose God only could reveal. I also ascertained that the name of the landlord was the same as that of one of the miscreants who had been tried for the murder of Morgan, and I did not doubt he was the identical criminal.† I did not communicate my suspicions to the Secretary, for he would have laughed at me, and I recollected his foolish notion about the owl! I resolved, however, to sleep none that night, but to lie in bed, and if the worst came to the worst, meet it wide awake, like an anti-masonic governor of Pennsylvania should do.‡ The Secretary soon fell into a sound repose, and left me to ruminate alone. During the early part of the evening I heard many soft and cautious steps approaching the door of our room, but the audible *snoring* of the Secretary seemed to frighten them away. At length, about one o'clock, as I should judge, the door of the room was suddenly burst open, and in rushed two of the most appalling figures I ever beheld. The

* This agent of Amos Kendall had been lurking about the Governor on his whole journey, and was sent, no doubt, from Washington to watch him. He had probably found out all the intended movements of the Governor, by opening our letters to him in the mail.

† The Governor was right in his conjectures about this fellow.

‡ What a noble determination! From this it is obvious that the personal courage of his excellency is equal to that of Cesar or Napoleon.

foremost one held a light in his hand, which threw a pale and sickly gleam around the room, and in the other he grasped a long shining scalping knife, which he brandished with malignant fury. His head was covered with bushy tangled locks of black hair—his eye flashed with savage exultation—and his shaggy green *wamus* was dabbled with blood; the other was a grim visaged being, with a heavy cudgel in his hand. "Get ready at once," said the first, "all things are prepared." "*You must go.*" I put up a hearty ejaculation for mercy, for I saw that poor Morgan's fate would soon be mine. May my country avenge my death on the bloody lodge, I exclaimed.* When, providentially, the Secretary awoke, sprang out of bed, flung off his night cap, caught up the pistol which he had placed near his pillow, and heroically exclaimed, "We are ready!" when, seized with terror to find us both awake and armed, the villains precipitately retired. We dressed—saw a large piece of venison on the floor—found the stage at the door waiting for us—got in, and with grateful hearts left this haunt of masonic wickedness. The Secretary said he had felt no apprehensions, but we saw not the "dread notes of preparation" that I did. We are still alive, but no thanks for it to the lodge.

We rode on till breakfast time, when we stopped at a small town in which were two taverns, three stores, and a justice's office near the place where we were to breakfast. A crowd of people had gathered about the door of the office. While I was washing, the Secretary had, with his usual curiosity, approached them to find out the cause. He was immediately surrounded and menaced with violence. I was called to his rescue, and found him eloquently appealing to a fat little squab of a justice, with spectacles on, against such violent proceedings. Two negroes were standing near by, and a dark complexioned stranger, with curly hair, who was held by three stout woodchoppers, demanding to be heard. When I entered, the Secretary had his commission in his hand, which you know he always carries with him, signed with the seal of state, and producing it as evidence

* What disinterested patriotism and resignation! Never before did human being escape from such impending machinations of the lodge! The knife touched the bosom of the victim, but the interposition of Providence turned it harmless away! Nothing but the coolness and presence of mind manifested by his excellency, saved both his life and that of the Secretary. Ah! Spirit of the murdered Morgan! Thou must have hovered over this scene with the deepest anxiety and solicitude! But thou sawest thy noble defender triumph, and the assassins of the lodge baffled and put to flight! In the conduct of his excellency, thou didst behold a spirit worthy of John Rodgers and the ancient martyrs!

† The only difficulty about this matter is, to ascertain how this piece of venison came on the floor. It may be possible that the assassin with the long knife had determined to cut a piece off and eat it, before he besmeared his knife with his excellency's precious blood—so hardened had he become in doing the murderous work of the lodge!



A masonic attack upon the Governor in New York, whilst in bed, at the dead hour of night.

of his character. "I am," said he, "Secretary of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and not a *negro stealer*, nor any such thing, from the south." "Nor am I a negro stealer," said the dark complexioned stranger, "I only claim these negroes as my lawful property." "You a Secretary of State," said one of the ruffians who had hold of the Secretary; "you look more like a negro driver of Georgia, and you shall not *collogue* with this other fellow, that you sent on a day or two ahead, to steal and carry away these *here* two black boys of *ourn*."—"That paper is a *forgery*, or else you stole it from a Pennsylvania justice, and I would not believe you if your *thick-pated* Governor was here to acknowledge it." "Would'nt you?" said I, "here I am to defend my own honor—the honor of my Secretary, and of *my state*. That is my paper. I signed it—that is the seal of state, and dispute it if you *dare*." Instead of commanding attention, the villains began to laugh. One of them shouted out, "Governor Sancho Panza and Don Quixote come to life again," and even the justice said, "Whatever I thought of you before, I am now satisfied you are all *liars* and *imposters*. The Governor of Pennsylvania would no more come here than cut off his head. The masons would '*tuck him up*' as they did Morgan.* I will commit you all to jail, to be tried for your offences, according to the laws of New York." Expostulation was vain, and, my dear friends, *I, even I, Governor of all Pennsylvania*, would have been sent to jail to answer for the offence of "*kidnapping*," had not our friend Mordecai Manassah Noah, king of the Jews, happened to come along on a land speculation, and prevailed on the justice, who was one of his agents, to believe that I was *in fact* Governor of Pennsylvania, and the commission of the Secretary *genuine*. As for the stranger, he was carried off in the custody of two constables, and put, as the justice said, "where the dogs would not bite him." In company with Maj. Noah, we started on our journey, arrived at the place from which this letter is dated, and of what farther befalls us you shall hear in good time. If Martin Van Buren can get a deed of bargain and sale of the Catholic support, by entering into negotiations with his holiness the Pope, I know of no good reason why I and Gen. Harrison should not be allowed to obtain a like transfer of the children of Israel, from their head and master, "Mordecai the King." Let him take the followers of St. Peter, we are content with the followers of

* The masons made the attempt, and we have just seen how the wisdom and courage of his excellency defeated them. The forbearance of his excellency under all these mortifying results never can be over commended! To have the identity of his person denied, was too much for human nature, especially when taken in connection with the fact that the lithograph portrait of his excellency was produced, exactly like the one I have hanging in my office, and they alleged that his excellency resembled the portrait no more than a jackass did, except that his ears were not quite so long, and his skin was somewhat thicker.

Moses, and we shall see, at the election, who has made the wisest choice.

Done at the town of Jubelum, this 10th day of September, 1836, and in the year of *my reform administration the first.*

THE GOVERNOR.

LETTER III.

The Kitchen Cabinet in reply to the Governor.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 13, 1836.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—The letter, in the handwriting of the Secretary, you did us the honour of addressing to your *Cabinet*, was duly received, bearing date, 2d Sept. 1836, notwithstanding the designs of the Masons to prevent all communication between us. We feel grieved that the Yankees do not pay more attention to their roads, and were deceived in this particular by our friend the State Printer assuring us that when he *peddled clocks*,* he found the roads made by Yankees far superior to those made by other people. Had we known that your august person would have received injury in travelling in the stage, we would have recommended a *litter* to be borne by some of the hardy applicants for office, in which your excellency would have enjoyed all the ease and pleasure attendant upon this oriental mode of conveyance, which is said to be very exquisite when the person is aware, as in *your case*, of being a *great personage*. But the sufferings you have endured, and have yet to endure in a good cause, ought to be rewarded by a people who are blessed with having a man of your experience to rule over them; and no doubt the northern people will consider well your claims to their favor. That the Yankee girls and boys should be possessed of no more courtesy than to laugh and giggle when you pass, is surprising, as we were fully of the belief that they were all as polite and polished as our friend THEO., who has been known to *bow* to a lady of colour, merely through *politeness*. We now believe that those Yankees are not as polite as they might be; for who, possessed of any breeding whatever, could resist your "*How do you do, gentlemen,*" and laugh in your face. No doubt the Masons told the boys to laugh at you. They want to make you appear ridiculous, which you must not let them do, because *you* are the Governor, and a great man.

* I was consulted in the preparation of this letter, and the information I gave as to the state of the roads was perfectly correct. I can only explain the apparent inaccuracy by stating this fact—that it is about twelve years since I ceased peddling clocks and tinware, and within that time the people have run mad after rail roads and canals, and have ceased to repair their other roads.

Beware of the contrivances of the Masons. Suspect every man of being one whom you do not know, for it is known to us that an attempt will be made to deprive Pennsylvania of her *brightest ornament*, before your return to your true friends and advisers, the "Kitchen Cabinet." When you are ready to return get a canoe, and with the Secretary paddle down the *middle* of the river untill you get to Wilkesbarre, where our friends will protect you from the foul machinations of the blood-stained kidnappers of Morgan. All the insolence you have met with has been at the instigation of Masons; and the fellow who pretended to think you an *antimasonic* Justice of the Peace, knew well enough that no such looking man as you would be appointed to an office bearing no higher rank.* He merely wished to insult you sufficiently to draw a challenge from you, when he would have appointed some lone place for the meeting, which he would have taken care to have surrounded by Masons, and, when you least expected, carried you off to be food for fishes. Happily he did not succeed in his *base design*.

In respect to the officers *we* have appointed, we have been unfortunate in some instances. The book-keepers must all be turned out,† as soon as the election is over. The supervisor at Clark's Ferry must not be suffered to remain in office. Complaints are daily made to us of the bad condition of the Canal, but for the present we can do nothing with him, as his friends might take offence and go against us at the election, should we turn him out. Officers on the Canal should not dispute about politics—they should mind their business, and leave politics to the antimasonic landlords, some of whom *grow fat* in the defence and propagation of the virtues of antimasonry. We wish you to impress this upon the minds of all with whom you chance to converse.

Business is transacted all the same as if you were present, and your absence is no hindrance to the affairs of State.‡ The Secretary is missed at times when School Directors come here to draw their school money, and some of them take it in high dudgeon that he should be absent electioneering, when he has matters to attend to in his office. All this has to be borne for the good of the party.

*The portrait of his excellency, which may be seen in all the public offices, and houses of his friends, would prove at once the identity of his person, and all who know him admit that it does not render him half justice.

† It was determined in cabinet council to remove all these men from office, but proof was submitted to the Canal Commissioners of the most conclusive nature in favor of retaining them. It appeared that the women and boys could open the wicket gates of the locks, and what need, therefore, of the men to abandon political discussions! They have done much to uphold the administration, and I trust will do much more.

‡ This was true. The Governor left blank commissions signed and authenticated, which the cabinet filled up as occasion required.

Your excellency must be aware that the returns of the election in Maryland have cast a gloom over our spirits difficult for us to get rid of. People begin to say that Harrison will not get a State in the Union, and we scarcely know what reply to make. We counted upon Maryland as certain for Harrison. We have been mistaken, and know not which of the States will go for the Hero of *North Bend*. Do what you can for him in the north. Tell the people *we* will have the poll-tax law repealed next winter—the apportionment bill altered—and that a general system of reform will be commenced as soon as the elections are over. Before the news from Maryland were received, we were so certain of the election of Harrison, that we had our Postmaster picked out, and other officers fixed upon; but our plans are now knocked on the head, and unless the north does her *devoir* bravely on our side, the proceeds of the sale of the stumps of candles and old newspapers, and the printing of the journals, will be given to the Van Buren men, which will be a sore evil to *some of us*.*

Should you visit Elmira and Utica, beware of the Masons, and do not attempt to pass yourself off as the Governor of Pennsylvania: the New York people will swear that the Governor of Pennsylvania ought not to be travelling about the country alone, electioneering in the State of New York. It will cover your administration with never ending ridicule and contempt. Do not ride in the mail stages—Kendall is a bloody Mason, and, no doubt, will have his agents stationed in convenient places for the purpose of securing you. Never sleep when you ride.

Your excellency was aware that our county ticket was not popular at the time you left home. Since then nothing has occurred to make us sanguine of success. The people do not like the Bank nor the Poll-tax, and will not vote for men who are desirous of prolonging the existence of either. They cannot see why they should be made pay a *Poll-tax* to be allowed to vote, after having paid a county tax. How to get along with this we do not know; perhaps you can advise us. We are known as the “Kitchen Cabinet,” and the boys, when they see one of us on the street, say, “There is one of Gov. Ritner’s Kitchen Cabinet”—“There is one of the men who advised the Governor in favor of the *Poll-tax* and the *Bank*.” When you come home this Kitchen Cabinet calumny must be exploded, and pronounced one of the infamous slanders of the Lodge.

And now, farewell, worthy sir, and should Gen. Jackson visit Bradford whilst you are there, do not suffer the “greater glory to dim the less,” by coming in contact with him, but hasten home through some of the eastern counties as fast as wind and

* These valuable perquisites of office all went into masonic hands.

water can carry you to friends who know your worth and acknowledge your greatness.

Respected Sir—Thus far had we written when your letter done at Jubelum was received, which made us all shed tears *nearly* as large as snow balls. We have now recovered a little and feel *capable* of advising your further proceedings. The horrible fright you were thrown into by what the Secretary termed an owl, was natural, and *your fears* just. We have learned that the Grand Lodge have despatched a committee for the purpose of way-laying you, and the place you mentioned was the one designed for the execution of a bloody tragedy. Owing to good luck one of them lost his courage when it was most needed, and his companions crying shoot! shoot! shoot! having put you on your guard you miraculously escaped. We do not question but the same fellows entered your room with a like bloody intention, when the Secretary frightened them by his valor. This action has gained him *immortal* renown, and you must continue him in office until your term expires, for his noble conduct.—These Masons may trouble you again, so be careful, for much depends upon your safe return to your well-beloved friends.—How very fortunate it was for you both that the Jew *Noah* came along just in the nick of time when you were about to be sent to jail, as a brace of Southern negro body snatchers. The villainous scoundrels! to pretend not to know you both!! We wish you had noticed if the masonic committee were not urging the justice to commit you, so that they could attack you in the jail at the dead hour of midnight. Noah is a clever fellow, and must be well lodged when he comes our way. A Jew has *some* conscience. We are happy to hear that you were better pleased with Bradford than you expected, and that the *boys* took much notice of you. It is a good sign, as you say, and *you* are the very *man* who would attract their notice *go where you might*.

And now for business, dear, excellent Sir. The news from the West is becoming every day more distressing. Let the north go—we have no chance there, at any rate—you must go to the west—you are wanted, and the Bank will pay your expenses, and the expenses of all whom you may choose, to guard you against the designs of the masons. The delegates have returned from the great Pittsburg convention, and their news is, that the Bank must go down—that the leading antimasonic paper, the Pittsburg Times, is out against us, and that your presence is necessary to heal the breach. But in *public* the delegates say the west will go in a solid phalanx for Harrison and the Bank, as you know it would not do to speak otherwise. We are trembling in our shoes and stockings at the anticipated result of the approaching elections. What shall we do? We feel that our power is wavering. That our measures have given

general dissatisfaction. O for some lucky stroke of policy to make the people believe we are all in all.

You see, Governor, we speak very plainly to you of our prospects, knowing that *your judgment* will enable us to pursue a proper course. Do not rest night nor day until you arrive here and prepare for a journey to the west.* We will make up a story to tell the people for your reason of leaving the seat of government so soon. Farewell for the present—beware of the bloody masons, and inform us of all your escapes when you see us in your proper person.

Your unworthy advisers,

THE KITCHEN CABINET.

LETTER IV.

To my dear and valued friends, Masonically called "MY KITCHEN CABINET."

DEAR FRIENDS:—I reached this place last evening, and I am sure it will be admitted on all hands that I have shown as great devotion to my country and my party as any man since the times of Washington. At your especial suggestion I visited Philadelphia, Pottsville, Sunbury, the North, and even ventured into the state of New York, the haunt of the "bloody masons"—and now impelled by the same reasons, I am trying to *regain* the West. I have made great sacrifices, but it is true I gain something in the way of glory by the publication of my letters, for nobody can deny their *extraordinary merits*. You were right about the county of Washington; that rascal Sam Workman is breaking our party up into atoms, and nothing but my speedy and timely return has saved it from ruin. Every thing goes wrong when the master is absent from home, as well in politics as in private affairs. I have laid Sam Workman on his back. Speaking of him, reminds me of his good and great successor, You know Johnny had never been to Philadelphia, and indeed never to a larger place than Harrisburg. He started to Philadelphia a few days before I left, and I took occasion to give him some advice about the manner of conducting himself.

I told him to take an omnibus to save expenses, for the Irish hack drivers would charge him \$2 00, when the omnibus would only charge twenty-five cents. I also advised him not to stop

* His excellency cheerfully acceded to our urgent request. He returned home on one day, and started for the west the next. He had hardly time to brush the dirt out of his executive chair, and only waited to sign a few dozen blank commissions for our use in his absence.

at the Chesnut or Market street taverna. They *charge without conscience*.

I told him not to walk in the middle of the streets, for the draymen would as soon run over a Governor or Secretary of the Land Office, as over a hod carrier. You know how they came near running over us.

I told him not to be gazing on all sides as he walked along, or they would laugh at him as they did at us, but to take Bob Morris with him; and ask him what he wanted to know.

I told him to buy a new *bandanna handkerchief*, (price fifty-six cents,) and not use his coat sleeve in the room of it, and when he went near the dock not to fall in.

I told him as he went through the market house not to go near the butchers, for you know how the scoundrels greased my inauguration coat. It was confoundedly provoking.

I told him to go to the Navy Yard, and see the bullets piled up like pumpkins in a corn field—and the big cannons like pump logs about a still house. I also told him to examine the play-bills and see if that admirable actor Burton appeared in the character of Dogberry, or if that splendid lyric "Jim Crow" was to be seen, and if so, to go and see and hear them by all means—but if Forrest, or Booth, or any other of the dull bawlers were to act, it was not worth his while or his money to go.

And lastly, I advised him to go and see the *wax works*, for there, after all, is *nater* in all her glory. Why "Solomon was not arrayed like one of these." He promised to comply, but if any thing else occurs to you, I wish you would write, to remind him of it, and not suffer him to go astray. He has directions to call and see Dr. Burden and Bob Morris, but they are both quizzical fellows, and as likely as not would get him into a scrape. Tell him it is *unfashionable* (so Bob Morris told me) to walk with the ladies at evening. They always then walk *alone*.*

Well, now, having told you my advice to the Secretary, I will go on to inform you a little about myself. The Secretary, my son, myself, and part of my family, started as you know in my *buggie*, to come to this part of the state together. My son and the Secretary drove through the woods, and, when nobody was in sight, but as you directed me, I drove through the towns, and when we saw any person ahead. I wanted them to understand I am a plain republican.

I stopped a few days to "*inspect*" and give directions upon

* These rules of instruction, laid down by his excellency, are of inestimable value, and should be in the hands of every inexperienced visitor to the city.—They show, moreover, the sound judgment and close observation of his excellency, and would do honor to any man who had passed his life in the midst of Philadelphia or New York.

the Cumberland rail road, but an impudent puppy ordered me off, and said as Governor I had nothing to do with it—that it belonged to Penrose, Stevens, and the United States Bank. I rode on, and left the *fools* making the track two miles long around a little hill, when I should have ordered them to make it over the hill, only a half mile, and thus saved no small sum.

I called in at the public offices as I went along, to see if the Prothonotaries, Registers, and so forth, attended properly to their duties, in the same way as I do at Harrisburg.* I found all things right, and met with no insults except at Bedford, where I found that *hot-headed Jacobin* Tom M'Elwee, who caused our friend Fenn to be expelled from the House of Representatives, a year or two ago, and he had the impertinence to tell me I had no business in the public offices as Governor, and that if I had, I knew nothing about them. I told him when I was speaker I always corrected the laws, but he replied I would have business enough if I corrected the laws of last session. So I left him in disdain.

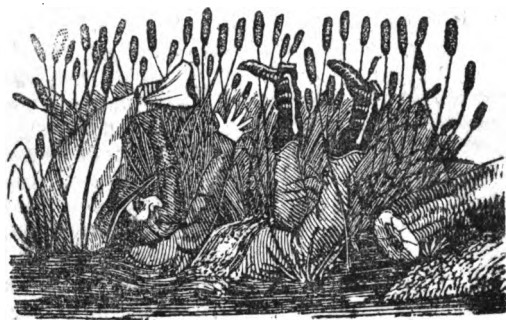
As I passed through Somerset county, the commissioners called on me, and desired me to go with them and help survey, and find a route for the new road which was changed on "*the top of the Allegheny mountain in order to AVOID HILLS,*"† by an act of the last Legislature. I accompanied them with the Secretary and Judge Ogle, but after spending a day, we all came away satisfied that it was *nonsense* to think of "AVOIDING HILLS" on the top of the Allegheny mountains.

Passing through Westmoreland county, we fell in with a grand military muster, and I was solicited, as commander-in-chief of the militia of the commonwealth, to go out, with the Secretary as my senior aid, to review them. Neither he nor I had our regimentals, but as they promised to find equipments, we could not refuse.‡ A suit was brought for me which had been worn by a Colonel in the "whiskey insurrection." It was rather worse of wear, but still it would have done very well, had not the man it was made for been a good deal smaller than I was. My breeches was too short also, and the red flannel jacket which they got, fitted me no better. When I was rigged, the equinoctial line about my centre between them, was six

* In this part of his duty, the Governor transcends all his predecessors. He personally superintends all the officers under him, from the car greasers up to the Secretary of State.

† There was an act of this kind passed at the time referred to, brought forward by some of the masonic members of the Legislature, to cast odium on the Governor and his administration.

‡ Again and again, I beseech the reader to observe his excellency's enduring patriotism—his constant readiness, as this instance proves, to encounter privations and risk his life in the service of his country! In short, he is a perfect Hannibal in all that constitutes the able commander and the stern republican!



The Secretary unhorsed at the training.

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inches wide I covered this with a broad sword belt, the girth of Maj. Murphey's saddle, and with epaulettes on my shoulders, and a yellow plume eighteen inches high, nodding proudly in the wind, I was ready to sally forth. The Secretary was accoutred with the regimentals of a tall corporal, white cotton shoulder knots, a straight, stiff blue feather a foot long, and his coat hung gracefully down to his heels, he rolled up his pantaloons, and with sword drawn was ready to mount.

I took my big gray, and the Secretary got a small black pacer, that it was thought would be suitable for an aid to ride on. I got on horseback first, but in mounting, a big awkward fellow who was holding my horse, took me by one leg to help me on, and, like a blockhead, lifted it so high that he threw me quite over on the other side. I fell on the Secretary, broke off his spurs and his feather, and rent my own breeches in a sad manner. We refitted as well as possible and started again. We went through the *review*, and I rode up to the centre of the line and began to address the troops. *I reminded them that General Harrison and myself had been soldiers together in the war.* That we had fought together in the same army—that in the battle of the Thames we were near together, that he took shelter from the hot pursuit of the enemy IN MY WAGON, and that we both deserved the support that all “gunpowder” popularity secured. Some of them shouted huzza for General Harrison and me, but a great many of them cried out “where was the brave Col. Johnson when Harrison was skulking in your wagon?”—They raised such a *hubbub*, that the Secretary's horse *paced* off in spite of his efforts, where a parcel of blackguards were fighting, and even my old gray, quiet as he is for common, ran away among the cake women and baggage wagons, and flung me off, plump on my back, upon an old woman's table, covered with beer bottles, cakes, boiled pork, and *chickapins*. The whole concern fell to the ground with a dreadful crash, and I had to pay her husband nine dollars and fifty-six cents, to prevent his suing me before one of Wolf's justices, who would have given judgment right or wrong. The Secretary was thrown over a seven rail fence into a mud hole, and so ended this unfortunate affair. I would not have undertook it, had it not been to make a military speech for Harrison.

We pursued our course without any thing of importance turning up, till we arrived at Pittsburg. Every thing is in confusion at this place. The “*M. Glaughlin* Convention*,” as they call it, has done nothing to unite the party. It is the subject of ridicule, and that insolent fellow Gilleland, who wrote me that arrogant letter, is destroying the party. He goes for Van Buren, and is no doubt bought up by New York. Our friends being so

* This is a man well known in the *parlours* of the State capital.

disheartened we could have no pleasure in talking to them, so we went to see a *Phrenologist*, and find out what we could about that intricate and important science. He was a tall fellow, with a head that formed a straight line from the end of his long nose to the crown of it, and with his right leg two inches longer than his left one. We went *incog*. He did not know us. I sat down first. He felt all over my head, and said to me, "Sir, you have great firmness, you do not yield when you *know* you are wrong. You have vast self esteem, you think you are as good as Gov. Ritner." I laughed at that, but the Secretary winked, and I was silent. "Sir," he continued, "you reason by induction, you say *therefore* and *because*, though I think you have not comparison enough to always tell the exact application of your *reasons*. You have large order; you always carry your cane in one hand, and when you ride you always have your face towards the horse's head. Your mathematics is large; you can tell without cyphering the difference betwixt a drove of ten hogs and five hundred oxen. Your cautiousness is enormous; if you are an antimason you do not go to sleep without first looking under the bed, and the slightest appearance of a masonic *sign* prevents you from sleeping all night. You also probably inquire before you go to church whether the preacher is a mason. You are fond of *fun*. You like to go to shows, vendues and militia trainings, and when young liked to dance *jigs*, and play *hide and seek*. Your imagination is tremendous. You could easily imagine Harrison will be elected President, and Joe Ritner re-elected Governor; two most incredible absurdities."* I told him, may be not. "But," said he, "that is proof of what I assert. Your combativeness on the right side and your amative-ness on the left side are inordinate." Hold, said I, that is a mistake. Them are not *natrel* bumps; I was inspecting a militia training and was thrown on my back upon a parcel of beer bottles, by the shouting of the rascally Van Burenites, that caused them two bumps, so none of your misrepresentation. He then called on the Secretary, but he refused to be examined, and told me the dog understood his trade too well. I am now fully persuaded of the *truth* of this science.

We started off, reached this place in safety, and I must now make a few inquiries of you. Pray do you hear any thing of our friend Theo.? He left Pittsburg when the Convention broke up, went down the river in a steamboat, and the last news any body heard from him was that he was in Gen. Harrison's corn-

* This is a marvellous true sketch of the Governor's character. We who know him best, could not have improved it, and the result is, that all great men have peculiar heads, and the science of phrenology is incontrovertible. The same man examined my own head, and gave me a like correct character, which I shall present to my readers in the course of this book.



The Governor under the hands of the Phrenologist.

field in Ohio, catching black squirrels in a patent fly trap.*—When will he return home? We can't do without him.

Since that fiery old democrat, Hugh Hamilton, died, I have much trouble about his Notary Public office. Do try and keep the *forty-six* applicants quiet. We can only give it to one and under the present state of things, the Secretary thinks we should not appoint till after the election. Indeed, you hinted the same thing yourselves. By the way, Theo. mentioned to me a long time ago, before Hamilton died, that he wanted a finger in the giving of that office. We can't appoint till he comes home.

I have one favor to ask of you. I was at home only *two days*. My linen was all soiled, and I had not time to get it washed and dried before I left again. It was hanging on the line. I am much in want of it. I shall have to lie in bed to-morrow, and have the one I wear washed. Send it on immediately. The new boots you got for me, when I went to Philadelphia, are still too tight. There is no use in pinching a fellow's toes up, to make a big foot look small. The Secretary says I am in a condition no better than the Chinese ladies. Have a new *coat* made by my return. These are minute matters, and you need not publish them, unless you think as some biographers do, such as Boswell, that the private affairs of all *great* men have their peculiar interest.

The twenty-three copies of my last letter published in the Keystone, was duly received—and I will thank you to send me forty-six copies of the present letter. My letters are so popular throughout the state that they ought to be inserted in the Telegraph.† The masonic Keystone ought not to monopolize the honor of handing me down to posterity. I am invited to attend the examinations of a few select classes in the college here, to show my encouragement of science and literature, and the result shall be communicated to you in my next letter.

* Sometime before I quit peddling I had invented a patent trap to catch and destroy flies, and learning that squirrels were a great annoyance in several of the western states, I thought it could be usefully employed in their destruction. I accordingly visited that quarter for the purpose, and found all my anticipations realized. It operated exceedingly well. I appointed Gen. Harrison my agent for Ohio, and he in return, when elected President, was to appoint me Superintendent of the Patent Office, an office the duties of which my familiarity with various "patent rights" peculiarly fit me to discharge. It is proper for me to remark that in this letter, as in many others, his excellency uses the term "Theo." in speaking of me to designate the intimate and confidential relations in which we stand to each other.

† That is the general organ under the control of the "Kitchen Cabinet," so called, and myself. I do not wish to be egotistical, but I may say with great truth that it is one of the most spirited, ably conducted, and dignified papers in the United States. It is the universal terror of the lodge, and all other evil doers. I never have admitted but four falsehoods into its columns, and for three of them I was cowskinned, and for the other expelled from the House of Representatives.

Done at Washington, Pennsylvania, this 23d of September, 1836.

THE GOVERNOR.

P. S. Don't forget the shirts—attend to the canal at Clark's Ferry, the *inclined planes* on the Columbia rail road, and tell Gen. Harrison to come on speedily, for there are to be several trainings along between Harrisburg and Pittsburg the latter part of next week, and it would be a good time for him to *electioneer* for himself and me.* But tell him to keep away from Westmoreland. Again I say, don't forget the *shirts*.

LETTER V.

To my dear and valued friends Masonically called "MY KITCHEN CABINET."

MY DEAR FRIENDS—Yours, which came to hand yesterday, renders me very uneasy. I am surrounded with difficulties. If I leave this place our friends will be shamefully beaten, and if I do not return to Harrisburg, your kind letter informs me, our friends will all fall together by the ears. I do not believe any Governor ever had so much trouble as I have had, to *satisfy* and *pacify* his supporters. Let me do what I may somebody complains. If I stay at home I disobey your good counsel; if I travel abroad to see the public works, the rascally masons and Van Burenites trumpet it forth that I am out electioneering. I am almost disgusted enough with being Governor, to *resign*.

You say the "poll tax" is doing great mischief. That may be, but for heaven's sake don't defend it by saying it was originated by a Van Buren man. Did I not sign and *approve* of it by your advice? You will ruin me if you publish, that I signed ANY THING originated by a Van Buren man. I go against the whole tribe, and all their measures. I see you are defending Krause and Gilbert, the members, on the ground that they voted *against* it. By defending them in that way, you condemn me. If it was a merit in them to oppose it, it was wrong in me to approve it; but they did not oppose it. They both advised me to sign it. K*** is a mason. He never has renounced, although he once *pretended* to do so. I am satisfied from the Secretary's hints, that this "poll tax" was a masonic trick to destroy me, and that K***, the mason, was privy to it, and took an active part in the nefarious plot. Every day's experience convinces

* Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, Hero of North Bend, &c. was at this time perigrinating the Union, making speeches, drinking Biddle wine, and riding in carriages drawn by biped asses.

me that these renegade masons cannot be trusted. They would cut my throat, as they did Morgan's, if they had the power. They are all arrant hypocrites and knaves—the city whig masons and all*—but keep dark on this subject till after the election.

When the great hero of North Bend arrives at Harrisburg, let a committee be always in waiting. If I do not return in time, to play my part in this grand affair, let some trusty friends of ours, constantly stand at the General's back—anticipate all his wants—pay his grog bills—draw on the bank for funds—and supply Gen. Bailey with money to pay the boys for carrying transparencies, and shouting for old "Buckeyes." I approve of building a scaffold and placing on it the chair John Hancock sat in, when he signed the Declaration of Independence. When "Old Tippecanoe" takes his seat in it, he can tell the people, that was the chair John Hancock sat in when his *father* signed the declaration of Independence—John Quincy Adams might have said the same thing. What a coincidence! President Adams and President Harrison!! Both elected because their *FATHERS* signed the Declaration of Independence!!! Oh! it is a glorious thing in our democratic government, that the services and standing of a man's father are not forgotten. My sons will be *something* because I was the governor of Pennsylvania! Show that you are all truly devoted to the cause of "old Buckeyes." Don't let the Philadelphia whig masons out-do you. Take out his horses—draw his carriage yourselves. The man who gained the victory of "North Bend," who will aid us, and who is in favor of the United States bank, ought not to be drawn, as every other fellow is drawn, by a pair of your common "livery horses." If I was there, I would take hold of the rope myself. Drag hard my good friends, for you are dragging for your *offices*, your *honor*, and your *bread*.

Let my old friend "Buckeyes" hasten on, as fast as possible, for the people are beginning to think he is traversing the State to electioneer, and this operates against him. Come on with him to Pittsburg as many as possible, for I fear his train will be small if you do not. You had better leave John McGlaughlin at home. It was bad policy to send him to the Convention—it will be worse for him to come here now.

Owing to my long absence, the Van Burenites had made such good arrangements, that they elected all their inspectors and assessors in this county and the adjoining counties, but Mr. H***

* This was always the opinion of his Excellency; and, I confess, it was also my own. "Once a mason, always a mason," is a truth which all history and experience confirms.

† Gen. Harrison, as the Governor predicted, took his seat in this very chair, usually occupied by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and made a speech very similar to the one here suggested.

can inform you that my *personal* influence is great enough to get it all right before the Election.

I promised to give you an account of my attendance upon the examination in the college, as one of the select visitors. In company with the Secretary, Mr. McGiffin, and about fifty other gentlemen, with a few ladies, I was present for two days in succession. I paid strict attention to all the classes.

I was much pleased with the classes who were examined in the dead languages, as they are called. The first class was examined on a poet who lived near a century ago, named Virgil. They jabbered on for some time. I sat mute, with my eyes keenly fixed on the big book they gave me, and now and then nodded my head when the Professor said it "was right." They talked of "nominative," "genitive," and "damnative" cases. I did not exactly understand what law suits they meant, and asked the Professor whether these suits, in which one case agreed with another case, were suits and cases in the Supreme Court or Common Pleas. "Oh! no," said he, "they are cases in grammar." "Stop a moment," said the Secretary, "we will talk of the law suits when we get back, don't let us interrupt the examinations." But I was resolved to have the thing righted, so I told the Professor I presumed the cases in grammar were something like cases in equity, or the high court of "Star Chamber," about which I heard the Secretary and Mr. McGiffin conversing. "Not exactly," said he; and the Secretary asked him a question which put an end to my enquiries. After that class had retired, and before another had taken its seat, the President of the College said to me, "I am very fond of this poet Virgil, he is a sweet writer." I told him I was fond of him too, but in point of *sweetness* I thought the unequalled lyric, "Jim Crow," far superior. "That may be," said he, "but I never read it." I was a little surprised to find the President of a College a man of less erudition than myself. The next class examined was upon the science of "political economy." In the course of the examination, the professor asked a student what was the *natural currency of a country?* The fellow, being no doubt a Jackson man, answered silver and gold, or other precious metals. I instantly asked how he proved that? He said it was so laid down by Adam Smith, Ricardo, Jefferson, Jackson, and all writers of authority on the subject. I said I denied it.* The professor told me he believed the student was right. I told him it was impossible that silver and gold should be the *natural money* of any country, for there was not enough of it. This was the opinion of Mr. Biddle, Mr. Binney, Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, General Harrison, and myself. I also told

* The depth and acuteness of the Governor's mind is here clearly manifested. Few financiers can cope with him in this obtruse science.

him gold and silver were too heavy and inconvenient to be carried about, and would not answer for purposes of commerce. He wanted to know what was the *natural* currency of the United States? I told him the *notes* of the Bank of the United States—this was the natural currency of this wide spread commercial country. I had the better of the argument, he said nothing, and proceeded with the examination. When all the examinations were closed, I took occasion to say to the professors that I was much gratified—that all branches prospered—and bided them good-bye. It is truly wonderful to find, as I did, that a man whose life, like mine, has been one of business and politics, bustling and active, could acquire a fund of learning and knowledge so much superior to the dry book worms who have charge of our colleges. I can *argue* them down with my little finger.

I shall return home soon. I presume the Secretary will wait and come with me. He sticks to me like the coat to my back. Wherever I go, in *public* or *private*, he, like the Yankee boy with his father at the training—

“Streaks it round like anything,
And holds fast to my pocket.”

You will recollect the whole song, as sung by our friend Theo. In private he is constantly lecturing me, and in public winking at me, and treading on my toes, as if he thought I could do nothing without his permission. I often fear people will notice him. He has turned up his nose at some of your last letters of advice to me, but I soon put a stop to that, by asking him what he was before I made him my Secretary. Don't let this leak out. I received the shirts in good order, except they got a little wet, and the *starch* was extracted. I had them starched over, and the collars now stand up as stiffly as the Secretary's ruffles. You shall hear from me soon.

Done at Washington, Pa. this 30th of September, 1836, in the first year of my reform administration.

THE GOVERNOR.

LETTER VI.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I am one of the forty cut-throat masons mentioned by the extra Telegraph,* who put in illegal votes here at the inspector's election, occasioning the defeat of the federal whigs. Twenty of our number were most barbarously

*I had stated in the Telegraph that twenty masons put in illegal votes at the inspector's election, in Harrisburg. It seems by this mysterious letter that the true number was FORTY.

exterminated by the editor, so that but one half of us survived to be published in his regular paper issued but three short days after the extra. This cruel massacre is worse than that of Morgan, Anderson, and Mrs. Witherell's headboard put together. Only think of it!—twenty good sound men, capable of walking up and depositing each his illegal vote, thus to be cut off without warning, at one fell swoop! Humanity shudders at the thought!

On the day of election, when the forty were together, and had the masonic postmaster from Maryland with us, who made our number forty-one, after we had put in our forty-one illegal votes, we held a lodge in front of the court house, where, by the incantations of masonry, we became invisible to all but masonic eyes.* Whilst we were in this condition, Theo himself came along, and as he could not see any of us, he supposed he was alone, and stepped into a corner hard by, where he commenced talking to himself with great earnestness. Agitation and despair sat upon his usually mild lovely countenance. He said that all the tricks he had learned in selling spinning jennies, would not be able to keep him up much longer as the State printer. He saw that the antimasonic humbug had nearly lost its power, and that when it went down, the old federal party and the Bank would be left without support, and he must be crushed in their ruins. And then he thrust both hands to his elbows into his breeches pockets, shrugged up his shoulders, and gave a kind of convulsive shudder. On withdrawing his hands he drew forth the contents of his pockets, among which, besides several letters, newspapers, &c. I observed the patent fly-trap with which he catches squirrels, the notes of Yankee Doodle, a box of patent pills, some little papers nicely folded up, containing patent powders he has just invented for killing fleas and bed-bugs, a receipt for making pumpkin pies out of gourds and sawdust—his little curious machines for plugging worm holes in peas and sharpening musquito bills, and one of Timothy Monroe's whiskers, lately sent him by Thurlow Weed, of Albany, who has laid aside antimasonry in disgust.

He then restored the remaining papers and all the other miscellaneous valuable to his pockets, after which he took from his hat a sealed letter directed to the Governor, exclaiming, "No, no, Johnny, this letter† don't go out of my hands unread!—Though you have just returned from the city, and entrusted it to

* This matter proves the awful and overwhelming power of the lodge, and its diabolical dealings with Satan. When the facts here enumerated first came to light, I was at a loss to know how they could have been revealed; but this development of the deviltries of freemasonry makes it all plain.

† When Johnny put this letter into my hands to carry to the post office, I thought, from his earnest manner, it contained something about myself—so I took the liberty of opening it; and that I was perfectly justifiable in doing so, will hereafter appear.

me to put it in the Post Office, I must look into it before it goes there"—whereupon he pulled out of his jacket pocket a little machine of his own invention, with which he split the wafer in a trice, and opened the letter without the slightest rent or mutilation. "O, rare and invaluable invention!" said he, "if I were only the Postmaster here, I could use it to some profit. I could take the contents out of letters, seal them up again, and nobody would be the wiser of it. Alas! alas! I wish Harrison had a better chance of being President. Could he be elected, I think I should prefer the Post Office here to the Patent Office at Washington. I am sure that with this cute invention, I could make more money out of it. What a glorious thing it is to be a genius! Let things go as they will, I shall be able to plunder society sufficiently without mounting my pedlar's cart again. If I can't get to be Postmaster, I can speculate at Sheriff's sales, invent new patent rights, and sell those I have on hand. Mankind are credulous, and such a genius as mine can never lack employment." Then he began to read Johnny's letter, and as he read, he began to stamp with his feet and swear in a horrid manner. After finishing the letter, he thrust it, together with the papers he had dropped, under the court house, through a small opening in the wall, and walked off, muttering that he "guessed it would be some time before old Joe read John's letter."

I went immediately and rescued these valuable documents from intended destruction, and the whole forty-one, on hearing them read, agreed that the letter ought to be published in the Keystone, and that the papers should be left with its editors, to be used as future exigencies might render just and proper. We then adjourned our lodge, and became visible—soon after which Theo committed the bloody butchery as before stated; and though half of us were killed, their ghosts came up and voted again yesterday, as is apparent from the result being more than ever against Theo's party. I was one of the survivors, and take pleasure in enclosing you the letters and papers named.

I am, as ever, Thaddy's down-east witness,*

JOHN ANTIMASON SHEDD.

* The writer of this letter was one of a number of masonic witnesses subpoenaed before Mr. Stevens' Committee of the House, to reveal the villainies of the lodge. He swore manfully; nothing like it has been heard since Uncle Toby's army was in Flanders.

Letter from the Secretary of the Land Office to the Governor.

HARRISBURG, September 30, 1836.

SAGACIOUS AND EXCELLENT SIR:—I got home from my eventful journey to the city, last night; and if ever you catch me there again, my name is not Johnny, your Secretary of the Land Office. It is more than a man's life is worth to go through with what I've undergone since we parted on the Harrisburg canal dock. I believe it was a judgment sent upon me for my sins, that the rascally scullions of your kitchen cabinet should allot* Philadelphia for my part of the state, to electioneer in and set straight. But you shall hear the particulars of my adventurous tour, and then you can judge for yourself.

Soon after the boat left Harrisburg, I went into the cabin, where I saw a row of fellows sitting, starched up with their Sunday clothes on, each side of the boat, some reading newspapers, others books, and others doing nothing but gaze about. Feeling myself to be a man of consequence, I folded my arms and walked back and forth a few times lengthwise of the cabin—but no one seemed particularly struck with my appearance. This, thought I, will never do—I am on an electioneering expedition, and may as well show up a little here and see how the land lies. Hurra for Harrison! says I. They all looked at me, but no one replied, so I went upon deck to make what discoveries I could there. A few men were standing upon the bow. I asked them how they were pleased with Governor Ritner's administration. Not at all, said they, for the worthless fellows he has put into office, and the bad management of the public works, is injuring the state thousands of dollars every day. I said no more to them, and did not even tell them that I was a secretary.

We came to a lock where there was no one in attendance but a young woman, daughter of the lock-keeper who was out electioneering. The captain began to abuse the conduct of affairs on the canal; and so, to make matters as easy as possible, I went out to help get the lock ready for the boat. I took hold of the handle to a gate to shut it, so that the main gate could be opened; but it was crowded so hard against the wall I could not move it. Giving a sudden push with all my strength, the handle gave way, and souse I went, head foremost, into the lock, and soon found myself bump against the bottom. Thinking of the poor nigger that was drowned in Penn lock a few days before, I concluded that my latter end was at hand. A cry was raised that the short fat man who got aboard at Harrisburg was drowning, when

* The Secretary does us injustice in these petulant observations. The State was duly parcelled out to the cabinets, proper and improper, and if Philadelphia fell to his share, he had no ground of complaint.



Secretary Johny fishing in the Canal for popularity for the Governor.

a general rush took place from the boat, with setting poles, tongs, oars, &c. and I was finally fished up by the captain with a boat hook, assisted by a fellow who scratched after me with the lock-keeper's rake. After being suspended by the heels and discharging a few gallons of the nasty canal water that had run down my throat, I took my seat in the cabin, and met with no further accident on the way to Columbia, except being once knocked down by a bridge whilst standing on deck trying to argue a fellow into the support of Harrison.

At Columbia a man asked me if I had any baggage to carry from the boat to the rail road wagon; I told him it was none of his business, for if I had I reckoned I could carry it myself. He walked off to somebody else, saying he guessed I was a green-horn. So I took the little budget in which my clean shirt was wrapped up, and seated myself in a thing they called a car. Presently it was shoved along down to a horse shed, where a man cried out that all who wanted dinner should go to a tavern and get it, as there would be no more eating for sixty miles. Not caring to go so far on an empty stomach, I went up with the rest, and eat at the rate of fifty cents a meal, which I thought a downright imposition—having nothing but beef, potatoes, and froth floating on skim milk; and that, too, gobbled down in less than ten minutes, for when the horn blows we must jump and run.* As to drink, I did not want any after my dose of canal water.

All hands, male and female, got into the car again, and a couple of horses, yoked head to tail, soon hauled us to a hill, where we came to a dead stand, and the horses were taken off and carried back.

"What a pox are you about here," halloed I, "do you mean to leave us standing here all night? Come, come, none of your tricks upon travellers. I belong to the Government, and if you don't set us agoing again in short order, I'll have you all sent a scampering, once more, for your living."

"Old Daddy," bawled a rough-looking fellow, "if you don't take your head in pretty quick, these burden cars will take it off before you can say Jack Roberson."†

Seeing something coming like a *harrycane*, I dodged back into my seat, when sure enough, some cars whizzed by us, so close that they just missed us and that was all. When they got past, our car was pushed along a piece, until it stopped over a big rope, that run up the hill like a big black snake without any

* Here the sagacity of the Secretary shines forth with dazzling splendor. He detects and exposes a line of nuisances, by which honest men were plundered by the insatiable cupidity of the members of the lodge.

† This irreverent rascal was peremptorily dismissed from the employ of the State, as soon as his unmannerly conduct was known.

body touching it. I jumped out, and saw another rope coming down the other side in the same way.

"Friend," said I, to a man who seemed to be employed by the state, "do these ropes run the other way when they get run out?"

"No, uncle," answered he, "they always run one way."

The fellow said this with such a contemptuous look that I was afraid to ask any thing more of him, lest he should discover that I had never been below before. So I examined the ropes silently, and said nothing. Presently one stopped, and then the other stopped at the same time. Our car and another were tied fast to the one that run up the hill. It started again, and dragged up the whole weight tied to it, and still nobody touched it. Whoever saw the like? thought I. The other rope came down as fast as this one went up. I walked up, and when I reached the top of the hill, I found holes where one went in, and the other came out of the earth. O, if I only had had Theo there, he could have told all about this curious contrivance—it must be some Yankee patent. How they were fixed I could not study out, and finally concluded that both ends of both ropes were cut off, and there thus being no end to either, was the reason why they could always run one way and not run out.

Before I had had full time to look about me and solve this intricate matter to my entire satisfaction, I was caught around the waist and thrown to one side without ceremony, by a rufian who roared in my ears, "Is the evil one in you, that you would stand here in the track for the locomotive to run over you?"

I fell into the ditch on the side of the road, in the flurry, and as soon as I crawled out, sure enough, there stood a big machine on wheels, with a fire at one end, smoke coming out of the top, steam from all over, and cranks and handles on every part of it. This was one of the ugly things that you vetoed last winter, and which Slaymaker's big bull knocked his brains out against, by attempting to veto as you did. Presently they tied our car to its tail, and hitched others behind it, until they made a row as long as four or five six horse wagons. A bell was rung, and all were called upon to get aboard the cars. I stood out to see how such a lot of wagons could be pulled along without horses, knowing that as they got under way, I could jump on somewhere. A fellow, all blacked up with charcoal and grease, who stood on the smoke wagon, jerked up a thing like a pump handle, which made the steam fly out, and a round iron rod slip into a cast thing like a long wagon wheel hub; the wheels all started at once—the handle was jerked back, the steam flashed again, and the whole line was in motion before I could see any farther. It was hard scratching for me to get into the car. After I was seated, the fields and trees, and

houses, and posts went past us like a flock of pigeons. You never see a wagon come down the mountains half as swift as we were pulled along through the country by hot water.

We were not long in reaching Lancaster, where the cars stopped awhile, but I did not get out, for fear Hugh Maxwell would see me and put me in his Masonic paper, which the Secretary says is nearly as bad as the Keystone.

From Lancaster we got to the city with no other accident than being detained four hours by a damage to the locomotive, occasioned by the carelessness of the engineer. It was past midnight and very dark when we arrived, so that I could see nothing. At the end of the railroad I got into an omnibus which took me to the Red Lion Hotel, in Market Street, where I stopped, contrary to your instructions, and went to bed. They were a going to take me up four pair of stairs, when I told them who I was, and they lodged me in the second story.

Early in the morning, I heard all sorts of noises, and such a terrible clatter out doors, that I jumped up to see what the matter was. I ran out into the road, and as far as I could see, up and down, there was nothing but solid rows of brick houses. Thousands of men, women, and children, were passing to and fro, and through other, as if the old scratch had kicked them on end. Wheelbarrows, carts, wagons, stages, coaches, and the like, were driving in all directions, so it was as much as I could do to elbow my way into the market house. That at Harrisburg is no touch to this. Such piles of meat, potatoes, turnips, and so on, you never see. I took good care to keep away from the butchers, as you advised me, but got my new coat badly torn by the handle of an orange man's barrow, as he was backing past me, which was worse than your mishap. I walked up the market a few steps, where I saw some curious things laying in a stall, which, on enquiry, I found were egg plants. I laid in a supply sufficient for you and me, so that hereafter we can raise our own eggs, and not be forced to keep hens, or pay fifteen cents a dozen for them any more.* The market people were so busy that I had no opportunity to electioneer with them.

Returning to the tavern, the landlord, who is a hearty looking, comfortable man, about my size, lent me a coat, and sent mine to be mended, which was shortly done. After breakfast, I called on Bob Morris and the rest of our friends, holding your commissions. They all appeared glad to see me, and said I looked as if I had been brought up in the city—that they never would have suspected this to be my first trip here.

* Since that time Johnny has supplied the administration with eggs; both he and the Governor have sold their hens, converted their hen-coops into even-wood, and made a large saving in the item of corn.

When dinner was ready, two long tables were spread and loaded with roast beef, turkeys, chickens, little hogs,* sauce, pickles, puddings, and so on, enough to feast a regiment, or to provide half a dozen Fourth of July dinners in the country. There must be a great deal of victuals wasted about this house—for what was on the tables was not the half eaten.

I was near forgetting to tell you that immediately after breakfast, I went out and purchased two pocket handkerchiefs, instead of one, as you recommended—a bandanna, price fifty-six and a quarter cents, for Sundays, and a cotton one, at three fips, for week days. The bandanna was not hidden, when the state house row was visited—this, it is probable, is the reason of their thinking me so fashionable.

It being noised about that I was one of your cabinet officers, an old gentleman† from Connecticut, took me one side after dinner, and inquired whether I knew a man at Harrisburg, by the name of Jonathan Punkin.

“No, said I, “there is no such man living there that I ever heard of.”

“I’ll soon convince you,” replied he, “that you do know the very identical chap. Aye, that you not only know him, but that he is one of your bosom friends. Pray what kind of a man is your state printer, the organ of your governor? Does not his hair stand on end, and has he not a countenance that makes every honest man involuntarily hold fast to his pockets when passing him in the streets?”

“Why,” says I, “it must be Theo Fenn that you mean, you have hit him off so exactly.”

“Right,” he answered, “Theo Fenn is the name he wears now, but Punkin is his family name, and he was christened Jonathan by his parents. I know him well—his countenance don’t deceive him.‡ His habits of practising impositions, and his incapacity of distinguishing colors were developed in early youth. A fright, at being unexpectedly caught in a watermellon patch, when a boy, and crawling through a hedge fence to get away, set his hair on end, in which unseemly way it has always grown since. He was famous for making good bargains, and inventing patents when a child. Only six years of age, he commenced trading among his school-fellows, with an old broken jack-knife,

* I presume Johnny mentioned the article of “little hogs” because he knew the Governor was particularly fond of it, having, no doubt, often seen him eat through it longitudinally, from snout to tail, as I myself have often witnessed.

† This hoary headed old sinner, I have inquired out, and find that he was the master of the lodge in the town where I run from, in Connecticut. In this explanation his bitterness towards me is accounted for. Indeed, he used to tell me that I had a peculiarly Antimasonic look when I was a boy.

‡ This is almost the only truth the old masonic slanderer uttered. I appeal to my face for the proof.



Jonathah hunting water-melons.

which he managed to convert, by virtue of his arts, into a good penknife, in less than a week.* At the age of ten he had collected materials for peddling, and set off on that business with a wheelbarrow. Despising the old rule, that honesty is the best policy, he was several times broken up before he was eighteen, and many a pretty penny did it cost his father to get him out of scrapes. He went on at such a rate that he was finally disowned, and branded with the name of Theo Fenn, which signifies that he sprung out of, or arose from a pestilential marsh, or filthy mud-hole, as you may see by looking into a dictionary.† In this way was his nature shadowed forth in his name, as a further security to the community. At last, when between the age of twenty-five and thirty, to the joy of his acquaintances, he left the country, mounted on a large red pine cart, drawn by an old limping poney, peddling patent spinning jennies, since which time we heard nothing of him in Connecticut, until we learnt that he had been made the mouth-piece and chief printer of Joseph Ritner's reform administration of Pennsylvania.‡ You may judge of our surprise at seeing this strange metamorphosis, knowing, from his inveterate nature and habits, that he could be of service to no cause, except where incessant lying and roguery was employed in its support. But what makes you open your mouth and stare so?"

Sure enough, I found myself devouring the words of this old neighbor of Fenn's with great eagerness. I walked away and reflected how completely his words were borne out, and how little change Fenn's nature had undergone since he quit peddling notions. The truth is, we shall be forced to turn this fellow off—he disgraces our administration. You know that he has been kicked and cuffed, and cowhided, both here and at Lancaster, for his dirty, rascally conduct. That he always runs away like a poltroon, and broke his leg or arm, I forget which, by stumbling into a gutter, when retreating from a cowskin. He has been turned out of the House of Representatives by our political friends, and pronounced a miserable blackguard on that occasion, even by John H. Walker. He cannot be trusted to publish the calls for our meetings or conventions, his old habits making him alter or add to them in any way he pleases. These things are known to all our friends, who are generally dissatisfied with him.

He has some good qualities notwithstanding, for which I hate to part with him.§ At our cabinet meetings, for instance, when

* It was just five days.

† This name was originally given to me by the masons as a term of reproach, but I am now proud to wear it for the good of my country.

‡ Few Yankee adventurers have risen as fast in the world as I have done—a striking proof of the omnipotence of genius, and the saving grace of antimasonry.

§ Here the good nature of the amiable Secretary secures me a victory over the

business is done, and the apple whiskey circulates, he sings Yankee Doodle most melodiously, especially the chorus.

"Corn stalks to twist your hair,
Cart wheel roll round ye,
Fire and tow may burn you up,
And mortar pestle pound ye."

It does my heart more good to hear him sing this, than to hear your excellency play the "Old Black Horse," or "Jim Crow," on the fiddle, or the Secretary play "Erin go Braugh" on the jewsharp. But then I don't see how we can keep him on account of his other qualities.

I went to see the wax works, according to your advice, and was hugely delighted with them. As you said, *nater*, in all her glory, is displayed in them.

At night I went to the Theatre, but did not see your favorite "Jim Crow." A poor man and woman came out with twenty-four children—presuming that they wanted something to help them, I walked out, not much pleased at throwing away seventy-five cents in this way.

Bob Morris and Dr. Burden were the first men I saw when I got into the street. Recollecting your advice about their wag-gish propensities, and not to go with them after night, I tried to prevent their seeing me, but they were too sharp-sighted for me, and had me between them by the arms, before I got two rods. They invited me to take a walk, which I tried to decline, and finally told them what you had said. They only laughed, and replied that you were merely hoaxing me. Being somewhat pacified by their assurances of respect, in an evil hour, I consented to go with them, and what followed may be considered as a just punishment upon me for not sticking to your directions.

On the next morning I thought I had seen enough of Philadelphia, and being satisfied there was no use of my staying there to electioneer, I left it, solemnly determined never to go there again. Turning my head, as I sat on the top of a car, near the outskirts, I remarked that I could not see the use of building chimneys so high. Upon which a youngster beside me laughed outright, saying the things I saw were not chimneys, but shot towers. This I suspected to be another piece of city waggery, and so set these structures down as the kitchen chimneys of some of the big taverns.

Nothing particularly striking occurred to me on my way home, save the customary delays from our bad canal and rail

malice of this masonic wanderer. I am loved and prized for my very faults. Even the Governor thinks it a pity that lying is a sin, because he says it is so convenient in the conduct of political antimasonry, whose doctrines and practices are so utterly adverse to each other.

road agents, a few holes burnt in my coat, my shirt twice set on fire, and one of my eyes nearly put out by sparks from the locomotive. Plague on the things, I wish your veto had always stuck to them.

Assuring you that I am well, and hoping these lines will find you in the same state of health, I set myself down till death,
Your faithful Secretary and Cabinet adviser,

JOHNNY

LETTER VII.

PROCLAMATION.

I, Joseph the second, Governor of all Pennsylvania, send greeting to my cabinet proper, my Board of Canal Commissioners, and my confidential friends and advisers, *masonically* called "*my Kitchen Cabinet*," who have been for some time, and are at present, engaged in "*inspecting*" the public works in various sections of this great Commonwealth, and performing offices of respect and civility to the Hero of North Bend, my old comrade in arms, during his friendly tour of observation through our State, to see the order, tranquility, and happiness that exist under my reign and the reign of Mr. Biddle. Whereas the result of the late election has covered our party with disaster and disgrace;* and, whereas, our truly and well-beloved Giant of the Age, Thaddeus Stevens, has been ingloriously beaten; and, whereas, my efficient Right Hand Supporter, Nerr Middlewarth, who had carved a district out, by the late Apportionment Bill, for his own especial safety, has also been *tossed* by the people higher than he ever *tossed a copper*, and been *reprimanded* more "*solemnly*" than he reprimanded Conrad last winter; and, whereas, William B. Reed, a hopeful scion of the aristocracy, has been plucked from the antimasonic stem, whereon he had been grafted by the skilful hand of friend Stevens, by the promise of a *judgeship*; and, whereas, some of my adherents in Dauphin were making speeches in New York, when they ought to have been nodding to their constituents in their own county, by which they were *beautifully dressed out*, though I went into the Prothonotaries office and superintended the dealing of tickets MYSELF on the morning of the election day; and,

* The unfortunate election of 1836 shook the Governor in his seat, and made us all tremble for our safety. He called a meeting of the Cabinets, by this inimitable proclamation, to take the state of things into consideration, and to prepare for the worst. Its results were highly beneficial.

whereas, my brilliant, amiable, truth-telling *blow pipe*, *Theo*,* has made large speculations, which cannot be realised without he can get his honest fingers into the public *purse*; and, whereas, we have *all been* at great expense in travelling about the State during this summer, to see the laws “faithfully executed”—*which expenses would have been defrayed* by the Bank, had not the late election proven, most clearly, that the Bank must sink in the struggle, along with its friends, Stevens, Middleswarth, &c.; and, whereas, a large sum, a part of the surplus revenue, is coming to Pennsylvania from the coffers of the General Government—which said sum is neither appropriated nor disposed of; and which will fall into the hands of the Van Buren “Goths and Vandals,” as the Secretary calls them, unless *we* take the matter into our own hands: Now, KNOW YE, that on Tuesday evening next, you are all commanded and required to be and appear, in your proper persons, in the Cabinet Council Room, in the loft above my “Kitchen,” wherein you will find benches, bottles, glasses, pipes, tobacco, apple jack, and peach brandy, in readiness for your accommodation: to devise ways and means to extricate ourselves from the difficulties that beset us, and to obtain money enough to reimburse us for the expenses we have been put to, in the service of our country. I hope you will come together as *equals*, for as such I esteem you all; and I have called this grand meeting in the *sanctum sanctorum* of my cabinets, into which no foot but those of my most “confidential” advisers ever before intruded. I shall call for the separate opinions of each of you, in this emergency; and my friend Theo, after opening the cabinet council with

“Corn-stalks twist your hair,
Cart wheels run round ye,”

to cheer our spirits up, will deliver his valued views of the present crisis, (he having been most used to speaking in this chamber,) after which you will all follow in rotation. Hereof fail not, under penalty of having your *notes protested* at the United States Bank.

Done at Harrisburg, this 18th day of October, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, and in the first year of my Reform Administration.

THE GOVERNOR.

* Never was State printer blessed with such a kind and patronizing Governor; and I will add, that never was Governor adored and sustained by such a grateful State printer. We are knit together like the souls of Jonathan and David—the fall of one, is the fall of both.

LETTER VIII.

AFFAIRS OF STATE.—GREAT MEETING OF THE CABINETS.

Since the proclamation issued by the Governor in our last, the travelling Secretaries, heads of departments, clerks, canal officers, kitchen scullions, &c. &c. have been gathering in from their electioneering tours, north, south, east, and west, insomuch that we believe most of the public offices are now tenanted.— Last night they all met in grand convention, pursuant to the orders of his excellency, in the large back chamber over the executive kitchen, where the peach, apple whiskey, old rye, pipes and tobacco, acted upon their spirits as a succedaneum for those victories denied them by cruel fortune. At a quarter past six, the company began to collect, and by ten minutes before seven, the flower of our rulers were there, accompanied by their pimps, scullions, and sudordinates. At five minutes before seven the glasses and pipes were all filled, and at seven precisely, after quaffing and smoking had commenced, Theo's patent machine, called "Fenn's short hander,"* was set in motion. It is from this precious moment that accurate reports commence. The machine worked to admiration. As it took down every motion and sound that occurred in the room, there are many unsavory things which we, out of respect to our readers, throw aside. We cull from the mass of manuscript only such sayings, singings, and doings, as are proper to meet the public eye, and from their relation to great men, are swelled into some importance.

As to Theo, he has immortalised himself by this invention, and whether he gets the Post office here, or the Patent office at Washington, his fortune is made, unless we are greatly mistaken in the merits of his "short hander." It may be proper to remark, that when Theo took part in the proceedings, his countryman, the editor of the *Intelligencer*, turned the crank and worked the treadles, and that the Secretary was assisted by Theo's cousin, the prothonotary of the Supreme Court, who brandished the ink bottle and flourished the sheets in a way that brought upon him repeated bursts of applause. Once indeed he overacted, for in giving it too great an impetus upwards, the bottle flew out of his hand and dashed against a rafter overhead, by

* This machine had just then been perfected by me, and finished for use. Of all my numerous inventions, this is the one which will hand my name down to the latest posterity, among the noblest benefactors of mankind. In five years, I venture to predict, it will totally supersede all the systems of writing, and writing masters, in the civilized world.

which the whole assemblage were sadly sprinkled with its black contents. Another bottle soon repaired the damage, and though all had received the complexion of coal heavers, weighty matters drew attention from such a trifle, which indeed was almost hidden in the clouds of smoke.

That these valuable reports should be furnished in the Keystone, in preference to the Telegraph, Pirate, or Intelligencer, is a flattering evidence of the high estimation in which we are held by the Secretary and Theo. The favor is of great value to us, and we hope not to be ever found ungrateful for such striking testimonials of friendship. Our best requital must be, to publish correctly that which they are so prompt to furnish, in order that the merits of the machine, and the acts and characters of our rulers, may be placed before the public in their true light.*

Proceedings of the grand convention of the immortal functionaries of government, held in the Governor's kitchen loft, on Tuesday night, October 25th, Anno Domini 1836, as reported by Theo Fenn's new invented Short Hander.

At 7 o'clock, his Excellency, the Governor, with his big stick, gave a heavy thwack upon the end of the long table, where he sat in the council chamber, upon a stool elevated above the side benches that supported the numerous subordinates and waiters of the government, called together by the proclamation. As soon as the loud reverberations of the blow had ceased, the governor called the meeting to order.

"Worthy friends," said he, "the lodge has made sad havoc with our forces and prospects since last we met. Melancholy broods on all your countenances. Many narrow escapes have I run for my life, whilst out 'looking at the public works.' You doubtless have all been beset by the same murderous hands.— Cheer up—we are safe whilst here together—fill your glasses and pipes anew—don't spare the liquor or tobacco—they will put new life into us all. Before I deliver my message, Theo will make us think of the glorious times when the Bank was triumphant, the legislature with us, and the town crowded with our friends. He will revive our drooping souls by singing again his inspiring favorite, Yankee Doodle. Let us all join once more in the chorus, and though we miss the melodious voices of our well-beloved Thaddy and Nerr, we still may drive the thoughts of recent defeats—of slaughtered friends—of departing offices, from our care worn minds.†

"Come, amiable Theo," continued his excellency, "step forward my son, wipe your eyes, and pour forth once more those

* These preliminary observations were published in the Keystone; and although I entertain a most abhorrent idea of this maso.lic organ, I am induced to copy them, because for once they do me justice, and state facts necessary to a correct understanding of what follows.

† What a striking manifestation of the Governor's kindness and generosity!

sweet notes, that have so oft fallen as harmoniously upon our ears as the braying of the ass, or the soft quavers produced by the file when sharpening the mill saw. Hold up your head—never mind the discoveries made by my secretary, Johnny, in the city. What if your name has been changed from Jonathan Punkin to Theo Fenn? Fenn is as good a name as Punkin any day. Fear nothing, your peddling jenny spinners and other notions don't hurt you in my estimation—it only proves you to be the right sort of a chap to defend my reform administration. Set your heart at rest, for whilst I am Governor you shall be state printer, and I will give offices to all your cousin Punkins who will come up here from down east."

The modest retiring Theo then rose, all covered with blushes, blotches, beatings and bruises, advanced to the centre of the room, shrugged his shoulders after his own graceful manner, and as a flickering light from a candle stuck in a bottle played upon his features, the well known portentous scowl clouded his brow and produced a general shudder. Every man involuntarily grasped hold of his pocket book and loose change, which produced a simultaneous motion and clatter, like the order of a drill sergeant to a well trained company.*

Theo heeded not the movement, he was accustomed to it where ever he went.

Taking up a tumbler of apple jack, he quaffed it down, drinking confusion to the lodge, and the Asiatic cholera to all enemies of the British bank, alien and sedition law, apportionment bill, poll tax and registration. In the earnestness and ferocity of his manner, he bit out one side of the tumbler, champing it until froth and blood oozed from the corners of his mouth.†

"Thus," cried he, "could I masticate the flinty hearted masons, who oppose the Governor, the Bank, and General William Henry Harrison, who fought the battle of North Bend. As for the more numerous body of freemasons, like the good Chandler, Burden, Harper, and a host of others who are on our side, they are all clever fellows, and I would not hurt a hair of their heads.

* This motion was partly involuntary and natural, and partly learned from a remark of the *leading antimason* in Harrisburg, who was Heister's Attorney General, with whom I was intimate, and thought he liked me. But in October, 1832, I with some others went from the post office, and informed him that Wolf was elected; at which he was so enraged, that he looked cross at us, and said, "*I don't keep tavern.*" We left, and he then remarked to his visitors, that he could not help seizing hold of his money whenever he saw me. Every thing he said was *law*—and so all began to suspect me, and hold fast to their pockets. I have never liked the old man since.

† The "short-hander" was in such complete order, it repeated things with greater minuteness and precision than was really necessary, or agreeable to my wishes. What is written, however, is written—so let it be.

(Cheers.) Who is Frank Granger? Why, sirs, he is the ex-Governor of New York, and stands six feet two in his shoes and stockings. Do you see these here whiskers? They are the pair sent me by my brother Thurlow Weed, of Albany—who shaved them from the chops of Timothy Monroe, to make a Morgan out of him for the election. Look at them and think of Morgan.—Every time I think of him, I think I should now be peddling notions had it not been for him. He has been a pretty spec for hundreds such as me, who have come from down east and made money out of antimasonry.

“Maybe you think I’m ashamed since Johnny went to Philadelphia and found out my origin. No, indeed, I’m proud of it; I like it all except that about the water mellons. If my hair stands on end like the quills of a hedge hog, whose business is it? (Cheers.) The family of Punkins is a great family, a courageous family, a patriotic family. Woe be to those who cast slurs upon them. Why, sirs, in the ever memorable action at Windham, that took place 1753, during the awful onset of the bull-frogs upon that fated town, my great grandfather, Elderkin Punkin, was one of the first that turned out to repel the bellowing assailants, and though his neighbours retreated nine miles an hour he, my everlasting grandfather, owing to his corporosity, could only run six, and thus he brought up the rear, and underwent the awful peril of having his heels bumped every moment by the cold noses of the savage jumping enemy. (Cheers.) This you will all recollect was the first battle in the revolutionary war. It is rendered immortal by being made the subject of a splendiferous epic poem, in which the deeds of my renowned ancestor eclipse those of Alexander, Cæsar, Bonaparte, and all other conquerors. I have it all at my tongue’s end; here is a touching passage for you:

“When Windham’s sons at midnight’s awful hour,
Heard from afar the hoarse discordant roar
Of bull-frogs’ sorrow, groaning on the wind,
Denouncing death and ruin to mankind—
’Twas then bold Elderkin with terror shook,
’Twas then dismay was pictured in his look,
‘Heaven help us all,’ was then the general cry,
‘Lord help us run, and do not let us die!’”

“Who will have the hardihood to slight the name of Punkin after this? (Cheers, and loud cries of none, Theo, none.) Who amongst our masonic enemies can boast of such ancestry? Let them hide their plebian heads hereafter, when the illustrious Jonathan approaches, and remember that the memory of his ancestors is embalmed in a glorious epic, higher wrought than Homer, smother than Virgil, and more sublime than Milton.

"You all know that I am the state printer, and the organ, mouth-piece, cabinet adviser, counsellor, oracle, speaking trumpet, and blow pipe of the present reform administration. Suppose I came into the state peddling useful spinning jennies, what of that? Do not the lying and craft, and roguery, and tricks, and knavish cunning of a pedler qualify me for the posts in which I am placed? When we are beaten, do I not proclaim victory? Do I not lie for you all through thick and thin? (Loud cheering.) Whenever the state suffers through your ignorance, incompetence, neglect or rascality, do I not defend all your sins of commission and omission? When any of you are detected by the impertinent masonic prints, do I not fall to blackguarding the editors, and pronounce at once all their statements falsehoods and forgeries? When the poll tax you passed was found to be unpopular, did I not assert instantly that it was a work of the masons? Did I not prove Van Buren a Roman Catholic? Have I not put sayings into his mouth that he never uttered, published letters purporting to be his, which he never saw, quoted articles as from the Globe and other masonic papers, which I wrote myself? Would any body but a tricky pedler have done all these and a thousand other similar things for you? Did I not recommend the Bank as an overwhelming weapon to defend our power? Did I not call the recharter "the relief bill;" and if let alone, would it not relieve the people of their liberties, their property, and the trouble of governing themselves? Was not the apportionment bill suggested by me, and did I not advise the choice of Harrison electors by the last legislature, as an advantage not to be lost, whilst the majority of that body was with us?*

"I was called up for a song. I have composed one for the occasion: it goes to Yankee Doodle. I hope you like what I have said to you, for it all came from my heart. I thought it right to show, that if we were beaten at the late election, it was not my fault. My present opinion is, that we shall not rise again unless we abduct or kill somebody, to make another Morgan of; which is a measure that I earnestly recommend to be immediately adopted."

This promising genius then shrugged his shoulders again, passed the fingers of his left hand through his bristly foretop, took out his handkerchief, and electrified the company with a blast from his nasal organ, adjusted his well starched collar, advanced his right foot, hemmed three times, opened his mouth from ear to ear, like a town-council man yawning after dinner, and began to sing the following lines, keeping time with his right hand, in the style of David Gamut:—

* Had this expedient been adopted, Gen. Harrison would now be President, and I would have been at the head of the Patent Office.

THEO'S SONG.

The bloody minions of the lodge,
 Are busier now than ever;
 Such wicked vampyres, who can dodge?
 They mow us down like clover.
 Thaddy, Karns, and Speaker Nerr,
 And most of Nick's *'hard bargains*,
 That child of promise, Jesse R.
 Are now all martyr'd Morgans.

Alas! the printing! who'll get that?
 It makes me cry my eyes out,
 To think the lodge should knock me flat,
 Though I'm always sending lies out.
 Billy Reed is cable tow'd,
 Cox and Walker overthrown,
 The Bank itself is Waterloo'd,
 Save Harry Watts, we're left alone!

Who'd think the masons had such power,
 Who'd dream'd it 'mongst their first acts,
 To drub us out so every where,
 In spite of Bank and poll tax?
 May corn-stalks twist their hair,
 Cart wheels roll round them,
 Fire and tow burn them up,
 Mortar pestle pound them.

There's one thing though all must confess,
 Has bothered us of late, sir,
 That most of masons go with us,
 In all affairs of state, sir.
 Jonathan Punkin rouse your wits!
 Keep up your reputation!
 Counfound with lies and blackguard hits,
 A fact that's your destruction!

I know our fate, should Ritner fall,
 And Buckeyes not succeed,
 A trudging sent should we be all,
 Without more treasury feed.
 Boo! hoo! hoo! let's all cry,
 Clarky, Strong, and Gubby,
 Secretaries, clerks, and I,
 Commissioners and Darby.

I'll mount my tin cart as before,
 And leave the state a sinking,



Jonathan singing his song and beating time.

Peddle notions at every door,
 Nor sigh again for printing.
 Spinning jennies, horns and clocks.
 Flytraps, wooden nutmegs,
 Patent rights for picking locks,
 Musquito bills and pea pegs.

Let's take another drink of peach,
 Apple jack, or rye, sir,
 For comfort's still within our reach,
 'Tis best no more to cry, sir.
 Gerrymander and reform,
 Poll tax, British Bank;
 Laugh the people all to scorn,
 Maybe yet they'll thank.

The bank is rich, and who can tell
 What may be done by bribing?
 She's tried it oft, we all know well,
 And may *joke* the House tribe in.
 Emperor Nick, old North Bend,
 British Lords, Anne Royal,
 Tickle our palms, we'll the Bank defend,
 And bend our necks right loyal.

At the close, the Governor, who had been throughout beating time upon the table with his cudgel, rose, and laid down his pipe. His example was imitated by the whole company. He then filled his glass with choice old peach, which movement was also seconded in all quarters. The daylights of every man was fixed upon his excellency, who drank all the plagues of Egypt upon all the democratic members of the House, who should refuse to sell themselves to the bank, as others had done last winter. This patriotic sentiment was greedily swallowed, every man appearing as dry as a fish, and beating the table with his fists until the bottles, tobacco boxes, pipes, and all, danced about like peas on a hot griddle.

Before any had sat down, and whilst the glee was up, his excellency gave out the following stanzas, which were sung vociferously by the whole company—heels and fists keeping time on the floor, benches, and table:—

Let's all united scratch our pates,
 Believing there's no danger,
 If we can save our candidates,
 Harrison and Granger.
 Cornstalks twist Van Buren's hair,
 Cart wheels roll round him;
 Fire and tow burn Johnson up,
 Mortar and pestle pound him.

After the astonishing bursts of admiration, drawn forth by this resplendent effusion of the Governor's fancy, had a little subsided, and the fragments of bottles, &c. shattered upon the occasion, were gathered up, his excellency gave three distinct knocks with his shillalah upon the table, which brought the company again to an anchor upon the benches, and silence once more reigned in the loft. His excellency then put on his specs, and drew from his pocket a little bundle of papers, neatly endorsed, and secured with a blue ribbon. As this was the signal for the delivery of the executive message, pipes were resumed on all sides, and each individual settled himself in a listening ruminating posture. With the aid of the Secretary, his excellency selected from the bundle the State paper prepared, and proceeded at once to the rehearsal of it.

The message, which is one of the profoundest documents of the kind, together with the sage opinions upon State affairs of some of the great men there gathered in, will appear in our next. We hope that political economists, lovers of science, and those who desire to see how wisely we are governed, will suspend their curiosity another week, when the further opinions, policy, speculation, secret movements, and sagacious councils of our Rulers shall be spread before them.

LETTER IX.

CABINET COUNCIL.

Our last extract from the manuscript thrown off "Fenn's Shorthander," left the Cabinet all seated on the benches in the loft over the Executive Kitchen, the room enveloped in tobacco smoke, the floor covered with shattered bottles, broken glasses and tobacco pipes, his Excellency seated by the side of the table, upon which stood a number of empty bottles, one or two with a little peach yet in—his shillalah lying on one side, his pipe smoking on one corner, his specs on his nose, his elbow resting on the table, and holding in his hand his message, which he was just commencing to read by the light of two candle stumps, which had been taken from the desk of Speaker Nerr, but not before they were more than half consumed. His Excellency opened his mouth, gave a yawn, ordered the Secretary to snuff the candle stumps with his fingers, and then proceeded to read the following lucid message.

To my Friends, Counsellors, and Advisers, Masonically called
"MY KITCHEN CABINET."

When we last met in this loft, which was at the close of the extra session, our deliberations, consultations, and prospects, were very different from what they are at this time. We were then in the "full tide of successful experiment." We had gerrymandered the state so as to cheat the rascally masons out of at least twenty thousand votes, and give to our political friends at least ten thousand more votes than they were entitled to.* We had passed the registry law, by which the servile route of democrats in Philadelphia were to be registered, marked, and set down like sheep and cattle. We had laid the poll tax so as to kill the school law, and prevent the folks from learning any more. We had pulled the masons up from the city, and made them feel our power, and tremble, and then had sold them a charter to the Bank, which pacified *them*, and filled some pockets with plenty of small change; so that, as Theo said, we could drink apple jack here once a week for at least three years to come. You know, too, that Emperor Nicholas sent in his order on that night, that we must all spend the Summer in travelling about the state electioneering; that he would pay all expenses, and would, moreover, get Harrison to come and help us in Pennsylvania, and send Frank Granger to ride about Ohio and make speeches there. We all thought our fortunes were made, and that we could keep our places as long as we pleased. You know that upon Thaddy's motion, we agreed to have another extra session to divide the surplus money which we were to get from Old Hickory's chest—and to appoint our friends, Johnny Gest and others, to give the vote of Pennsylvania for Harrison, if there should be the least danger of our not having votes enough from the people. You remember Nerr said *his* folks had been all against the Bank, and he was a *little* *afraid* they would get to see what the poll tax was put on for. But Theo promised he would call the bank bill the "relief bill," make the people believe it would pay all their taxes, and dig canals and make rail roads and turnpikes to every man's door for nothing. He said he would lay the poll tax to the Masonic party, and say it was their fault, although *you* all voted for it and *I* signed it. He said the masons and democrats were our enemies, all rascals, and that it was no harm to tell lies, forge letters, and publish falsehoods and slanders of all kinds to keep them down; that since he was prosecuted for libel† and only found *guilty of the*

* Let any man who doubts the truth of what the Governor says of this masterly stroke of policy, examine the apportionment and the census, and he will be convinced. All that spites me is, that it will not help to re-elect our worthy Governor.

† It is true, I was once prosecuted for a libel on a mason—tried before a ma-

costs, he was not afraid to publish any thing, that politics was like peddling, the end justified the means. He promised to do it, and Thaddy and Nerr and the Secretary said it was right, and would succeed most gloriously.*

We all parted very happy and in fine spirits, to go out, as we pretended, "to see the public works," but really to do as our master Nicholas had commanded, to electioneer for the Bank and for Harrison and ourselves. A true and faithful history of my travels and events, has been given in my letters, which have been published in the *Keystone*. I met with many difficulties, suffered many things, had many narrow escapes from the bloody masons, and have great reasons to bless my stars that I am here to night, able to smoke my pipe and drink your health in good old peach.

Suiting the action to the language, his Excellency emptied a bottle into a tumbler, took it up, and drank the health of the company. Whether from the bottle's being nearly empty, or the company being already full or sleepy, they all kept their seats, and merely nodded their heads in silence. His Excellency drank his glass and resumed his message:

But now matters are sadly changed. Every one of you looked melancholy until cheered by the soul inspiring contents of these empty bottles and tobacco boxes, and the harmonious notes of our friend Theo's song. The fact is we have been most shamefully beaten by the bloody masons, and "Kabbitch headed Dutch of Pennsylvania," as the Harrison paper in New Jersey calls them. They saw into our plans, did not like the Bank's converting their Senators in so short a time, understood our tricks, did not believe Theo's statements, detected his forgeries, slanders and falsehoods†—said Thaddy, Nerr, Ewing, Walker, and others, were not fit to make laws for them, but that they should stay at home and make room for honester and better men. They laughed at me wherever I went, said that sitting still-I

sonic judge, and anti-masonic jury. The judge said in *law*, I was guilty—but the jury, being more anti-masonic, said in *fact*, guilty only for the costs of the proceeding.

* If any man doubts whether I fulfilled my promise, let him get a file of the *TEL-LIE-graph*, and he will be satisfied.

† They only *proved* a *part* to be false, but that made them disbelieve the rest. For instance, in October, 1836, when the *Keystone* said "they had beaten us at the inspector's election, where the Governor himself voted, and used his influence," I called them all the liars and forgers and sheep thieves I could think of, and asserted that the Governor was *not out*, and did not go *near the election ground on that day*. This I *KNEW was false*, but thought they could not *prove* it so, until after the election. But they got the certificate of the judges of the election, that "THE GOVERNOR WAS THERE AND VOTED, AND THAT I WAS STANDING BY AND SAW HIM." This, together with my altering the date of Mr. Van Buren's letter to the Pope, and Col. Johnson's speech, to make them appear as written and spoken just before the election, and while they were candidates, hurt me much. Since then, the *honest part* of our own party do not believe a word I say.

did well enough, but walking or speaking I was ridiculous, and not fit to be a governor. They were disgusted with old North Bend's electioneering visit, raised petticoats instead of flags, and hurraed for Johnson instead of Harrison.

I have lately thought of a saying of my father, old Mike, that, "honesty was the best policy," and sometimes am tempted to believe it may be true in politics as well as in farming, for I find our plans would not work. Some have told me they believed I was honest, but they did not like the fellows I had round me. They said my Secretaries knew nothing of the wants and politics of the Commonwealth, that the Canal Commissioners are a set of *booby's*, and would ruin the state—that Theo's character and countenance were enough to ruin any administration. They said his paper was filled with lies "from end to end," and that, although he and certain others pretended not to like the Pirate, that they owned the paper, and had merely put up Sammy Clark as a screen, behind which they might stand and squirt filthy water upon decent people as they passed along, knowing that no one would stoop to notice sleepy Sammy. I mention these things to say, that I have the most perfect confidence in you all, not doubting that you have done the best you could. I believe what Theo has said, that if the election has been lost, it has not been for want of his laboring faithfully in *his vocation*, as he promised at our last meeting. He has pretended to quote articles from the Globe and other masonic papers, as well as from Van Buren's speech, which he wrote himself. He altered the dates to Mr. Van Buren's letter, and Col. Johnson's speech. He stated that all the Western states had gone for Harrison, when they were all against him. He cried victory, and showed that we were triumphant in Pennsylvania, when we were routed "rump and stump"—and then charged the democrats of Harrisburg with carrying a cross, and hurraing for the Pope—when the whole town said it was false. He is a most faithful servant and organ of my *reform* administration, and I trust he will be well rewarded, according to his deeds, which I have no doubt will be the case, unless the rascally masons alter the constitution so as to abolish hanging, and tear down the penitentiary as well as the Bank.

But enough has been said as to our present disconsolate situation—we are to seek a remedy, which will alleviate, if not entirely cure the evils which the masons brought upon us. This is all important, and requires our *united* and solemn deliberations. Thaddy still urges me to call an extra session of the old members, to divide the surplus revenue. Penrose advises that the glorious nineteen in the Senate refuse to go into an election for Senator, and thus thwart the constitution; and Josey Chandler, that masonic whig, says I must rely upon the veto, and stop their acts as I did their locomotives last winter; and my brother

Peter says all these things will not do, and that I had better resign and go home to teaming and farming again; and to tell the truth, I almost think I will do so next Spring, unless things look better. Theo, who is always inventing something, told me that in looking over the returns for Sheriff throughout the state, he had discovered that the democrats were generally elected, but that federal bank men were on the returns with them, and advised me to make difficulties, if possible, about their *bonds* and *bail*, and that if they could not walk the crack exactly, to appoint the Bank men. I have tried several, sent them home once or twice, but the rascals have all got matters fixed as I said, and I have been obliged to sign their commissions, although friend Shoch says he learns from his file of old almanacks, that McKean gave it to the lowest, because he was a federal, and advised me to do so. But I was afraid that the bloody masons would come down my chimney at night and murder me in my bed, if I was to follow his advice.

Thus, my friends, I have taken a short review of our situation, and the remedies which have been suggested to me. I have called you together to hear your opinions upon them, and trust you will speak freely and openly, for, notwithstanding what that Keystone, and other masonic papers say, I have full and perfect confidence in you all, and shall, after I have heard your several views, take my own course, and do as I please.

When the Governor had closed his message, he laid the manuscript on the table, took off his specks, threw his head back, and laid his right foot upon the bench by the side of the accomplished and tasty clerk of the House of Representatives, who drew down his forehead, looking very black, for fear that his striped pantaloons would get soiled. The Secretary declared it was the ablest state paper he had ever heard, and moved that they take a glass, and give it three cheers. The bottles were then emptied, and the glasses as nearly filled as could be, and all drank "the able message of the Governor" and gave three cheers, except the clerk, who still kept his eye on the ill-mannered foot which came so near his trowsers. They thumped upon the table, and accidentally knocked off the Governor's pipe, spilling the ashes into his shoe, which still laid on the bench. He jerked up his cane, and was just raising it, when he drew back, and made an apology, saying he thought it had been his son Pete, who was a careless blockhead, and ever at some mischief. Friend Shoch smiled for the first time, as the foot was taken down covered with ashes.

A thwack of the cane brought the company to order, when Theo arose, and looking at the empty bottles, said that the crisis was all important—the suggestions of his Excellency of great moment, and such as required reflection—that as the evening was far advanced, he moved that the meeting adjourn to meet

again in that place immediately after the Presidential election—that in the mean time they issue hand bills a few days before the election, reasserting all the stale slanders against Van Buren and Johnson, which, although they had been *proved* to be false, might yet be believed, if again published so near the election as not to be contradicted*—that the bank had just sent up a fresh supply of cash to pay all expenses here.

The motion was put and unanimously carried, and so the cabinet adjourned, to meet again on Saturday, the fifth of November, to hear and deliver their respective opinions upon the state of affairs and the suggestions of the Governor. We expect to have them for insertion in our next paper.

LETTER X.

Saturday evening was the time named in our last for the meeting of the government dignitaries, according to adjournment. Impelled by a common feeling of anxiety, these guardians of our liberties, morals and happiness, spontaneously dropped in at the assembly room of the kitchen cabinet on Friday evening, after the labors and dangers of the elections were over, when the joint news from Dauphin and Cumberland left no doubt of their defeat. This, though an irregular meeting, was finally made to answer in place of the stated conclave, without any accident save the loss of some items of good cheer, and wise sayings.

Jonathan Punkin, the sweet tempered, amiable descendant of the illustrious Elderkin Punkin, the heroic conqueror of the Windham bull-frogs, in an engagement more memorable than that of North Bend, was the first individual at this uncalled meeting. This prime-minister, printer, organ, blow-pipe, speaking-trumpet, cabinet-counsellor, oracle, magnus-appollo, pillar and prop of the Governor, entered the council loft in somewhat of a trepidation, just at that dubious season in the evening when the mousing owl leaves his retreat, and substances appear like shadows. He flitted into the apartment with a stealthy noiseless step, and peering into the dark corners of the room in a vain search for some living object, uttered a hasty ejaculation against the bloody minions of the lodge, whom he fervently hoped were not ensconced in any of the opaque quarters which every where met his troubled gaze, and then stepped boldly across to the farther side, where a small attic window overlooked the back yard, in hopes of beholding some *dusky* object to aid in keeping his courage up until some of the other members came in.

* These handbills were issued, and some who had not read the certificate of the judges, and seen my forgery of the date to Van Buren's letter and Johnson's speech, believed them. They did some good.

Whilst stationed here, he commenced muttering or speaking aloud the ponderous thoughts which crowded his *capacious* skull. He said that disappointment had attended all his steps since he quit peddling notions, and he curst the hour when he was tempted to *swap* that occupation, which he had followed from a child, for publishing papers, about which he knew nothing. He once thought he would be able to rise in the world, and then tormenting ambition took possession of his soul. The Morgan affair was the horn gun flint which he supposed, by dint of the tricks of his trade, might be imposed upon society as genuine. He laid hold of it, after he saw the progress made in the matter by others. Many kickings, cowskinings, drubbings and blanketings, attended his first awkward efforts at the press. These he became callous to after a while, for they were cakes and gingerbread compared to the biting scorn and contempt with which the decent of all parties and sexes regarded him. When he became the chosen printer of Joseph Ritner's reform administration, he concluded the fruition of his hopes was at hand—the magnificent island he was destined to govern rose before him—respectable circles of society were, in his imagination, about to invite his participation. Vain man, how false are all thy imaginations! While the voices that appointed him state printer were ringing in his ravished ears, and he endeavoring to coax his hard knavish features into a smirking, simpering smile, which he was sure would captivate the hearts of every beholding fair one, all his essays to obtain from them even forbearance of insult in return to his advances, were fruitless. The chance of making a speculation in matrimony was thus closed upon him forever, as were the doors of those possessing self-respect, and esteeming honesty. The sinister lines traced upon his face by the crafty wiles of peddling, like the mark upon Cain, remained there yet, as a beacon for honest people to shun him. His *dusky* adventures were known, and none would forget them.* His clownish manner and awkward gait, though they became his former profession, did not suit his present one; still it was impossible to shake them off—and then his inveterate habit of lying and detraction made every body fear his presence, lest these accomplishments might, some time or other, be used against themselves; and the upshot of all was, that all the power and influence of Ritner, Morgan, reform, and Timothy Monroe's whiskers to boot, could not get him into decent society. A married fortune would therefore never be his portion, and thus he was likely to be cheated out of one of his favourite and most promising speculations.

* I came off better here than with other things; as whatever they knew about these *dark adventures with curly-headed goddesses*, they could not publish them, with the *PROOF*, to the world, as they did my *falsehoods and forgeries*.

He said that the masons would never rest until they had his life; that he had been thrice waylaid by them within the last week; and that that very night fifteen masonic shoemakers beset him with long knives, in order to get his scalp for the wicked purpose of using the bristles upon it to point their wax-ends.—He felt safe no where. Cable-tows, long knives, daggers and hot gridirons, danced before him, go where he would. Nothing but his innocent blood would do these lawless marauders, who wandered about the country, finding fault with Joe Ritner's reform administration, and striving to get his person into their power. He expected to awaken some of these mornings with his throat cut, or head-shaved like Timothy Monroe's chops at least, since the brushmakers had discovered the value of his hair. As to the Post Office and the Patent Office, they were alike beyond his hopes, as Harrison was fallen! fallen! to rise no more. Then his patent wafer splitter would be of no use, as he could get no valuable letters into his possession to open and rifle.—Unless he could make something out of his short-hander, he saw no other recourse but to try the tin cart and spinning jennies again. The cart he looked upon as an old friend—it had been his companion before he was state printer—with it he had laid up many a copper, and he often went to the shed, where he hired it kept for \$1 37½ a year, to enjoy those rambling reminiscences, or reminiscences of rambling, which the sight of it called up. But then every rose had its thorn, and his being state printer had aroused against him the vengeance of the bloody masons, who, should he stroll about the country again, imposing his jenny spinners and bark nutmegs upon the people, would without remorse of conscience pull him from his cart, and like fiendish anthrophophagenians, barbacue him and eat him up, bristly foretop and all, so that no sign or remnant would ever tell what had been the miserable fate of Jonathan Punkin, the spinner pedler and chief printer and organ of Joseph Ritner's reform administration.

Here the poor Theo began to blubber and pour forth his lamentations, as pathetically as Sancho Panza did, in the Sierra Morena, when Dapple was stolen from under him. Sorrow sublimated his genius, and when he next "his mouth did ope," he spoke in good poetic phrase, and pointed all his lines with rhymes, that would have done honor to Jim Crow or Zip Coon. At the end of each stanza he gave his own peculiar shrug of his shoulders, one of which was so emphatic that it tore the back of his new black coat from waist to collar; but so absorbed was the luckless wight with his own sorrows, that he gave no other heed of it, save a deep sigh heaved from the bottom of his bowels, and which seemed to send forth his very spirit.

At the commencement of this sublime strain, the editors of the *Intelligencer* and *Pirate* entered, like himself, with noiseless

tread. Great heat will mix oil and water—great calamities will harmonise deadly enemies. The thoughts of the two new comers were of the same melancholy cast as those which tormented the first occupant. As they entered the door, they stopped a moment with their hands thrust into their breeches pockets, to listen to the jeremiad of their stricken spirited colleague.

“Ah!” said the first of these worthies, “Theo is saying invaluable things that should not be lost. Let us cautiously approach his short-hander; I will work the treadles, and you sprinkle the ink and throw in paper, as you have seen the Secretary do; by this we may preserve the out-pourings of Theo’s sorrowful mind—the manuscript will be worth a mint, and we will both preserve it in lavender.”

With that, these compassionate editors advanced without noise to the short-hander, and by working it softly, took down the following soliloquy, without disturbing the wrapt unfortunate Theo, who continued to the end, unconscious of the presence of any one:—

THEO’S SOLILOQUY.

Hope of better days uphold me,
 Or I sink to rise no more;
 ’Tis just as father Punkin told me,
 When I left his humble door:
 “Jonathan, as you’re a Punkin,
 Mind your P’s and Q’s—do you hear?
 Put no faith in princes, bumpkin.”
 I did—and now I rue that e’er
 I forsook the proud profession,
 Sold my tin cart, bartered all
 For an idle vain possession—
 Type, stick, rule, and buckskin ball.
 I had genius—proud ambition,
 Wooden nutmegs, paper collars,
 Horn flints, and a disposition
 To turn coppers into dollars.
 Alas! I bartered all for honour,
 Thought to gain a noble name;
 Fortune frowned—my curse upon her!
 She’s a wench, and so is Fame.

I saw a hill, a high, high hill,
 With a great temple on its summit,
 Bigger than Deacon Stimpson’s mill;
 Oh! how I longed to overcome it—
 To sit tip-top on Fame’s high steeple,
 And look down on the little people;



Jonathan soliloquizing in the Council Chamber, the night the result of the election was known.

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To point them on through blood and dangers,
 As father did the blue light rangers,
 When he march'd against the frogs
 At the siege of Windham bogs.

Well, soon I tried the steep ascent,
 Onward through bush and brier I went—
 Sometimes pausing for a while,
 To catch a glance of woman's smile;
 For all along the way I found
 Small palaces with palings round,
 And lined inside with pretty lasses,
 All gazing through the window glasses:
 Alas! for Punkin, alias Theo,
 The fair ones would not smile on me-o—
 And so I gave their dads a blessing,
 Who laughed—and then I felt distressing.
 Thus on I pushed from day to day,
 Still gaining on the rugged way,
 Till to a lofty hill I came,
 With a great bank upon its top:
 Antimasonic was its name—
 And then I thought it best to stop,
 And make my object known to Thad,
 The two-edged sword of wrath, egad.
 Thad paused awhile—surveyed me well—
 Then wish'd to know of h—n or h—ll,
 Which was the port I sailed for; then
 I shrugg'd my shoulders; "go it, Fenn,"
 The d—l said, then gave a nudge—
 I took his meaning—h—ll's a fudge,
 Said I; then Thad he laughed right hearty,
 And so did I, and we'd a party.
 The d—l, he was tickled too,
 Although he seldom laugh'd, 'twas true;
 Yet once he almost crack'd his sides,
 When Morgan's ghost first took such strides
 About New York—and every elf
 Cried out Old Nick has come himself.

I took advice from Thad, who said
 My course must not be straight ahead:
 There was a stream call'd *honesty*,
 O'er which none pass'd like him and me;
 A hill call'd *truth*, where I would stumble
 But I must pad with hasty feet
 Along the valley of deceit:

He'd known the road full many a day,
 And all the party went that way.
 One thing, said Thad, I've yet to say,
 You'll meet some foes upon the way,
 By whom, with ease, you cannot slip:
 There's *conscience*, he's a sturdy fellow,
 Give him the breech and shoulder grip,
 A Yankee hold, you know—then bellow
 So loud you cannot hear his clatter,
 And when you get him down, why scatter.
 All this advice I got from Thad,

And something more I will not mention,
 'Bout blasting names—'twas quite too bad,
 But argued much for Thad's invention.

Well, on I went with what success,
 I'll tell you in a wink, or less :
 First, one proud *justice* crossed my path,
 Who flew into a dreadful wrath;
 Said I had trodden on his toes,
 For which he rudely wrung my nose,
 And laid a cowhide on my back
 That made me yell with every whack;
 And by some wond'rous hocus pocus,
 Brought all my feelings to a focus—
 And e'er he loos'd my collar, gave
 Some stripes I'll carry to my grave.
 Across my path one shadow sped,
 A goddess with a woolly head—
 I sought her, caught her, taught her—what?
 Guess if you will—it matters not.
 I now distinctly saw the goal
 For which I'd bartered neck and soul—
 The castle Fame—as it I neared,
 Brighter its towers seemed to be,
 When all at once a hill appeared,
 The hill they call consistency;
 I strove to climb its rugged reaches,
 Grasp'd at broken limbs—od rot 'em—
 My hold gave way—I tore my breeches,
 And fell headlong to the bottom.
 Sons of glory, what a fall!
 Sam's last leap was nothing at all;
 Shadows of departed things
 By me flit on fleeting wings;
 Office, glory, honour, fame,
 Lost for an ignoble name—

And since I find ambition vain,
 I'll take to my old trade again;
 Which, should it fail, I've got in view
 Another hope that 'll bear me through—
 I'll cry tin cups from door to door,
 And mend old clocks I've sold before.

Just at this point, his excellency came trudging in with the Secretary at his heels, supporting himself as usual with his big stick. So much noise was produced by this entrance, that Theo came out of his trance, and, together with his colleagues, sat down upon the benches. A candle was then brought up, and soon after the remaining members of the two cabinets dropped in, so that the meeting was of the usual size, though more silent than common, from the melancholy forebodings with which all were possessed. None wishing particularly to be in much light, a solitary candle was all the illumination of the apartment. This but served to make darkness visible in the outer parts of the cabinet chamber, and cast a sombre gloom over the whole scene, which harmonised well with the feelings of all present. Sighs, groans, sobs, and deep drawn breaths, were all the interruptions to the silence that reigned in this conclave, where joy and hilarity presided before the election. Even the pipe and glass were now rejected, as things too light in their nature to be resorted to in this moment of deep feeling and utter despair. The Governor's fiddle was for the first time permitted to hang upon a rafter untouched, and the Secretary's jewsharp, which had so often accompanied Theo and his excellency in the merry song, was not untied from the corn-cob upon which it was secured in his pocket.

By this solemn, mournful mood were all possessed; and it seemed as if the whole company were labouring under a species of magic spell not unlike the century sleepers mentioned in the eastern tale, when general attention was drawn to a loud and peculiar kind of snuffle, issuing from a dark corner behind the door, near the stool dignified by the governor. His excellency, thinking that perhaps some direful masonic plot was about to be sprung upon them, jumped up, raised his stick in a threatening attitude, and seized a candle in great trepidation. On approaching the spot from whence the suspicious noise issued, as the light penetrated the pervading obscurity, his excellency beheld the venerable head of Emanuel, the nominal editor of the Chronicle, who feeling himself entitled to a seat in the cabinet counsels of the present bank administration, had silently entered the room in the dark when the door was untied, and squatted down in the place where he was thus found. A good natured smile immediately chased the expression of anger and fear from his excellency's countenance, and he brought his stick down, bestow-

ing a smart thwack across the shoulders of the editor, somewhat after the ancient manner of conferring the order of knighthood.

"Emanuel," said the Governor, "rise up and step forward to a seat on one of the benches, for by virtue of that thump over the back with my staff, you are initiated an honourable member of my club of advisers, masonically called my kitchen cabinet. Your red eyes, moist nose, and wet handkerchief, testify for you—they show that you fully participate in our melancholy disappointment at the recent triumphs of the wicked lodge, and the downfall of ourselves, the bank, and federal whiggery. I am not a careless observer of things; I have noticed the good service you have rendered our cause during the conflicts of the past eight months. And to tell you a secret, I was informed of the whole matter when my friend Nick bought you and the Chronicle. I know the amount of salary he pays you and the senators, and others who do the writing for the paper you but nominally edit. You have acted well in your place, and come in for a full share of my confidence and approbation. You have sailed under the enemy's flag, that you might aid us more and do him the greater injury. But all would not do. The people are determined to put down the bank and the senators, who were hired to vote for it last year. Our own fate is therefore sealed. We all go down if the bank does—you and me and the Secretary, and the rest of us. As Theo says, there is but one resource left, and that is for some of us to kill or abduct a man, to get up another Morgan excitement about.* Theo also thinks, that for the good of the cause you would consent to be abducted and sent off, or placed in some dungeon for a year or two. He says that your adherence to the bank has raised all the masons against you, and that should you be abducted or murdered, every body would point at the masons as the perpetrators of the deed, and thus a feeling would be raised which would place us on our feet again. His opinion is further, that as you have not sense enough to write, you can be easily spared from the Chronicle office, where any other man of straw can officiate as well as you. What say you, friend Emanuel, have you patriotism enough to suffer in such a noble cause? Remember the great Roman who rushed into the yawning gulf that closed over him, for the good of his country. You now have an opportunity of helping your friends, saving the bank, and immortalizing yourself, which you should not suffer to pass without the best of reasons."

"I tell you what it is," said the Chronicle editor, "I came here as a friend to render ordinary service, and not to be martyred. A pretty proposition you have made to me, truly! Do

* Had this suggestion of mine been adopted, how glorious would have been the results! Our cause would have been victorious, the lodge annihilated, and I State-Printer forever. But the days of chivalry are gone; we have no more patriotic Morgans, willing to lay down their lives for the good of mankind.

you think I would have my throat cut, or my guts taken out and made into fiddle strings, for all the banks or reform administrations in the world? No, no; it is easier to talk about such kind of patriotism than to practice it. Suppose I would consent to be imprisoned, what good would all the money of the bank and the prosperity of your reformation do me, shut up in some dirty dungeon, feeding on bread and water? No, indeed, you don't catch a weazel asleep, I can tell you. Why, I would rather be sent ten thousand miles beyond the North Pole, and sit all my days there upon a cold stone, than be made such a victim, either by imprisonment, throat cutting, or embowelling. If Theo is so anxious for another Morgan, why don't he consent to be made one himself? Nobody has profited more by the first one than he has, and if another must be had, he may as well be taken as any body else. Another jenny pedler can be easily found, who will sing Yankee Doodle, and lie for the Telegraph just as well as himself, so that no objection can be raised on that score."*

"Friend Emanuel," replied his excellency, "I am disappointed, for you lack the qualities that I supposed you possessed. The bank, you know, would pay mints to you for a few years incarceration in some lonely dungeon, where nobody would ever hear from you again. You would thus have the consolation of saving that glorious institution, of making yourself rich, and me and my friends happy and powerful, as long as we could keep up the excitement about your abduction. As to Theo's being the Morgan, that is out of the question. We have conversed the matter over, and found it won't do; for, should he suddenly disappear, the people won't believe either that he is murdered or abducted, but will say that he is only gone off peddling again in some of the southern or western states, where he will soon be heard of, should any enlightened reform administration, like mine, arise in those quarters, to give him countenance and patronage. The same, also, as regards him of the Intelligencer. So, you see, that no excitement would be raised should either of these worthies be abducted or murdered. As to the Pirate man, we have had serious thoughts of taking him, but he swears by all that is good and bad, above or below, that he will be the death of any man who lays a finger upon him for any such purpose. He has nothing lofty or patriotic about him; and, from his attacking a defenceless man of half his weight with a brick-bat the other day, has shown himself to be a desperate fellow, whom Theo is afraid to lay hands upon. I am opposed to martyring any one without his consent; and, having stated to you the difficulties by which we are surrounded, and

* The mean spirit of these three fellows never can be sufficiently reprehended or despised. Only a martyr was wanted, to secure permanency to the Governor's glorious reign. Their cowardice was, therefore, the cause of his downfall, and all the consequent calamities.

the immense advantages that would result to the bank, ourselves, and our country, from another Morgan excitement, hope that on reflection you will dismiss your reluctance, and either go cheerfully to a dungeon Theo has prepared, or thrust your neck into a cable-tow Theo always carries in his pocket, with which he will strangle you with the greatest despatch and the least possible pain, after which you will not care what he does with your body or intestines. Reflect upon the matter, and let us have your solemn conclusion at our next stated meeting, on this night week, when all the returns of the late election will be before us."

Mr. Chronicle shook his head very indignantly, and with evident abhorrence; but before he could reply, his excellency adjourned the meeting until the 11th, and said, besides the usual business of the evening, that he should submit a rough draft of his annual message to the next Legislature, for the advice, correction, addition, and amendment of his good friends. When the company rose to depart, the candle was overturned in the fuss, and there was nothing left to dispel the Egyptian darkness of midnight. The editor of the Chronicle, thinking of nothing but the horrors of a dungeon or Theo's cable-tow, was seized with such fear and dread that his teeth chattered audibly as he grouped his way down into the street.* Nothing further, however, occurred, and every man went his own way in peace and darkness. If we can possibly get hold of the message, it will be given among the proceedings in our next. Such an important State paper, so long in anticipation of its regular delivery, will be of great service to the public, and must materially affect the price of United States Bank stock.

LETTER XI.

The privy Kitchen Cabinet met, pursuant to adjournment, in the "Loft," when the first business taken up was the reading of the following message of the Governor to the Legislature. He stated that he had furnished the substance, and his Secretary had put on the polish; and that, between them, he considered it one of the most *magniloquent* state papers in the archives of this commonwealth. He also stated that he read it for the amendment, revision and consideration of the cabinet. As it was an important occasion, Theo himself took possession of the

* The hair upon Emanuel's head was very much whiter the next day, and he says that the next time he looked at his right leg, every hair upon it was as white as snow: so that his frame must have been dreadfully agitated, and all his physical powers shattered.

“short-hander,” sprung the treadles with his right foot, stood upon his left, turned the crank with one hand, supplied paper with the other, and held the ink bottle in his teeth. Thus accoutred, the “short-hander” began to report as follows.

GOVERNOR’S MESSAGE.

*Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.**

Nature’s grand machinery of the seasons has performed another annual revolution in the tide of time, since last I had the felicity of meeting the assembled representatives of the people, and of taking upon myself to direct the political destinies of this great and glorious commonwealth, in conformity to the will, interests, and happiness of its virtuous, enlightened, and patriotic citizens. Within that period of time, the moon, “pale empress of the night,” has accomplished its thirteen accustomed circuits round this terrestrial ball, diffusing its silvery light and vivifying influence along its path; our mighty streams, the Susquehanna and Delaware, have rolled their deep broad currents to old ocean’s bed, bearing on their maternal bosoms the produce of the fertile country, and hardy yeomen along their winding shores; our splendid canals have emulated their sister rivers in affording conveniences and benefits to our inhabitants; and our railroads, with the speed of Heaven’s winged lightnings, have brought the extremities of our wide-spread state to the same point of destination; rosy health and smiling happiness, the two attendant angels of good government, have taken up their abode under my dominion, and all the good people, with one accord, bless the day when the present golden age began to dawn.

Deeply do I lament that our national affairs have not been conducted with the same patriotic spirit, and to the same happy results. It is true, we are still free, and the Union is not yet sundered into triangular fragments; but, looking around us, what do we behold? In the southern states, “grim war has raised his horrid front;” the “poor Indians,” goaded on to desperation by the inhuman policy of the general government, have dashed the calumet to the earth, seized the dreadful scalping-knife and bloody tomahawk, to avenge their accumulated wrongs. President Jackson, with his usual energy in a bad cause, has ordered the armies of the country to the assault, and the very rivers are crimsoned with blood. The darkness of midnight gleams with the flaming dwellings of the peaceful settlers—the screeches

* Upon consultation with Mr. Stevens and other friends, the Governor subsequently modified this message in several material respects; but in his opinion and my own, in no case has it been improved.

of their wives and children, and the appalling yells of the savages, shake the hills to their inmost recesses, as the shouts of the masons did when they way-laid me in the state of New York.—What the issue will be, I cannot tell; but may God send peace to gladden once more the trembling victims of our mistaken national government, both red and white men.

In Maryland, and in Ohio and Michigan, “revolution” is threatened, and brother stands ready to sheathe his ruthless dagger in the heart of his brethren. The causes of this discordant, belligerent condition of the country, can all be traced either to the example or the dictation of the general masonic government. Much of the evil may be found, if I mistake not, in the attempt of President Jackson, under the influence of his masonic cabinet, to nominate and appoint his successor.

From this dreadful state of our foreign relations, how delightful it is, fellow-citizens, to contemplate the peace and prosperity that prevail at home. Here, where I hold the reins of power, we have no Indian wars, nor civil revolution, although it has been audibly threatened by some of the mad minions of the national masonic government; but it has been forever put to rest by the vote of the November election, and the balance of my term will be characterized by general tranquillity and concord, as I confidently trust.

Having thus called your attention to the general joyous concerns of our commonwealth, let me invite your attention to some particular points that arise for your consideration.

The first matter that presents itself to our notice, is the reform of the constitution. One year and upward ago, the people of this state determined, by a majority of twelve thousand, that a convention should be called to amend the constitution. The last genuine patriotic legislature passed an act for the election of delegates, and the meeting of the convention in May next. In pursuance of this act, the election was held on the fourth of November, and delegates elected for that purpose, who will assemble in May next, if there is no legislation upon this subject before the time of their assembling.

Now, it is plainly apparent that at the November election a majority of only one or two was elected, in favor of amending the present excellent constitution of this state; and it is equally clear that the votes in favor of these sixty-eight reformers fell far short of a majority of the votes of the state, or even of the votes in favor of the convention a year ago. If you take the votes given in behalf of the sixty-five anti-reformers, and add to them the votes not given at all, it will show a large majority against the amendment of the constitution. I, therefore, as chief magistrate of this state, recommend and advise that the law for the meeting of the convention, in May next, be repealed, and that the Governor be vested with authority to issue a pro-

clamation informing the delegates elected that they need not meet. The change in the sentiments of the people ought to be respected, and it would be real injustice to hold a convention to alter their constitution, when they do not themselves desire it. When the people voted in favor of altering the constitution, it was under the influence of dissatisfaction with the executive at that time, and for years before it, who administered the government under the constitution. Under my administration, their views have undergone a change; they are now satisfied, and the legislature should obey their wishes, and repeal the law. My administration has redeemed the venerated constitution of our fathers.*

More especially should this law be repealed, when it is agreed on all hands, that the convention is to meet, not so much to reform the constitution, as to interfere with the sacred principles of "*vested rights*" under its provisions. The friends of reform, who have a majority in that body, proclaim the following as the principles on which they mean to act:—

1. To form a new constitution and submit it to a vote of the people in August, and hold elections in October, under the new constitution, to turn out me and all my friends one year before our first term of office has expired. Was there ever such injustice? It has been fully settled by the people of Pennsylvania, in the case of many of my predecessors, and among the number, Governors Shulze and Wolf, that the office of Governor should be "two terms," of six years altogether. This, it is true, is not a part of the written constitution, but it is a practical provision, equally binding as any part of the instrument. Have not I, and have not my friends, a "vested right" to our places for four years longer? Surely we will not be left to the merciless revenge of the "*Sans Cullottes*" and "*Jack Cades*" of reform, as Mr. Stevens aptly denominates them, by this just and intelligent Legislature, all of whom have sworn to respect and observe the constitution. I hold out the constitution as the "title-deed to our offices, and I solemnly invoke the Legislature not to suffer us to be robbed of our "vested rights" by the "hair-brained" madmen of the day. In addition to my constitutional rights, I appeal to the service I have rendered the commonwealth, as a motive to yield me the protection of the law.

2. The reformers also threaten to deprive the judges, justices, and notaries public, of their respective offices, to which they were appointed for life, and for which they forsook other business and professions to serve the public. Many of them have held said offices and discharged the duties faithfully, for thirty or

* It was agreed on all sides, that this constitutional argument of his Excellency was most conclusive and unanswerable, in no particular inferior to Mr. Webster's reply to Col. Hayne.

forty years—their rights are vested by the constitution, and are hallowed by length of years—the public faith and public gratitude are pledged to respect and secure them for the remainder of their lives. Nothing but the fell spirit of Jacobinism, would meditate the iniquitous scheme of taking from them by force what is so justly their rightful property.*

3. The charter of the Bank of the United States, which was sold to the stockholders for a large public bonus, (if nothing more) by me and the last patriotic legislature, as the agents and attorneys in fact of the people of Pennsylvania, is to be repealed, annulled, and nullified by the convention, unless you, fellow citizens and patriots of the two houses of the legislature, interpose your power to prevent the dire calamity. What a black and everlasting dishonor to the people of this great commonwealth! Sell rights, receive the pay for them—induce honest men to invest their money on the faith of the public character, and then snatch away all you have granted by the ruthless hand of injustice! Such is the threatened project which I now call on you to defeat. Save the pure character of the state from this wicked invasion of “vested rights.” Why, even under the European governments, such an act would not be tolerated! We boast of liberty and law, and yet are about to violate them, if you do not prevent the meeting of the convention.

In England, “vested rights” are held sacred and inviolable. The vested rights of the lords to their lands, their titles, their seats in the house of lords, their privileges, honors, and immunities, are held beyond the reach of the people. They have full protection in the enjoyment of their “vested rights” to send members of parliament for their “rotten boroughs,” as they are called, in which nobody resides. They have vested rights in their exemption from trial like ordinary commoners, and from imprisonment for their just debts. In Ireland, vested rights are equally respected. The clergy of a certain denomination have a vested right to one-tenth of all the produce of the country, though they never preach to the people, nor go amongst them, except to collect the tythes. Vested rights are equally regarded in France, Austria, Spain, Prussia, Russia and Turkey. All the officers in power have a vested right to their offices, which all the people together cannot, and dare not invade, without the hazard of losing their heads. When rights become *vested*, no authority short of that of heaven can withdraw them from those to whom they belong. In proof of this position, I will refer you—as many of you are not lawyers—to the autho-

* The Governor, in this message, gives the texts and substance of all the arguments made in the Convention by our federal anti-reform friends, as will be seen by a reference to their speeches in the debates, which, but for my lies and forgeries, I should have printed.

rities on which it rests. They are the following—tenth section of the first article of the Constitution of the United States—the bill of rights in the constitution of Pennsylvania—8 Wheaton's rep. 84, 92, 256—5 and 6 Wheaton—16 Johnson's rep.—13 Massachusetts rep., and 1 Rawle 181, of American authorities. Of the English books, I refer you to 3 Coke's Institutes 308—Plowden's Commentaries—2 Coke's rep.—Sidney's Arcadia—Moore's Utopia—Kelynge's rep.—2 Saunder's rep. 481—2 Cooper's rep. 215—2 Blackstone 442, 464, and 3 Blackstone 154. Of the French authorities, I refer you to Pothier 187—Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws 97—8—the Code Napoleon 104. I also refer you to Puffendorff, Vattel and Justinian's Institutes—in all of which you will find the law most incontrovertibly settled, that vested rights cannot be impugned. As to the nature of the offence of assailing vested rights, I will beg leave to invite your attention to the opinions of the two enlightened, able and virtuous judges, Jeffries and Norberry, whose observations on the heinousness of tampering with the vested rights of men in power, will probably enable you to provide adequate punishment for the same kind of offenders in Pennsylvania. If vested rights are so scrupulously respected in foreign countries, and under monarchical forms of government, how much more should they be respected and guarded here. It should be made treason against the law for any man to speak in derogation of their obligations and binding force.

4. The reformers threaten to take away the title deeds of our farms—suspend the writ of habeas corpus—withdraw the charters of our cities and towns; restore slavery; establish a monarchy; make a penal code as bloody as that of Draco; take away the trial by jury; make it criminal to own a plough that turns a furrow to the left hand, or to drive a broad-wheeled wagon, or to keep a cock that crows before daylight, or to carry canes made of any wood except hickory; and to compel all the friends of Harrison and the Bank to wear red flannel petticoats for the rest of their lives. To show you that such are their real designs, I refer you to the hand-bill issued just before the election, written by a distinguished PENMAN, or *pettifogger*, and published by the oracle of truth, my state printer, Fenn. You will see in that, conclusive proof that all these horrid *things* will be carried into effect, if the convention be not arrested.

Now, fellow-citizens and patriots, look at my situation, if the convention be suffered to go on in their revolutionary operations. I shall be turned out of office next fall. I shall have the title-deed of my farm in Washington county taken away—like the charter of the bank—after having spent thirty years of my life in bringing it to a state of high cultivation—and it will be vested in Sam Workman, or some other tool of the faction of New York. Without office, without a farm, without money, having

devoted it all to the cause of the people, myself and children will be turned out to beg. [At this moment, the Secretary arose and begged leave to say he dissented from some part of his Excellency's argument, and would suggest an alteration, which he agreed to defer till it was all read, at the suggestion of the governor, who then proceeded as follows.]

Such are the fearful evils which the legislature is called on to avert. I will recommend to both houses of the representatives of the people, instead of annulling the Bank charter, to pass a law increasing its capital to an hundred millions of dollars, and extend it to one hundred years. Mr. Penrose proved in the Senate last winter, that the wants of Philadelphia alone would require more than one hundred millions of dollars additional capital to accommodate the business men, and if so, the present capital is entirely too small. It is clearly shown, too, by the pressure in the money market, which the limited capital of the bank has not permitted it to relieve. As to the duration of its charter, it should be fixed and stable—beyond the reach of the storms of popular clamor—for a length of time sufficient for it to regulate its affairs and keep those of the country regulated on a tranquil basis. So long as it is liable to be put down, it can be of no essential use to the community. It is compelled to forbear doing an extensive business, and thus all benefit resulting from it is lost. Let no one say the time recommended is too long. It is a vast institution, and will require years to bring things to a perfect system of operation.

In England, where we must look for the perfection of all social institutions, they are in the habit of entering into leases for small dwelling houses and gardens, for terms of 999 and 1000 years. How much more reason is there for extending the charter of the Bank to that length of time, than for a common villager to procure a household interest of so great a duration!!

That the Bank has outlived prejudice, and is now popular, cannot be doubted or denied. General Jackson is about to retire to the shades of private life, and with him the opposition to the Bank will sink into oblivion. It is well known that the Bank nominated for the office of President, General William Henry Harrison, the illustrious son of an illustrious signer of the declaration of Independence—the hero of North Bend, Tippecanoe and the Thames—sustained him by its means—directed him to perform the tour of the union—and in this state came within a few thousand votes of electing him. He was the acknowledged candidate of the Bank—admitted to be, by his friends—and in the city of Philadelphia the price of Bank stock rose or fell, according as his success became more or less probable. This fact proves that he was the candidate of the Bank—and that his election would have been its triumph—every vote given to him was therefore favorable to the Bank—and every

vote in the state given to Van Buren, against the Bank. By this satisfactory method of reasoning, we prove plainly that the people of this state are in favor of the Bank. It therefore becomes the duty of this Legislature to carry out their wishes—and to uphold the Bank. Those members who are elected by counties which voted against Van Buren, should consider themselves instructed to vote for arresting the meeting of the convention—and for extending and securing the charter of that benign institution. In our republican government, every man should obey the will of his constituents, if they are as intelligent as the people of the city of Philadelphia, Lancaster, and Somerset counties, and consequently qualified to form and express a correct opinion—but the hasty and crude instructions of Berks, Columbia and Philadelphia counties, and such as they, are entitled to very little weight or consideration with intelligent men.* These remarks will be abundantly sufficient to secure to my recommendation the speedy adoption of the Legislature.

I will also recommend some defensive legislation on the subject of our Internal Improvements. It was computed a year ago, that the tolls of our canals and rail roads would increase this year in the same ratio that they did in four preceding years—and that they would amount to upwards of *a million of dollars*. They will fall short some hundreds of thousands of dollars—and it is apparent, that the secret, dangerous and deadly conspiracy of Martin Van Buren and the Pope, against the liberties of this country and its prosperity, is the cause. They determined to elect Van Buren President, to destroy our freedom, and to accomplish that end, Van Buren wanted to ingratiate himself with New York and Maryland. He thought Pennsylvania would be safe enough, from its known hostility to the Bank. He therefore drained off the trade from our public works through the canals of New York, and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, to make friends in these states, which has rendered our Internal Improvements so unproductive. It cannot be charged to the ignorance or mismanagement of my officers. I appoint none but competent agents.

Now I recommend that you pass a law authorising me to send an ambassador to New York and Maryland, demanding the immediate return of the three hundred thousand dollars, out of which we have been defrauded, and to require them to punish the aggressors. While upon this subject, allow me to make one other suggestion. Every state should be composed of people of a similar character, of like habits, and of kindred wants. I have the mortifying duty to perform, to apprise you that two counties in this commonwealth, at the late election, and at all

* Here the Governor's sagacity illumines and burns with the intensity of the speculum of Archimedes! No age has been blessed with an equal prodigy!

other times, have shown themselves aliens in Israel, traitors among us, and enemies to this state. I allude to the counties of Berks and Columbia.* A few faithful hearts, it is true, are found among them, but, like angel's visits, they are "far between." I recommend that the same ambassador to demand satisfaction, have power to offer to surrender said counties to the state of New York, with whose conspiracies against our welfare, they co-operate; and thus to rid ourselves from their ungrateful fellowship. Let them act openly with our enemies, the "New York faction," whose schemes they have secretly aided, and they can do us no harm. We should remember, that "one traitor is worse than ten Turks."

Our civil law has been recently revised and codified, in such a manner as to make it more simple, plain, and perfect, while the branch of criminal jurisprudence has been left untouched. In a free government, the criminal law is of the first importance. It immediately involves every man's life and liberty. I beg the attention of the Legislature to this subject. Our criminal code is imperfect and obscure, especially that part which relates to malicious mischief, and secretly way-laying a man to take his life. I recommend that a bill be enacted into a law, providing that whoever is guilty of placing huge sticks of timber against the doors of houses, so that they may fall and beat the brains out of the person who opens the door from the inside, and then rings the bell and runs away, shall be taken and deemed guilty of manslaughter, for which, imprisonment for life shall be the penalty. This wicked crime is daily augmenting in this state, if I may judge from my own experience.† And as to lying in wait to kill, I suggest that whoever is guilty of laying in the woods, or other secret places, watching for passers by, and shoots at, or snaps at, or halloo's to his or their companion to "shoot, shoot," shall be guilty of murder in the first degree, and punished accordingly. Such a wicked attempt on my own life, was made, as you will recollect I informed the public in one of my letters, published in the masonic "Keystone" paper.

There is another subject which properly belongs to this part of my message, in reference to which some legislation is necessary. I mean the practice of placing nuisances on our railroads.

* This proposition of the Governor, if it had been approved, would have materially aided the permanent ascendancy of right principles—and honest men in the remaining parts of Pennsylvania.

† The Governor's experience in this matter, arose in this way:—He had never before lived in a house with a bell, and when he found one in the house his Prothonotary had provided for him, he supposed it a peculiar mark of distinction, and the only bell in town. Every tinkle of a bell, there'ore, that was heard, whether within a square, brought some two or three of the family to the door, who looked up and down the street, wondering where the visitors were. The mischievous boys of mine and Sammy Clark's office, seeing this, played the pranks upon him which he mentions.

If obstructions be put in the way, it is obvious that the rapid rate of travelling renders it impossible to avoid them. Many cars have been damaged, belonging to the state, and many valuable lives lost, I would take the liberty of suggesting that it should be punished in a most penal manner, for any individual to turn out, let out, or put out, on or near the rail roads, just as the locomotives are passing, any bulls, oxen, horses, rams, goats, or hogs, with intent that they should run against said train of cars, or that said train of cars should run against them. My own life, as you may have observed in the papers, was jeopardized from this cause, on the Columbia railroad, during the past season. The alterations now proposed, will make our criminal code as perfect as our civil one, and promote, in a high degree, the security and happiness of the liege people of this commonwealth.

[At this time Theo arose, shrugged his atlantean shoulders, and said the law of libel needed amendment. He said he had been often indicted, and knew the law well. It was grossly unjust to require an editor to *give the truth in evidence*, as a justification, for, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the truth was not told, and when he was asked to prove the truth, it was equivalent to conviction. He postponed further remark till the message was ended. The Governor proceeded.]

Fellow-citizens, the disposition of our share of the surplus revenue, which will be about four millions of dollars, is a subject of great interest to the people. Money has been called the "root of all evil," and, I think, it must be also conceded to be the root of all good. This sum may be employed so as to redound to the eternal honor of the state. We may erect some stupendous evidences of our taste for architecture, our enlarged civilization, and our bounteous hospitality, which will vie with the pyramids of Egypt, the hospitals of Balbec and Jerusalem, and the magnificent patronage of the arts by Mæcenas and Leo, in the palmy days of Rome.

It might be appropriated to the discharge of so much of the public debt, but that is invested in stock, which may be paid at any time in future; and if we do any thing for the glory of the state, now is the fit opportunity. The money is not raised by taxation, and the people will not nicely scan its application.

The capitol of our commonwealth should be distinguished by something memorable. Here should the genius of the people burst into life, and here should the eye of the passing traveller rest on some noble object that may dignify and adorn this great republic.

I recommend that one million and a half of dollars be appropriated to rear a worthy monument to the memory of the third father of his country, William Morgan, who was the father of my administration and the true party of the people, as Washing-

ton was the father of his country, and Jefferson the father of the democratic party. I would suggest that it should be placed in the middle of the canal basin, immediately in the rear of the centre of the capital, to designate that he came to his lamented death by drowning. If the superintendence of the structure is left to me, I will employ Mr. Fenn to write the inscription, who will do ample justice to the man whose cruel and untimely death has shed such abundant blessings on our country.

I will further recommend that five hundred thousand dollars be appropriated to establish a professorship and two adjunct professorships of *farriery*, or the science of *horse doctoring*, in one of the Washington colleges, and to purchase in the neighborhood a farm of two thousand acres of land, on which to erect suitable buildings for a *horsepital*, to take care of and feed old, spavined, ring-boned and wornout horses: so valuable an animal should not be turned out to starve. It is painful to all persons of humane feelings, to behold a faithful horse, like my old gray, browsing on the commons, and crawling through hedge fences to drive off the crows. I have been in favor of horses for our railroads in preference to locomotives, ever since I *vetoed* the bill for purchasing locomotives last winter. Let us, then, show our humanity to animals to which we are all so deeply indebted.*

I also recommend that two hundred thousand dollars be appropriated to purchase Fenn's "*shorthand*," a most useful invention of his, to be placed in the rotunda of the capital, for the purpose of reporting the proceedings of the two houses. Everything that is said or done will be accurately written down, with incredible despatch. Your speeches will be literally reported, and before they go to the press, you can strike out the *hems*, *hahs*, and *blunders*, so that no discredit will occur. Mr. Fenn has devoted ten years of his valuable life to the invention and perfection of this wonderful machine, and it is right he should receive some remuneration. If this machine is placed in the rotunda, you need not employ clerks, and it will save you from the mortifying spectacle of beholding the sublime genius of Theo Fenn sitting in the lobby and making out a report of your doings on a shingle.†

* What a stream of philanthropy gushes from the amiable bosom of his excellency in the recommendations of the preceding paragraph! Who would not glory in the fame which this truth and fidelity to his old friends and companions, and his warm and grateful recollection of their services, must hand down his name to the latest generation, or until locomotives shall supersede the use of quadrupeds! What are the pretensions of Wilberforce and Howard, or any other philanthropist of ancient or modern times, to immortality, compared with the Governor's!

† If the legislature had taken this advice, the price would have nearly been saved during the sitting of the reformed Convention, and the money better been paid to me, thus encouraging native genius, than that Englishman, Pickadilly Agg.

The rest of this surplus money can be left in my hands, to be applied to the public service, in the manner I may deem best.

Fellow-citizens of the two houses—the last, but not the least important subject for your consideration, will be, what is to be done with the lodge, that foe to all good order, good morals, good government and general tranquillity. You will recollect from what a small beginning the antimasonic party had its origin. A few men, in the western part of New York, kindled a beacon fire of liberty, which has illuminated New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont, and other sister states, and will illuminate the globe. Already have its rays flashed across the broad Atlantic, burst into a splendid conflagration in Spain, England, and Russia, wrapped the moss-crowned institution of masonry in flames, and left the lofty turrets of the knights of Malta, St. John, and the Black Eagle, a heap of mouldering ruins. The harlot of masonry turns pale with affright, the ghosts of her dead worthies, the Hiram Abiffs and Tubal Cains, have started from their graves, and, in their sepulchral habiliments, do “squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.” Liberty has now again sounded her tocsin, and, since my administration commenced, has returned upon earth. Such has been the power of the benevolent spirit of anti-masonry, that it has *constrained two-thirds* of the grand lodge in Pennsylvania to swear allegiance to it. Every good mason above the royal arch degree is now with us; they have forever abandoned the bloody tricks of the lodge, and testify their sincere repentance by kissing the dirt at the feet of myself and Stevens, after we had given them a sound drubbing last winter. The higher orders of masonry are now thoroughly regenerated, and nothing remains but to provide for the entered apprentices and other mere smatterers of the order, who adhere to Van Buren and the lodge. They are the most dangerous of the tribe. They know just enough of masonry to do evil. It is against them we must provide. All the masons who have come over to us, with the Editor of the United States Gazette at their head, are as good antimasons as anybody. No law is necessary to guard against them. I therefore recommend that a law be enacted, authorising the Governor, by proclamation, to *excommunicate* every mason who still opposes the principles of pure democratic equality established and acted on by my administration; to declare them unfit to associate with the rest of the good people of this State; to disqualify them from serving as judges, jurors, witnesses, &c.; and to confer on all *adhering* masons who follow the example of Chandler and others, by sustaining Harrison and me, the same rights and privileges as belong to Stevens, Fenn, and myself. This will cure the evil, exterminate the lodge, realize the expectations of the people, and show by its results the profound policy, comprehensive wisdom, and enlarged magnanimity of my administration.

In conclusion, suffer me to exhort you again to take some decisive steps to prevent the meeting of the convention. It cannot do good : it will, therefore, do evil. Patriotism exacts from you this high duty. "Let well enough alone," is an old maxim, which never led any man or any nation astray. It is the doctrine of the best statesmen and philosophers of Europe. That profound and sagacious poet, Pope, (I do not mean the Pope to whom Van Buren wrote the letter,) has some lines on this head, which I will take the liberty of transferring to my message; they are as follows, as beautiful as they are true :—

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee,
All chance direction, which thou canst see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good ;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**"

Such are the dictates of reason, nature, and religious resignation ! If whatever is, is right, it would be gross impolicy and injustice to alter the present matchless constitution, under which we have lived for fifty years ; under which we have prospered ; under which "vested rights" are safe, our title deeds respected ; under which our criminal code is not red with innocent blood, like that of Draco, and under which my farm in Washington county and my office will be equally sacred and inviolable. You are all interested with me in preserving it, for the same storm that prostrates my rights may also spend its fury upon yours. I commit the manifold interests of our common constituents to your hands, with full reliance on your wisdom and integrity, checked by my *veto* power, and guided and governed by the councils of myself and Providence.

THE GOVERNOR.

Attest—The Secretary, }
under the big seal. }

After the reading of the message was concluded, sundry alterations and amendments were proposed, which gave rise to a most animated and able debate that lasted till half past two o'clock. Some sharp sparring and recrimination took place between Fenn and Strong, in which various pages of the personal biography of each were pretty keenly criticised. A full and accurate detail of the whole affair will be given in our next. On Emanuel's representation that he had not yet made up his mind—that it was a *hard pull* betwixt his pocket and his patriotism, whether he should or should not submit to martyrdom, one week further was given for reflection—against which Theo strongly objected. On Saturday evening next poor Emanuel's fate is to be decided.

LETTER XII.

THE DEBATE AND THE BATTLE.

No sooner had the Governor closed the reading of his message, with an emphatic though hoarse tone of voice, and folded up the paper to place it on the file of the Kitchen Cabinet, and was about to order two copies of it to be made, one for his state printer, and the other to send in to the Legislature, than the Secretary and Theo both arose, and claimed the right of being heard. The Secretary commenced by saying that some of the cases cited as authority, by the Governor, seemed to him to prove rather too much, &c. &c. Theo interrupted his lordship by saying that he had the right of precedence in this chamber, and would be heard first. The Governor attempted to quell the discord; told them there was time enough to hear both, but that in this *confidential* council chamber Theo's right was paramount to all others, and he must proceed.

Up rose the amiable state printer, his nostrils dilated with exultation at his victory; the family pride of all the Punkins sat loftily on his brow; his right shoulder came in contact with his ear—a movement supposed to be voluntarily caused by the peculiar tickling of that appendage to his head, ever since he passed, astride of his tin cart, through Jersey, in sight of the pillories erected at the side of the roads—his head rolled gracefully from left to right and back again, like the dandy in the puppet show; the brass covering of his serene countenance was blotched with the verdigris of malice, and dinged on all sides by frequently coming in contact with the cowhides and fists of his enemies; his voice began to rumble in his throat; his teeth chattered together, and at length he spoke—"Sedgwick* and Sammy Clark take the short-hander, and write down what I say. Let it be remembered, henceforth, I am chief man in this place, and let no one of you attempt to lead me. I made you all what you are, and claim the right of speaking first. There are two things I want to have amended in the message: 1st, the law of *libel*, and—2d, the sum to be paid for my short-hander. I have already said, I understand that law well, having been made the victim of vile masonic judges to vent their wrath upon, on several memorable occasions. I say the law of libel is by far too extensive in its application for the public good. I say no man should be liable to indictment for libel, unless he has been guilty

* A cousin of mine, appointed Prothonotary of the Supreme Court.

of charging a state printer, or other high officer in power, with worshipping "*woolly goddesses*," or being cowed as an impertinent puppy; or being universally despised as a common libeller and blackguard, unfit to appear in the company of decent men, much less in the company of decent women; or of charging any such high dignitaries with inventing, and preparing for use, patent wafer-splitters, and of cheating in trading jack-knives, or of riding through the country mounted on the seat of a spinning jennies' pedler cart. I say, for these offences, the Governor should recommend a severe penal law, limited to two years; and, as the offence is a most heinous one, providing that the truth should not be given in evidence. For all other offences, I say, the law inflicting punishment for libels ought to be repealed. It restricts the liberty of the press, and grossly violates the constitution.

"The second amendment I recommend is, that for my *short-hander*, to be placed in the rotunda: I ought to be paid eight hundred thousand dollars, and be elected state printer for life. Only think of the years I have spent in inventing and bringing it to perfection!! My pea-pegs, patent wafer-splitters, and spinning-jennies, were nothing compared to it. Many a long day, and sleepless night, rendered dark as Erebus by the dusky presence of the "*goddesses*" that watched over my fitful slumbers, have I, the great descendant of the illustrious Elderkin Punkin, who fought and vanquished the frogs of Windham, devoted the sublime conceptions of my genius to this immortal work. Shall I not be repaid? Direct your attention, Great Joseph! to my propositions—they proceed from the honest councils of Theo, your state printer, a man whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean, and whose open, candid face displays the generous and manly stamp of his character."*

Having thus spoken, the puissant Theo sat down. The cloud had flitted from his benign countenance; his bristly foretop, which had "*curled with ire*," now stood on end again; he puffed off his surplus steam, like one of the Governor's locomotives, hitched up his shoulder in token of satisfaction, buttoned his jacket as his heroic heart contracted and the steam flew off through his nostrils, and nodded to the Governor that the others might proceed.

The Editor of the *Intelligencer* then arose, in the far corner of the room—the *mark* of his ancient grandsire shone with unwonted lustre; his eyes were, as usual, fastened on the floor; he held out his right hand; cast a sinister glance at his countryman

* This might seem egotistical to those who are not acquainted with the intimate relations in which the Governor and myself stand to each other. All I ask is to have all such persons read my notes and these letters, to be persuaded I was guilty of no indelicacy.

Theo, and, with a most melodious *nasal squeak*, began to propitiate the Governor:—

“Your excellency has been told by your state printer, that you owed all to him, and that the services of the rest of us are of little account. He asserts himself leader, here and elsewhere, with as much arrogance as if he had never peddled horn gun-flints, tin whistles, spinning jennies, soap-stone hones and wooden nutmegs; nor combed out his foretop by crawling through hedge fences, nor ‘left his country for his country’s good’ and his own safety, nor engaged in domestic manufactories from *wool dyed in the fleece*.

“Does not every body see that all the provisions which he desires to have introduced are for his own protection? The offences he excepts are all charged against him, and if he could get the law passed he recommends, he would be safe—not without it. He could blackguard others as much as he pleased, and be secure from the shafts of sarcasm himself. I say my proposition is just and reasonable.

“Theo claims great credit for what he has done for you. Did not I bring out General William Henry Harrison for President? and did not Theo oppose it, and at last sneak into his support, and bellow as loudly as the frogs did at the heels of his grandfather, Elderkin Punkin? and has not the Hero of North Bend’s illustrious Buckeyes saved you and your administration? Yes, they have, and yet I am to be put off, to make room for peddling Jonathan! Your party was in the dumps when Harrison was first brought out, but mark what enthusiasm was excited by Harrison’s name—hear the following fruit of poetic rapture, upon his triumphal entry into Philadelphia, and you will soon see the secret of your power:—

The cannon pealed loudly o’er Delaware’s tide,
The steamer dashed proudly the billows aside;
The shouts rose to heaven—the very hills clinked—
While “there stood the Hero, *his eye never blinked.*”

The Hero now landed, in triumph he passes;
His *coursers* are *men*—(*quere: two-legged asses!*)
The rapture increases—what glory is linked
With the deeds of the “Hero *whose eye never blinked!*”

They talked about Washington, Jackson and Gaines,
Of Yorktown’s surrender, and New Orleans’ plains;
Such names and such acts become wholly extinct,
Compared with a “*Hero whose eye never blinked!*”

What tho’ by Jo Davies, Dick Johnson, and Croghan,
The frontier was defended—the foe overthrown—

Though, frightened by Proctor, the General slinked
From Sandusky's defence—yet “*his eye never blinked!*”

Our pæans quite lately were raised, it is true,
To Harry the Turncoat, and Daniel the Blue;
But finding the people could not be hoodwinked,
We'll next try a “*Hero whose eye never blinked!*”

Then huzza! for the General—the peerless and bold,
Let his *petticoat flag* to the breeze be unrolled;
Since with *Tories* and *Feds* all his wishes are linked,
They must vote for the “Hero whose eye never blinked!”

“Such was the spirit that carried you through, and am I, who raised it, to be disregarded? This is a pretty affair. Who is this impudent retailer of spinning jennies and wooden nutmegs? He is a ‘down easter,’ who made his escape very much to his own advantage, and was first heard of in Lancaster county, perched on the seat of a tin cart. When at school he was distinguished for his stupidity, impudence, and skill in trading jack-knives. He was the common object of contempt among his play-fellows then, as he is now. No boy that sat by him dared carry two pence in his pocket. Mark how the characteristics of the man were even then developed!! Many a flogging, birching and boxing did he receive from the master and the other boys. He bore it like a hound, and has been known to run half a mile without looking behind him, if a boy half as old as himself caught him in a dirty trick, and threatened to thrash him. He wore his hair short, to prevent the boys much smaller than himself from pulling it when he attempted to whip them for telling of his rogueries; and it is believed the many frights he received aided the combing his foretop got in the hedge fence, and kept it standing on end till the present day.”

Here Theo got up, foaming with wrath and vengeance, pronounced the editor a calumniator, spit out a tenpenny nail which he had been chewing, and swore he would masticate the editor in the same manner. The Governor brandished his big cudgel, whereat Theo took his seat in a rage. The editor proceeded:

“Such has been his conduct since he set up the trade of an editor. How many times has he been beaten—how often has he run at night, when his own shadow has followed him along the street, to the great amazement of all beholders—how often has his cry of ‘murder’ rang through the Harrisburg market house, and how often has he been kicked out of the Legislative hall, and out of respectable companies into which he has intruded?

“Before he was elected state printer, I disdained to speak to him myself, and most of your friends looked upon him as a despicable offcast. His paper was always a bye-word of con-

tempt. Publish truth in it, and nobody will believe it. Let me tell you, Governor, he is a disgrace to your administration. The public already say he is chief man in your estimation, and you and your cabinet are put on a level with him. As to his libel law, the best way to get along with it is to pardon him, if he is committed, and pack him off to the west. I will print for you, better than he does, and maintain your respectability of character.”*

Theo jumped up again, dubbed all the editor had said a *lie*, and pronounced his own character as good as his calumniator. He said he had been home once since he first left it, an act of honest bravery which the editor had not dared to imitate. He said the charge that his amendments were intended for his own protection, came with an ill grace from the editor, on whom he might recriminate. He stigmatised the editor as an “infidel,” &c. The editor retorted by saying to Theo, that if he did not go to church as often as he did, he was not so universally loathed as a hypocrite and scoundrel. The contest now waged warmly. Both stood on their feet, despite the threats of the Governor’s cudgel, and in pressing forward to be heard, stumbled against each other, and clinched, for fury had supplied the want of courage, and as each knew the other to be a coward, both felt safe.

“They strained, they tugged—down—down they go”—

The champions fell side by side. The editor had Theo by the throat—and, at this awful moment of confusion, the Secretary, in poetic rapture to see his antagonist on losing ground, exclaimed—

“Now, blubbering Theo, hold thine own.
No Dinah’s arm is round thee thrown.”

There was a tremendous scuffling and shuffling on the floor—the Governor shouted “order—order,” and thrashed his cane on the table. Clark and Guyer crept behind the door. Several prayed the Governor to let them have fair play. Johnny and other Secretaries stood aghast at the onset, and the Clerk of the House of Representatives vociferated, “When rogues fall out honest men get their due.” The Prothonotary of the Supreme Court cried out “No choking;” and Sammy Clark mumbled, from behind the door, “Let ’em alone.” At length they both scrambled up—the Governor stepped in between them, and ordered “peace.” Both made furious show of courage. The

* My readers will at once perceive that all these are malignant falsehoods, uttered in the “heat of debate,” and totally destitute of any foundation in fact. I give them, however, as a part of the history of the times.

Secretary took hold of the editor with his thumb and two fingers; Sammy Clark and the Auditor General caught Theo, but he begged one of them to go and help hold his foe, for one man could easily hold him, although he was anxious to get at him—They blowed like porpoises, and flourished their fists. “Send for a doctor,” said his excellency. “I am not hurt,” exclaimed the editor. “Nor I,” moaned Theo, “except the villain has crushed down my fresh starched collar, and tore out my breast pin.” The Governor ordered them to drink friends out of the “old peach,” patted them on the heads with his hand, and told them the courage of both was undoubted; that their characters were perfectly fair, according to their own representation; and concluded by assuring them the only thing he regretted was that, during the battle, Clark and Guyer had taken the short-hander behind the door, and that it had reported the whole thing for publication.

As it was now near two o'clock at night, the Governor suggested that the cabinet should adjourn, and that he and the Secretary would take their propositions into consideration, and prepare the message for delivery at the meeting of the Legislature. The cabinet adjourned to meet on Saturday evening, to take Emanuel's martyrdom up for determination. The proceedings of the latter meeting reached us too late for insertion in this paper. They will appear in our next.

LETTER XIII.

On Saturday evening the Kitchen Cabinet met agreeably to adjournment, in the loft. At 7 o'clock the Governor entered, gave three raps on the table with his cane, which brought their “high mightinesses” to their seats. He rose and informed the counsellors that they were prepared to proceed to business.—“You are mistaken,” said Theo, “Emanuel is not here.” “True,” says the Governor, “but I have a letter from him, which he requests me to lay before your honorable body. It is as follows.”

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

TO THE GOVERNOR—*Great and puissant Sir:* Upon mature reflection, and the best advice I can obtain, I have concluded to decline the high honour of martyrdom. I have read history to no purpose, if all martyrs since the days of John Rogers have not received more pity than coppers. It is also contrary to the enlightened spirit of this age, to have one's throat cut from ear

to ear, and be disemboweled, merely to gratify peddling Jonathan.*

Yours, with deep respect,

EMANUEL.

As soon as this letter was read, Theo arose in a tremendous passion, and said if Emanuel was such a selfish puppy, *that Sammy Clarke must be made to do*; that he was of little value here, but might answer for a second Morgan, as well as Timothy Monroe.

The Governor begged them to suspend this matter a few moments, while he submitted to them a very interesting letter from the Attorney General. It was read thus:—

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24, 1836.

TO THE GOVERNOR—*Most Esteemed Sir*: It is with feelings of no ordinary humiliation I address you. Recently acting under information derived from active members of your confidential council, and among the number the editors of the Telegraph and Intelligencer, I joined sundry other “good society” gentlemen in manufacturing a *certificate* for the New York and New Jersey market, which brought us into a most disagreeable dilemma. Although we knew at the time that the facts stated were hardly true, yet they came in such a shape as looked plausible, and we sent them forth to the world as fully authenticated. Our informants now deny the matter—say they did not write so to us, and try to cast all the dishonor on us.

Public indignation falls most heavily on me. It is said as Attorney General I am the keeper of the public morals, and that in the certificates above mentioned I have stated falsehoods—encouraged betting—insulted the good people to whom they were sent, by palming off deceptions, and disgraced my station. This dishonor must be removed. The character of your Attorney General should be purified, and I shall expect from the members of your confidential cabinet magnanimity enough to acknowledge the false information sent to us, and even to admit (for the honor of my station) that such information was furnished, though it was not in fact.

I am also directed by the “good society” leaders in this place to request you to bring the following subjects before your secret meetings:

1. Shall the Bank charter be offered to be surrendered?
2. What shall be done with the surplus revenue?
3. What can be done to aid in raising a succession of *good “panics”* during the winter?
4. How can the registry bill be supported?

* This is a most characteristic letter. It would be natural to suppose that this fellow had been taking lessons of Iago—“*Put money in thy purse.*”

5. How can the reform of the constitution be defeated?

6. And lastly, how can a few hundred corporations for digging coal—sifting the ashes—making water run up hill—churning butter—tanning dog-skins—making shingle nails—selling horses—shaving notes—dealing in stocks—feeding silk worms on rye straw, &c. be carried through the lower house for the public good.

These are vitally important questions, and I hope your friends will appoint an early day for their consideration. Give us six days notice, and myself, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Harding, and a few others, will attend and aid your deliberations.

Ever and truly, yours, &c.

GULLIVER TOOD.

P.S. You will understand that these corporations are on *speculation*, and therefore the more important to our friends.

When the reading was through, it was moved that when the cabinet adjourns, it adjourn to meet on the first Saturday after the meeting of the Legislature. It was carried *unanimously*.

Theo then renewed his motion to *dish up* Sammy Clark for a martyr to the good cause. The Governor told Sammy he had better submit, that this was a troublesome world, and no one should care much about it. They all cried out to Sammy to submit like a hero; but Sammy, as Theo approached him with the Governor's carving knife, sprang to the chimney, wrenched out two brick-bats, flourished them about his head, and swore he would beat the brains out of the first man who offered to touch him. Theo branded the carving knife furiously, and ran down stairs, crying "hold him"—"catch him"—"down him"—"I'll do the business for him." They all precipitately left the room; and Sammy, after overturning the table and glasses, jumped out of the back window and made his escape.*

According to the resolution of the cabinet previously passed, it stands adjourned till the Saturday after the meeting of the Legislature.

LETTER XIV.

GREAT EXTRA MEETING OF THE KITCHEN CABINET.

In consequence of the sudden unceremonious dispersion of the cabinet at its last meeting, by the characteristic bravery of the nominal editor of the Pirate, it became necessary that an extra

* It is said that brick-bats have always been Sammy's weapons. The reason of which is, that his head is proof against their power.



Serenading party of the Pirate boys at the Governor's front door.

session should be held, to consider the question of *Who had the first claims to the printing of the Senate?* since Emanuel's refusal to be enrolled among the martyred Monroes and Morgans.

Accordingly the governor despatched one of his "special messengers" on Saturday afternoon, with a card of invitation to the "faithful" of the Senate, and undertook himself personally to notify the regular members of his august privy council to attend precisely at seven o'clock on Saturday evening, at the usual place of convening. At the hour mentioned, the council chamber was "set in order." The fragments of glasses, tables, and chairs, which remained since the previous belligerent meeting, were removed. A new table of double length was supplied. The clerk of the house of representatives had loaned him twenty-four cushioned chairs, together with the renowned chair in which "John Hancock sat when he signed the declaration of independence;" that had been dignified by the patriotic posteriors of Hero Buckeyes and Nerr Middleswarth, and which was now placed at the head of the table for the reception of his excellency, Joseph, the great *factotum* of reform. Twenty-four new glasses, three additional bottles of "old peach," ten new pipes, and one box of half Spanish cigars, adorned the table; while one copy of the *Intelligencer* and *Telegraph* each was hung on every chair, to be read by the incumbents, or to be used as necessity might require. An astral lamp and two tallow candles, of Harrisburg manufacture, blazed with dazzling splendor; and when the governor came up, ten minutes before seven, to see that all was right, he exclaimed with proud satisfaction, "the council rooms of Peter Stuyvesant and Walter the Doubter sink into insignificance when compared to this!"

Two *tylers* were stationed twenty feet each side of the street door, to prevent the Pirate printer's boys from fencing out his friends with locust posts and split rails, and also to guard against sundry false alarms by the *bell*.

Thus arranged,—while his excellency, with his Secretary at his elbow, was rehearsing his speech for the evening before the glass, and Theo, with his pocket-brush in his hand, was waiting behind the front door to conduct the invited guests into the *sanctum sanctorum* council chamber, and the editor of the *Intelligencer* was pacing up and down the pavement in front of the house, to catch the senators by the coat-tail, to inform them he was the actual editor of the Pirate, and the writer of all the addresses for the central and county committees, as well as a frequent assistant of Theo,—the invited senators arrived, accompanied by the regular members of the cabinet. Secretary Johnny led the train, and opened the door suddenly, without rapping or ringing the bell. Theo happened to be immersed in a profound reverie, and hearing the rush without giving the usual notice of approach, and supposing them to be the masons who wanted to

cut off governor and all at a blow, cried out, "Stop, ruffians, or I'll blow your brains out!" at the same time, suiting the action to the word, pulled forth his pistol and fired. The Secretary happened at that moment to open the door leading into the Governor's room. Theo's ball passed about fifteen feet to the left of Secretary Johnny, who was foremost, directly over the head of the Secretary, and hitting the looking-glass before which the Governor was practising, a little above the centre, broke it into a thousand atoms.*

"Murder"—"Assassination"—"masonic vengeance"—exclaimed all of them in terror and dismay. "Our lives are in danger; the emissaries of the lodge lurk about us. Heaven protect us from their bloody knives!" These words burst from every mouth; and Theo, perceiving his mistake, in the confusion of the moment put his pistol in his pocket, and swore he saw distinctly the flash of the deadly rifle from behind the trees in front of the house, as it was aimed at the sacred head of his excellency. All agreed that it came from a masonic rifle; they heard the death-doing bullet whiz past them; saw the malignant features of the miscreant; saw the flash illuminate the skies, and heard the murderer run. The Governor himself thought, as he chanced to turn his head round at the instant, (which providentially saved his life,) that he recognised by the flash of the rifle the same features that scowled over his bed with the bloody knife, a few months ago, in the log tavern in the State of New York. The door was closed, two more watchmen stationed at it to keep off the masons—and they all proceeded to the council chamber, with the Governor at their head, and Theo in the rear. Fearing they might smell the powder in his pocket, Theo slipped into the kitchen, and threw his pistol out of the back door.

When they had all entered and taken their seats, as many as could find them, and the rest huddled together in the corners of the room, his excellency arose, gave three raps on the table with his big cane, and informed them of the purpose for which he had called them together.

He said among other valuable and profound things, that it had been for a long time understood that Emanuel Guyer was to have had the printing of the senate; but as he had refused to be **MORGANISED** for the benefit of the party and the country, he had no further claims: and the same was the case with Sammy Clark. In this state of things, but two competitors could enter the field, Theo and the editor of the *Intelligencer*. He said he gave the lower house up to "hardness of heart and blindness of mind." It would throw all possible obstacles in the way of his adminis-

* This was a most miraculous transaction. It proved that the Governor bears a "charmed life." How this confounded pistol went off I never could tell, unless it was by masonic incantation.

tration. It would attempt to rip up the bank charter, repeal the excellent poll tax, and the patriotic apportionment bill and registry law; and very likely would have the audacity to seek to interfere with the present enlightened and economical canal commissioners. If so, the senate was the only bulwark of the state; it must stand as a wall of fire around his administration and the liberties of the people. To do this, it must be united; not a man must flinch from his post. He had called this meeting to harmonize matters, and especially to have the subject of who was to be their printer satisfactorily settled. In order to decide between the several claimants, he thought it best to let each state his own pretensions, and the reasons why he should be preferred. He therefore submitted the question to the cabinet. It was decided *unanimously* that Theo and the editor should each address the cabinet in his own behalf; and the Governor told them they might proceed. It was suggested by one of the senators, that they should respectively state every reason and argument on which they based their claims. Theo said he had the right of precedence, and would speak first. The Governor arose, told them to fill their glasses, and drink to the union and harmony of the glorious majority in the senate. They followed his advice, and loud and long was the *united and harmonious* cheer.

Up rose Theo—up hitched his shoulder, and up stood his hair—the cream of malignancy mantled his benign and lovely countenance, and thus he began:—[The short-hander was now put in requisition, and what follows may be relied on as strictly correct.]

“I am,” said he, “the veritable organ of this administration: I speak its sentiments, lay down its principles of action, and am a personification of its true character.

“I defined what we meant when we promised reform. We meant to reform the masons and jacks *out*, and ourselves *in*. We never intended to do more.

“I persuaded the Governor to sign the bank bill, by which we all made money enough to give us a rank with the ‘good society’ of the city.

“I laid it down as a ruling principle of action, that the ‘*end justifies the means*.’ No man ever succeeded, who did not act on this principle. You see how it has elevated me from the seat of a *tin cart* to be prime minister of his excellency. Don’t you suppose I, who have prospered so well individually, can make the party prosper, if it follows my advice? Surely, I can. Only look at my course, and see with what rapid strides I have reached the temple of fame.

“I left the land of steady habits by *star-light*, with no other resources than the proprietorship of a patent spinning-jenny, for the State of Pennsylvania. With the sale of that, I associated a small stock of ‘notions,’ horn gun-flints, wooden nutmegs, bar-

low knives, &c., from which I derived considerable profit. I travelled the State, studied the true character of its inhabitants, and learned how to manage them.

"I first commenced in Lancaster the glorious work of enlightening the public mind, and the political state of affairs there now bears ample testimony to my ability and faithfulness. Here I bore the scoffs and sneers of all the masonic democrats. I was cowskinned, flogged, bumped, thumped, rolled in the gutter, and finally shut out of the houses and company of the respectable of all parties. I then came to Harrisburg, where I found the state of political science and true morality very low. They had not yet learned that conscience must be entirely laid aside, and that the grand fundamental maxim that 'the end justifies the means,' must be placed in its stead, and be the ruling principle to settle all doubts. Here I have slandered the character of the best citizens, and tried to bring them, in the public estimation, to my own level. Have I not, ever since I commenced down to the present time, published as facts things that were palpably false, and denied the truth of all that was published in the democratic papers? Did I not publish Van Buren's letter to the American Consul, dated 1830, and make it read as if directed to the Pope of Rome, and dated 1836; and when I was called upon by some of you, did I not refuse to correct it, and republish it with the same date, and finally take out the figure 6, and let it stand 183. Did I not do the same with Col. Johnson's speech, and make it read ten times later than was the truth? Have I not altered communications over the signatures of our friends, so that when they were prosecuted for libel, it turned out they had not written the communications? Have I not, within the last three months, kept my paper back from Wednesday, when it was dated, to the next Saturday or Monday, and thereby getting letters for which to abuse the postmasters? Have I not promised to continue to do these things, and to invent more methods of slander and abuse? All these things, and many more of darker shades, I have done, and no one can gainsay it. Who has done more for the cause?"

"This winter I shall be true to the cause. I will abuse, slander, and calumniate the masons in the lower house; and if they take any measures against the administration, I will prove it to be through the influence and control of the Van Buren New York masons, and show that Van Buren and Amos Kendall advise all that is done. I have already taken some steps to avert the fury of this masonic body. Did I not recommend that the

* By this masterly manœuvre, I saved our friend from being convicted of a libel upon honest John Frearing, and proved myself superior to the best lawyers at the bar. I should have mentioned the falsehood about the Governor's voting, and the certificate of the judges, but his Excellency does not like to hear of that, as by his advice I made the assertion.

offices of the auditor general and state treasurer should be secured from their searches. I knew they would appoint a committee to investigate these offices, and hunt up grounds to charge dishonesty and embezzlement on the administration. Did not *the treasury take fire the other night*,* and would not all the public accounts have been put beyond the reach of the masons, had not some officious meddler prevented it?

“Let any body deny this who dare. I printed the laws last session, and you all know I put everything that operates against us in places where they did not belong, without indexes, and sent them out so late in the season that very few persons could find them. In this way we were saved from reproach: I will do the same with the journal of the senate, this winter. My moral character is above reproach. The *dark complexioned* stories they tell about me, are of little consequence. I have published the same kind of stories against Col. Johnson: it did not defeat his success in this State—the masons, at all events, cannot impute it to me as a disgrace; and, what is still more, it is nobody’s business. Mr. Dunlap says every body has a right to suit his own taste. The patriotic blood of my grandfather, the illustrious Elderkin Punkin, the bull-frog conqueror, flows in my veins, and spurs me on to deeds of noble ambition. I claim the printing for these reasons; and am ready to prove, by pulling off my coat, if it was not indecorous in this august assemblage, that I bear on my back many honored stripes I have received in the cause of my country.”

“*Oh, the Jersey whipping posts!*” said the editor of the *Intelligencer*, in an under tone, which Theo did not hear; but, turning to the biographer of Hero Buckeyes, he said he should like to hear what he had to say.

The distinguished editor from Massachusetts arose. His eye seemed rivitted on the table; and some of the senators, not aware of the natural predisposition of the man to look downwards, and of his inability to meet the glance of anybody with manly front, thought he was dry, and recommended, before he proceeded, another bumper to union and harmony. It was drunk; and the editor again took the floor. He said it was not in his power to call himself the organ of this administration; but this he would say, that he ought to be. “My services are soon told. I am the godfather of Harrison. I called him out from obscurity; wrote his life; fought battles for him that he never was in; endowed him with virtues and qualifications which nature has withheld; and by his aid have contributed to uphold the present administration. I am the accredited organ of the ‘good society’ in Philadelphia. I furnished the information upon which the

* This is known to be a fact. How, or in what manner, the public never have learned.

celebrated certificate to New York and New Jersey was founded. I wrote all the addresses which emanated from Harrisburg on the patriotic reform side of the question; and proved that Van Buren could not be elected, and that Mr. Dallas had said the *title deeds* of our farms were to be taken away, if Van Buren got a majority in Pennsylvania.

"I have proved, since the election, that Harrison has a majority over Van Buren, and is consequently **CHEATED OUT OF THE PRESIDENCY**. This is an important matter: it has been taken up by all our friends throughout the State. They will make the people believe it, and at the next election we shall be stronger than ever. These are my merits, and I confidently rely on your vote for justice."

When he sat down, Theo wanted to explain matters; but as it was late, the senators thought it inexpedient to hear more. An animated debate ensued on the respective claims of the candidates, in which most of the senators present took part.

About one o'clock, the cabinet adjourned; but as it was dark out of doors, and as some mysterious footsteps were heard around the house at a distance, they all concluded the masonic members of the legislature were lying in wait for them, so the whole party took lodgings on the Governor's floor for the rest of the night.

LETTER XV.

A great meeting of the two cabinets, together with several federal members of the senate and house, is to be held in the council chamber at his excellency's residence, to-morrow night. Theo has put his patent short-hander in perfect order for the grand occasion; and has promised us full and copious reports of all the chaste and sublime sayings, speeches, singings, and doings, that must occur at a meeting of such transcendent geniuses. Questions touching the profound measures and policy of Governor Ritner's administration, will be cussed and discussed, in the fumes of tobacco smoke and the spirit of old peach and rye. It is understood that the ceremony of initiating Blanchard,* the abolitionist—now in town, in the pay of England—into the Governor's culinary cabinet, will be performed in due and solemn form; who, after the ceremony, will give a sketch of his plan of operations, rehearse some interesting particulars of Theo's early life, the two having been raised in the same neighborhood, and that he will explain, from Theo's early habits and propensities, why he is now so anxious to have the southern damsel negroes turned loose and brought among us.

* This gentleman was a philanthropic abolition agent and lecturer, sent into Pennsylvania to organize abolition societies, and sustain the administration of the Governor. He performed his duty ably and fearlessly; and, like myself, has felt the cudgels and rotten eggs of the masonic negro-stealers and their abettors.

The editor of the *Intelligencer* will also be turned out of the cabinet, because of his attack upon the message, and his refusal to join the Governor and his party in changing antimasonry into abolitionism; and him of the *Chronicle*, together with certain of his *state rights!* friends, will be ceremoniously inducted. Theo, the Governor, senators, and others, will make speeches upon affairs of state and abolition; their wits will play to and fro with alternate corruscations, that will irradiate, delight, surprise, astonish, and penetrate those who read the narrative. Theo will enter the room with his new cloak on, which he will wear gracefully during the whole session, and sport with dignity the cord and tassel with which it is decorated. Every bristle on his skull will stand erect, and he will shrug his shoulders after the most approved fashion. All will be able to see, by his knavish features and sentiments, that he is Governor Ritner's printer and adviser, and that the craft and roguery of a pedler, qualify a man admirably for defending the present *reform* administration.

LETTER XVI.

Seven o'clock on Thursday night, the 22d ultimo, found his excellency, the Viceroy of Nicholas H. Emperor of all the Banks, occupying his wonted seat in the council chamber; and the benches by the long table, with those that surrounded the apartment, filled by the dignitaries of the two cabinets, and the federal members of the legislature. Three candles were on the table, and nine others were blazing in tin sconces, (manufactured by Theo during his peddling days,) hung upon the rafters and surrounding posts. His excellency's liberality was attested by the profusion of good cheer which was displayed with more than usual ostentation. Wines, segars, mint-sticks, dough-nuts, and ginger-bread, were added to the old peach, pipes, and tobacco, which had hitherto alone vivified the cabinet meetings. The area upon the right, between the table and the outside bench, was occupied by the short-hander, a machine about the size of one of Theo's patent thrashers, which he used to vend in Lancaster county; whilst that upon the left was vacant, except in the centre, where stood three armed chairs wreathed with evergreens. The short-hander was manned by two of Theo's cronies, whom he had trained to the business, and who kept it in motion to record every audible sound as it arose.

His excellency was dressed in the style of the last generation, in a plain coat of grizzly grey, yellow buff waistcoat, scarlet small clothes, green silk hose, with fair top boots, and massive silver knee-buckles. A blue sash was thrown over his right shoulder, which had in front an imprint of the immortal Har-

rison, engaged in the memorable of North Bend, with a perspective glimpse in the back ground of the glorious present made to him by the grateful ladies of Chillicothe. The inscription underneath, composed by the laureat state printer, was—

“Time’s sickle will cut all us mortals in two,
Before all the puffing and glory that’s due,
Will be paid to the Hero of Tippecanoe,
Who fought for his country, and me and you,
Tho’ he kept away from where blood was drew;
And has a whole skin, as good as new,
And will be President of the U-
Nited States.”

He also wore at his side, suspended from a wide leathern girdle, a basket-hilted broad sword, manufactured in the reign of Queen Anne, a trophy of his prowess, taken by his own valiant hands from a slain horseman of the enemy, which he found lying dead in the corner of a fence, as he went out foraging during the perilous three months when he drove a baggage-wagon for the north-western army. This he was advised by his privy council to wear, as commander-in-chief of the militia of the commonwealth. On his head he wore an expansive three-cornered hat, surmounted by a waving white plume, which, together with a ponderous pipe of curious workmanship that rested upon his bosom, and from which he sent forth volumes of smoke, gave an expression to his aspect peculiarly grave, imposing, and dignified. His seat at the head of the table was this night raised upon a platform constructed for the occasion; and at his back stood his faithful Secretary, ready to prompt him whenever it became necessary for him to speak.

In the afternoon preceding this eventful evening, five strangers of fierce appearance, dressed in long blue frock coats, travelling cloaks and fur caps, whose faces were embedded in bushy black whiskers, were seen to alight from the eastern stage, at a hotel, by one of the spies retained by our sagacious Governor to watch the secret movements of the horrid oath-bound masons. Intelligence of this ominous occurrence was quickly spread amongst the faithful in town, and upon Capitol Hill. The palms of certain senators began to itch again, and their hearts to flutter with curiosity, because they suspected the strangers were emissaries of the New York faction, sent on by the Albany Regency to bribe them to vote for the repeal of the bank charter. Their whig allies of the two houses were seized with the same suspicion, and knowing of what materials some senators were composed, solemnly resolved to peril life and limb, if necessary, to prevent any communication between the parties. Theo feared they were constables from down east, and instantly all his peddling tricks and *sable* amours passed through his mind, whilst

his teeth chattered with apprehension. His excellency, and most of his personal friends and advisers, believed the new comers to be masons, despatched by the blood-stained lodge to murder himself, scalp his cabinet, and abduct his adherents in the legislature. Under this wise and prudent impression, a circular was issued, admonishing those who should attend the cabinet meeting, severally to arm themselves with a solid oaken bludgeon.

There were few who did not profit by the hint. Even the federalists complied with it, under the secret belief that clubs might be useful in keeping the supposed emissaries from the senators, and the senators armed themselves to save appearances. As the Governor carried his every-day cudgel, the company present embodied a force that would have given the strangers a warm reception, had they ventured an attack. Beside this, two able-bodied sentinels were stationed, one at the street door, the other at the head of the stairs by the door opening into the council chamber, each armed with a bayoneted musket, a dirk, hanger, two horse-pistols, and a pair of beetle fists bestowed upon them by nature.

Thus protected from the dark plots and murderous conspiracies of the prowling minions of the lodge, who are seeking to imbrue their cannibal hands in the patriotic blood of our present rulers in council assembled, at seven o'clock aforesaid a midnight silence prevailed, unbroken by even a whisper, or any thing, save the moaning of the winter blasts without, and the clicking of the short-hander, produced by each revolution of the crank and cylinders, and the springing of the treadles. All were watching the door with a look of anxious expectation, except the Governor, who sat, conscious of safety, calmly observing the eddying smoke above, which formed a waving blue canopy, and totally concealed the roof of the loft.

Presently a loud knocking at the street door was followed by a challenge in the hoarse voice of the sentinel, and the announcement that all was well. The same ceremony took place at the head of the stairs, when the door was opened, and Mr. Chronicle Geyer entered with his venerable head uncovered, and made a profound obeisance to his excellency, who returned it by a slight nod.

"When I think of the past," said Mr. G. "and see present those who purchased me to affiliate their writings, I feel greatly abashed at the thoughts of an explanation that may possibly exhibit me in the attitude of a menial, instead of a——"

"I understand your situation, Mr. Geyer," interrupted the Governor, "as well as either you or your employers possibly can. I know that you are hired by certain individuals, to let your name be used as editor of the Chronicle, behind which they defend themselves, attack their enemies, and support my reform

administration. As you are but a nose of wax—a creature without intellect or principle, who will sell your name and bodily labour to any party for pay, I hereby appoint you usher, to be stationed in the hall below, on council evenings, with a stipend of $31\frac{1}{4}$ cents, a small glass of peach, and four segars per night, I make this offer, to increase the price our political opponents would have to pay for you, as it would be a little inconvenient on account of the senate journal, for your employers to get along without you until the legislature adjourns.”

“I joyfully accept your offer,” returned the appointee; “and expect forthwith to perform my first official act, for I left at the front door five gentlemen in cloaks and caps, asking ad——”

Here the Governor jumped upon his feet and exclaimed—“Five did you say?” “Had they fleecy black whiskers?” cried the Secretary, in trepidation. The whole company rose, and every man firmly grasped his cudgel, as he leaned forward to hear the answer.

The new-made usher replied with an evident look of perplexity at the consternation his intelligence had produced, that their number was exactly five, and that every mother’s son of them wore huge whiskers, as black and glossy as the plumage of a raven.

“Mercy upon us!” ejaculated the Governor; “I’ll warrant it is the same gang of bloody-minded masons, who sought my life, and persecuted me so horribly in the state of New York last summer.”

“If the sentinels don’t shoot quick, it’s all over with us, I fear,” groaned Johnny.

“I’ll slip behind the chimney,” muttered Theo. “I hope Joe and Tom are right; for I’d rather face ten whole lodges, than one down east constable.”

“We are not afraid of them,” said the senators, moving towards the door. “We will go and fathom their plan of operations, and report as soon as may be.”

Here the whigs collected in a body about the door, declaring that there might be more peril in the adventure than was supposed; and that if permitted to go out, they would either disperse or sacrifice the marauding miscreants in the least possible time.

“Quiet your fears, gentlemen,” exclaimed the usher; “for you are all laboring under a strange mistake. Those who are applying for admission are nobody but five honest abolitionists, sent here by our charitable friends in Europe, who justly disregard the servile condition of the poor whites at home, and kindly offer their money and missionaries to relieve our country of the less intolerable evil of black slavery, which they have entailed upon us.”

“Generous souls!” said the Governor, as he sunk back into his seat. “Show them up, Mr. Usher; they come just in time

to aid me in my crusade against the 'dark spirit of slavery.' I have been forced to mount this hobby, because I could light upon no one patriotic enough to be Morganized, that another excitement might be created. I found the people rapidly leaving the antimasonic standard, and rallying upon principle—my foundation was falling; and I have taken up abolitionism as a last desperate resource."

On the introduction of the strangers, full bumpers were drunk to the success of the abolition cause, and the guests were seated as spectators for the evening. The short-hander recorded but two of their names, which were N. Nincompoop Noodle, and P. Polyglot Poodle, Esquires. No doubt but the others wrote their names in the same fashionable style, which marked them for great men.

Again the usher entered, and presented to the Governor a large sealed packet, giving the information at the same time that it was handed to him by a tall grave-looking personage, who had the countersign, and came in accompanied by a portly gentleman of color, in a drab great coat, and a red knit cap on his head. His excellency said he knew both the gentlemen well, and that he had a forecast of what the packet contained; then handing it over to the Secretary, who stepped forward, broke the seal, and found a parchment manuscript, enclosed in a letter from the Rt. Rev. Mr. Zebedee Hard-to-blanch, asking to be formally initiated into the Kitchen Cabinet.

After the application was read, the Governor told Theo to go down and prepare the candidate for admission, who shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded with a graceful air to discharge that function. The Secretary then read the contents of the parchment, which was directed to the Governor. It run as follows—

"Humane and Puissant Sir—

"Your election to the station you occupy was hailed throughout the Union by all friends of philanthropy and freedom, as the dawn of a new era. You were believed to be the friend of all men, 'bond and free,' of every clime or color; but it was not until your able, dignified, and magnanimous message to the legislature, which should be printed on satin in letters of gold, and hung by the side of the Declaration of Independence, denounced the 'base bowing of the knee to the dark spirit of slavery,' that I was assured you were *in reality* a second Wilberforce. We now are persuaded your ear is penetrable to the groans of the southern slave, and shut against the worse howlings of the ragged, thieving, starving free negro of the north; and we also rejoice to learn, that as an American citizen you approve the abject servitude of *whites* in the northern manufactories, after the manner of Europe, and feel abashed at the foul dishonor of *black* slavery, which obscures the stars and stripes of our coun-

try's glorious banner. Heaven shower its choicest blessings on the head of your excellency, for nobly stepping forward as a pioneer in this great and good cause!!

"To co-operate with you in this holy work, let me introduce to your acquaintance, in his *official* capacity as *agent* of the abolition societies in this city and England, the Right Reverend Zebedee Hard-to-blanch, who has been selected for this arduous and delicate task, on account of his rare accomplishments and endowments to advance the interests of the cause. He is a native of *down east*, with all the sagacity, penetration, hardihood, and cuteness, to make him a *leader* or a *victim*. He will live or die at his post; and neither blushes nor trepidation will trouble him in the fulfilment of his duty. To him you may look on all occasions for advice and information. He will be a valuable auxiliary, and is intimately versed in all our plans and operations. He will communicate the particulars, and counsel with you how to carry them into effect. The outlines are as follows:

"The Rev. Zebedee is to act as a general agent at your seat of government—to drill the members of the legislature who are on our side, and supply them with facts. He is to organize societies in all the neighboring counties, and to elevate the character of the free blacks, and bring them over to our views. The grand operation is to take advantage of the prejudice against slavery in the free states, and to convert it, as most things in this country are converted, to political purposes. Antimasonry is extinct in New York, and fast dying in Pennsylvania. Van Buren is opposed to us on the ground that the north ought not to interfere with the matter; and we and you, great sir, will have all the advantage of the patriotic excitement. It will establish you and your friends in power forever. Let nothing be said about consequences—they will not fall on our heads. Let these southrons look to it—on them is the sin, and on them is the penalty. Let oceans of blood be shed, it will not pay off the debt of vengeance. The 'avenging hour will come,' when the wrongs of the sons of Africa, who were stolen from a delectable state of civilization and happiness when they lived in the torrid zone, must be redressed. They are men as good as you or me, or the Rev. Zebedee; and should be received into all the joys of a free government, sit at our tables and in our legislative halls, drink out of the same cup with us, and intermarry with our sons and daughters. They are agreeable companions, except when the dog star rages.

"Means and money will at all times be forthcoming. Our allies in this work of philanthropy in Europe, will open their coffers to our use, and millions, if necessary, will flow to our aid.

"Dr. Wardlaw, Mr. Thompson, and other champions of freedom there, stand ready pledged to supply our wants. Already have their thousands set our numerous presses and myriads of

agents in motion. Our papers and pamphlets 'fly on the wings of the wind;' and while they secretly convey hope and comfort to the oppressed slave, ring the most appalling notes of terror and alarm to his tyrannical masters. Join, then, illustrious follower of Wilberforce, with our agent *Zebedee Hard-to-blanch*, heart and hand, in this great undertaking—put forth all the energies of your mighty mind—spur your party to the onset—enlist the powerful services of your worthy State Printer, *Jonathan Punkin, Esq.* a countryman and friend of our agent—he is the friend and *admirer* of the poor blacks—labor as zealously as you did for the benign principles of antimasonry, and a glorious victory will be ours.

"Given under my hand and the great seal of the society of Philanthropists, at New York, this 15th day of December, 1836.

TAPPAN, President.

When this letter had been read, handed back to his excellency, folded up, and ordered by him to be filed among the archives of the cabinet, three distinct raps were heard at the door of the loft. Emanuel was directed as usher to open it, and see who was there. He obeyed, and in walked the State Printer Punkin, followed by two other persons. He stepped into the middle of the room, made three low bows in his best fashion, and addressed the Governor: "Great Sir, permit me to have the honor of introducing to your acquaintance the Rev. Zebedee Hard-to-blanch, the confidential agent of the New York City Abolitionists, under whose direction I induced you to embark in the good cause, and to insert in your message the denunciation against the 'base bowing of the knee to the dark spirit of slavery.'" His excellency nodded assent; and the Rev. Zebedee advanced two steps and made a very graceful obeisance. His dress was exceedingly appropriate and imposing—a flowing robe of silk was thrown over his expanded shoulders, the right side white, and the left black, to denote the object of his mission—his shoes were of the same colors, except the colors were transposed—the white on the black side, and *vice versa*; a lofty *tiara* of golden color adorned his sublime brow, to show the consummation of his work.*

The State Printer again begged his excellency to suffer him to introduce his worthy friend, *C. Pompey Mushsquash*, a more honest and worthy gentleman than whom did not exist. Pompey advanced very much elated at this enconium, and squared himself for a speech. "I tank you, massa Gubenor, for de honor ob dis acquaintance. Massa Tappan told me you be clever fellow, and so did Massa Zebedee; but I was afeard to come to see a great man like Massa Gubernor, till I met with brudder Pun-

* That is, all things, even man, are to be turned into the color of gold. The extremes of whiteness and blackness will be seen no more.

kin, who told me he was state printer, and would introduce me to Massa Gubernor. I always liked brudder Punkin berry well, only sometimes, just after I was married to lubly Dinah, I get a little *jealous*. I hab also de honor to tell you, Massa Gubernor, dat since I come here, I hab organized a *bobolition* society of colored gemmen, and dat we will send ten delegates to the bobolition convention, which will meet soon in dis place; and if no udder church or house can be found for de convention to meet in, de truestees ob the African church offer dat for de use ob de convention.”*

At this point, his excellency told Pompey to stop, that both he and plenipotentiary Zebedee might make speeches after the ceremony of introduction was concluded. Peddling Jonathan then locked arms with Pompey and the Rev. Zebedee, Pompey on his left and the Rev. gentleman on his right, and marched round the room to introduce them to the respective members of the cabinet. Having done this, they then took their seats in the three festooned chairs, in the same order they promenaded the council chamber—Punkin in the middle. It was then moved that the cabinet take a drink of old *peach*, to the success of the cause, and to the confusion of the masons. His excellency told the agents he would drink with them—“fill up your cups and glasses,” he exclaimed—but Zebedee prayed to be excused on the score of principle—and Pompey because he did not feel dry. “You had better drink,” said the amiable ex-pedlar to Pompey, “it is rare old peach—it makes my mouth water to think of it.”—“Dat I will,” said Pompey, “*BRODER* Punkin, along wid you;” so saying, he seized the bottle that stood nearest, drew the cork with his ivory teeth, and prefacing it with, “after me is manners, as one gemman says to another,” took a most copious draught from the nozzle of the bottle, and handing it to Punkin, smacked his lips with delight. Jonathan took the bottle, and imitating his *broder* Pompey, raised it aloft, and watched the waving smoke above for at least five minutes, extracting the nectar meantime like an air pump.

When the drinking was done, they all took their seats as before, and the Governor requested the Rev. Zebedee Hard-to-blanch to submit the object, purposes, and intended operations of his mission to the cabinet. The Rev. gentleman arose to comply, and stretching forth his right hand, and poising his head in an attitude of self-assurance, proceeded as follows—

The remainder of the proceedings of this meeting are omitted for the present, for want of room. They will appear soon.

* This liberal and generous offer shows the magnanimity of that oppressed race.

LETTER XVII.

The Governor—Cabinet—Punkin—Ex-Pedler—Tappan—Burleigh—and the Abolition Convention!!!

On the evening before the assembling of the abolition convention, the governor was directed by Stevens and Co., to call a special meeting of the cabinet, at the usual place, in the *kitchen loft*. About seven o'clock in the evening, the sentinel was placed at the door—the candles lighted—the stoves red hot—the old peach sparkling on the table—the *tin* glasses scoured as bright as silver—the Governor on the tall tripod at one end of the table—the Secretary on his right hand—Tappan on his left, and Punkin, with the rest of the cabinet, Burleigh, and some dozen other distinguished leaders, black and white, of the abolition convention, seated promiscuously in different parts of the room.*

All was silent—not a word or a motion, except now and then Punkin thrust the forefingers of his right hand through his bristly foretop, which made a noise somewhat like the rustling of the wings of a turkey-cock, as he struts around the barn door. The Governor arose, gave three distinct raps on the table with his cane, and began as follows:

It has been some time since we have all assembled in this council chamber: but we never, surely, were called on to consider a more important subject than the one now under deliberation. We have met to determine whether myself and cabinet will go into the abolition convention, which is to commence tomorrow, and take part in its proceedings. Punkin and myself are in favor of the measure, but the rest of the cabinet are opposed to it. We have thought, that as anti-masonry is now dead, and no hope remains of giving it new life, that to associate ourselves with our abolition brethren, is the only mode of sustaining ourselves and securing my re-election. Those who differ from us as to the expediency of taking part with the convention, think the public mind is not yet ripe for that step; but they are as friendly to the cause as we are. There is no contrariety of opinion in my cabinet on this great measure. But if I do not go into the convention myself, I will send one of my sons as a delegate, and that must satisfy all our brethren, of every kin and color, that my views have not changed since my message. How can my views change? I am deeply interested in raising the negroes to an equal voice with the whites, for if that is done, not only the

* It is proper to state, that at this time an abolition convention was in session at Harrisburg, consisting of about one hundred black, and two hundred white members. The gentlemen here named were leading members.

thousands of blacks now in Pennsylvania will become voters for me, but thousands more will come in here from the slave states, and each man will contribute another vote for me, and against the new constitution, which is designed to destroy my patronage. Let that be only done, and our power will be perpetual. Stevens will succeed me, Punkin will succeed him, and some cousin of *his*, from "down east," equally the friend of the blacks, will be his successor. Oh what a glorious line of governors does abolition secure to Pennsylvania!!

"The white and black, with arm in arm,
Will rule this happy land."

I must say one word in relation to my own administration. What a rank has Pennsylvania assumed under my reign? See how exalted is her station in the eyes of the sister states. Under our former chief magistrates, did other states take so deep an interest in her welfare, as to send their distinguished sons to dwell among us, and to learn from us the art of ruling? Look around, my fellow citizens, and behold who is here! See brothers Tappan, Phelps, Burney, Gerrit, Smith, Burleigh, Blanchard, and a host of others, from New York—Ohio—Connecticut and Massachusetts—who have come among us to learn the science of civil government. Should not every true son of Pennsylvania feel proud at this high compliment paid to his native state? The result to which the deliberations of myself and cabinet have come in this matter, is not to go into the convention, but to aid you by council and countenance—we assure you that our hearts are with you—but that the public mind is not quite prepared to go with us further, at present, in this measure. At your next annual meeting we hope to be with you in free and fearless association—in the mean time, we will do all in our power to bring about this happy result.

As soon as the Governor had concluded, Mr. Tappan arose, and said, he was glad to find, that if the Governor thought it inexpedient to go into the convention, he was still friendly to the great cause of amalgamation, and would do all in his power to promote it. He did not doubt it would prove the political salvation of the Governor and his friends. He hoped, too, they would act as became real amalgamationists, and treat the negroes, (he begged pardon, colored brethren and sisters,) with kindness and affection, like Punkin did, whom he recommended as an example to the rest in this matter.

Brother Burleigh then addressed the Governor and council, in the following eloquent and sublime strain. He said, "I, and Punkin, your state printer, have been long acquainted; we traded jackknives together when boys, and set out with packs on our backs, about the same time, but he made 'great tracks in

the ashes,' as we say down east, and I never heard of him till I found him in his high station, as your first PRIVY counsellor. I mention this thing, to show you that my opinions, like his, are entitled to some weight. The colored brothers and sisters are treated with great cruelty. They are whipped, scourged and tortured; fried on griddles, like the masons, only worse, and skinned alive. The southern planters are savages; the Indians come among them to learn the art of inflicting cruel torments on their foes. It is said they treat their slaves so badly, that the very Indians turned away from it with tears in their eyes as big as your tin cups. Here is a sample. Here is the 'ear' of a slave, cut off by his master, because he was black, and would not change his skin, when his master told him. They say they let the slaves do as they please; yes, this reminds me of a story I heard from old Goody Simpkins, you knew her well, Jonathan Punkin, about her cousin Tim, who went to live with his uncle Bob; when they asked him how he liked his uncle, he said, 'very well, I can do as I please, *provided uncle Robert will let me.*' So it is with our colored brethren. I call upon you, the distinguished Governor of Pennsylvania, and you, illustrious sages of the cabinet, to assist in rescuing the slaves from thralldom, worse than Egyptian bondage, and in freeing our country from the curse of slavery."* Loud cheers followed this burst of eloquence, and Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Clay and Webster, were declared to be mere *Tyros*, compared to this matchless master of the art from Connecticut.

Brother Phelps and three colored brethren, said "*Ditto*" to brother Burleigh. The Secretary then said this was the right time of the year to make proselytes to the cause of abolition and amalgamation, and he would suggest that during dog days, and the hot season, the work should be discontinued. The Governor and several others, thought it a good hint, and remarked that these hot stoves were a proof of the fact.

Stop, exclaimed Punkin, pulling a small phial out of his pocket, and his lovely phiz dressed in its best style, I have invented a remedy for this evil, which will sweeten the intercourse between us and our colored brethren, and make the dog days as pleasant as the spicy gales of May. Here is a phial of my patent unction, enfolded in a wrapper, which I wish our Secretary to read, as he feels some qualms on the subject.

The Secretary took the phial, unrolled the paper wrapper, and read, in a loud voice, as follows:

* It is but justice to brother Burleigh to say, this is a literal report of his eloquent speech.

"The grand sweetener of life!!!

"PUNKIN'S PATENT ABOLITION ANTI-CONGO UNCTION.

"Designed to promote the comfort of inexperienced abolitionists, amalgamationists, &c. &c. and to advance the cause of social intercourse between the different colors. By Jonathan Punkin, Esq. inventor of Fenn's short hander—patent flea powder—pea pegs—musquito bills—churn dashers, &c. &c.—Ex-Pedler of Spinning Jennies—Patent Threshers, and other notions—at present, state printer, and first PRIVY counsellor of the Governor.

"For sale at the office of the 'Telegraph,' by the original inventor.

"The great experience of the inventor, in detecting, compounding, and appreciating these SMELLS, gives his TASTE in this matter, very high authority."

As soon as this was read, Punkin begged leave to explain its nature a little more particularly. Having been for years in the habit of intimate intercourse with brothers, and more especially *sisters* of color, he said he had reflected much on the means of neutralizing the *rank* odor they emitted, which was, to him, at first so annoying. At length, after many trials and failures, he had hit on the exact thing wanted, in his miraculous unction. Its main ingredients were *skunk's grease*, (not the grease of the members of the legislature,* who are skunks according to cousin Sedgwick, but such *bona fide* skunks as we used to catch about the hen-roosts of Connecticut) *assafoetida*, garlic, and pulverized buzzard's gizzards, mixed with the drippings of the blue dye pot, which being mingled in due proportions, resulted in the valuable discovery of this patent unction. Three drops of this, touched to any man's nose in dog days, will ascend to the brain, incorporate with the general circulation, and enable him to dance cotillions or *jigs* with a dozen ladies of color, without the least inconvenience. He had tried it often, and always with success. He took the phial from the hands of the Secretary, drew a small feather from his pocket, and dipping it in the liquid unction, advanced to the Governor, and proposed to touch it to the end of his imperial nose. [*The squeamish reader is advised to pass over the remaining lines of this paragraph, but truth compels us to insert them.*] His Excellency hesitated a moment, but consented, and Punkin, raising the feather, reeking with the "sweetener of life," tipped the proboscis of his Excellency, who threw up his head, and, in a fit of retching, copiously ejected the contents of his stomach into the lovely

* In the new year's address of the Telegraph, cousin Sedgwick, among other poetical flights of fancy, dubbed the democratic members "skunks."



The Governor making a second trial of the anti-congo unction.

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face of his state printer, whose mouth being open, received a full share of the sourcrout, pork, and potatoes, soaked in buttermilk, which he returned again, with the interest added of a dozen Weathersfield onions, a side of codfish, and a few large slices of pumpkin pie, wet down with switchell.

Here was sad work. His Excellency snuffed like a porpoise, and cursed the patent unction in good earnest. Punkin wished the sourcrout at the devil, and wiping a handful of the compound from his new cloak, whined, with tears in his eyes, "I never can get into decent society again. The *gals* will think I have been drunk." The Secretary thought they would find it advisable to wash down the remains of their suppers with old peach, and try the effects of the unction on empty stomachs, at a more fit time. They all joined in the drink, and gave "success to Punkin's inventions!"

After the peach had passed around, Messrs. Tappan, Phelps, and Burleigh each gave the unction a fair trial, and pronounced it the most "delightful of odors."

Tappan exclaimed, in an ecstasy of delight, "Oh, most rare and heaven sent Punkin!! This unction will remove all objection to my favorite amalgamation—will enable us to proselyte the world—and will make, even in my nice nostrils, a company of pure whites smell as sweetly as if one half were scented with the musky breezes of Congo, or Guinea!! The gratitude of the world will be thy reward. None but an *amateur* could have achieved this glorious invention. Renowned governor, I congratulate you as the patron of this wonderful state printer. You are the Mæcenas of the age."

Tappan concluded by moving that each foreign delegate should take five dozen phials of the unction, and send four boxes to Dr. Wardlaw and Thompson, in England, for the good of the cause there. It was carried unanimously, and Punkin agreed to have the whole ready by the adjournment of the convention, if skunk's grease enough could be procured. A draft on the foreign agent in New York for the money, was delivered to Punkin, and the cabinet adjourned.

Tappan informed Punkin that he should call to see him, at the office of the Telegraph, the next evening or so, with a colored brother, on special business, and Punkin directed his cousin and one of the colored brothers to take the "short hander," on their shoulders and place it on the editorial table. It was put according to orders, and on the second evening afterwards, Tappan, in company with a colored brother, called at the office. Tappan immediately introduced broder Punkin, to broder B. Bembo Blubberlips, Esq. a gentleman of great promise in the amalgamation and abolition cause. He told Punkin the convention had agreed to raise *ten thousand dollars* to aid the good work, and that as *he* had been honored with the choice of the

convention as "**AMALGAMATION ORGAN**," a part of that money would come to him—and that the friends of freedom had deemed it necessary to have associated with him, as co-editor of that paper, a colored gentleman, to show that they were sincere in their designs of making the whites and blacks equal. He said he had cast round among all his colored brethren, and could find none he thought nearer Punkin's equal, than brother Blubberlips. In talents, integrity, and respectability, he thought them *well paired*. He thought Blubberlips should remain a year as a sub-ordinate, and then be elevated with Punkin as joint heir of the editorial throne. He trusted the reputation of the paper for decency and ability, would not be diminished by this arrangement, but would be greatly increased. Tappan retired, and left Blubberlips and Punkin in a satisfactory mood:

"Fellow feeling made them wondrous kind."

A familiar conversation, on general subjects, commenced, in the following strain:

DIALOGUE

Between the Editors of the "Amalgamation Organ."

The following dialogue, contains all my experience in the two important subjects of getting forward in the world—and writing editorials for a political paper. In all the apothems of the wise men of ancient and modern times, I have seen nothing that comprises so much sound practical knowledge, for the man of business and politician. I commend it to the attention of all.

Punkin.—My dear Blubberlips, as you are about to become co-editor with me, I will take occasion to give you a few words of advice. In the first place never tell the truth, when a LIE will possibly answer as well—it is a principle of law that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel"—always avoid great libels in this way. I have been indicted for libels, and in consequence of telling great lies, I was only *found guilty of the costs*!! Had I told any thing like the truth, I should have fared worse. Calumniate your enemies—charge them with the blackest of crimes, although you have no grounds for it; somebody who don't know them will believe it.

Blubberlips.—But my dear broder, are you not afraid of being indicted for it.

Punk.—Not at all. I cut and slash so much, that they pretend it is not worth while to mind me; some of them say it is only throwing dirt with a chimney-sweep to contend with me;

and while they stand off, I have fine sport in bedaubing their characters. I tell the worst stories I can think of or *invent*, and have nothing to do but repeat them week after week without alteration, till the public give credit to them.

Blub.—Dont the peoples find you out, and disbelieve de whole?

Punk.—Oh, no! I find it in politics, just as it was when I peddled spinning jennies; if I told the *truth* about my wares, none believed me; but if I told a snug lie, it passed well enough—and I made a good sale. The trades of pedler and state printer are much alike.

Blub.—'Spose a fellow blackguard you, what you do den?

Punk.—Why, I would deny all he says—say about him just what he says of me. If he calls me pedler, I call him pedler—just as you have seen two boys quarrelling, when one calls the other a liar or rascal, the other stands by and answers "*so be you.*" This always uses them up—Bembo.

Blub.—'Spose a strong man undertakes to whip you for abusing him, how you get away?

Punk.—Very easy. If I have room to run, I appeal to my legs; and they have often carried me safely off. It takes a good fellow to catch me. I have outrun a dozen scoundrels who chased me with cowhides. But if I cant run, I shut my eyes and cry for help; the goodness of my fellow citizens always secures me from danger. I get thrashed occasionally, it is true; but *blacked* eyes soon get well—striped backs cannot be seen, and I have the gratification of *punishing* them in court, and being honored as a martyr to the cause of anti-masonry by the great governor of this commonwealth.

Blub.—Dont you think we may be indicted, when I get to be editor too?

Punk.—That may be, *when you come in*; but nothing will be done against me alone. Some folks may think *your* name will give weight to the charges.

Blub.—I hab some fears about dese tings to tell de fact to you, dear broder, I dont feel happy. I thought slavery was wrong, and being a slave myself, run away from my master, and every stranger I see, I am afraid he is my master, or some man sent to catch me.

Punk.—Never mind that—I ran away from Connecticut in the night, and for years after I came to this state, I thought every strange man I saw, was a sheriff or constable from "*down east,*" in pursuit of me, with a warrant in his pocket—and many a time have I run a mite before I looked back again. But I have escaped thus far, and since I have got to be state printer, I am perfectly independent. If I should be taken as a "*fugitive from justice,*" the governor will not grant his warrant to take me away

from this state; and I will save you in the same manner, should you be taken by your master.

Blub.—I have much concern, case I cant read much and can write less. I am afraid I make poor editor.

Punk.—Entertain no apprehenion on this account. When I began to edit an anti-masonic paper at Lancaster county, I had just hopped off from a tin cart, and could hardly make out a bill for a dozen tin cups. I never had seen any grammar, except one I cabbaged at school; and as for writing editorials, I could do nothing more than put down the names of my political adversaries, and dub them “vagrant”—“rascal”—“felon,” &c. &c. I hired a schoolmaster in the town to look it over for correction, and paid with the balance of my stock of tin notions. But look what I have come to! State printer of this commonwealth; and you may rise as high, and shine as bright as I have. I will aid you—pattern after me—write scoundrel—robber—runaway—horse thief—sheep thief—negro driver—any thing of this kind against your enemies—write them forty times over—*lie*, and insist upon it—*never blush*—never correct your falsehoods; and all will go right—we will sweep the field before us. This is the way I have succeeded.

Blub.—When I think of the way I was whipped and bused, my very soul aches. I cannot bear it!!

Punk.—What do you think of me, who has been whipped—kicked—cuffed—cow hided—trampled in the gutters, and bruised about the head, till I could not see day light for a week, nearly every bone in my body has been broken—my skin has been literally tanned and curried for the goad of antimasonry, and yet I have borne it all as meekly as Sancho Panza did the blanketing—I did not complain—cheer up brother, the times are bright.

Blub.—Was it the buse you receive, dat make your countenance hab such a queer color, and your hair stand up strait like de feathers on my master’s bantam cock.

Punk.—My countenance received its colour and appearance from the innate modesty of my character. I blushed so much at the *lies* I was obliged to tell, and the tricks I had to practice in my various peddling expeditions, that blushing has become at last my natural color.

“It creams and mantles like a standing pool,
And just reflects the feeling rife within.”

As to the upright posture of my hair, that is easily accounted for; crawling through hedge fences to get at orchards and hen roosts when a boy, and running away from brandished cowhides since I have been a man, have made it as natural for my hair to

stand on end, as a hot sun and a sole leather scalp have caused yours to crisp and curl like the wool on a poodle dog's jaws.

Blub.—De blackman hab so many enemies in this State, I tremble for my safety.

Punk.—That is nothing. Look at my enemies—every body is my enemy except the Governor and the Cabinet. I am exiled from all decent society, and despised because of my principles of freedom, and attachment to your color. Many want to destroy me. See what poetry the “Pole cat organ” (a name by the way, I invented while compounding my patent unction by stewing skunk's grease) publishes about me. See what they exultingly hope will be my end. If our party is defeated they ask—

“Tell me ye anties, what will then,
 Become of THADY, TODD, and FENN?
 Will FENN set out for Old Virginny,
 With nutmeg, horn flint, spinning jenny,
 Wafer splitters, patent thrashers,
 Fly traps, pea pegs, and churn dashers?
 Or will his occupation be
 TO FERRY NEGROES O’ER THE SEA,
 With ARTHUR TAPPAN at the helm,
 Bound for hot Congo's sultry realm?
 Perchance he may an heiress wed,
 With pearly eye and curly head,
 And whilst he in her arms reposes
 Dream of the otto of sweet roses.”

Our fortunes thus far have been marvellously like each other, and—but what need we care? We are both BACHELORS, and can readily take care of ourselves.

Blub.—Oh no, Bruder Punkin, you are mistaken, I am no bachelor, I am a married man. I hab a lovely, charming, golden cheeked wife, only 22 years old, in de south, and dat makes me unhappy.—Oh, dearest Sukey, if you was here!!!

Punk.—Is that possible, brother? I am glad to hear it. In all partnerships, one of the partners should be married—I will immediately take steps to bring her here—I will get you a nice little house in a retired street, and perhaps board with you—I like the *cooking* of the colored ladies. Next summer you shall take a trip of a month or so to the west, and get acquainted with our friends and subscribers. I will—

Blub.—Dat will neber do—I cant leave my dear wife in a strange place.

Punk.—Dont think of that—I will see that she wants for nothing in your absence. I will act up to the principles of our creed.

Blub.—I dont like to trust any man wid de care of my family, particularly a bachelor *Bobolitionist*, if he be even my partner—I cannot go from home.

Punk—You must—

Here the treadle of the *shorthand* broke directly in the middle—Punkin's cousin darted out of the door to visit the oyster cellar, and the report of the dialogue was abruptly terminated.

On the succeeding day, the shorthand was repaired, and as it reported prose with surprizing accuracy, I thought it best to try it on poetry. As Bembo frequently sung the following sweet and pathetic ballad, I tried my skill upon that, and succeeded to admiration. I now give the poetry, as a proof of the value of my shorthand, and also to refute the unfounded notion, that Negroes are not as highly endowed with genius as white men.—Where is the man, who has a heart, that will deny its merits?

BEMBO'S WIFE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

Tune—*Roy's Wife.*

Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
There cant be found in all this land,
A lovelier dame than Bembo's Sukey.

The sun doth glisten on her face,
Like starbeams on the midnight water,
While snowy smile and sooty grace
Proclaim her Afric's own true daughter.
Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
There cant be found in all this land,
A lovelier dame than Bembo's Sukey.

The wave that heaves on Congo's shore,
Heaves not so high or darkly wide—
As Sukey in her midnight snore,
Close by her husband, Bembo's, side.
Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
There never walked on Congo's strand,
A fairer dame than Bembo's Sukey.

Ah! soon you'll see in Harrisburg,
The aspiring young and gallant hoary
Fall prostrate 'fore this Southern orb,
Dispensing forth ECLIPSING glory.
Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
There never was in all the land
So black a dame and yet so lucky.

And none amid the courtly throng
 Will lower now to dusty Sukey,
 Than him who was a pedler once,
 My partner now, Dear Broder Punkey.
 Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
 Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
 She'll bask fore'er in Josey's smiles,
 And lovelier smiles of Jonty Punkey.

Angola's nymphs asemble now,
 Beneath the shade of green bamboo,
 And shuffle off the juba step
 To "jawbone crack" and banja too.
 Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
 Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
 Oh! never in Angola's groves
 Danced *fairer* nymph than Bembo's Sukey.

The lion's roar on Gambia's sand,
 And monkeys dance round Timbuctoo :
 Joy—joy resounds through Negro land,
 To hail the rise of duskey Sue.
 Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
 Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
 Joy—joy resounds through negro land
 To hail the rise of Bembo's Sukey.

Virginia now her strain prolongs,
 And hails her lovely child so lucky ;
 The lunar mountains wake in songs,
 And echo back the name of Sukey.
 Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
 Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
 All Afric joins the general joy,
 And sends her love to Pennsylvania.

Come kneel ye slaves on freedom's land,
 And own the sway of "Farmer Josey,"
 And when he waves his buck-horn cane,
 Be sure you bow to dusty Sukey.
 Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
 Bembo's wife of old Virginia,
 Wake every voice throughout the land,
 And sing the praise of Bembo's Sukey.

LETTER XVIII.

Letter from the Governor.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, July 28, 1837.

To my dearly beloved friends, being and composing in my absence my Executive Council of State, and in my presence, my trusty and confidential advisers—MASONICALLY called my “Kitchen Cabinet.”*

My Dear Friends—

You will read this letter with more pleasure, I fear, than I feel in writing it. My journey has been, thus far, any thing but fortunate and agreeable. I have been subject to a thousand mortifications, and have escaped a thousand dangers. I have often repented that I was ever elected Governor—and again and again, have wished, as I journeyed from Harrisburg to this place, that I was mounted on my old saddle horse Gray, with my five others, cracking my whip, and whistling to the joyous jingle of the bells. Those were days of pleasure, that might be envied by Kings on their thrones!! Happy times alas!! never to return to me again! But I will not harrow your souls with my own heavy feelings. * I am a Governor, and must pay the penalty of the honor.

I started with my grays, slick rogues! and passed through Carlisle. Nothing particular occurred, except the insolence of the “gate keepers” and tavern keepers when I offered to pay their bills in “shin plasters,” or the only current small change of the times. I have never pulled out a ten cent note along the road, without seeing the sneers, and listening to the reproaches of every paltry puppy who was present. Some call them “Ritner money,” others “Antimasonic specie,” and others “reform currency.” It is provoking to be insulted in this way—and one night when I stopped in Franklin county, I had a sharp round with a half dozen of these impudent fellows.

I told them plainly they were mistaken. This was Jackson, Van Buren money—the real “hickory leaves,” as Jonathan Punkin says—but they denied my assertion, and called on me for the proof. I told them that this money was brought into circulation in this manner.† Jackson wanted to show what a

* This was the first letter written by the Governor, during his Journey of Observation, in the fall of the year 1837.

† The suspension of specie payments by the banks, has given rise to many essays and opinions respecting the true causes of that catastrophe—some more, and others less satisfactory, but of the whole number, none manifests so deep an insight into matters, and so full an acquaintance with the great interests of the people, as this short and pithy rebuke of Jackson's administration, by the Governor. How clear and plain does he make the subject? Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Biddle altogether, could not exceed this profound production. How few really great men have ever lived!

great fellow he was, and what he could do with the people, so he broke down the U. S. Bank. This threw every thing into commotion, and as the teamsters say of a drove of cattle on a dirty *pike road*, "kicked up a dust." I wanted to settle the dust, and show that I was able to do as much as Jackson. So I put the U. S. Bank up again, with its old capital, and old stock holders. Jackson was mad at this, to find I could build up, what he could pull down. So he, to spite me and the bank, issued the "specie circular order." That cut off the U. S. Bank notes at the West, where they were the best money, and compelled the U. S. Bank to narrow its operations—and being in debt to Europe—and Jackson and Van Buren refusing to repeal the specie circular, so as to give its notes a free circulation in the west, it had to stop specie payments, and compelled all the other banks to do the same. The specie was all shut up, and there was no small change, till *my friends* the councils of the city of Philadelphia, the directors and stockholders of the the banks, as a *favor* to the public, had to issue small notes, and the other towns and boroughs had to do the like to keep out the city notes. This is the history of the matter, and it proves, said I, with that *knowing* look, which Punkin told me to put on, when I was hard pushed, that they are "Jackson money," the real "hickory leaves."

They were all frightened when I told them I was the Governor, and said nothing, except one rascal, who said, according to my own story, the issue of this money was commenced by the bank I had put up, and by *my friends* in the city of Philadelphia. This he made look very plausible, but I replied to him, by a thump on the table with my big cane, and he was silent.

Didn't I give the fellow a good answer? heh! It was nearly equal to my message to the Legislature proving General Washington to be an Antimason, which was written by Stevens.

I noticed, soon after I left this place, as I passed through the woods, a number of strange looking fellows skulking behind trees and stumps—in the same way they did about a year ago, while I was travelling into the state of New York. I inquired and found there was a branch of the grand lodge in the place where I had stopped, and heard also that *secret* threats had been made against my life. I heard guns snap once or twice by the way side. I saw the sparks fly—and once there a was a visible flash in the pan. My horses began to run, and, thus I have no doubt, saved my valuable life.

I have no doubt I should have been attacked and openly murdered by the minions of the lodge, had I not been happily accompanied by my office holders of the county, whose presence kept the assassins at bay. I may as well mention here, that through each county I pass, I am attended and guarded by my office holders, who meet me at one line, and escort me to the other.

On the day before I reached this place (Bedford) as I was ascending a mountain, I got out to walk, in the manner I always did in former times. I desired my friends to remain in the carriage, which they did. About half way up—they had got ahead of me considerably—when I came to a fine clear spring of water, gushing from the hill side. Being thirsty I turned aside, and pulling out a pint bottle of “old peach” from my pocket, took a good *swig*, and lay down to drink out of the spring. I had not swallowed a mouthful, before two fellows leaped out of the woods, and with horrible imprecations sprang upon me.* One seized me by the hair and thrust my head into the mud up to the shoulders, and, as the Secretary says,

“What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death, within mine eyes!”

The other jumped on my back, and commenced beating me most mercilessly with a long board, bored full of holes. Every hole stung like a wasp in a hay field, and left its mark. I tossed, and tumbled, determined to sell my life to the bloody masons, at as dear a rate as possible. Oh! Morgan! Sainted Morgan! cried I, and I almost felt my throat, as they screwed my cravat, gashed open from ear to ear. My waistband burst open, and I thought the dreadful masonic penalty, of having my bowels ripped out, was paid. I attempted to call for help, but my throat was filled with mud—and I was speechless. “You old villain,” said they, “we will have satisfaction! We will pay you for your *lying* proclamation. We will pay you for inducing us to work on the faith of it, and then to cheat us out of the money. We will take our ‘ESTIMATE’ out of your hide, if you have no money in the treasury.” Such were the exclamations that were made by these assassins of the lodge, during their wicked and murderous attack. I was beat till insensibility relieved me from pain—and the next thing I recollect was my dear friends, bathing my temples in “old peach”—and tears.

As I had lingered so long behind, my friends returned just in time to see the assassins leave me, as they thought lifeless.—No trace of them could be found, but a sheet of paper folded up, which they had dropped in the affray, headed “**ERIE LINE—ESTIMATE FOR SECTION No. —,**” with a column footed up \$32,400—and endorsed “*No money in the Treasury.*” One

* This assassin-like attack on his Excellency, and the miraculous escape of the villains, proves the malice and the dreadful power of the Lodge. The supposition that the men were disappointed contractors, who had worked on the faith of the Governor’s proclamation, assuring them that there was money in the treasury, when there was none, was general at the time, but subsequent events show that the Governor was right in suspecting them to have been minions of the Lodge. The conspiracy has been found out by the signs and grips of the perpetrators.—So much for the blessed disclosures of Morgan’s invaluable book!!

of my friends thought the fellows looked like two contractors, who had been to Harrisburg to get money, but being answered there was none in the treasury, had sworn vengeance against me for deceiving them by my proclamation—and the paper found seemed to strengthen the supposition—but I thought then, and still think, they were two assassins of the lodge. For although NINE TENTHS of the masons in the State *pretend* to support me—still I think they secretly want to kill me, or get rid of me in some way. They want a governor of their own—and I do not trust their friendship. My back, and the aforesaid nameless part are covered with spots as thick as those on the Leopard or Zebra, that you and I, Johny, went to see at the old tan yard, in the lower end of Harrisburg a few days before I started away from there.*

Being injured severely, my friends have deemed it advisable for me to stop at the Bedford Springs a few days, to recruit.

I reached the Springs yesterday, and took lodgings. I sent for some of the celebrated healing waters, and what do you think was brought me?—Why, nothing more nor less than a base Masonic compound of brimstone, assafoetida and garlic juice mixed, together with some poisonous drug, intended, I have no doubt, to put an end to my existence. I smelt it, and that was enough to disclose the plot—I smelt treason before it came within a foot of my nose, and I dashed it away. I have now changed my boarding house, as I understood the other was kept by a high mason, who told me, when I taxed him with designing to *poison* me, that it was the natural odor of the water—it was impregnated with sulphur, and that he gave me the same he gave Mr. Buchanan and other guests. I told him I knew better, or at all events the *spring must be poisoned* by the Masons, and that I would drink water out of the creek. As the others use the brimstone water, I expect in a few days we shall have a dreadful scene here of the dying and the dead—but I am safe—I *drink creek water*.

Bathing is essential here, and when I came to ask for a bath, none could be found large enough to hold be. It is somewhat strange, that I should be the *greatest* man ever in this place—but so it is. The landlord looked for a hogshead, or something that would answer as a substitute, but he could find none, and was about to have one made on purpose, which would have taken ten days; but as I was looking around the yard, in my usual way, I happened to espy a monstrous feeding trough, on a six

* There was a very interesting menagerie of animals recruiting at the place referred to; there—and strange to tell!—the lion knew the Governor as soon as he approached the cage. He would soon have devoured Johnny or myself, but he slunk away as soon as the Governor received his cane. What a wonderful resemblance between governors and kings, that lions should recognize them from the rest of mankind!

horse wagon, and it instantly occurred to me, that it would do for a bath. I ordered it to be taken off the wagon, despite the remonstrances of the driver, and placed in one of the bath rooms. It was filled with water this evening, and I got into it.* I find it will do very well for the purpose, except it is rather too narrow. I had a pretty piece of business after I got out, to wash off the cut-straw and chop-feed which had not been properly cleaned out before it was put into the bath room. I have worked about two hours with a scrubbing brush and curry-comb, but there is a good deal of it sticking in my hair yet. This circumstance has put me so much out of humor, I fear I have not written a very good letter.

I see friends and enemies here from all sections of the State, who do not give me very favorable accounts of the condition of my affairs, but my sheet is full, and the express mail is about to leave, and I must defer giving particulars till my next.

Yours, truly and forever,

THE GOVERNOR.

LETTER XIX.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, July 30, 1837.

To my dearly and well beloved friends, being and composing in my absence, my Executive Council of State; and in my presence, my trusty and confidential advisers, MASONICALLY called my "*Kitchen Cabinet*."

My Dear Friends—

I shall leave here to-morrow morning, after having spent three days very uncomfortably. There being no troughs here large enough to bathe in, and the waggoner having gone with his, mentioned in my last, I have had no other method of soaking myself in the spring water, except to have it poured on my head. This has been attended with much trouble, and as I am well enough, and the horses are rested, I shall jog on again towards Washington early in the morning. My office holders here are prepared to attend me to the Somerset line.

Just after I closed my last, a blackguard, sent by that masonic villain who publishes the Mountaineer, came under my window, and in a loud voice sung a melody about the currency, which, I suppose, will be published in his next paper. I was obliged to

* The inventive genius of his excellency shows out resplendently wherever he goes, and whatever he does. He is the only man who can teach me, for he has suggested several improvements in my short-hander and patent wafer-splitter.



The Governor drumming on the floor, and making a noise, to avoid hearing the Mountaineer's song, at Bedford Springs.

sit and hear it, for all the masonic women and children in the neighbourhood were huddled about the doors and windows, so that there was no chance for me to escape. I could therefore do nothing but sit and drum with my heels on the floor to try to drown the noise.* Yesterday morning I received a letter from

*The Governor made so much noise that he did not hear the song. But the malice of his adversaries was not to be thus disappointed—they threw the following copy into his window, which was preserved and handed to me by Mike, the heir apparent.

POPULAR MELODIES,

BY THE EDITOR OF THE MOUNTAINEER.

TUNE—"Oh my long tail blue."

NOW SHINPLASTERS are "all the go!"
As all de people *feel*;
Because old Nick and our "old Joe,"
Have broke de "BALANCE WHEEL!"

CHORUS.

Oh de balance wheel!
De PAPER balance wheel!
The PEOPLE'S sick of Joe and Nick,
And curse de "BALANCE WHEEL!"

Brave JACKSON made a tarpul kick,
Through patriotic zeal;
And he capaiized the mighty Nick,
And his great balance wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

De whigs den all began to stare
And run about and squeal!
And axed old Josey to repair
De broken balance wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

Old Josey, he is mighty wise,
(Which he cannot conceal!)
And so he thought he could devise,
Another balance wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

So Joe he taxed his mighty wits,
To which he did appeal,
And out of all the *broken bits*,
He patched another wheel:
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

And then old Nick and Thaddy too,
To aid the common weal,
Swore they would make old Jackson rue
The kick he gave the wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

one of our prothonotaries, which has bothered me ever since. I send you a copy of it that you may return me an answer to give him.

In *secrecy* they laid the plot,
Which they would not reveal,
Until *some* SENATORS they bought!
To help to make the wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

All of a sudden, mighty rash!
Like sellers gone to steal,
The people's rights they tried to smash,
Beneath the balance wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

They got the charter, (*They know how!*)
And thought the folks would kneel;
And, with idolatry, would bow
Before the balance wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

[Then INGERSOLL and DALLAS said,
The PEOPLE should "*repeal*,"
The BARGAIN that Old Nick had made,
To run his balance wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.]

Tho' much was said—to work they got,
And pulverized like meal
The people's rights—with JUGGERNAUT,
The mighty balance wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

Then round it flew, from point to point:
Like thunder's awful peal,
And knocked the country out of joint,
The tarnal balance wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

For CONFIDENCE received a blow,
And it began to reel!
Which soon capsized Old Nick and Joe,
And stopped the balance wheel!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

And now de CHARTER's null and void!
Though BARGAINED under seal!!
And Joe and Nick are self-destroyed! §
Beneath the balance wheel!!!!
Oh the Balance Wheel! &c.

The DEMOCRATS—(tho' fond of noise!)
Are all as true as steel;
And out of "BENTON'S YELLOW BOYS"
They'll make a balance wheel!
A STEADY Balance Wheel—
A LASTING Balance Wheel—
We will be free—and Equity,
SHALL GUIDE THE BALANCE WHEEL!

Dear Governor—I want you to settle some questions for me that I cannot answer, and if they are not answered soon, I fear that you and me and the rest of us will have to throw up our offices shortly. Every body is asking me what you meant by abusing corporations and banks in your inaugural address, and then in a few weeks signing bank bills and corporation bills without number—how it happened that, within three months after that address, full of good democratic doctrines, that near forty millions were added to the banking capital of the state, and companies to keep tavern, sell hay and straw, make iron tools, and so forth, were created without number. Now I could not explain this apparent inconsistency without taking our friend Punkin's plan of lying out of it, which will not do here in the country, for if I was to say as Jonathan does, that there had been no increase of banking capital since your reign began, nobody would believe me.

There is another matter also that you must set right immediately. Folks in this quarter want to know what you meant in your last message, when you said the currency was sound, and that the United States Bank was the great balance wheel in the money machine. Nobody understands it since the depreciation of bank notes, the issue of shin plasters, and vanishment of specie. I try to say, with Punkin, that shin plasters are hickory leaves, set afloat by masons; but I am only laughed at for my pains, and told that they are the true whig currency, occasioned by the overissues and failures of the banks.

Others are inquiring why you vetoed the improvement bill last winter, of \$3,000,000, when you signed appropriations of about five millions and a half the year before.

Some think that the money that came from the general government would have done more good if laid out in improvements, mending roads, making turnpikes, canals and railroads, causing it to be thus distributed amongst the people throughout the State, than it is now doing in the hands of bank speculators and stockjobbers, a race against whom you have professed the greatest hatred.

Now, dear Governor, if you don't very soon furnish the public with reasons for all these things, we shall all be flat on our backs at the next election. Your state printer, the expedler, though a cunning man, stretches the truth so unconscionably when he talks of these things, that no one believes him. Come out, therefore, yourself, and under your own name, and prove that you not only profess honesty, but practise it. As things are at present, the people are beginning to look upon you as little better than a man of straw, set up by a few knaves, who make you profess good wholesome principles, whilst they make you practice the crooked policy of federalism.

Hoping to hear from you by return of mail,

I remain respectfully, &c.

N.B. Please, whilst you are about it, to send on the reasons why you abused Gen. Jackson for his vetoes, and then vetoed so often yourself; and also, why you vetoed a bank charter of \$2,500,000, just after you signed one of \$35,000,000.

Now I want you to lose no time in making out a good set of reasons for these things, and send me, that I may be able to issue a bulletin on my arrival at Washington. Put all your heads together, and if you can't do it well, send for Thaddy, who can give a reason for every thing.

They talked of inviting me to a dinner here, but when the matter was mentioned to me by a confidential friend, I requested that it might not be done. This I did because I had no one along to frame a reply. I will never go out again without Thaddy, the Secretary, or Punkin, is with me.

Letters are coming to me from all quarters, complaining of our officers on the improvements. Do look to it. I fear the President of the canal board is too much given to brown studies to discharge his duties well. He thinks too much, and acts too little. Look to him; persuade him to throw aside rappee, and take scotch—it will quicken his ideas and his motions. Keep an eye on the whole board.

I have been told that some of the lock-keepers keep groceries without license; if the masons find it out, the treasurers must make them pay for license—if not, do as you please. Mind all these matters, and see that the masons make no discoveries. Keep every thing snug, and if any of the collectors embezzle, don't let it leak out.

Yesterday it rained, and I commenced reviewing my studies; read twenty pages in Cruikshank's, on the thirty-nine articles, and ten in Obblebaw's Farriery*—felt much edified; and intend, as soon as I am done being governor, to publish a work on Farriery, in which my favorite treatment to revive old worn-out horses will be fully set forth. Had the last masonic legislature pursued my recommendation, we should now have had a state horsepital in successful operation, which would have immortalised us all.

This morning, when I went into the kitchen to light my pipe, I observed one of the cooks look at me from the corners of her eyes in a very suspicious manner. It occurred to me at once that this was a mason thirsting for my blood, who had assumed this disguise to poison me. I mentioned the matter to the land-lord, who assured me she was an honest female—he had known her these ten years, and that the manner of her peering at me was in consequence of her astonishment at seeing a governor.

* How instructive are the studies of all Governors and great men! The Governor's philanthropy here bursts forth with great lustre!



**The Governor meditating improvements, late at night, on Obblebaw's treatise on
farriery.**

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I am still satisfied that I was right, which determines me to eat nor drink nothing more here, and to be off and get my breakfast in some place where they don't know who I am.

I long to get into Washington county, where I am afraid that pest of my life, Sam Workman, has turned every thing wrong side up. You know I used to say, that if ever I got to be governor, I should send him home in less than five minutes. Well, I did that; but I am afraid he has played hob there, and set the people against me. It will take some time for me to regulate them all again.

A pretended beggar was introduced into my room this afternoon, who apparently had lost his nose. He alleged that it had been destroyed by a cancer, which, with a long series of ill health, had driven him to beg. After drawling out a tedious story of complaints, with affected humility, he solicited me for a quarter. But I detected the imposture of the scoundrel at once, for he was nothing but a murder-loving mason, who had drawn in his nose like a turtle, for the sake of fleecing me of my money.* I owe the discovery to my suspicions, which are always on the alert against the subtle plots of the lodge. So I turned the scape-gallows out of the room, and kicked him down stairs; where the landlord, instead of turning him out doors, turned a deaf ear to my charges of knavery, gave him food and money, then suffered him to depart in peace. This affair makes me believe that the landlord, who was my friend, has been tampered with by the wicked fraternity.

You can perceive from all these circumstances, that I am cruelly badgered about by these oath-bound bloodhounds, who give me no rest by night or day. I am almost worn out with watching and anxiety, and begin to lose flesh rapidly—my greatness is daily oozing out at my pores. Unless I get relief, the bathing troughs here will hold me easy enough when I come back; but I shan't call here again, between ourselves. Mike wraps himself up in a blanket, and lays across the door every night, whilst I watch at the windows. I am satisfied that there is a large body of these scalping, embowelling, throat-cutting, cable-towing, marauders about me, for I see them prowling through the yards at night, and the woods during the day. But I am determined to escape them. Patriotism demands it of me—for what would become of poor Pennsylvania, should her present governor be abstracted? What would become of you all, my dear friends?

As you abominate your ancient callings, and wish to keep your present salaries and offices, sustain me, and circumvent the plots of the masons. All of you help the faithful Punkin, and

* Few of these sturdy plunderers are able to escape the Governor's penetration, which, in almost all instances, detects them, and sends them bootless from his door.

impart new fire to the *Telegraph*.* Batter the masonic Key-stone—bring your whole artillery to bear upon it—call its editors all the ugly names you can invent—help Jonathan to a new vocabulary—his old one, containing thieves, penitentiaries, pillories, &c. has been used so much, that people begin to think it displays a familiarity on his part not consistent with a virtuous past life. Let this be reformed. I shall write again as soon as I get upon my own dung-hill, and have my scouts placed round to keep off the masons.

What, with writing and keeping my accustomed lookout, it is now almost morning—I have ordered out the horses, and so for the present,

Good-by, my friends,

THE GOVERNOR.

P.S. If Jonathan can be spared, you had better send him right on with your protocol. There is no trusting our secrets in the hands of the masonic postmasters.

LETTER XX.

WASHINGTON, August 11, 1837.

To my dearly and well beloved friends, being and composing in my absence, my Executive Council of State; and in my presence, my trusty and confidential advisers, *masonically* called, my "KITCHEN CABINET."

My dear Friends:

I reached here two days ago, safe and sound, notwithstanding the beatings and bruising of the masons. Nothing of moment occurred on my way from Bedford, except an attempt of the constable of ——— township, in Westmoreland county, to serve a writ on me, at the suit of the old cake woman,† whose table I was thrown on by my horse, when he ran away at the militia training, nearly a year ago—but I fortunately made my

* Was there ever such a generous Governor before? My heart overflows with affection, whenever these evidences of confidence and attachment escape him.

† On my own responsibility, I employed Joshua F. Cox, Esq. of Somerset County, to inquire into this matter, and, if it would lie, to bring an action of false imprisonment against the said old woman. He, with his usual industry, examined the matter, as he did the anti-democratic conduct of Mr. Buchanan, and reported to me; that this old woman was married to a high mason, and that when the Governor paid her nine dollars and seven cents, as stated in a former letter, he took her receipt in full—but her husband contended that a man's wife could not bind him by her acts—denied the validity of the receipt, and instituted proceedings against the Governor, as above described. Mr. Cox will sue him for *scandalum magnatum*, as soon as we get a good, honest anti-masonic judge in Westmoreland, and, it is believed recover heavy damages. The amiable and liberal character of Mr. Cox, will go far towards getting a generous verdict.



Jonathan's advances to the strange lady repulsed.

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escape by passing myself off for a drover, and inquiring the price of cattle. He did not make the discovery till I was across the line of Westmoreland; but I shall be careful not to go that road again. Confound the cider, beer and boiled pork—I got enough of them when I was tumbled heels up on the table, and spoiled my coat and breeches, without paying for them into the bargain? Though I have been here two days, and though I came all the way from Harrisburg to see my farm, and direct its operations, I have been kept so busy with the calls and complaints of my friends, that I have not had time to look even into the barn yard. To tell the truth, however, I never liked farming; and since I have been Governor, with a salary of four thousand dollars a year, I like it less than before—and if I was sure of being re-elected for nine years, I would sell out and be rid of the trouble, and devote all my time to politics. But then again, Punkin could not call me "*Farmer Ritner*," and I might lose votes if I sacrificed that name. Every thing here is out of joint. Our friends are in confusion. Sam Workman has been doing great injury to me; and I believe Joe Lawrence is secretly trying to cut my throat, and be elected Governor himself. I will do what I can to mend matters—I hope I shall succeed.

My friends are getting very much alarmed. They say I am daily losing supporters; and my enemies are growing confident and insolent. They say I have pursued an inconsistent course, and that nothing can save me. I found it hard to explain every thing satisfactorily; but last evening your private circular, in answer to my last, came to hand, and places every thing in a clear light—it will convince all who read it—it will pour a flood of knowledge into the puzzled brains of my friends. Depend on it, it will work wonders.

You done right in sending for Thaddy to write it. He says to me in his private letter, that he had hardly time to snatch from his political affairs to do it; but, that as it was an important matter, he could not decline. He thinks it not quite equal to the message he wrote for me, proving that General Washington was an anti-mason; but for my part, I think it not a whit inferior. Thaddy is truly a wonderful man.

Jonathan Punkin brought the circular, as he informs me by a note, as far as Carlisle, intending to come to Washington with it; but a companion* of his, in whom he feels about 40 thousand

* A matter is referred to here, the recollection of which has caused me much mental anguish. A fair creature, travelling in company with her father, made a temporary sojourn in this place, during which, I inquired her out, and strove to win her heart. Her father was a churl, but she had forty thousand dollars. I therefore determined to put up with any insult from him, for her sake. Learning that they were to leave Harrisburg by the western stage, which departed about nine o'clock, P. M. daily, I repaired with my trunk to the bridge across the Susquehanna, and entered the stage under the disguise of darkness. When seated,

dollars interest, who was to have accompanied him, accidentally took another course, and compelled him to turn back, and he forwarded it to me by mail. The seal was sound and unbroken, though it bore the fair impress of Punkin's greatness, a "*patent thresher*," on the wax, surrounded with the elegant Latin motto, "*caveat emptor*," which, translated into English, means, "*He who trades with me, must beware*." Villains, as the masonic postmasters are, they dared not open my letters since my celebrated toast at Harrisburg, calling on Pennsylvania to resist the encroachments and abuses of the General Government. My friends here have suggested one or two verbal alterations in the private circular; and, as I have one thousand copies published for distribution, it reads thus:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10, 1837.

To ———, Editor, or Prothonotary:

My dear Friend:

The times are big with events, and we are compelled to struggle against fearful odds. The masonic administration of the General Government has brought distress and ruin upon the country, and it is now meanly seeking to shift the responsibility upon me and my friend—the Bank of the United States.

I am every day called on to explain certain acts of my administration, which are thought to be inconsistent; and to prevent all future mistakes or difficulty, I have deemed it advisable to issue this private circular, to give all my true friends an opportunity of knowing on what grounds to rest their defence of my administration, against the enemies that beset it on all sides.

It is said that I came out against banks and monopolies in my inaugural address, and in two months after, signed a bill increasing the banking capital of Pennsylvania thirty-five millions of dollars. This is a great falsehood. I signed no bill to increase

the consciousness that I was so near the darling object of my affections, filled me with delight and hope. I sang several songs in my best style, and prattled most agreeably with a gentleman who sat next me, trusting by these little arts to make a favorable impression upon the dear creature I was in pursuit of. We arrived at Carlisle just at day break—I ran into the hotel, brushed my clothes, put on a clean collar, and set every hair in my side locks and fore top on end—I walked in the garden among the flowers, to give freshness and amiability to the expression of my countenance. The sun was just rising, when the warning notes of the driver's horn fell upon my ear. I ran to the stage with a throbbing heart, not doubting but my improved appearance would more than secure me all the advantages my interesting conduct during the night had won. I was late, and had to jump in precipitately to secure my place. The stage drove rapidly on its way—assisted by daylight, I looked about upon my fellow travellers—the loved object of my journey was not there—the stage was filled with men! With a broken heart, I stopped at the next watering house, and returned to Harrisburg by the return stage. Nothing but obtaining the printing of the legislative journals two or three years (which I shall get, if that rascally *Keystone* don't chouse me out of it again) can repair the cruel shock my feelings then sustained. The lady I have never since beheld.



Jonathan in a quandary, after his dulcinea had given him the slip.

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the banking capital at all. It is true I did sign a bill to associate some generous and benevolent foreigners with a capital to the amount of thirty-five millions, in a company to be called the United States Bank of Pennsylvania; but that bill was not to increase the banking capital—it was to **RELIEVE THE EMBARRASMENTS OF THE STATE**. This was the view taken of it in my true organ, the Telegraph, at the time, and has never been retracted. The truth is, the banking capital of Pennsylvania is less than it was when I was elected; for most of this thirty-five millions is either not paid in, or is employed in other states: and most of what remains of that and the other banking capital, is now used in broker shops and shaving, so that in fact the *bank* capital has greatly diminished within the last two years. This is to be regretted, for if we had more banking capital, we should of course have had more money, and the derangement of the currency could not have happened.

It is also said that I signed an improvement bill, the first year after I came in, of five and a half millions of dollars, and last winter, vetoed another of three millions. This is called gross inconsistency. Now I say it is no inconsistency whatever. The first five millions five hundred thousand were to be paid by the "*relief bill*"—it cost the people nothing, and it was calculated to render me popular. The improvement bill of last session that I vetoed, was to be paid out of the surplus money in the banks that were owned by my friends. It was borrowed of the United States, and the banks that had it had discounted on the faith of it; and if it had been expended, it would have crippled their operations, and *injured my friends*. I therefore vetoed the bill **TO KEEP THAT MONEY IN THE BANKS**, and thereby to benefit the people, and enable those banks to aid me in my time of need. I am sure I acted wisely and patriotically, and that the people will approve of it. Besides, we now have this money on hand to make any improvements we choose, when our friends get a majority in both houses of the legislature, and not give the rascally Van Buren house of representatives of last winter, any of the honor. And, likewise, as this money is now deposited in the banks that have forfeited their charters, the legislature will have to pass laws legalizing their refusal to pay specie, or lose all the money in their vaults. Don't you see what a strong check it will be on the legislature? All these things I foresaw, and the public did not agree with me in this matter, because they did not see as deeply into futurity as I did.

It is said that in my last message I stated that the currency was sound, and that the United States Bank was the balance-wheel of the system—and that now it is all broken up and deranged, and the United States Bank has fallen with the rest of the banks, and that *shin plasters* flood the country, the issue of which was caused by me and my friends. There is some truth;

and a great deal of falsehood, in all this. I did say the currency was sound, and so it was, and so it would have been, had not Jackson and Van Buren thrown it into commotion, by their "specie circulars"—and other mad schemes, to injure me and break down the United States Bank. Any body can see that the United States Bank would have balanced the currency, and have kept it sound, had not the attacks made upon it turned all things tops-a-turvy. I explained, in my first letter, how Jackson produced the existing difficulties, to destroy me, because he knew that I was the only man in the United States who dared to take him by the beard, and stand up against his fearful influence. I have the satisfaction of hearing that I have caused him, through my friend, Mr. Biddle, to tremble on his throne.

It is alleged that my measures have fostered stock jobbers, gamblers, &c. and that I profess to have a holy horror against the whole tribe. Now, nobody deals with them, unless they want money, and if they get it, they are accommodated, and ought not to complain—besides these men are all in my favor—and every governor ought to stand by his friends. My measures therefore are right.

Some persons censure my veto, because they say I disapproved of General Jackson's vetos, and now employ them myself. To such I say, there is a wide difference between Jackson's vetos and mine. He violated the Constitution by his vetos, and I sustain it by mine. For instance, when I vetoed the Girard bank bill, I knew that banks of five millions capital were unconstitutional, and I vetoed it, to put them down—but I want it to be remembered that the thirty-five millions of dollars United States Bank, was not a bank bill, but, as I have shown, a "*relief bill*"—my vetoes have therefore saved the liberties of the country, Jackson's destroyed them.

A few ignorant demagogues complain because I do not call on the United States Bank and other banks, for their returns of their condition—but in this matter I act according to the directions of Mr. Biddle, who says that the returns would do no good, but much evil. They would afford a theme for demagogues to harp on—and would impair the confidence of the public in the solvency of the banks. As long as the true state of the banks is not exposed to the public, they will stand in good credit—but let the facts come to light, and their credit is gone. I consider it my duty to sustain their credit, and not to be too inquisitive in matters that will do no service to the public, but to gratify political tricksters. I will call on the banks for their returns, when Mr. Biddle thinks it advisable to do so, and not before.

Much fuss is made by enemies when I talk of anti-masonry, because, they say, all the masons, except a few of inferior degree, are on my side. It is a fact, that the grand high priests—

knights of the black eagle, and knights of Malta, and, indeed, most of the leaders of the Grand Lodge, are my supporters—but this is all easily explained. The entered apprentices, and a few of the inferior orders of the craft, take bloody oaths—which are at war with the best interests of society, and make them dangerous members of the community. It is against them, that we have contended, and it is them that we must put down. They are the wretches who abducted our great saint Morgan, cut his throat, and gave his bowels to the cat fish of Lake Erie.

But when Masons obtain the higher degrees, they get above the reach of the sordid wretches to whom I have referred, and act with honor and honesty in all situations. Look at Joseph R. Chandler, Nicholas Biddle, Thomas H. Sill, Mr. Harper, of the Chambersburg Repository, James Merrill, Deputy Grand Master Lenhart, and other high masons; there is nothing of the cut-throat about them. They act openly and manfully in my favor, without fear or prejudice. They know, that though I profess to be an anti-mason, yet I am a friend to them, and am only opposed to the apprentices of the lodge, the ignorant tyros of the craft, and such Jacks as Mr. Van Buren. When I talk about anti-masonry, I do not mean half that I say, and this is well known to the members of the Grand Lodge.

These, my dear Sir, are the views of the leading measures of my administration that I desire my friends to adopt, and all things will be satisfactory to the people. Hand this letter to the register and recorder of the county, and other *confidential* friends. Impress its contents on the party. Rest assured that all is going right, and believe me your friend till death, or the entered apprentices of the lodge have stilled the pulsations of my heart.

Yours, &c.

THE GOVERNOR.

My dear Friends:

When I read this testimonial of your kindness, and thought of the many favors of the same kind you have done me before, my eyes overflowed with tears of gratitude, and my breast heaved with unutterable emotions. You have here cleared up many difficulties that are pressed on me, and made my course as patriotic as Washington's. After ages will read this letter, and bless heaven for my sake. Many friends have called to see me. Several deputations are in attendance from the Whig editors of the cities, and the directors of the banks. It is too late to give you any detail of their propositions in this, but they shall be duly explained in my next letter.

Truly yours,

THE GOVERNOR.

LETTER XXI.

PITTSBURG, August 20, 1837.

To my advisers, dictators, and privy counsellors, Masonically called my "KITCHEN CABINET."

My faithful Friends—

I am here, with my Secretary of the Commonwealth, according to arrangement, prying about into the secrets of the school system, and preparing a plan of universal education. I shall not want any farther aid from you in writing answers to dinner invitations, or circulars explaining my governor acts. Next to Thaddy, my Secretary does these things as nobody else can do them. I like to travel about with him, because I can never be nonplussed, or taken by surprise. Messages, toasts, letters, circulars, bulletins and protocols, are always ready, so that I have nothing to do but sign my name, and sit down and hear the glorious applause that follows.

The circular mentioned in my last, has done the business for me, and stopped the mouths of all the grumbletonians. Thaddy is the d—l at an argument—that can't be denied. The reasoning to prove that the bank capital has been growing less since I came in, instead of increasing, is so unanswerable, that our friends, to a man, are satisfied, and believe me to be a real old anti-bank, hard money farmer. My attack upon banks and corporations in my inaugural address, has been consistently followed up by opposition to banks, and all monopolies ever since. The appropriation of five millions five hundred thousand dollars, made by my friends year before last, was right, and my veto of the three million appropriation of last year, made by my enemies, was right also, because the bill was got up by the lodge, and was designed to benefit freemasonry. My friends in the city banks now have the money to use, which helps them a good deal, these hard times. If it had been squandered over the state, it would all have fallen into the treasuries of the lodge, and done no good to any one.

Every body now understands why a large majority of the free-masons support me—they see that those who embowel and cut out livers, are those who oppose me; and that the inoffensive part of the fraternity are my friends. As soon as a mason takes the Blue Light degree, the blood-thirsty virus leaves him, and he supports me, turns against Van Buren, and follows Thaddy.*

The circular has also convinced all but the wilfully blind and stubborn, that Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren are bank men, the authors and upholders of shin plasters, and enemies to gold

* How emphatically true this is!! Hundreds of instances might be referred to, in proof of it.



The Secretary enlightening the common schools.

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and silver. I am glad that this has been made so plain, because many were foolish enough before, to suppose that these men have been laboring for years to establish a safe and secure circulation of gold and silver, and had been defeated in their plans by the superior cunning and industry of the whigs. Now, all is right.—I and the whigs are set down as the true anti-bank hard money boys, and the Jackson men as the shin plaster fellows. The city councils did not issue the shin plasters first—they came from the grand lodge!—from the Van Buren sanhedrim.

As to the relief bill, I glory in that! It contained the omnipotent “regulator”—the great “balance wheel” that keeps the currency so steadfast and safe. This is now universally comprehended, and many call me the second father of my country, because I signed the bill. I am blessed on account of it from both sides of the Atlantic. It was truly a relief bill. It relieved the state treasury—it relieved many who voted for it—it relieved Mr. Biddle and the stockholders from the necessity of disbanding and breaking up the national bank—and if let alone, it will soon relieve the people from the cares of government.

We have fine times here in Pittsburg—great respect is shown us by the grateful fellows who hold offices under me, and if we would consent to it, they would keep the secretary and me stuffing and guzzling all the while. It is pretty smoky here, though the specie circular has closed several of the machine shops, and laid up numerous steamboats. I went to the glass works and saw them make bottles, like blowing up bladders. The nail machines are a great curiosity too—the way they bite them off and clap on the heads, is enough to make one half crazy. None of Jonathan’s patents are a circumstance to them.*

But I have not had time to look at these things half as much as I wanted to, for the Secretary has kept me running about so much among the children, that I can attend to little else. It is true, when we go to see the rising generation, we take care to find out how their fathers feel towards my government. This is but natural, you know. Harrison and I are getting very popular since my toast and circular, though many say now they would choose me first; and I believe if another governor, with my talents and honesty could be found, that I should be made President! Only think of that! I would make all of you governors of territories, or collectors of the great sea ports, except Pun-kin, who would be forthwith installed superintendent of the patent office!

In straggling about among the schools, I often examine the teachers and children myself, having the Secretary at my elbow. Since I have been governor, my thoughts have taken a turn that

* I think I could satisfy the Governor that he is mistaken in this statement.

way, and I am not as well qualified to examine on any thing else, as on government, except, indeed, upon farriery; but as there are no professorships yet established of that invaluable science, few can undergo an examination. I intend to call public attention more to this matter, and rescue the horsepitalic art from its present obscurity. I leave all other subjects to the Secretary, who can box the grammar and arithmetic in a way that satisfies me he knows them all by instinct, from beginning to end.

A teacher, the other day, was before a board of directors who were looking to his qualifications. I asked him how many sorts of government there were? He answered, three—the despotic, aristocratic, and democratic. I shook my head, and gave him a look expressive of my pity at his ignorance, when a bright little boy, son of one of my office-holders, jumped up and answered that there were four kinds of government—the despotic, aristocratic, democratic, and antimasonic. I caught up the little fellow in my arms, and hugged him with delight. “Ah!” says I, “I perceive you have read Peter Parley, and other great authors upon government, as well as myself; you will be governor some day, my darling.” The blockhead who was applying to be teacher, was sent off in disgrace.

When I go into a school, I can tell a masonic child the moment I clap my eyes on it, whether male or female. There is a flesh-devouring, cable-towing expression of countenance, that makes my blood run cold; and then they all appear to be plotting against me and the secretary. Day before yesterday, I was questioning a class in a full room, hot as an oven, when I took up a handkerchief which I had laid upon a desk behind me, to wipe off the sweat. Presently there was a universal laugh—even the Secretary smiled. Come to find out, my face was blacker than those of the coal wagoners you see in the street, occasioned by ink, poured upon my handkerchief by one of these imps. We tried to find out who had done it—but, in the true spirit of the lodge, one swore the other clear, and so he escaped. If my hat or walking stick get out of my hands on these occasions, they are sure to disappear, and I never venture to sit down without keeping my hand on my chair. Thus, these spawn of the lodge begin to persecute me as soon as they can crawl.

We shall go up to the lake soon, and rummage out all the schools on our way. I shall take care to keep a strong guard about me, and never go out at night without having by the arm the Secretary, or some of my office-holders. That region of the country is so connected with the blessed memory of the beautified Morgan, that I fear I shall not enjoy a view of the lake, without apprehending a knife across my bowels. Nothing but the hope of universal education and popularity, would induce me to venture into such a perilous region. I understand the sheriff at

Erie is a good anti-mason; I shall therefore lodge in the innermost and strongest room of the jail, where, with the Secretary by my side, and pickets without, I trust I may escape nocturnal murder and robbery.

I understand there is a countryman of Jonathan's, just from Connecticut, awaiting my return, in order to obtain a certificate from me of the value of a patent grain sower he has. Jonathan is so well versed in these things, that I authorized him to examine the affair, and if he thinks proper, to affix my name to a recommendation.* And now I think of it, Jonathan had better have his old dismantled short-hander taken out of the vestibule of the capitol. It is unsightly there, and attracts observation prejudicial to the dignity of my state printer. I wish, also, that he would not change his situation until I return. He'll do better to make it an affair of the heart; these matrimonial fortunes never do much good. Better for him to make money by peddling clocks, thrashers, jennies, split-leather boots and other notions again, than to make a fortune with an incumbrance that would break his tender heart. I want his entire services, and cannot give him time for a honey moon, especially with the risk that when that was over, he would be reduced, by disappointment, to the doleful condition of the poor crazed fellow mentioned in one of the songs sung at our cabinet meetings, who run about bare-headed, with a wisp of straw in one hand, and a red petticoat in the other. No, no: Jonathan had better let well enough alone. I will take care that he gets many more good sops from the treasury.†

I am often congratulated upon the wisdom and foresight of all my measures, and am every day told of the blessing of having a farmer to rule the state. This last matter is talked of most by the whig lawyers and bankers, and is never out of the mouths of the editors who support me. In faith, the thought that I am a farmer, seems to rejoice the bottom of their hearts. Nicholas Biddle, too, said in his speech, the other day, that I was an honest, true hearted, farmer governor. Indeed, not to boast, I am far superior to any governor that has ever been yet. Who but me, could have replenished an empty treasury as I did? Who but me, could have signed the relief bill, which put over three millions into the treasury? And who but me, could have forced the general government to deposit in it four millions more? These are the two grand strokes of policy by which I have raised money. My supporters have abundant reason to

* This important duty I faithfully discharged. On the faith of my certificate the patentee has sold rights to many of my old purchasers.

† I have followed the advice of his Excellency, and hope, that though I have lost a wife, I will get a fortune. By the way, however, had I not done so, I might have obtained both.

proclaim my financial talents, and to shout anthems, and write paragraphs in praise of my wisdom.

In conclusion, let me admonish you to keep a vigilant eye out upon all the public agents. Remember that you are surrounded by a fraternity ready to sacrifice you at every step—who snuff blood in every breeze, and whose delight in carnage was unequalled by old Bluebeard's. Take good care of yourselves—let none of your number be missing when I return, which I shall do before the election, if not kidnapped myself. I shall write again next week, meanwhile.

Farewell, friends,

THE GOVERNOR.

LETTER XXII.

NIAGARA FALLS, August 26, 1837.

To my advisers, dictators, and privy counsellors, Masonically called my "KITCHEN CABINET."

My dear Friends:

Many events have occurred since I left Pittsburg, which I must defer communicating until a future letter. Last night I had an interview, of such a grave and solemn nature, with a distinguished inhabitant of another world, in which secrets of the most profound import were laid open to me, that I feel myself constrained by a sense of duty, to pass over every thing else, and acquaint you with the circumstances attending it, at the earliest possible moment after it happened, while the impressions it made are fresh in my mind. Yesterday, in company with the Secretary, and several other gentlemen, I visited the Falls of Niagara—entered beneath the sheet of water, and wound our way half across the river. I will not attempt to describe it. The roaring was louder than a thousand thunders, and the spray and smoke enveloping us as intense as the smoke of the bottomless pit. Never in my life did I feel such sensations. Only think of our dreadful situation! A pile of rocks nearly two hundred feet high on one side—a sheet of water, forty feet thick, tumbling over our heads, and falling on the other side. No avenue of escape, if the loose rocks, which had been wearing down for ages, gave way, but a crooked, rocky path, ten feet in width, and every inch of it as slippery as glass. I would have resigned my office cheerfully, to have got out safely. What a fool, thought I, ever to come in here!

At one point, in the deepest recess of the cavern, I heard the far distant groans and moans of human beings in distress, which made the hairs of my head to stand on end, and the bones of my body to shake. I thought it was the entrance to the infernal regions, and that the villainous masons had entrapped us into the *back door of pandemonium*. Our conductors were huge

black, grisly looking fellows, and I saw them at every turn of the way, making signs and motions that convinced me they were cut throat masons. When I heard the groans I have described, I dared say nothing, for if I did, I knew that instant death would be my doom. The Secretary was so stunned by the noise of the waters, that he heard nothing. We at length got out alive, and I was more rejoiced than I was the day I was sworn in to be Governor of the state. We returned to our boarding house in the afternoon. It is a large four story building, situated about twenty rods from the falls, on the declivity of a rock-covered hill. Our room was on the fourth story, at the corner of the house next to the falls. The tremor produced by the fall of the water, occasioned a constant motion like that of an earthquake, and the noise resembled forty six-horse wagons driving across the Harrisburg bridge.

We could not sleep till we sent for a bottle of apple-jack to clear out the fancies that were dancing through our heads. The Secretary at length began to snore, and I was tumbling and tossing in fearful apprehension that the house would fall down. Just as the clock struck ten, the sky began to look black and lowering. The wind began to whistle around the corner, and directly blew with all the fury of a hurricane. A roar of thunder, that drowned the bellowing of the falls, burst from the heavens; the lightnings flashed in all quarters, and the highest summit of the hills seemed to swim on a wide ocean of liquid fire. The rain came down in torrents, and the house, bending and rocking beneath the united influence of the falls—the wind—the thunder—lightning, and rain, appeared to me to move off from its foundation, and to be floating with fearful velocity down the current, towards the falls.

“Merciful Heaven,” I exclaimed, and rose up in the bed to meet my fate like a man, when behold, at the foot, stood a ghastly, grim visaged spectre, of gigantic proportions, and nodded its grisly head at me with great emphasis. Choking with fear, I addressed it, for I know that if ghosts are not spoken to, they will do you evil:

“Avaunt and quit my sight!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy brains are out—

There is no speculation in those eyes that thou dost glare with.”

Sudden as thought, the rattling bones were covered with flesh, and assumed the features of a man. His nose was long and hooked—his complexion as pallid as death—his cheeks were so thin, his white teeth shone through them—his hair was long, gray and grizzled—his throat was cut from ear to ear—and his blood was trickling down his breast—his abdomen was gashed from one side to the other, and his intestines, cut and mangled,

protruded from his bowels—his eyes were large and glassy, and staringly fixed on me. Three times he winked, and rays of electric light flashed from his eyes, that rived me to the inmost soul. Stretching out his long bony fingers, like the but of a wagon whip, towards me, he said, in a voice that stilled the very whirlwind:

“Tubal Cain, Boaz, Jubelum—LISTEN, thou illustrious benefactor of mankind—thou destroyer of the fell masonic Jezebel, *listen*. Let my words sink into thy memory, as if graven on it with a red hot iron. Listen, for thy own sake, for the sake of thy country, and of posterity.

“I am William Morgan, captain of a company of floodwoods, who was cruelly Morganized in eighteen twenty-six, by a mason, named Giddings, now the author of antimasonic almanacks. The foul deed was done a few miles below this place, and I was thrown into the boiling, eddying current of the Niagara, when Hiram Abiff mounted my back, and forced me to swim up the stream to the falls. Cæsar ne’er buffeted the waves of the Tiber with the iron nerve and resolution with which I resisted the overwhelming tide of this fearful outlet of the great lakes. When we arrived at the falls, Hiram waved a wand he carried in his right hand, whereupon the tumbling billows were cleft in twain, and I beheld Hiram, King of Tyre, in his regal robes, standing in the mouth of a yawning cavern, with a pine torch in his hand, inviting us to enter, in a voice that sounded loud and clear above the roaring thunder of the falls. Abiff sprang up beside him with such force as to duck my head under water; before I rose, I paddled too far to the left, and was struck by the falling flood, which carried me down to an unfathomable depth, and then tossed me up again. As soon as my head was above water, I saw the cleft in the falls still open, and the two Hiram looking out for me.

“‘Come on, Captain,’ cried Abiff, ‘we want your company here awhile.’ I swam up near to the rock, when he stretched out his arm like a cable, and lifted me up to the mouth of the cavern. The waters then closed behind me, and I looked upon myself as shut out forever from the world.

“We advanced a short distance into the cave, where a vast door opened, and my eyes were dazzled by a light more brilliant than that of the noon day sun. I shrunk back, but Hiram, of Tyre, told me to hold up my head, look about me, and not be afraid. ‘Captain,’ says he, ‘I’ll stand by you whilst I have a toe nail left.’

“When I ventured to open my eyes, I beheld a table, lighted by ten thousand lamps, covered with fruits, wines, and apple-jack, which run to an interminable distance. My eyes, as they wandered down the vista, searched in vain for the farther end of this lengthened hall. Two rows of guests lined either side

of the table, all busy, eating, drinking, and shouting praises to the charity of the lodge. I observed that every man had his throat cut from ear to ear, and that he carried his bowels in an apron. 'You see, Captain,' said Abiff, 'what masonic aprons are made for. This is the masonic paradise. Nothing but eating, drinking, and merriment, has place here. By having his bowels before him in his apron, each man can see when he has swallowed enough: and then he can still continue to gratify his palate, by letting the good liquor run out at the convenient fissure in his throat. Here, Jubelo, Jubela, and Jubelum,' continued he, 'take my friend, Captain Morgan, and prepare him for enjoying himself with his brethren.'

"At this command, one of these fellows slipped up behind me and clapped a cable tow around my neck, and I was thus led away between the other two, who at the same time seized me by the arms. Jubelo knocked three times at a side door, which was opened by a dwarf, that carried his head under his arm. We entered what I found to be an apartment, about twenty feet square, cut out of the solid rock. My conductors then clothed me in a shirt and red flannel breeches, putting on a masonic apron in front. As soon as this was done, they cut my throat, and made an opening across my bowels, through which my apron was filled, and I was in complete uniform with those at the table. These preliminaries being adjusted, I was shown back into the banqueting hall, and introduced to the brethren by Abiff, accompanying each introduction with a swig of apple-jack, which I rejoiced to find I could drink forever, without getting tipsy—such was the convenience of having my throat cut.

"From that period to the present, I have spent my time carousing, singing songs, and halloing. It was our orgies that you heard and was alarmed at, when you went under the sheet on the Canada side. We all knew that the great and puissant Governor—the immortal driver of a baggage wagon in the north-western army, was present, and shouted with tenfold violence. As you were a worshipper at my shrine, I, as your patron saint, determined to make you a visit, which I have been enabled to do by eluding the vigilance of the Siamese Hiram.

"Hiram, surnamed Abiff, records our proceedings, and is the librarian of the fraternity. Just after you left the falls, he searched among the archives of the Order, and took from the bottom, a book that had not been opened for centuries, and showed me an ancient prophecy, written in Chaldæic, which foretold by whom the Order of Freemasonry was to be overthrown on earth."*

* This ancient prophecy is a most wonderful relic of the old world. It does really seem as if mankind had degenerated in wisdom, or as if God had withdrawn his special communications of knowledge. This prophecy predicts with historical accuracy, the great event to which it refers.

As I lay claim to that honor, I requested the captain to repeat the same prophecy, if he recollected it.

"Recollect it," continued the martyr, "you may well say that; I remember every circumstance detailed. The words stand recorded thus: 'And it shall come to pass that after forty and four centuries, the lodge shall be overturned, and all its fabrics, which overtop the pyramids of Egypt and stand firmer than the pillars of Hercules, shall be trampled into the dust, leaving not a record of its strength for future generations to behold. This mighty work shall be accomplished by one Joseph, surnamed the Considerer, who will arise and govern the land of Pennsylvania. He will be a man profoundly versed in the deep and invaluable science of farriery, immortalized by the perils of driving a baggage wagon—skilled in the art of obtaining bonuses, surplusses, filling treasuries, and inventor of the mystery of signing bank charters without adding any thing to bank stock or paper money.' [I am the man meant by this prophecy, thought I; what a queer thing it is to be spoken of so many hundred years before one is born!] "And lo! there shall arise two others, who will come to the aid of this Joseph, the Considerer, and stand, the one upon his right hand, and the other upon his left—the one to tell him what to say, and what to do, and what to write; and the other to publish to the people that all he says, does, and writes, is well. The one will be known by his shrivelled limbs, immoral life, and brazen front: the other by his bristly foretop, lovely countenance, and his curious art of fashioning flints out of horns, time measures out of wood, and sandals out of split bullocks hides—yea, he will descend from his peddling chariot, and become the organ of Joseph's administration.

"This mighty work will be all completed in three years."

"Are you sure as to the time," interrupted I, "for I am certain I could put the masons where the dogs could never bark at them, much more effectually, in nine years."

"Yes," resumed the Captain, "you will have the lodge flat upon its back in three years, when you shall be driven from the government to private life, and, in the shades of retirement, meditate upon the sublime arcana of farriery—him of the shrivelled limbs and brazen front, will be hired among the scribes, pharisees and lawyers; and the aforesaid man with the bristly foretop, will once more mount his chariot, and spend the close of his life as he began it, a peddling the cunning contrivances of his subtle brain."

"Must I, then, lay down the reigns of power at the end of three years," asked I; "is there no way of avoiding this hateful doom?"

* The pending election will settle this matter; but I fear, ay, and deeply, too, that this old prophecy will be literally verified.

"No," said the Captain, "the fates are inexorable; it is thus written down, and there is no hope of avoiding the stern decree. Budge, you must, at the end of three years. But why repine? Your labor is done. Retire, then, from the field, with a good grace, like your great prototypes, Hercules and Iolus."

I told him I did not think my work was yet through, as there were still masons in the land. I had not driven them all off. He answered, that if there were, it was a year yet before my time would be up; all would be destroyed by that time. "And," continued he, "the prophecy said that nearly all the high masons would join your side, after the first year of your reign. Has this not come to pass? Are not the high masons with you, supporting your government?"

I was forced to acknowledge that this was true, and then seeing no chance for me to be governor more than three years, I was in great tribulation; whereat the Captain appeared to sympathize, and said: "Come, come, Governor, don't groan so—you'll wake up your Secretary, in the next bed—it is beneath such a great man to long so hard for power. Suppose you go with me, and take a turn in our cave. A drink of apple-jack will do you good, and revive your spirits." I thanked him, and said that I had a plenty standing on the table by my bed.—"Well but it is not as good as ours, which was made soon after the flood. I insist upon your going. By tying a few yards of human entrails in a double bow about your neck, masonic incantations can take you into our cave. You will find the two Hiram's clever fellows, and the liquor good. Come, I insist upon your going along."

With this, the spectre grinned horribly, winked three times with his fiery eyes, and stretched out his long gristly fingers, as if to seize me. I could stand it no longer, but bawled out at the top of my voice, and covered my head. The clothes were pulled down, and my blood curdled as a hand grasped my shoulder, shaking me with violence. I opened my eyes, and instead of the spectre, beheld my faithful Secretary. "It's gone, thank heaven," gasped I. "What is gone?" inquired the Secretary. "Morgan, our great patron saint and benefactor, who raised us from obscurity." The reply to this was—"You are wild, Governor—I never saw you have such a terrible fit of the night-mare before. But this is a dreadful night, I do not much wonder at it! You saw nothing but that white petticoat hanging at the foot of your bed, with the red patches, strings, and ribbands dangling to it, swinging to and fro with the fitful blasts. Come, compose yourself to rest again; it wants a good hour to daylight; we will leave the thunder of these falls in the morning, and hurry back upon our own dunghill."

Pitying his incredulity, I said no more, and slept no more that night. I arose in the morning, and before I left the room,

wrote this letter, and sent it to the post office. If I escape from the clutches of the unrelenting New York masons this time, I'll never be caught across the line again. If not, I bid you a mournful farewell, and desire you to rescue my memory from the foul breath of the lodge. I have melancholy forebodings of evil, which, if not realized, you will hear from me again at Erie.

Vale—

THE GOVERNOR.

LETTER XXIII.

ERIE, September 2, 1837.

To my Advisers, Dictators, and Privy Counsellors, Masonically called "MY KITCHEN CABINET."

MY FAITHFUL FRIENDS—Since the visitation, mentioned in my last, received from our patron saint, my spirits have been depressed, and I fear the communication may have had a similar effect upon you. To think that it is decreed that we are to be cut short in our great work of reform; that in one little year we are to surrender the cares of government, and return to our former occupations; that my fond dream of nine years' sway is never to be realized, necessarily produces melancholy and disgust. Republics are proverbially ungrateful. Like Aristoffle, I am to be ostracised by a people who close their eyes to my great services, and like him I shall try to pick up fortitude enough to meet the occasion manfully. My toast, which prevented an attack upon the State by the armies of the general government; my veto, which saved the State \$45,000,000; my great balance wheel and regulator, which gives such a sound currency; my relief bill, which gave us the balance wheel and filled the treasury; my deep policy, which forced the general government to give us four millions this year; my wanderings amongst the schools, and instructions given to teachers; my driving a baggage wagon at the battle of North Bend; and my buffetings, and scalpings, and shootings, and embowellings, suffered at the hands of those miscreant freemasons—all, all are overlooked, and I am to be left to trudge back to Washington county at the end of the term! Is it not too bad that the people will not let us reform the State a little longer? The thought that we must all go to work again so soon, is perfectly uncomfortable and horrifying. It will be long, indeed, before the people of Pennsylvania will get another such a Governor, to make forty millions of bank capital in one winter as I did, and provide them with such a light, good, handy currency, as I have done. But what is to be

will be, and there is no use in kicking against the pricks, as King Agrippa said. *

There was no accident happened to us in our journey from the Falls to Buffalo, which took place the same day my last was dated. We saw the trail of several hordes of freemasons, who were out in pursuit of us, but as none of them fell in with us, we suffered nothing except from fear.

The porters, tide waiters, and boat runners, are all masons in this quarter—they will whip up a traveller's portmanteau, bundle, trunk, or great coat, and run off with it in broad daylight, and if he don't pursue them with all his might, ten to one he never sees them again. The stage and boat agents all belong to the lodge also. A shoal of these cut-throat scoundrels, backed by the porters, &c. surrounded the Secretary and me the moment we arrived in Buffalo, and whilst the last were trying to steal our baggage, the agents all asked us together where we were bound. One wanted to send us through to Albany by boat, and another by stage, each swearing that his mode of conveyance was quickest and cheapest. A land and water conveyance were also offered us to Detroit, Quebec, Syracuse, &c. in a most tumultuous manner, and all before either of us had time or opportunity to say one word. In the midst of this outrageous din and confusion, in which there was danger of our being pulled to pieces, a trio of red breeched loafers broke into the crowd, snatched up our trunks, and were about to bear them off to a steamboat, saying they knew by our looks that we wanted to go to Mackinaw, to where their boat would start in a couple of hours. I made after them, and with my big stick knocked two of them down, and the Secretary wrenched his trunk from the other. I then called out at the top of my voice, that I wanted to go to Erie, Pa. No sooner was this known, than two sets of porters seized at our baggage, and we were grappled on both sides by contending runners—the two sets coming from the land and water conveyances. As I could see no end to this, I sent the Secretary for succor, who returned with the bar-keeper, ostler, and porter, of the nearest hotel, through whose aid we made good our retreat.

Buffalo looks all new, is built of brick, and the people run to and fro along the streets as if the d—l was at their heels. They have an awkward currency, made up of shillings and sixpences; wear their Sunday clothes every day, smoke and chew, and talk incessantly about speculations in stocks, lots, and lands. There are several lodges in blast here, where myriads of freemasons are manufactured and sent over the line to help the New York party in Pennsylvania. The Secretary and me made an attempt to walk out, but got so hustled by the masons, that we soon returned. I thought the tartar marauders suspected who we were, though we disguised ourselves so as to look as little like a Governor and Secretary as possible.

The landlord where we stopped, was a short, thick man, bald headed, squinted-eyed, and pug-nosed. He wore mustachios, and mounted a broad-brimmed white hat, which, together with a sword cane, gave him a formidable appearance. He talked but little, and walked up and down the rooms with a consequential air. The bar-keeper was tall; his face was pinched up, and wrinkled about the eyes; his hair stood on end, and he shrugged his shoulders and looked out of the eyes a good deal like Jonathan; and, like him, he had been a pedler, and not a tinker, as the Mountaineer has it. As to his powers of distinguishing colors, I did not inquire. His strong resemblance to my state printer, made me feel quite a kindness for him.

We were called upon to put our names upon the register, which, of course, we refused—telling him it was none of their business who we were, so we paid our way. In fact, I would not have given my name in such a masonic hole for worlds. As I had no doubt of our host being a mason, I refused eating or drinking any thing with him, and sent out to a neighboring shop, and got cake and beer enough for sustenance. The people about the house were in a very ill humor, and I have no doubt knew, or guessed hard, who we were.

The Secretary proposed that we should go round and visit the schools, so as to compare our system with that of New York; but I told him there was nothing to be gained by running about among the dirty-nosed children of another State, that as their fathers could not vote for me, it was labor in vain to ramble about and examine them. And what use would it have been? I have materials enough already, for composing my work on universal education. The New Yorkers can tell me nothing; and besides, I have a great many more schools to peep into and investigate in Pennsylvania, before I get back home. No; no; let every State take care of its own brats, Mr. Secretary, and all the Governors who choose, electioneer among the children. It will be time enough for me to look to those of New York, when I am a candidate for president.

We escaped from the masons at Buffalo a little before sundown, and set out in the stage, to go to Erie by land. I chose this way, as I feared, if we were once out upon the lake in a steamboat, that the masons, who are always on these water crafts, would toss us overboard, with a pig of balast tied to our necks. It is thirty miles from Buffalo to Cattaraugus, the greatest part of the way an uninhabitable, marshy, sandy, boggy, moody, d—nable desert. We saw a great many Indians along the way, during the first ten miles; and when we stopped to change at the half-way house, the bar-room and yard were filled with those half-naked sons of the forest. As it was night and dark, I felt greatly alarmed. At last I beheld, by the torches and candles, the gleaming of their tomahawks and scalping knives, when the truth

darted upon my mind, riving my soul like a flash of lightning. These were not Cattaraugus Indians, as I had been told, but unrelenting scalpers of the lodge, sent out to murder the Secretary and me, and bury our bodies in the rough sands of the lake, along which we were coursing. The thought made our teeth chatter, and we instantly hid ourselves in the stage, and awaited our fate with fear and trembling. Presently the driver came out and hitched his horses, when the other passengers, consisting of a flour speculator, a hog merchant, and a wolverine, all bound west, got in, and we set off again. The road was execrable. Sometimes we were in the woods, sometimes on the beach, the waves of the lake rolling under us, sometimes there appeared to be no road at all, and we were wallowing in the sand for miles, all the passengers being forced to get out and walk, and sometimes we were knee deep in the mud, and anon battering and bumping along across log bridges.

I never before encountered such fears and perils. When out upon my feet, I expected every moment to be kidnapped. At length we all got into the stage, and thought we were over the bad road, but had not proceeded far, when the forward wheels struck a tree that had been lately blown across the way, which the darkness prevented the driver from seeing. The concussion was dreadful—all were thrown forward in a heap. But the worst of it was, the fastenings by which the horses were attached to the stage gave way, and these wicked masonic quadrupeds cocked up their ears and tails, and trotted off towards Cattaraugus, leaving the Governor of Pennsylvania and his Secretary to come on after them in any way they might think proper. In the confusion, the driver let fall the reins, and started after them with all his might, crying out, whoa! whoa! whoa! We all got out, and when the cries of the driver could no longer be heard, the rolling of the waves upon the beach, a few rods to our right, and the moaning of the winds through the trees, were the only sounds that reached our ears. I listened for masonic footsteps, but could hear none. No one present being acquainted with the road, it was determined that we should get into the stage, and await daylight, should our lives be spared so long. This resolution was carried out, and I got in, expecting that the whole affair was a masonic plot, and that I should be abstracted forever from my government. Oh, what a horrible situation! What would I then have given to be safe in Harrisburg, making out proclamations, vetoes, toasts, bank charters, and shin-plasters! What a miracle that we were not assassinated, when the prowling Algerines of the lodge had such a fair chance at us!

A little after daylight, the driver returned, and we succeeded in getting to Cattaraugus for a late breakfast. From here the road is good, and we arrived at Erie before 9, P. M. I was rejoiced to get among my own people once more, who appeared to

be grateful at our escape. We have been about among the schools, and I have delivered two lectures upon government—one upon farriery, and one upon the science of driving baggage wagons, so as to escape being shot by the enemy. The children of Erie are bright and docile, at least so I tell their parents. My plan for universal education, which I have under way, will make astonishing men and women out of such materials. The masonic children are more malignant towards me than they were at Pittsburgh, jaggng me with sharp sticks, syringing me with ink and dirty water, drawing my figure upon the walls, &c. whenever I investigate the schools. They also call me the puissant father of shin-plasters, the great bank stock creator, the appropriator of five millions and the vetoer of three, the trundler of a balance wheel, the roistering toaster and treasury filler, &c.; but I pay no attention to their malicious tricks and jibes. The affection and intelligence of the little antimasons compensates me for all this, and I always carry them a pocket full of gingerbread on going to a school house, with the Secretary, to see how our system works.

We shall make an irruption upon the schools in Centre, Venango, and Clearfield, on our way home. I may write again before I leave here.* The people of Erie keep us in clover—they are grateful for my veto, knowing that it contains arguments against the lake connexion, and is used to arouse a feeling that will be likely to make the central people satisfied with getting by canal to Cleaveland, and by rail road to Conneaut. If they get into another improvement bill with their connection, it will not be with the consent of those who electioneer with my veto. I am also beloved here on account of my chartering the Beaver and Conneaut rail road, a work that will ere long be completed, and that will make this a great place. My popularity in this county, and the strength of my party here, are, flattering evidences of the power and glory, and intelligence, of incarnate antimasonry.

I remain, miraculously, your unscalped and unabducted patron and friend,
THE GOVERNOR.

* It was at my special request the Governor declined returning by the West Branch Canal. Owing to the frequent breeches made on that line by the rascally masons, I am perfectly safe in saying that the canal was not in good navigable order *five days at a time*, during the whole season. Witness the tremendous exertions of our vigilant Supervisor, "*under the Hickory*," near Williamsport, as was ably and correctly reported by the "*Flying Dutchman*;" whose views and suggestions, had they appeared in any other paper than that vile masonic sheet, the "*Lycoming Gazette*," would have done much to advance the science of civil engineering, and promote the best interests of the State. Was I not right, then, in advising his Excellency to *stick to the turnpike*, and avoid a route beset with so many difficulties and dangers as seem to environ the West Branch Canal? Besides, the "*forged letter*" is said to have appeared first in that quarter—and was it not fair to presume that its authors were ripe for kidnapping and murder?

LETTER XXIV.

ERIE, September 6, 1837.

To my Advisers, Dictators, and Privy Counsellors, MASONICALLY called my "KITCHEN CABINET."

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Having arrived at this place, in the manner described in my last letter, I immediately commenced an examination of its situation and importance. As Erie is the only point of business, belonging to Pennsylvania, on the lake, it has always been deemed of great consequence, ever since I drove a baggage wagon in the war, and afterwards was a member of the Legislature, at the dawn of our internal improvement system. "Erie, Erie," has been sounding in our ears for many years past; and, now I am here, I have resolved to see what this redoubtable place is.

In the first place, since the time of speculating, about two years ago, property has risen to twice its value, and vacant lots, covered with poke weeds and mullin stalks, sell for more than lots with buildings on, in other towns. The harbor is the strangest piece of folly I have ever beheld. It is about four or five miles long. An island runs across its mouth in front of the town, with a narrow opening at both ends, through which vessels and steamboats pass. Now, if they had been wise enough to have filled up the openings at the end of this island, and cut a ship channel through the island so as to come directly up to the harbor from the lake, it would have been a most wonderful improvement. That part of the business belongs to the general government, and depend on it, if they ever get a President who views things on the comprehensive scale I do, it will be speedily effected.

Vessels and steamboats without number are lying at this place. The steamboats are a great *natural* curiosity. The steamboats at Pittsburg and Philadelphia are mere Indian canoes, compared with them. You might put two of them under full sail into the cabin of one of these without difficulty. They are four stories high, and must look a good deal like Noah's ark, I should think, from the accounts we have of it. Both ends look alike, and I inquired of one of the captains which was the fore end, and he told me they sailed either end before, and sometimes both ways at once. What wonderful improvements are making in the art of navigation, since the days of Old Noah!! Nobody can tell what mankind will accomplish in a few generations more. Steam is revolutionizing the world of science; and all I fear from it is,

that it will render that valuable animal, the horse, useless, and in process of time supersede the heroic employment of driving baggage wagons, and blow up my favorite project of establishing a professorship of "farriery and horse doctoring," in some of our first universities. Steamboats, steam-cars, and steam-doctors, seem to be hurrying the world forward ten times as fast as it ever moved before.

The Secretary and me, with the office-holders, went down about half a mile to look at the "block house," and see the spot where the mortal remains of the great Gen. Wayne, or "Mad Antony," for many years reposed. Desolation and silence pervaded the spot. I could not avoid the most painful emotions, when I reflected that the brave and chivalric Gen. Wayne was suffered to lie neglected and almost forgotten, amongst the very men whose friends and whose firesides he had saved from the ruthless tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage. Is it possible, thought I, that this is the gratitude of our country? Are its benefactors to be thus trampled on with cold neglect? Must I, after all my toils, troubles, and dangers, be cast forgetfully among the cold clods of the valley, and be heedlessly pointed at by passers by, in future ages, with such expressions as these:— "*Here lies Joseph, who faced perils in his baggage wagon, and performed his duty as Governor, in spite of the knives and halters of the lodge.*" Shall all my royal glory dwindle down to this? I moaned audibly, as this thought obtruded itself into my mind; and my friends, believing that this solemn scene was painful to me, sought to divert my mind to something more cheering to my spirits, and advantageous to my reform administration.

We next proceeded to examine the "basin," where the waters of the canal are to disembogue themselves, and the freight they bear, into the lake. It is truly a stupendous spectacle. It is constructed by running a wall out into the harbor, enclosing a large space, so that canal boats can lie upon one side of the wall, and vessels upon the other, and load and unload directly from one into the other. "It is among the most glorious of all the great works of my administration," exclaimed I, as I gazed upon it in deep admiration. "It will stand a monument of my foresight and patriotism as long as the waters of Lake Erie lave its shores. How mean and petty is the basin at Harrisburg, stuck into a swamp along the shores of Paxton creek, when it might have been boldly projected into the Susquehanna river, and thus have carried down to posterity the illustrious names of its founders!!* *Their names will sink in the bogs of Paxton, while mine will resound in the ears of ages yet unborn, in the loud*

* What profound sagacity does the Governor here exhibit! How much has the State lost, by the want of such ability to conduct her system of internal improvements!

bellowings of the waves of Lake Erie, that roll their mad fury against the moles and jetties of the basin in this harbor." Thus was I enthusiastically addressing my companions, when that masonic Jacobin, Peter Hamot, stepped up, and had the impudence to tell me, that basin was projected and nearly finished long before I was elected Governor, and that I was entitled to just as much credit for it, as I was for the internal improvements of the State, which I had always opposed. I was about to knock him on the head with my big cane, but just as I was beginning to raise it, I saw some long whiskered fellows, near by, making masonic winks and signs, that convinced me, if I struck him, it would be at the peril of my life; so I let him go, and we all moved off as fast as we could.

Looking from an eminence out upon the lake, I could not help telling the Secretary that this was the first time in my life I *ever was out of sight of land*. Do you see those white sails, said he, dancing along as far as the eye can reach—they appear to be floating on the surface of the water, the vessels themselves being invisible. This, continued he, is the strongest proof that the earth is round. If it was not so, you could see the hull of the ship, as well as the sails. No, said I, you are mistaken. You can see the sail, and not the ship, because the one is white and the other is not; and as for this water being round, it is plainly not so—it is as flat as the bottom of a half bushel. The masonic humbug about the earth being round, will be exploded with the other superstitions of the lodge: they rose together, and together they must fall. He shook his head, but was silent.

By the way, I want to tell you in profound secrecy, that I have for a long time entertained great doubts about the policy of extending the canal to Erie; and, since I came here, those doubts are strengthened. In the first place, from Pittsburg to Erie, is the same distance as it is from Pittsburg to Cleaveland, and the canal from Pittsburg to Cleaveland is already finished. So that this canal is useless. We can *tap* the lake without it, and it is better to do so in Ohio than in our own State, and I will soon show you why. If this canal is made, it will be for the express benefit of the few people who live along it, and no other business than theirs can be done on it. It is dangerous to the safety of the country to make it. Every body knows in the time of war with England they cross over—take and sack our towns, and *raze* our country. They done so in the late war; and if this canal is made, they will come over and capture Erie, and transport their armies right through the centre of Pennsylvania, burn all the fine towns from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, and will take and destroy Philadelphia itself. We are making a road for the enemy—and if there is to be a road at all, let it be through Ohio from Cleaveland. This is a very main objection to this canal, and I will not deny that one of my strong objections to the im-

provement bill last winter, was the heavy appropriations to complete this canal. I did not, of course, state it in my veto, but I acted on it in my private deliberations. Do you see how much deeper I look into things than common men? Few could have discovered the latent danger of this Erie canal. And now, when I come to consider it rightly, I am not sorry that the Erie basin was not constructed under my administration. The first war that happens between England and the United States, will see it filled with British 74 gun-ships, and a besieging army. The eyes of the public will one day be opened to these perils.

I omitted to mention a most singular accident that befel me, as I passed through the town of Meadville. You will recollect I vetoed the bill appropriating a considerable sum to the repair of the turnpike in this neighborhood. I knew the people were indignant at it, and had threatened to way-lay and Lynch me. Accordingly, as I approached the town, I took another route, around by the Conneaut lake, but my office-holders went out the turnpike, to escort me into the town. I missed them, of course, and entered the town with no attendant but the Secretary. We had been told to stop at the big "brick tavern." We rode partly through the town, and seeing a big brick house, with a dashing sign at the door, stopped and went in. As we were getting out, we were surrounded by a covey of boys, who began to shout and huzza. I pulled off my hat, and returned thanks for their attention; but they told me to "*shut up*," as the Governor was soon coming, and they were waiting to salute him with all their spare eggs and potatoes. We went into the house, but saw no person except an old woman with one eye, and a big girl barefooted, with her hair hanging over her face. "What does this mean?" said the Secretary; when the old woman, who was half deaf, screeched out in a shrill tone, "Speak louder; wunst do you want?—spruce beer, small beer, or molasses gingerbread?" We were thunderstruck at the mistake. "Oh, it is a vile masonic plot," said I; "there is some evil intended. At this moment, a large hog rushed into the back door, with a dozen boys at its heels, overturned the Secretary and me both on the floor, with a jug of molasses broken, and a keg of beer unstopped, which put us both into a pretty pickle. Just in the midst of this commotion, our friends, who had gone to meet us, but missed the way we came, returned, and by their timely aid we were rescued from this perilous condition, and taken to the real "brick tavern," which we had passed by, as it had no sign up to attract our attention.

For several days past, I have noticed skulking about the hotel at which we stopped in Erie, sundry suspicious looking fellows, who are doubtless minions of the lodge. It has held regular meetings every night, as I learn, since we have been here, to devise means, no doubt, to abduct and murder me. Yesterday,

I saw a person looking up at the window of my lodging-room, in the second story, and I had no hesitation in believing he was endeavoring to ascertain whether he could reach it in the night by a ladder. To guard against danger, I left my room about midnight, and slept on a blanket in the kitchen loft. Blue lights flitting around the house, and walking and talking, were seen and heard all night, but no throats were cut, except the throats of a few calves and oxen, in a neighboring slaughterhouse. My life is not safe in this place—it is too near the York State line. I will not remain here any longer than till this afternoon. *Dead or alive*, I will not stay here another night. You shall hear from me soon.

Yours, &c.

THE GOVERNOR

LETTER XXV.

CLEARFIELD CREEK, Sept. 13, 1837.*

To my advisers, dictators, and privy counsellors, MASONICALLY called my "KITCHEN CABINET."

My faithful Friends:

Since my last letter I have had a sorry time of it, which I will try to relate to you in as few words as possible. You will have to excuse my bad writing as my hand trembles wonderfully. I have been quite nervous ever since my encounter with the ghost of our patron saint, who continues to haunt me in my nightly dreams; but, thank God, I hope to be in Bellefonte tomorrow evening, where I will be perfectly safe, as nearly all the masons in that place are my particular friends.

On my way from Erie to Franklin, we went zigzagging about amongst the common schools examining the children and telling them what the school law means; nothing of importance occurred, only coming through Meadville, the masonic brats of boys ran after and alongside of my carriage, whooping and hallooing, and calling out masonically, *there goes the shinplaster governor, the maker of forty millions of banking capital in one year! Joseph the ECONOMIST, who appropriated \$5,461,000 his first session!*

I arrived at Franklin on Saturday evening safe, considering all things, and concluded I would stay there over Sunday, as the masons would, no doubt, make a terrible noise if I should be seen travelling on Sunday; but I was sorry afterwards that I

* This interesting letter from his Excellency did not arrive till the SUNDAY succeeding its date, the very day he reached home himself. During the remainder of his journey nothing very particular occurred, except several bold and wicked attempts of the lodge on the life of his Excellency—all of which were foiled, by his intuitive sagacity and bravery.

had not went right on, for the masons in that place are a bloody-minded set of rascals; they were continually annoying me with their chatter about my vetoing the canal bill last winter, and I could plainly see by their looks and gestures that they intended to mob me and tear out my bowels, either there or some place on the road. So I told my secretary to get them out of the way and I would slip off quietly by myself, and make the best of my way home to you, leaving him to expound the school law, and lecture the children on the blessed science of farriery.

My faithful secretary got them all out to take a walk up the canal with him, when I had my horses brought out and started quietly, taking with me a boy, who proved to be a most valiant fellow, as I firmly believe he saved my life at least twice from the infernal marauders of the lodge. He was well armed and equipped, having three brace of pistols and a sword cane. He rode alongside of, or behind me, as occasion required. I told the landlord I was only going to take a ride, and would be back and settle my bill with him—but I left that for my Secretary to pay, (as he takes care of all the school money.)

When we got down to the crossing of the Allegheny river, the ferryman detained us a long time, and just as the ferry boat had put out from the shore, down rushed the masons, bawling out at the top of their voices, to the ferryman, to put back to shore, or they would stone us all to death, and send us to Davy Jones's locker quicker than I could turn a baggage wagon. My valiant little boy, who can tell a freemason as far as I can a feed trough, seeing this, and fearing that he would be Morganised as well as myself, took out his pistols, presented one to the ferryman's breast, and swore bitterly, if he attempted to pull back to shore, he would blow him to the d—l. By this daring act of bravery, my valuable life was saved from falling into the hands of these bloody scoundrels, for I have no doubt but the ferryman was concerned in the plot, and would have went back to the other shore, but for fear of being shot.

When we got to shore on this side of the river, I tell you what, I put whip to my horses for life and death, and the boy kept close to my carriage, with a pistol cocked in one hand, and his sword-cane in the other, expecting every moment to be overtaken and scalped by the cruel masons. We were only three hours coming from the river to Shippenville—22 miles—where we stayed all night. This faithful boy kept watch all that night at my *chamber* door, and I slept securely, but was tormented with frightful dreams. I fear the ghost of the sainted Morgan still haunts me in my slumbers.

I dreamed that a serpent, bigger than the one Jonathan says he saw at Nahant last year, made after me, with his head up-reared ten feet high. I ran off, I thought, into the woods, but still the monster pursued close to my heels, hissing, darting out his fiery tongue, glaring upon me with a pair of burning eyes.



The Governor's heroic bravery in resisting the attack of a Ma-sonic assassin.

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bigger than saucers, and breathing from his mouth flames and black smoke, that poisoned the atmosphere. To freeze my blood, and crown the horrors of this awful spectre, methought in front it had on a large masonic apron, with all the wicked devices, the pillars, ladder, seven stars, square and compass, and bloody hands, all glowing like red hot iron; and then thousands of great toads, as large as a fat wheel-horse, sprang up from the ground and surrounded me, all, like the serpent, with masonic aprons on, eyes bigger than tea-cups, peering at me, and bellowing and hissing like the bulls of Bashan. You know I always hated snakes and toads. Imagine then my frantic terrors, when I saw these loathed objects, clothed with the detestable and horrifying symbols of murderous freemasonry! I truly thought my latter end was come this time, sure enough! In the height of my agony, I shrieked out, imagining that all the friends of the lodge were upon me, when the boy burst into the room, and waked me up.

Next day, we came on to Brookville. This is a small little town, with a fine stream of water running by it, quite a river, I would say, large enough for two or three canals. This is the stream that my son and Mr. Aycrigg surveyed, and reported so very favorably for a canal. I don't know what the masonic commissioner could have thought, when he said his horse could drink this stream dry. In taking a walk to see this creek, and see where my son and Mr. Aycrigg had set their stakes, and where they had encamped and gave a public dinner to the Brookvillains, I, by a sad mistake, got in company with a couple of masons. They took me across the creek, and tried to decoy me away down into a laurel thicket, where I expect they intended to make an end of me. But I was too cunning for them. I heard some people down in the woods, and would go no further with them. They tried to persuade me it was only the hands about the saw-mill, just below, but I knew better—I knew there was no saw-mill there. So I turned to come back, when one of the bloody rascals caught hold of me, to force me down further into the thicket. I bawled out with all my might, and laid about me lustily with my big cane. My faithful boy here again relieved me, for had he not come running with a pistol cocked in each hand, I have no doubt that these scoundrels would have cut my throat from ear to ear, and took out my bowels, and buried my body in the rough sands of Sandylick. The rascals, on seeing the pistols, and hearing the boy swear so dreadfully that he would shoot them, took to the woods, and we came back to town, where I had judges and squires enough of my own making to guard me from the reckless-cut-throats.

One of my squires in Brookville makes shinplasters, which pass and do much better for change than their cursed Jackson-money. I told him I would recommend him in my next message to the legislature, to have him chartered, so that his shin-

plasters should be a lawful tender in that county; and if the legislature would be so foolish as not to agree with me, I would send him a small branch of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania. I told him not to fear being prosecuted or fined for issuing his bills, for I would exonerate or pardon him, and remit any fine or fines that may be imposed on him by any masonic court.

I stayed all night in Brookville, but I did not sleep a wink—the masonic scoundrels were around the house all night, sometimes shooting at me, I suppose. I got up, and looked out of the window two or three times, but could see nothing but a diabolical Jackson sign, with a compass and square on it, staring me right in the face. Next morning I rose quite early, got my horses out, and after examining well the lynch-pins, &c. of my carriage, I started. The faithful boy, who conducted me safely through from Franklin, came along with me two or three miles, when I sent him back, thinking I could then dispense with his services as a guide or guard. I told him to go back as fast as he could, and meet my Secretary, and tell him not to stop at the Jackson sign, but to go on to the Jefferson hotel. I had no doubt but this would make an antimason of the landlord. On parting with the boy, I could scarcely restrain the tears. I, however, talked to him some time, and gave him directions how he should act and manage matters for me in Franklin. I gave him a hearty shake of the hand, and told him to be a good boy, and I would yet make a man of him.

After parting with my boy, I travelled on through a very rough part of the country till I got to Curwinsville, a small town on the west branch of the Susquehanna, where I believe the people live principally on stone coal. Some of the citizens wanted me to turn off to the town of Clearfield; but I told them I would not trust myself amongst the Irish in that place, as they were nearly as bad as the masons. So I came on to Clearfield creek, where I have been well accommodated so far, and the landlord has promised to conduct me through to Philipsburg. He goes as a guard, for I am informed that a masonic tavern-keeper, that lives about two miles on my road, has been blamed hard for abstracting people.

My landlord here is a fine, agreeable fellow, a full-blooded antimason: he agrees with me exactly in all State affairs; he says yes, yes, to every thing I propose. When I get to Philipsburg, I intend to stop and take my dinner, as I will there be amongst some of my British friends. If I should wait at Bellefonte for my Secretary, you will perhaps hear from me again before I reach home. Centre county is full of free-masons, and I am aware that I have many perils to encounter in going through it. Should I be put to death there, I shall not write. Mean-

While, govern the State, and look to the good cause of anti-masonry for your reward.

From your persecuted and suffering patron,

THE GOVERNOR.*

LETTER XXVI.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

[ORIGINAL DRAFT—CORRECTIONS IN THE HAND WRITING OF THE SECRETARY, NOT YET REDUCED TO FORM.]

To my well beloved anti-masonic Senate, and to the cabletowed masonic House of Representatives:

[When this message was submitted to the cabinet for consultation, it was justly regarded as a most luminous and profound state paper; but, in consequence of certain developments made by the lodge, it was thought inexpedient to send it in, in its present shape. It was accordingly altered in various respects, but in each particular, changed essentially for the worse, in the opinion of the Governor. I give it as a proof of the uncontrolled genius, and statesman-like ability of our "independent, talented, and enlightened Governor."]

Fellow citizens and disciples of Hiram Abiff:—

I am glad to meet you, but not so glad as I would have been, if, in conformity to my expectations, when the last legislature adjourned, and when I subsequently issued a proclamation refusing to reassemble it, the house of Representatives had been regenerated and purged of its masonic members. I had good reason to believe that this happy event would have been consummated, from assurances given by all my office-holders, and by every abolition lecturer who has traversed the state. It was to aid in bringing about this event, that I gave my celebrated toast on the fourth of July last, denouncing Van Buren for interfering in our state affairs, which made him tremble in his shoes, and has, I have no doubt, contributed in the most signal manner, to the triumph of my party in New York. The fact, however, that I now see a majority in the lower house, of the minions of the lodge; only shows the mysterious and awful power

* As the election was now near at hand, the Governor took no other trips through the State; nor was any called for, by either his duty or his friends. During the present summer, he is expected to renew his personal attention to the various interests of the Commonwealth, and will probably resume his instructive correspondence.

of that blood-stained institution, and proves the necessity of extraordinary efforts to put it down. I am sometimes almost induced to suspect that Joseph R. Chandler and the rest of the grand lodge who publicly have sworn allegiance to my administration, are secretly conniving with their brethren to prevent the happy triumph of pure anti-masonic principles and virtue. How else can we account for the omnipresent power of the wicked lodge. I have no remedy against their secret treachery, for while they profess to support me, it would be ungracious to complain.

I shall make few preliminary remarks upon the duty of the governor in submitting his annual message to the legislature. You will find, by referring to my message last year, that I have given a most luminous and profound essay upon that subject, filling about fourteen columns in my unequalled state paper, to which I invite your especial attention. I shall proceed at once to the business in hand, and show you that I can write a short message, which will deserve as much puffing as the long one above referred to.

In the first place, a beneficent Providence has showered down upon our beloved commonwealth innumerable blessings, in which even the graceless masons have had their share. During all the travels of myself and cabinet throughout the state, neither rain, thunder, nor lightning arrested our progress, nor prevented our trusty friends from paying us all proper respect and attention.

While such have been the favors we have enjoyed from above, it is my sad duty to announce to you that we have been scourged by a most merciless and wicked national government. By removing the deposites, by vetoing the bank bill, by issuing the specie circular, and by placing the public funds in the vaults of a batch of pet banks, General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, and the rest of the government, succeeded, in the month of May last, in forcing all the banks to stop specie payments. It was certainly wrong for the banks to refuse to pay their notes in specie, but they could not help it. General Jackson laid his iron hand upon them—his minions, both here and abroad, labored to destroy the credit of the country, and they met with a most unfortunate success.

It is but right here to remark, that this whole system of war upon the interests and currency of the country was designed to throw my big balance wheel out of gear. And when it did fly out of gear, it carried the small banks, pets and all, with it to destruction. It will become your duty to pass some law upon this subject, to reinstate them in their former position. Bind them down with checks and guards, but give them room enough to play freely.

I am, myself, in principle, opposed to all banks; but there are so many of them established, their influence, directly and

indirectly, is so powerful, that I dare not carry my principles out in practice; since, especially, I have been notified by my friends, the Whigs, that I must speak with caution on this subject, or I may be defeated in my re-election. I consider my re-election an event of so much importance to the public, as to render it a paramount duty not to put it in jeopardy by any rash recommendation. Therefore, I say, deal gently with the banks, for they have, some of them, paid large bonuses, and done the state some service. This recommendation will, I trust, prove satisfactory to all parties. Even the loco focos will be pleased to learn that I am in the abstract, opposed to banks, and the bank whigs will be satisfied that I commend their beloved institutions to your mercy.

In my last message, I called the attention of the legislature "to our base bowing of the knee to the dark spirit of slavery." I thought it was time this servility should cease, and, as the head of a great state, I scorned, then, as I do now, to compromise the principles of liberty and religion at the menaces of Southern slave-holders. My noble independence has received unequalled applause. I have been handed down to posterity in sublime strains of poetry. I have been commended in numberless addresses and resolutions of public meetings, and my friends, Tappan, Garretson and Co. have ranked me above Wilberforce and Howard. The ball I set in motion, has rolled onward, and I have now the gratification of announcing, that all my political friends, and many of those who opposed me, have adopted my sentiments, and follow my patriotic lead. What is in a color, that should deprive a man of his natural rights? Who shall assume to dictate whether white or black is the most comely? It is purely a matter of taste and smell, and in these things, our sons and daughters must choose for themselves. At least one of the men, conspicuous at present in Pennsylvania, has arisen above the prejudice generally prevailing north of Mason and Dixon's line. And why may not others? It is the unerring test of true philanthropy, and he who manifests it, deserves your most marked commendation.

Numberless disciples of Tappan, Garretson and Co. are peregrinating the country, and disseminating the light of truth on this hitherto dark subject. The beneficial effects of their labors are apparent wherever you survey the rising condition of our black brethren, from their low state of degradation and debasement. Behold them marching to the polls to exercise the right of other freemen, with all the conscious dignity of merit. Behold them threatening, like our revolutionary fathers, to maintain that right at the point of the sword. Behold the fearless manner in which they assert their right to the production of the earth and hen roosts. Behold, in Lancaster County, in the exercise of this right, how two sons of Africa, wreaked just ven-

vengeance on their midnight disturbers. Two white men fell by their avenging steel. No tears were shed—no papers were dressed in mourning—they were not canonized among the saints.

Look, now, at the other side—the noble Lovejoy, catching the spirit of independence from my message, fell by the hands of ruffians, in defence of the right of free discussions, and in a war against the “dark spirit of slavery.” One of his assailants bit the dust before his unerring musket. Others will carry to their graves the marks of his prowess, and for a time, he withstood the assault of the whole town of Alton, with the mayor and civil authorities at their head. At his fall, the whole land mourns—papers are dressed in the habiliments of wo—funeral processions, with solemn step, move through the streets—poetry consecrates its deep pathos to his memory, and the tears of thousands are poured out upon the bier of this first martyr to the holy cause, in which I dared to enlist as the first Governor in the Union. Oh generous Morgan, thou standest no longer alone! Another saint has been raised upon the niche beside thee, and will stand to be gazed at by the world with admiration, forever.

In view of these important transactions, I take the liberty of recommending that the sum of twenty thousand dollars be appropriated to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the lamented Lovejoy. And also, that the annual sum of fifty thousand dollars be appropriated, to be distributed equally among the respective lecturers on abolition, who are engaged in proselyting Pennsylvania, and who are in daily peril of having their heads cracked, or their black coats converted into India-rubber, by a liberal use of eggs and tar.

Our great system of internal improvements, consisting of railroads, canals, turnpikes, and bridges, will next demand your consideration. The tolls received during the past year amount to about one million of dollars, and but for the interference of the general government, they would have been a million and a half. The masonic improvement bill of last year, I vetted—an act which has been loudly approved by the people. Judging from the increased vote given by my party in the districts along the Erie and North Branch extensions, where my veto was used as an electioneering document, I have no doubt but the citizens residing there, are opposed to the extensions, and I shall accordingly veto any bill containing further appropriations to those objects. The people of Erie and Bradford have shown themselves loyal subjects, and their marked approbation of my veto will be followed by a rigid adherence to the same money saving policy. In Erie they appear to be sensible, that by the Mahoning canal from New Castle, we can enter the Lake at Cleveland, which is as near to Pittsburg as the Erie harbor, and renders that extension wholly unnecessary. Thus, a useless work may be

omitted, which will save the state at least two millions of dollars. You will, therefore, govern yourselves accordingly, in your action upon the system, for rest assured that no consideration can induce me to change my determination, backed as I am by the people.

Should the general government continue its interference, I have a batch of proclamations and toasts in preparation, that will drive its minions from our borders, and strike the principals dumb with fear. Presuming upon the entire success of this scheme, I think it safe to estimate the tolls for the ensuing year at one million five hundred thousand dollars. Should this happy anticipation be realised, I shall be entitled to the entire credit of bringing it about.

During the past season, my secretary has travelled into every portion of the state, expounding the school law, which is drawn up in mystical terms, beyond the comprehension of ordinary men. I accompanied him in his tour through the western counties, and aided him in his arduous work, by unfolding passages which even he did not understand; by visiting innumerable schools, exhorting the children to a glorious emulation in the paths of science, and lecturing them upon the sublime doctrines of antimasonry, and the profound arcana of government.

The repeal of the poll-tax has rendered the school system generally popular, though in my opinion, the operation of the repeal is directly adverse to the interests of our colored population. While it existed, they enjoyed all the benefits, without feeling the weight of the system upon their hard woolly polls.

The unbounded zeal of the superintendent of common schools has led him to visit every county in the commonwealth, to teach the young idea how to shoot; and I trust that the result of the next election will prove that he has been equally successful in teaching the older marksmen how to level their pieces. He informs me that the school districts generally, have been so fortunate as to procure the services of sound anti-masonic teachers, though, in a few instances, in Berks and Westmoreland counties, they were compelled to make importations from abroad, owing to the scarcity of anti-masons; all the men who can read and write, in those sections, being on the other side.

One subject, of deep importance to the future welfare and perpetuity of our republic, has occurred to my mind. I allude to the manifest impropriety of placing in the same school, and in the same room, the unsophisticated children of antimasonic parents, and those imps of the lodge who seem to suck in with their mother's milk, all the diabolical tricks and mystified wickedness of the blood-stained fraternity. If we would make the next generation more enlightened, patriotic, and virtuous than the present, let the pure and wholesome principles of antima-

sonry be inculcated with the alphabet, and let the antimasonic children be separated from the contaminating society of infantile masonry, which is far worse, in these days of stone coal purification, than the Scotch fiddle was when I was a boy and played on it at school.

I therefore recommend that the children of antimasonic parents should be separated from those of masonic ancestry even in the tenth degree of descent. Let every school master be required to undergo an examination in Morgan's revelations, Bernard's lights on Masonry, and Giddin's antimasonic almanacs. Let him expound the sublime truths contained in these books to his pupils, one day in each week, set apart for the glorious purpose, and let those who make the most proficiency in them, be placed at the head of their respective classes, and be marked out for the future rulers of the state. Thus shall we, in another generation, be rid of the foul stain of masonry, and always be blessed with such governments as the people enjoy under me.

In drawing up my message, I have been, upon some subjects, very much at a loss for the requisite books of authority. The inadequacy of the state library in this respect, has been forcibly impressed upon my mind. The duties of a Governor are so various, that it becomes absolutely necessary to furnish him with a full and extensive library of books and compilations upon all subjects connected with the management of government. No cost should be spared in rendering our public library perfect in this particular. I therefore take the liberty of recommending the immediate purchase of the following rare and valuable works, which will enable me to govern the state with much more intelligence, and satisfaction to the people and to myself. First, all Peter Parley's works, including his school books, with neat wood cuts. Secondly, Gulliver's travels, with the inimitable adventures of Tom Thumb, Baron Munchausen, and other similar works upon veracity and virtue. Thirdly, Stevens' speeches and the other valuable school books to which I have before referred. Fourthly, Tarbell's history of animal magnetism, Darymple's treatise upon phrenology, conchology and entomology. Fifthly, Willis' essays upon locomotives, horse power, broad-wheeled wagons, water power, balloons and air-guns. Sixthly, Offebaw's Farriery, and complete horse doctor, together with Thompson's family steam doctor. Seventhly, the last edition of Sternhold and Hopkin's Psalmody and Metre, Bottlecock's orations on cackademons, witchcraft and fortune-telling, Miss Simplin's lyrics to Thaddens Stevens, Whittier's magnificent ode, dedicated to me, and the last new year's address of the Telegraph, containing the chaste and beautiful apostrophe to the "*skunk members*" of the house. These books will complete the library, and furnish an abundant supply of political and sta-

tistical information, as well as some of the rarest gems of poetry that the world has ever seen since the days of Homer, to qualify both you and myself for the discharge of the high duties the people have confided to us.

In conclusion, I shall render the great interests of Pennsylvania into your hands, and confidently assure you, as I did the last legislature, that under the wise guide of Providence, checked and controlled by my veto power, I have no doubt the interests of the state will be faithfully sustained, and its honor preserved pure and unsullied. Proceed, then, to the discharge of your duties, and rest content that all the laws passed by you which I do not veto, will redound to the credit and glory of the commonwealth.

THE GOVERNOR.

Executive Chamber, Harrisburg, December 6th, Anno Domini 1837.





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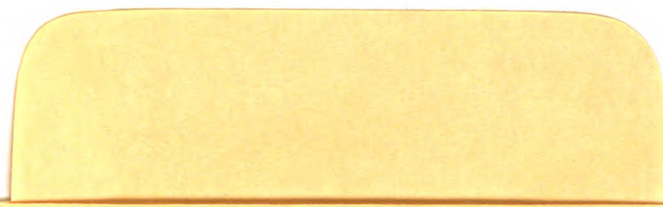
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