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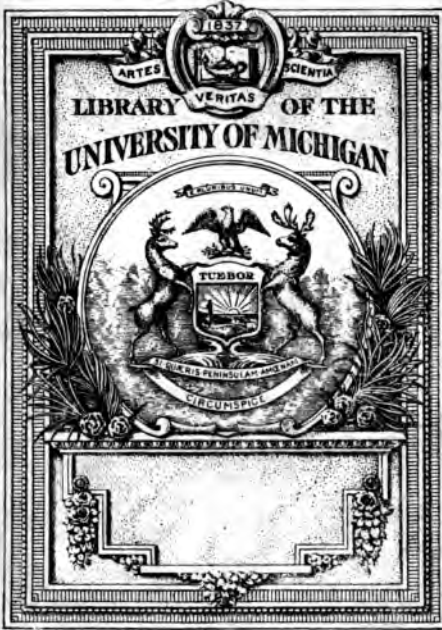
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Pt. 1

Political Reminiscences
New York
Part 1 1835



POLITICAL REMINISCENCES,
INCLUDING
A SKETCH
OF THE
ORIGIN AND HISTORY
OF THE
"STATESMAN PARTY"
OF
BOSTON.

BY
JOHN BARTON DERBY,
LATE
DEPUTY SURVEYOR OF THE CUSTOMS.

"They (i. e. the office holders) love Gold."—*Globe*.

"Their God is gold, and their Religion self."—*R. T. Paine*.

BOSTON :

Printed for the Author, by Homer & Palmer,
Congress Street.

1835.



**Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1834, by J. B. DERBY, in the Clerk's
office of the District Court of Massachusetts.**

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TO THE
YOUNG MEN,

OF

MASSACHUSETTS,

AND OF THE

UNITED STATES,

These humble pages, are respectfully inscribed, by their fellow
citizen, and obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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pt. 1

INTRODUCTION.

THE reader will readily perceive, that, in this work, the writer makes no pretensions to taste or refinement of style. He is a "plain, blunt man;"—and having a plain statement to communicate to his fellow-citizens, he only "speaks right on."

It will also be remarked, that many of his statements are, from their very nature, unsusceptible of proof, save by his solemn declaration. Conversations, between two persons only, can be proved but by one witness, and may be denied by the other. But the writer confides in the good sense of his countrymen to give him credit for veracity in *some* of his charges, when they discover many others, of a more serious character, for the truth of which he summons numerous and respectable witnesses.

No man, says Hume, can speak long of himself without an exhibition of vanity. This is undoubtedly true, and I would fain avoid it. But in a narrative of transactions in which one acts a conspicuous part, I know not how he can clearly and forcibly impress his readers, without speaking much, too much of himself, and his agency therein. Pardon me, therefore, if I appear presumptuous or conceited. I am sufficiently humbled by the errors of my political course. It is

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no small sacrifice of vanity, for a man to confess, that eleven years of his life have been passed under a political delusion.

To the Jackson party, I say, that if thoughtless zeal, if peculiar sufferings, privations, and personal conflicts;—if unceasing activity, and a total forgetfulness of interest, continued for many years, in the cause which finally triumphed by the election of Jackson, merits their consideration and regard, I may presume to claim it. In the ardour of political excitement, I abandoned an honorable and lucrative profession, and plunged in reckless impetuosity into the arena of politics, spurning aside all my better hopes and prospects. My first unfortunate sally was made in 1823, and the cause was a profound contempt and disgust for the character of J. Q. Adams, then a candidate for the Presidency. On his nomination, I stripped for the conflict, resolved never to quit the ring, until he was laid upon his back. It may be asked, why this excessive zeal? Here is my answer.

I remembered the apostacy of Adams in 1807, his abandonment of the federal party, and his calumnious accusation of his own, and his father's political friends, of treasonable designs against the United States. The family to which I belong, was, at that time, among the most influential and respectable in New-England, and decidedly federal. I believed the charge to be false;—for, in my youth, while listening with boyish interest to the political discussions of our family circle, I learned the *republican principles* which, ever since, have been the covenant of the republican ark.

Again; I had been told by a gentleman in whom I

placed confidence, that Mr. Adams not only avowed, in his presence, his intention of deserting the federal party, but gave his reasons for that intention, viz:—to destroy the democratic party by uniting with it, and leading it onward to such excesses, that all rational men would dread its continued supremacy. To the scorn I felt for his dastardly calumination of his ancient friends, was thus added an immeasurable disgust and abhorrence of the treachery he meditated against his new associates.

Thus a sense of honor, self-respect, family pride, and patriotism, made me, in 1823, a partizan of *Crawford*. And when, in 1824, it pleased the Almighty to touch him with his finger, and rebuke the aspirations of genius and ambition, the same sentiments, rather brightened than rusted by the previous struggle, made me a partizan of General Jackson.— And he never had one more devoted and enthusiastic.

I further claim some consideration from the Jackson party, when they remember that in 1824, and again in 1828, I published, under my own signature, the above facts in relation to Mr. Adams; and that my “statement was thought to have materially contributed to the victory of Jackson over his antagonist.” The vengeance of the Opposition, which fell upon me, in consequence, cannot be forgotten. It began in 1824, and never ceased till 1829. For five years, I was forced to fight my way through a host of atrocious libels, private slanders, loss of professional business, and, for a time, loss of reputation. But I triumphed over my political assailants, and beheld beneath the rainbow of our hopes, Jackson ascending the steps of the Capitol!

At that moment, I could with truth, have said to

him, "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."—For in the heat of the conflict, I had alienated my family and many of my friends, had expended all my limited means, neglected my professional duties, and, of course, lost my clients, and found myself shipwrecked upon the very sands of the harbour, into which, I had aided the ship of State in entering, and riding therein in security, and glory.

Nevertheless, I can recollect no moment of my life so full of keen delight, as that when the election of Jackson was ascertained.

My readers, I humbly trust, will credit me when I aver, that up to this period I had never once thought of an office, nor of any other reward of my exertions but the approbation of my own conscience. It was not until some of the most lucrative appointments were conferred upon men who had comparatively done and suffered nothing,—mere followers of the camp,—that I ventured to present my claims before the President, in July 1829. And on this subject I have a story to tell, wherein the young men of the State and Nation may read a lesson full of instruction and warning.

I received a subordinate office, (but not the one I had been promised,) and on the 20th April, 1830, repaired to the Custom House, in Boston, as Deputy Surveyor. I soon found myself surrounded by men, claiming to *lead* the Jackson party of Massachusetts, who seemed to have no other object than their own emolument and advancement;—intriguing, greedy and intolerant;—and attempting to exercise the same despotic control over the political opinions, as over the official conduct, of their dependants. In a short time, projects were advocated by them and afterwards carried into effect, tending to bring shame and con-

tempt on a "*reform*" Administration ;—projects replete with extortion, corruption and baseness. With zeal and indignation I opposed them, and consequently, incurred their secret but inveterate enmity.

Although it was apparent that the President had been most grossly deceived in his appointments in this quarter, I still adhered to him with unshaken fidelity, defending his acts and lauding his virtues, in the newspapers open to such communications. And in Feb. 1831, when he was assailed by Mr. Calhoun in the famous "*Correspondence*," I wrote a review of that controversy hostile to the assailant and warmly advocating the President, which being refused publication in the Boston Statesman, and the Gazette, appeared in the Washington Globe.

At that time, there were not among the office holders in Boston half a dozen *open* friends of Jackson. The leaders of the party were mutely watching the current of public opinion, and nearly all their subordinates, of course, wagged their heads in silence.—When however it was ascertained that the President would triumph over his great antagonist, they all joined in the general acclamation, and endeavoured to cover, by an inordinate zeal, their previous ingratitude to their benefactor. Were the few faithful, "*found among the faithless*," sustained afterwards by the Government? No ;—they were sacrificed to the superior political influence and wealth of the ingrates and traitors. They were sacrificed by the selfish and cold-blooded policy of Van Buren.*

*Van Buren acknowledged afterwards, in Boston, that he was satisfied the Statesman party were, at this time, the friends of Calhoun, but that they had repented, and were necessary to future operations.

Could it have reached me, I should have fallen with the rest; but I did not resist the impulse to tender, for the *first time*, a resignation of my office.

This most unjust and cruel transaction, did not detach me from the cause of the President, nor diminish my confidence in his honor and magnanimity. Persuaded that he was in utter ignorance of the facts, and that a few of his faithless advisers, (to whom they had been communicated,) were alone its authors, I still continued his firm and ardent friend.

And such I remained, until a band of conspirators, seized upon the occasion of his visit to Boston and his temporary illness and imbecility, to persuade him to lay violent hands on the public treasure, and to transfer it, in this quarter, into the custody of government officers removable from office at his pleasure. A most impolitic, disastrous, and fatal proceeding! Impolitic, because, it gave the U. States Bank a new and far stronger ground of contention; and was calculated to bring about the very thing it was designed to prevent, viz:—the re-charter of the Bank. Disastrous, because it shed dismay and ruin on the enterprising and industrious classes. Fatal, because it was the occasion of the subsequent “Protest” denouncing the Senate. (one of the three equal powers of the Government,) and asserting an authority in the President repugnant to the Constitution and dangerous to liberty. Fatal to the fame of Jackson as a champion of popular rights; to the party that elected him, by converting all the advocates of such regal prerogative into Tories; and, perhaps, to the great Charter of the Confederacy, by inflicting a wound that can never be healed.

In the following pages, I shall give some facts and

suggestions that may possibly throw new light on this rash and alarming assumption of power. It may yet be discovered, that the whole was the work of a single individual's malice and revenge.

I have, for many years, been opposed to the re-charter of the U. S. Bank, and subscribed the Boston Anti-Bank Memorial to Congress;—but, because I would not add an approval of the seizure of the deposits, some *tory* miscreant (tories are always enemies of freedom of opinion,) erased my signature, and it was not printed in the Memorial. I was also against *any* U. S. Bank, but Mr. Benton's speeches and the late fatuity of the *Globe* on the subject of gold—which means only *Dutch gilding*—cured me of that egregious error. A gold currency is the currency of despotic governments with an impoverished and ignorant population. Wherever we find credit, and a paper currency payable in the precious metals, there will be found also liberal institutions, an enterprising people, and a flourishing commerce. Napoleon, (says the *Globe*,) gave France a gold currency. If we are to be cursed with an American Napoleon, without doubt he will tread in the footsteps of his exemplar.

To resume the thread of this compendious narrative. During 1833, in consequence of the incessant and virulent attacks made upon a friend in a high station in the Custom House, by his official brethren, and for other causes to be named hereafter, I, a *second* time tendered a resignation of my office. I had become disgusted with the intolerable duty required of me, with the continually increasing corruption, and with the heartless reception of the devotedness with which I sacrificed myself for other's advantage. So that in

April 1834, prostrated, by the invasion of an hereditary complaint of the heart, brought on by the excessive labour and confinement of the first years of my official duties;—by the dissipation of the political illusion that had so long beguiled me; by the “serpent tooth” of ingratitude; by the violation of all my feelings and principles,—I was forced to exchange the condition of a slave for that of a freeman, but with all my prospects in life blasted and apparently hopeless.

In the following pages I shall not, of the numerous letters received from the leaders of the Jackson party, publish a single word. Private correspondence will be sacred in my hands, unless some mercenary or vindictive assailant compels me to expose his own, or that of his employers. Copies of my own letters, in explanation of facts, I shall take leave to use as I think proper.

At an age, when I ought to have laid the foundations of future independence, I find myself depressed in spirit and impoverished in circumstances. Yet my example may be incalculably beneficial to the generations who follow. Let the young men learn, that *any* useful occupation is infinitely better than the business of politics or official preferment;—and that a reliance on *men*, in their political attachments, is but leaning upon a broken reed;—while *principles*, both in politics and morals, are unbending and eternal.

This is the moral of my story.

J. B. D.

Boston, Sept. 1834.

CHAPTER I.

Origin of the Statesman Party.

“ Go thou, and like an Executioner,
“ Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays,
“ That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
“ All must be even in our government.”

IN 1824, there were four candidates for the Presidency, viz :—
W. H. Crawford nominated by a portion of the democratic mem-
bers of Congress,—J. Q. Adams by the New-England States,—
General Jackson by Pennsylvania and part of the West, and
Henry Clay by Kentucky and other Western States.

In Massachusetts, a great majority of the moderate men of both
the old federal and republican parties united in favor of Mr.
Adams. But a considerable Crawford party soon appeared,
formed by an amalgamation of high-toned federalists and radical
democrats ;—the federalists actuated by personal aversion to
Adams, and the democrats by an anxiety to sustain the precedent
of Caucus nominations. Of this party I am inclined to believe
that the federalists constituted the greater part, but as Mr.
Crawford was held up in Virginia and some other Southern
States as the regular *democratic* candidate, it became politic for
the party here to march under the same standard ; and thus was
brought forward into the front rank a set of men who, but for this
circumstance, would probably have never been heard of as leading
politicians.

In proof of the extent of federal influence in the Crawford
party of Massachusetts, read the following extracts from a circular
letter distributed, in Oct. 1824, throughout the State.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of Federal Republicans, at
the Supreme Court Room, Boston, convened by a notice in the news-
papers, last evening, (18th Oct. inst.) the following Preamble and
Resolutions were adopted unanimously :

To the Federal Republicans of Massachusetts.

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—A number of your political friends as-
sembled on a sudden call, made through the newspapers this morning,
of Federalists opposed to a pledged ticket of electors, beg leave to ex-

press to you their opinions on the subject of the approaching election of a President of the Union. The election of a chief magistrate is surely among the most important rights of freemen; but for many years past we have had so little share in such elections, that we seem to have become indifferent to the subject.—There is certainly a division, however unequal, in the opinions of the Federal Republicans, as to the qualifications of the several Candidates, and probably for that reason they had declined to act on this occasion as a distinct body.—While we respect the principles which have induced this forbearance lest offence should be given to some of our friends, we cannot conceal the fact that there has appeared a general and decided hostility to the *pledged ticket*, and we believe that at the polls a very great majority of the Federalists will act with us.

About five or six hundred voters are now present, and they form but a part of those in the city who feel, think and will act in union with us. And we declare that whenever we have witnessed an appeal on this subject to unbought and unpledged men, we have seen one general burst of indignation against the proceedings of the placemen who selected for public approbation a list of electors, who before they could be received as candidates, were obliged to surrender their voices to the cabal who appointed them, and thus bind themselves slavishly to declare the will of others, instead of exercising the proud and honorable prerogative of free and independent electors.

SAMUEL L. KNAPP, *Chairman.*

GEORGE G. CHANNING, *Secretary.*

The following were chosen a Committee of Correspondence, agreeably to one of the above resolutions, viz:—*Alden Bradford, Henry H. Fuller, Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff, James C. Merrill, Samuel Henshaw, Benjamin R. Nichols, Henry Williams, George Morey, Jr. Charles Bernard, and Ninian C. Betton, Esquires.*

The *pledged Ticket* was the Adams ticket, the unpledged the Crawford ticket. The Electoral Ticket supported by the Crawford party, was composed, with few exceptions, of old Federalists.

The Hon. Jonathan Russell was unquestionably the leading man of the Crawford party in this State, and conducted the contest with an ability deserving of a more happy result.

But among the leading *democratic* members in Boston, were David Henshaw, then a druggist and apothecary, now Collector of the Port, with a salary and perquisites of about \$5000 per annum. Andrew Dunlap, a lawyer, in small business, now District Attorney, fees (supposed) from 2 to 3000 dollars a year. John K. Simpson, an upholsterer, now Pension Agent and Deputy Treasurer of the U. States, (as President of a Pet Bank;)—pay supposed from 3 to 6000 dollars. Daniel D. Brodhead, then a Merchant-Tailor, now Navy Agent, pay probably \$4000.—Nathaniel Greene, then Printer of a weekly newspaper called

the *Statesman*, now Post Master of Boston, pay about 6000 dollars per year. C. G. Greene, was of so green an age that I cannot remember whether he had then been initiated into the mysteries of party, but if so, he was a printer;—now contractor for “twine, blanks, &c.” at over 29,000 dollars per two years.

The two first gentlemen were the principal writers for the newspaper printed by Greene, and his printing office was the scene of the political consultations of this august body;—hence they took the name of the “Statesman party.”

Other gentlemen, of much superior talents, attainments and influence, were members of the party;—but the little faction above named, finally succeeded, by a combination among themselves, in obtaining under Jackson, to the exclusion of the rest, every lucrative office in Boston in the gift of the President, and in distributing among their partizans, relatives, and debtors, in town and country, nearly all the other appointments of less emoluments.

Of the private characters of these men I have nothing to say, and shall confine myself to their public and political stations, characters, and conduct.

At the period of which I have been speaking, Mr. David Henshaw was remarkable for nothing but an active and money-getting industry, a professedly deep-rooted hostility to the *aristocracy*, (so called,) which usually means all who are richer than ourself, and an enthusiastic admiration of Napoleon Buonaparte. He has since swelled to a tremendous greatness, of which I shall treat hereafter.

Mr. Dunlap was noted for his immeasurable abhorrence of the *Hartford Convention*;—it was his cloud by day and pillar of fire by night;—the beginning and end of all his public speeches and newspaper paragraphs. He furnished most of the *ideas* for the newspaper, which Henshaw reduced to form. In truth he was and is the most radical and intolerant democrat I ever encountered. “Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer;”—rash, wrathful, vindictive, and daring,—as a politician. I shall allude to him again.

Mr. John K. Simpson,—better known among the party as “Johnny K.” This personage is the miniature Van Buren of the associates,—soft, sly, and insinuating,—never losing sight of

his own interests and advancement;—intent upon the fees but careless of the honors of office;—and accomplishing all his political projects by some manœuvre and intrigue. Indeed, so natural to him is this, that I doubt whether he can blow his nose without a stratagem. He however makes himself extremely useful as a member; is peculiarly active and successful in collecting affidavits when it becomes necessary to trip up the heels of a refractory office-holder; in drilling the democratic members of the State Legislature; in preparing the “cut and dried” measures to be passed by all Caucuses and Conventions under the “Statesman” jurisdiction; and in managing a change of front, if it becomes expedient to abandon a great Candidate for office when his prospects grow cloudy. His political conversation is in whispers and by the button, with an eye continually watchful of eaves-droppers and spies. And although he sometimes manages to dupe his associates and effect his own schemes while apparently promoting theirs, yet his peculiar qualities have rendered him a great favorite of the Statesman faction. By the sale of feathers he made himself rich, and as Deputy Treasurer of the U. States, beyond all question, he will thoroughly “feather his nest.” If Van Buren is elected President he should make him Grand Chamberlain of the household.

Mr. Daniel D. Brodhead. Of this important personage I know but little. It is said, however, that having been a Clerk of the Navy Office under the late Amos Binney, Esq. (whom Amos Kendall hunted so unmercifully, in his “black list;”) he has a sharp look out to the main chance; and, also, that while a merchant tailor, he produced very tolerable “fits.” This gentleman affects the *profound* politician, and reasons high in oracular language, but it is only “vox, et preterea nihil”—voice, and not much else. With all his close political calculations, he happened to be caught at the great “National Tariff Convention,” not long before the last Presidential election, although I think that he toasted Mr. Calhoun, at a public dinner, a few years before, with great vehemence. But perhaps, as the political atmosphere looked rather squally at that moment, a seat in that Convention was not a bad move, since in the event of Mr. Clay’s success, it might just have been mentioned as a passport to his favour. He obtained the office of Navy Agent by a majority of one vote, 17

to 16,—many Senators being absent. And there are certain facts connected with his appointment, and certain other matters in which he has been concerned, that will oblige me to call him up again.

Mr. Nathaniel Greene. I knew him in 1824 as merely of the firm of True & Greene, *printers* of the Statesman, and from that time to 1829, never suspected him of *writing* a single important article or even a paragraph, for the paper. The cause of his appointment as Post Master was, for a time, wholly unaccountable, but it at last transpired. He has since figured in so many extraordinary transactions illustrative of political character, to be detailed in the following pages, that I will for the present suspend any further remarks, trusting to introduce him with greater effect hereafter.

And as his brother, Mr. C. G. Greene, had not then attracted much notice, I shall leave him until the period, when he burst suddenly upon his astonished party, in the meridian splendor of Ciceronean glory.

Such was the origin and such were the leaders of the famous "Statesman party" of Boston;—a party that for a long period kept itself aloof and disconnected from every other party pursuing the same political ends, repelling all interlopers and overthrowing all rivals;—maintaining no friendships except with each other, but eagerly accepting the fruits of other men's labours;—veering with every breeze apparently disastrous to their patrons and benefactors,—secret, persevering and indefatigable in the prosecution of their selfish objects, until they managed to share among themselves nearly every government appointment in Boston connected with profits and patronage!

And these are the men, who *now*, fearing the loss of their enormous salaries by the defeat of Van Buren, are struggling, with a hope of success, to get our State Government into their hands, so that Henshaw may be a Senator in Congress, Dunlap a Judge of our Supreme Court, Simpson Sheriff of Suffolk, Brodhead Register of Probate, and the two Greene's Adjutant General and State Printer, leaving the minor offices of the Commonwealth to be scrambled for by the *country* members of the party.

Some of my readers, knowing the men, may smile at this assertion; but I can tell them, that smile of incredulity may be

changed to a groan. They who have obtained, in a manner unexpected and incomprehensible to themselves, high, responsible, and most lucrative offices from the Government of the U. States, look upon the petty offices of the State as their proper and rightful possessions;—fit asylums for veteran democratic Jacksonians.

CHAPTER II.

The Election of 1824.

“Under which King, Besonian?”

GENTLE Reader;—do not suppose that my knowledge of the political characters of the “Statesman” faction was intuitive?—Alas! for many years, being at a distance from the “Literary Emporium,” we had but little intercourse;—and as they thundered in the van of the Crawford party, and made up in clamor what they wanted in respectability, I recognized them as being what they seemed. It was a closer intimacy, a residence in Boston, and official connections, that proved them utterly unworthy of respect and confidence. Previous to that time, (as will be shown in these pages,) I appeared as their zealous and disinterested friend in a crisis which threatened the entire prostration of their power, and the triumph of their rivals.

All of 1825, and most of '24, I lived in one of the secluded but beautiful villages of Norfolk County, distinguished for the industry and intelligence of its inhabitants. Here a republican population of farmers and mechanics, met each night, after the labours of the day, for mutual instruction and enjoyment. Every man contributed his mite, or his talent, to the general information; and by this free discussion, two-thirds of the votes declared for the Crawford ticket. Never shall I cease to remember the generous spirit, the enlightened intelligence, the disinterested patron-

age, of the people of Medfield. "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!" The vote in this town in Nov. 1824, was for the Crawford Ticket 70, Adams 30. I believe that only three other towns in Massachusetts gave majorities against Adams.

In the Summer of 1824, there appeared in the Boston Statesman certain severe and eloquent writings, by "*One of the People*," stigmatizing the political course of Mr. Adams and ardently opposing his election. I soon ascertained that the Hon. Jonathan Russell was the writer. In an interview with that gentleman, he requested me not to expose any knowledge of the author; and, faithful to my promise, I involved myself in a labyrinth of difficulties materially affecting my interests and future prospects. Since his decease, I have thought myself absolved from that promise. These writings have been attributed to me, and in consequence, I have been compelled to bear unmerited honors from one side, and the most vindictive persecution from the other.

I communicated to Mr. Russell the facts in my possession relative to Mr. Adams's apostacy, and his probable designs on the democratic party, and was somewhat surprised to find them incorporated in the next number of "one of the people." And it is remarkable, that, to this very important charge against the political integrity of Mr. Adams, not a single newspaper in his interest, in this or any other State, uttered, at the time, a word of denial or defence. Some six months afterwards, when Mr. A. had been signally defeated by the votes of the people, and it was apparent that the election depended on Congress, the National Journal demanded of the Statesman proof of the charge. My name, without any previous consultation with me, was immediately ushered before the public. In this situation, I drew up, in the form of an *affidavit*, all the facts within my knowledge;—which was sustained by the certificate of a gentleman of high standing and respectability. It was published in the Statesman on 9th November. Although I had asserted in the affidavit that I was not the author of "*One of the People*," this availed me nothing with the zealots of the Adams party, and a most furious personal attack appeared in one of their Boston newspapers. I should have prosecuted the writer, but was restrained by parental advice and authority;—so I contented myself with publishing an answer in the Statesman. The concluding passage of that

answer I must be permitted to insert here, because it goes to show that I was actuated by no interested views, and also, that even then, I had a foresight of the future success of Jackson. Let it be remembered, that Mr. Crawford's lamentable illness was notorious, and that his friends considered his prospects desperate.

"I have nothing to gain, nothing to hope for, no interested views, in opposing the election of John Q. Adams. But I have done what I thought my duty with ardor, but not with intemperate zeal, and whether my conduct receives praise or condemnation, I care not. *The time is at hand, even at the door, when the small minority in Massachusetts, most of whom I truly believe acted from the most pure and conscientious motives, will rank with the great majority of their countrymen. The hand writing is upon the wall—let the seers interpret.*"

I have letters in my possession proving, that at this early period, my hopes reposed on Jackson. These things have only become matters of moment of late years when so much has been said about "*eleventh hour men*," although *now*, both the "*eleventh hour*" and the *early dawn* labourers have been discarded, and the fruits of their labours have been given to those who came into the vineyard just before *sunset*.

Let us now look after the little Cabal in Boston, who have since had the impudence to style themselves the "*earliest*" friends of Jackson, and the "*Spartan Band of Democracy*, in Massachusetts." So far from being friends of Jackson, up to the final election of Adams they had not ceased to ridicule his pretensions, both in conversation and in their newspaper, "*Hell is as fit for a powder house as Jackson for President*," said one of the most refined and eminent of the confederates. Even the aid of "*poesy*" was summoned to the purpose of pouring contempt on the "*Hero of New-Orleans*;"—the loftiest strain of which, retained in remembrance, is the following from the Statesman:—

"Quincy Adams who can slang,
Andrew Jackson who can hang."

There are multitudes in Boston who recollect that the bitterness of the Statesman party against Jackson, at this time, was quite equal to that which they manifested against Adams.

"Spartan Band of Democracy!" Never was a more false and

absurd claim set up by any party. For two years they had been amalgamated with federalists of the "straitest sect," and had cast their votes for an electoral ticket composed of high toned federalists, with merely a slight infusion of democracy. And I aided in mingling even this, by voting, (as a delegate to a Crawford Convention at Dedham on 19th Sept. 1824,) for Hon. Benj. Reynolds as the Norfolk Candidate for Elector.

But the real principle of combination among the Statesman party soon became apparent;—the "loaves and fishes" of office was their only bond of union.

After the election of J. Q. Adams by the Representatives of the States, he immediately proceeded to strengthen his party by treaties with his late opponents. The appointment of Secretary of State was supposed to have conciliated Mr. Clay and his friends. There was then a general impression that the Crawford party were next to be taken into favour, in order to array a commanding force against the most formidable of his antagonists,—Gen. Jackson. Like a wary politician Mr. Adams left his intentions for a time doubtful, with the expectation, probably, of distracting the mercenary adherents of both Crawford and Jackson, and attaching them to his Administration. This policy had the desired effect on the "Band" in Boston. The Statesman, soon after the election of Adams, instead of proving an opponent of the "corrupt bargain," and the "earliest" advocate of Jackson, was giving the leer of invitation for an alliance with the reigning power, mingled with menace in case of non-compliance;—it held in one hand a tomahawk, and in the other a treaty of peace with the usual "annuities." And so clearly was this amicable disposition perceived by the Adams party in Boston, that Mr. David Henshaw was elected on a federal ticket, a State Senator, and Mr. John K. Simpson a Representative, by that very party, which they have since so constantly pretended to scorn and abominate!

Had Mr. Adams then turned the light of his countenance on these humble but earnest efforts for a share of his patronage, beyond a doubt the Statesman party would have been among his scattered host in 1828. But he could not overcome his antipathy to Massachusetts federalism, and in a hesitating attempt to exhibit a preference of Jacksonmen to Crawfordmen, he lost both parties, which immediately coalesced against him. This event

was a forerunner of his defeat, as every politician of common shrewdness instantly discovered. And then, for the first time, rose from the ranks of the democratic "Spartans" the ominous cry, "Huzzah for Jackson."

But let us investigate their claim to democracy a little further.

Every reader of the Statesman, for a few years past, has noticed the ecstasy of wrath which inflamed it,—the *gangrene* that seized upon it, whenever it had occasion to mention Mr. Quincy's resolution in the Senate of Massachusetts during the last war, viz:—"that it was unbecoming a moral and religious people to rejoice in our victories over the public enemy." The resolution was indeed the extreme of political insanity. But what shall we think of men claiming to be the very "pinks" of democracy,—original, wool-dyed, inflexible, and immaculate, who, (ten years after the war, when the passions had cooled, and reason and principle ought to have resumed their control,) actually made a feast in Boston to celebrate the surrender, during the war, of a whole army, and a portion of the territory of the U. States, to an inferior force of the enemy? After such a deed, what astounding impudence, for a man to claim to be a democrat! And what monstrous injustice, for such men to be continually vituperating the conscientious opponents of that war in New-England, when they themselves, assisted in conferring *honors* on one whom a Court martial and a democratic President considered deserving of death, for inflicting such disgrace on the country! Yet if my readers will consult the files of the Statesman, or the Centinel, of June 1825, they will find a particular account of a public festival in Boston, given to General Hull, who for the surrender of his army, at Detroit, and the territory of Michigan, to a small force of British and Indians, at the commencement of the war, was subsequently condemned by a Court martial to be shot;—which sentence President Madison approved, but remitted its execution. Among the Vice-Presidents of the day, at this *glorious* celebration, they will find the names of David Henshaw and John K. Simpson—the Castor and Pollux of the Statesman party. And we have their "sentiments" also, wherein we discover no mincing of matters, but open, palpable, and right-down, Hartford-Conventionism.

“By David Henshaw, Esq. *The public voice*—Americans are “too honest to sacrifice the innocent to screen the guilty.”

Mr. Simpson was, as usual, a little less direct and plump to the purpose;—rather more flowery,—but equally conclusive.

“By John K. Simpson. *The surviving officers of the Continental war*—Subsequent misfortunes have not withered the “laurels won by them in the Revolution, nor tarnished the cord “which binds them to their neighbours and fellow-citizens!”

No, my “*feathered Mercury*,” the “cord” still binds you to tory principles, and you will strive in vain to break it.

Now, I apprehend, that my democratic readers require no further comment on this most extraordinary exhibition of “old, Spartan, radical, unwavering, and genuine democracy!”

Disgusted with such shameless conduct,—with the total abandonment of political principle by the Statesman leaders, and their base hankering after office, I resumed my professional vocations with zeal and success. For several years, the party paper* was a wretched and feeble bantling, ready to be deposited on *any* wealthy statesman’s door-stone who would yield it protection and sustenance. But, to the honor of New-England, no one was found willing to assume its paternity. The friends of Jackson in my county scouted it as a “cow-boy” of all parties, roaming over “neutral ground.” With opinions unchanged, and our confidence of the ultimate triumph of our political leader unimpaired, we impatiently awaited the dawn of a brighter day.

It came at last. The measures of Adams’s Administration, by their temporising and imbecile character, invited opposition and gave a presage of future conquest. Clay was the only statesman in the Cabinet who united to great genius the boldness which could alone have saved a minority President. But he suffered his genius to be rebuked by Mr. Adams, and evinced such an inordinate anxiety to exonerate himself from the dishonourable imputations of his adversaries, that many who were at first incredulous, begun at last to think “there must be *something* in it.” Experience seems to have proved in this country, that a distinguished statesman ought never to notice the accusations of his political opponents, however false and atrocious. So

* The Boston Statesman.

long as he is silent, the people consider such charges as only the usual lies of the newspapers ;—but the moment wounded honor, or self-respect, impels him to defy his accuser, then an impression is created that the arrow has hit him in a tender place. Who ever heard of Isaac Hill putting himself on his defence, or challenging an investigation either popular or judicial,—unless, indeed, some one had been whipping him, and then the “damages” make a very different case. No matter what accusation is levelled at his popularity, he has only quietly to say to his humble followers—“a federal lie,” and there ’s an end of it. And thus Hill has, for years, as despotically ruled in New-Hampshire as Dr. Francia ever did in Paraguay. Any man who is troubled with a nice sense of honor, and a keen sensibility to disgrace, should avoid public life as he would the cholera. It strikes me that the only way to rise in public station is this ;—pay no regard to the clamours of your opponents, but bend all your energies to undermining every political friend who is either above you, or impedes your progress. The general acclamations always wait on him who clears the ring. How many friendly official heads have flown off, since Mr. Van Buren aimed at the Presidency ! He knows how such matters ought to be managed. But this is a digression.

CHAPTER III.

The Election of 1828.

“ Now is the winter of our discontent

“ Made glorious summer. * * *

“ Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths.”—*Shakspeare.*

“ Oh! blindness to the future !”—*Pope.*

By the beginning of 1827, everything announced the impending downfall of the Adams Administration. In vain had the President proposed magnificent schemes of internal improvement and national grandeur; in vain had he projected a splendid alliance with the sister republics of South America, then struggling for freedom. Cupidity could not be bribed, nor even the spirit of liberty flattered, to his purposes. He had no *personal popularity*; that talisman—whose power we have recently felt,—which renders the approach of despotism invisible, and extorts, from an infatuated people, triumphant acclamations at every blow which lops off a limb from the Constitution.

Had Mr. Adams acted on the principles which he professed to believe, viz:—radical democracy; had he waved the services of the statesmen who composed his Cabinet, (with the exception of Rush,) and called into his councils an inferior order of men “unknown to fame;”—had he driven out all the public officers as plunderers and aristocrats, and filled their places with a fresh, more hungry, and more incompetent band of retainers,—he would have served out his eight years, and have been followed to his retirement by the blessings of his party. For it is the natural and inevitable consequence of universal suffrage, that, every few years, a new party rises up, more radically democratic than its predecessors, to push them from their places. The republican principles of the revolution are not the republican principles of the present day, and those who achieved that revolution are now considered, by some, “little better than tories.” It has been the fashion of late years to laud Mr. Jefferson as the “father of democracy;”—

but in less than twenty years from this time, I apprehend, he will be numbered with the ignorant and aristocratic statesmen of an age of political darkness. We see the operation of an extension of the right of suffrage in England ;—for no sooner had the “reform bill” passed, than William Cobbett walked into Parliament,—a man whom “England had twice vomited out on the shores of America, and America had twice vomited back again.” But it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell, that if this wretch lives ten years longer, he may think himself fortunate if he does not lose his head as an aristocrat. And in this country, we have remarked, that President Jackson, beckoning for the popular applause, first expressed a gentle disapprobation of the *present* Bank of the U. States, but at the same time proposed *another* on different principles. In a short time after, driven beyond the bounds of rational opinion by the clamor of his partizans, he was forced to condemn *all* National Banks. The next step was, of necessity, the condemnation of all Banks, State and National, and all paper currency, and the substitution of gold and silver. And in all probability, he will finally be compelled to anathematize gold and silver, and reduce the country to the currency of the patriarchal age, when the husbandman exchanged his corn for the oil of his neighbour.

This tendency to radicalism is so certain and immutable, that a defeated party has only to assume more agrarian sentiments than its victors, to regain its power and brand *them* as aristocrats. I know I am digressing,—but I cannot refrain from suggesting these veracious and useful considerations to the young and aspiring politician. Let my youthful reader, intent on official preferment, be advised, that his success depends entirely on the absurdity of his opinions. General Washington could not *now* compete with Amos Kendall !

Where will this regular declension end? Whenever a popular President, mistaking the roar of a few hair-brained fanatics for the voice of the people, surrenders himself to the guidance of radical and mercenary counsellors, and by his acts endangers the security of property, then, (if the country has been prosperous,) they who have something to lose will out-number and out-vote those who have nothing. I place no great stress on the love of liberty: it is quite a feeble passion in our times, and is nearly

merged in a love of gain. We have borne more from Jackson than our fathers did from George the third! If Van Buren does not become alarmed at the growing discontent of the people, and retrace his steps, we may look forward with some hope, that, in 1836, the Constitution will be rescued from beneath the feet of those who are now trampling upon it. But if, (which Heaven forbid!) he succeeds on the principles now set up by his followers, then the dynasty will be continued in Amos Kendall;—and Isaac Hill will be Minister to the Court of St. James,—no, I beg pardon, to the Lord Protector of England,—at present one of the “operatives” at Manchester.

Mr. Adams attempted to revive the principles of his father's Administration,—to go back to old times,—regardless of the political deterioration of the country. Of course, his doom was sealed. He never changed his politics notwithstanding his professions, and his administration was as federal as his father's. Yet he affected the plain republican, but erroneously supposed, with the “Statesman party,” that republicanism consisted in denouncing “ruffled shirts” and decent apparel. The “*labarum*” of democracy, in their view, seems to have been the eel-skin cue worn by the Cape-Cod-men, about the period of the Revolution. But times have altered—and the editor of the Statesman who formerly waged a terrible war against ruffled shirts, now, since the “twine, blanks, &c.” contract, sports as magnificent a ruffle and as fashionable a coat as any of his neighbours.

Mr. Adams, under this absurd impression, visited the paternal mansion in the summer of 1828, decorated with a jockey cap, a dimity short jacket, white overhauls and kid pumps. I never shall forget his appearance as he rode through the streets of Dedham, on horseback,—nor the mortification and scorn expressed in the countenances of his friends. Hostile as I was to him in political matters, I must say that I truly pitied both him and them.

There is an anecdote related of this “avatar” and the singular costume in which it was performed, that I believe to be authentic. Before arriving at one of the Taverns in Walpole, Mr. A. had mounted on horseback, and placed his groom in the carriage which followed in the rear. On drawing up before the portico, an ostler, in a clean frock, who had been expecting the arrival of

the President of the U. States, administered water to the horses of the carriage with profound respect, turning an eye of reverential awe on the gentleman who was within. The *real* President, who sat on his blowed charger, finding himself likely to be neglected, says "water *my* horse, Sir." To which Mr. ostler, with a look of indignant contempt at his dress and appearance, replied "d——n you, water him yourself,—that's your business."

Finding the battle going against him, and the odious stigma of federalism fixed on himself and his administration, Mr. Adams made a last desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes by leading to the charge his "old guard," viz:—his false accusation, against the former federalists of Massachusetts, of treasonable designs against the U. States. He probably supposed that as they had hitherto suffered the charge in silence, the same passiveness would be continued. But unfortunately for him, the leading federalists of Massachusetts thought that a calumny uttered by a private citizen seeking for office, and by a President of the U. States, were very different matters. They answered him in a solemn and affecting appeal to all the generous feelings of the heart, conjuring him to designate any one of their number who had been either principal or accessory in so base a design. As he could not do this without subjecting himself to a prosecution as a libeller, Mr. Adams shrunk from the challenge, and suffered the double misery of perceiving his poisoned arrow returned with fatal effect into his own bosom, and of dying a political death with "a lie in his mouth." But I *know* that many of these abused and illustrious citizens, with a magnanimity and virtue almost unknown in these degenerate days, believing that love of country ought to subdue every personal feeling, actually gave their votes for their calumniator!

We will now look in upon our friends of the Statesman party. While the chances were favourable to Mr. Adams' re-election, we have seen them mining for his favour. But when his star began to wane and Jackson's to rise "lord of the ascendant," they turned towards its cheering beams their servile homage. I well remember, that sometime in 1827, sitting in my office in conversation with my late lamented friend Ames, Mr. Nathaniel Greene, printer of the Statesman, made his appearance. His business was to extend the circulation of his paper. We entered

into his views, remarking, however, that he must take more determined ground; that his paper had been too tame and lukewarm, whereas the times required boldness and energy. He replied, that "the party" intended to take that course in future, and I then promised to supply him with an occasional "article," and to solicit subscriptions. In a short time afterwards the paper was in full blast, but it manifested so rancorous and malignant a character as to disgust the respectable and sincere friends of Jackson. It appeared to be the object of its conductors, not to create and sustain a party favorable to Jackson, but to vilify and blackwash every distinguished man of the opposing party, and every federalist who belonged to their own. Argument gave place to "blackguardism."

There *was* a time, when by conciliatory and gentlemanly conduct on the part of the Boston Statesman, Massachusetts might have been gained for Jackson. But its conductors had no such intentions. Dreading all respectable competitors in the expected distribution of offices, they sought recruits only in the kennels and gutters. Proclaiming Jackson an Irishman, they planted their flag in the menage of Broad-street; and holding him up as the champion of the poor against the rich, they received, with "hugs fraternal," the tenants of poor-houses and penitentiaries.

The Crawford party having generally declared for Jackson and being composed of men acting from nobler motives than a grovelling desire of plunder, could not long endure this reckless sacrifice of their hopes, and desecration of their principles. They, therefore, in 1828, established a new paper in Boston called the "Jackson Republican," by which (too late,) they attempted to retrieve the errors into which their associates had plunged. At this time a separation took place in Boston between those of the Jackson party who contended for principles, and those who merely fought, like Major Dalgetty, on their own hook,—for pay and rations, and the plunder of the enemies' camp.

I wrote for both papers, the Statesman and Republican,—enough to make a considerable volume. Never was any man inflamed with a more intense zeal, and, (as I then thought,) a more sincere patriotism. I neglected all other business, and devoted myself, heart and hand, to effecting the great object of the party—the election of Jackson. I did not enlist myself in either *division*

of the party,—I laboured for the *whole* party. About this time, I remember, that some of my jocose neighbours of the “opposition” thought they had the laugh on me, because I happened to say, that if I supposed Jackson’s election could only be effected by my being burnt at the stake, I would instantly make the sacrifice. Even now I think I could then have endured the ordeal; but having since been restored to some degree of political sanity, instead of being burnt at a stake. I should, at this time, much prefer a *steak, not burnt*.

In September 1828, in consequence of an impertinent reference, in the Boston Patriot, to my “statement” of 1824, relating to Mr. Adams’ designs in joining the democratic party, I republished that statement in the Jackson Republican and the Statesman, with additional evidence of its truth. It was copied into nearly every Jackson newspaper in the U. States, and was introduced, by the orators of the party, into their addresses to the people. The Hon. Mr. Ingham employed it with singular and decisive effect in Pennsylvania. There can be no doubt that this “statement,” and the “Cunningham Correspondence,” were among “the weights that pulled down” the minority President. Many distinguished and conscientious men have considered that there was something dishonourable in Mr. Cunningham’s publishing the private correspondence of his deceased father. I confess I never could coincide in that opinion. If any citizen has it in his power to unmask the real character of a candidate for the first office in the gift of the people whom he is courting and deceiving by a pretended affection for their interests and welfare, it seems to me to be one of the highest and most sacred obligations to save the country from the curse of such a government. Mr. Cunningham is now an officer of the Customs at Boston, and, after an acquaintance of four years, I believe him to be an intelligent, high-minded, and honorable gentleman.

My readers must pardon me for introducing the conclusion of my statement of 1828;—they will probably discern my object. “If it be asked why, as a *federalist*, I am opposed to Mr. Adams, “I answer,—because federalism, (as I ever understood it,) inculcated pure republican principles, and honorable and consistent political conduct. Those of that party whom I have known “from my youth, were generally men of exalted integrity, ar-

“dently devoted to the cause of the Constitution and of rational liberty. Therefore, I consider the calumnies vented upon them by Mr. Adams, at the time of his pretended conversion, to require of them as a sacred duty which they owe to themselves, to posterity, and to their country, a firm, united, and untiring opposition to all the aspirations of his ambition. Can such of that party as now rally in his support, (and, alas! they are numerous,) palliate the charge, that, by so doing, they confess the truth of his accusations, and seal their own infamy.

“Again, should it be asked, (admitting Mr. Adams’s political desertion to be *feigned*, &c.) why I come not to his aid in his design of *restoring the federal party* to power by *treacherously* affecting the ruin of their former adversaries? I should think it foul scorn in any one to presume to suggest so base an action,—and in the language of Evan Dhu should reply, “that he who could ask such a question kens little of the heart” of a federalist, “or the honor of a gentleman.” ”*

The next day after the “Statement” was published in the Boston Statesman, there appeared in one of the Adams newspapers of that City a most outrageous attack on my private character. It would be hardly possible to compress, into a paragraph of about ten lines, more desperate malignity and ferocity. It declared me a most worthless, friendless, and infamous person,—without business, respect, or reputation;—insane of mind, and intemperate in my habits. Now, at that very moment, I enjoyed,—more than is common to a young man, the confidence of my fellow-citizens; my professional business was extensive and productive; my personal friends were more numerous and respectable than at any former period of my life; my mind was peculiarly clear and active, and perfectly sane, except, (as it has since proved,) in politics; and I had not tasted a single drop of spirits, and but one glass of wine, for nearly five years. Of course, the attack was undeserved, false, and inhuman. I therefore caused a civil suit to be brought against the Editor of the paper

* Many good Whigs may indignantly enquire, why the writer, after Mr. A’s noble support of their principles in the last Congress, still condemns and distrusts him? Let them wait *five years*, and their question will be answered by Mr. A. himself.

in which the libel appeared, determining, at the time, that I never would consent to any other compromise than a recantation by himself in the same paper where the injustice was committed. My reason for this resolve was, that whereas the same editor had poured out the most gross abuse of Gen. Jackson and his wife, in his columns, I trusted, that the recantation, to which I should force him *in my own case*, would throw a libellous character on his accusations against those, for whom, I then thought it my duty to make any sacrifice. Just before the day of trial, a large sum of money was offered me, (whether with my antagonist's knowledge I cannot say,) to withdraw my action; but tens of thousands would have presented no temptation. He then threw himself on my generosity; I never could resist this appeal,—and I wrote the recantation which he subscribed and published thrice in his newspaper, in a form intended to save his feelings, while it merely vindicated my character from his cruel aspersions. And, afterwards, when he engaged in a furious controversy with another editor, who improperly alluded to his affair with me, I wrote to that editor, expressing, in strong terms, my disapprobation of any reference to a matter which had been fairly adjusted. Neither before, nor since, this attack on my private character, had I, or have I had, any personal acquaintance with the author. But as I never entertained any *personal* animosity against him, I can now say with satisfaction, as well as truth, that he is a very active, respectable and talented member of the community. What a comment on the violence of party!

I cannot refrain from seizing on this occasion to express my gratitude to the Bar of the County of Norfolk. The Court being in session, soon after the publication of the libel on myself, who was a member of the Bar, certain resolutions were introduced without my knowledge, and unanimously adopted, defending my reputation as a lawyer and a man. They were proposed by Joseph Harrington of Roxbury, and sustained by Horace Mann of Dedham. I owe a vast debt of grateful feeling to both gentlemen, who came as messengers of peace and restoration, when, after having surmounted many grievous trials, and attained to a promise of future rank and emolument, I thought myself utterly prostrated by the assaults of my political enemies. Mr. Harrington is the life of social enjoyment; and it is no small honor to

have been the acquaintance of Horace Mann, the founder of the Worcester Asylum. Bostonians have appreciated his value as a public man;—but few can know the generosity, the purity, the elevated principle, which distinguishes his private character.

There are those who,

“Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.”

A few days before the Presidential election in Massachusetts, I published, in the Statesman, the “Address to the people” of that State. And on Mr. Adams renewing his attack on the old federalists, as his last movement to secure the victory, I rode to Boston and proposed to the Statesman leaders the printing of a ticket of Electors composed of “old federalists,”—to be dispersed throughout the Commonwealth, and, by this means, to distract and divide the Adams party. Messrs. Henshaw, Simpson and Dunlap objected most emphatically to the project, as being calculated to introduce into the party distinguished men, who would afterwards become competitors for the public offices. Even at this early period of the struggle, they seemed to think, that the *smaller* the Jackson party was in Massachusetts, the better for their interests. I afterwards discovered that they had conspired to keep the Jackson party in this State *conveniently small*, and, especially, to repel every respectable gentleman who offered to join it. They were assiduous in procuring recruits from the lowest and most ignorant of the populace; but whenever a man of talents and information claimed their fraternity, they chanted the “trio”

“Fee, faw, fum,

“We smell the blood of an Englishman.

“Be he live, or be he dead,

“Off goes his head.”

It was about this time that I saw, with indignation and disgust, caricatures of the Hon. Francis Baylies, (the *only* Representative from New-England who, in 1824, voted for Gen. Jackson,) inscribed on the walls of the Statesman office! He was pictured with a cigar in his mouth, and on his forehead was written, “an old Tory!” They knew, (i. e. the Statesman party,) that Mr. B. was the author of the most popular public appeals which had appeared in the Jackson papers. But altho’ *he* was a Jacksonian, when *they* were intriguing to be the adherents of any party which

would accept them as partisans, they hated him for his integrity and abilities;—"aside the devils turned for envy."

Jackson was elected! We heard the *glad* tidings, (as we supposed,) from the West, which changed our hopes to certainty. In a "white heat" of political enthusiasm, I rushed into Boston. I sought the Statesman office, and found a part of the conclave in session. Gentlemen, I exclaimed, I congratulate you on our glorious victory! Reform is established;—the Constitution is restored to its original purity;—the People have triumphed!" I noticed, as I spoke, the gradual elongation of the corners of their mouths, and I had no sooner ceased, but they sent forth a peal of laughter such as I had never heard before. Peal upon peal, rang through the room, for several minutes. Amazed and confounded, I waited impatiently for a calm, when I could demand an explanation of such conduct. Why,—I exclaimed, on the first cessation of the uproar,—is not this a memorable triumph of the people? Here, they went at it again, roar upon roar, with occasional screams of,—“what an innocent!”—“quite unsophisticated!” &c. &c. Any one of my readers, who has ever seen a drop of hot tallow cooling off, can imagine, at that moment, my situation and appearance!

After this tempest of laughter was over, I was quietly informed, that they had won the money of the Adamsmen in bets, and were certain to win their offices:—and that, as I had done and suffered much, I should be taken care of! My readers will make their own comments.

Jackson was elected! and I had been no inconsiderable instrument in bringing about this result. If I had a window in my breast, my readers would now see how my heart is wrung with this reflection;—how remorse, with its thousand snakes, is stinging it to the core. And yet I thought I was doing a good deed, and continued in this dream, with occasional starts of returning consciousness, until the appalling seizure of the public money effectually dispersed it. Had the visible heavens, over my head, been suddenly "rolled together as a scroll," I should not have been more instantly awakened to the peril which awaited all of us! It is however, most fortunate for the country, that our *Julius* has preceded our *Augustus Cæsar*;—that the first attack on the Constitution, and public liberty, was so audacious, and

undisguised ;—that tyranny marched his legions, in open day, to the Rubicon, and assailed freedom with the sword, and not with the stiletto. Julius Cæsar overturned the Roman Republic ; (in which, be it remembered, the last rampart of patriotism was the Senate ;) but it was, for a time, restored by the steel of Brutus. The cautious, subtle, and intriguing Augustus finally and hopelessly, *riveted the chains of the people.*

CHAPTER IV.

The Scramble for Office.

“ So many new-born flies, (his light gave life to,)
 “ Buzz in his beams,—fleshflies and butterflies,
 “ Hornets and humming scarabs,—that not one honey-bee
 “ That’s laden with true labour, and brings home
 “ Increase and credit, can ’scape rifting.

IN Massachusetts, in 1828, the number of votes, for Jackson, was about the same as Crawford received, four years before. In Boston, the two divisions of the Jackson party united, for the last time, and mustered 800 votes for Dr. Ingalls, as Representative to Congress. Such a man as the Doctor is an honor to any party : —“ Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind.” He is as distinguished for active benevolence as for professional skill, and is as successful in *trepanning* hearts as heads. It is wonderful, that a gentleman of such universal popularity could obtain only eight hundred votes, in a City where thousands owed him vast debts of gratitude ; and it satisfactorily proves the determined repugnance of its enlightened citizens to the rule of Jacksonism. The “good Doctor” was, however, restored to political health in 1832 ; it required only “one course” of Jackson medicine for his recovery ;—while some of us were obliged to take half a dozen.

As I stated, in the former Chapter, early in '28 the Statesman party had driven away in disgust a large and respectable division of the friends of Jackson, whom they afterwards called the "Bulletin party." Just before the election in November, in order to keep up some show of strength they were obliged to solicit a reunion, which they intended should be only temporary. This was effected by the nomination of Dr. Ingalls. But the election was no sooner passed, than immediate measures were taken to compel another separation. As early as the 20th Nov. the Statesman party proceeded to call a meeting of its adherents "to reorganize the Jackson Republican party." The other division of the friends of Jackson well knew the object of the call, and therefore stood aloof. At this meeting it was resolved, that, for the future, the party name should be the "Jackson *Democratic* party;"—And a County Committee and Ward Committees having been chosen among themselves, they effectually excluded the "Jackson Republicans" from any further participation in their political transactions.

Having thus shaken off a formidable host of competitors for appointments, and assumed to themselves, "par excellence," the exclusive management of the Jackson party of the City, the Statesman leaders still found too many able and meritorious gentlemen belonging to *their own* faction, whose claims on government patronage would come in conflict with their own long cherished design of engrossing the whole. It became necessary, therefore, to deceive these men, and the trick was adroitly managed. They had already obtained the entire control of the County Committee by their own votes, and those of their relatives and personal friends, of which it was composed. But this was not considered a sufficient security against accidents, and the possibility, that some might hereafter prove refractory. They therefore constituted themselves a grand Central, or State Committee,—the sun of the system, around which all the inferior political orbs must revolve. It was a beautiful system, for if successful, it grasped the power of the whole Jackson party of the State, as well as of the City. To make the usurpation of authority palatable to the members of the County Committee, it was declared, that all claims to appointments were to be settled by the vote of *that* Committee alone; that *they*, (i. e. the States-

man leaders,) had no peculiar merits to offer on the altar of official homage;—were rather indifferent about preferment;—the reward of patriotism, the people's love, was enough for them;—and, indeed, that their present occupations were much too lucrative to make the toils of office desirable or even endurable. If however the party insisted on the sacrifice, why, there was none they would not make for the good of the country; but should much prefer that other meritorious patriots would relieve them from the duty!

Such discourses glided like strains of soft music into delighted ears, and removed all feelings of remonstrance against their assumption of all the party influence. To keep up the delusion, meetings of the County Committee were actually held at which some of the members, not in the plot, and claiming to be "elder soldiers" than their managers, were nominated as Naval officers, Surveyors, Weighers, Gaugers, &c. And they slept on these golden dreams, until they waked to find all these offices in the possession of less confiding, and more wary politicians. Many poor fellows who had labored day and night for the "Hero," years before the Statesman leaders had concluded to embrace his cause, who had figured as Chairmen of Committees, Moderators of Meetings, Secretaries of Conventions, orators, poets and newspaper statesmen,—who had, in anticipation of the coming official harvest, indulged in the most magnificent contemplations of the future,—who had said in their hearts, "I will pull down my barns, and build greater"—found themselves reduced to the *necessity* of accepting some petty appointment, mortifying to their hopes, and scarcely affording them the means of subsistence! Some of them, however, on the explosion of the plot, indignantly refused the proffered compromise, and attempted to set up for themselves, and to resist the conspirators in finally clutching and securing their prey. In every instance such daring individuals were undermined, defeated, and, perhaps, ruined. No matter what services to the party he had rendered; no matter what personal friendships were broken up; no matter how much he had contributed to their own advancement;—the least resistance, or even murmuring at their authority, by any individual, was followed by a secret but desolating vengeance. Most gentlemen in Boston will remember the fate of John Roberts, one of the

"original Jacksonmen," and a most devoted adherent of the Statesman party. There were many others who suffered like injustice.

If the leaders of the Statesman party could deal thus deceitfully and inhumanly with their own friends and partisans, we can readily imagine the plots, stratagems and falsehoods contrived against their opponents of the "Jackson Republican, or Bulletin party," and against every distinguished Jacksonian in the State who would not succumb to their authority or whom they suspected of aspiring to office. As the mercenary and rapacious believe all men equally intent on spoil and rapine, that suspicion, of course, rested upon every man who possessed talents or influence, and who had voted for Jackson. And they had acquired the power of effecting incalculable mischief. For, calling themselves the State Jackson Democratic Committee,—with an impudence impervious to all sense of honor or decency,—and holding forth their newspaper as the sole defender of the cause, and themselves as the little Spartan band who maned the Thermopylæ of Democracy in Massachusetts, they did in fact persuade the great and leading men of the Jackson party in other States that they alone were deserving of honors, and that all, who were not their servants, were federalists and traitors. The rancour manifested in the Boston Statesman against the chiefs of the Bulletin party is inconceivable by any one who has not marked the influence of envy and cupidity on low minds. Every man of that party was denounced as a federalist; "a Hessian," "fighting for pay"; "a spy in the democratic camp,"—or as "soldiers enlisted after the victory was won." Now all this was utterly false, as they well knew. A great majority of the chiefs and the adherents of that party were "democrats of the old school," and many of them had been the ablest advocates of democracy in the Boston Statesman. There were indeed some federalists among them, who relying on Gen. Jackson's *advice* to President Munroe, were confident that he would *act* upon sentiments so candid and magnanimous. Among these were to be found some of the most active and devoted of his friends. The opprobrious epithet of "Hessians," was wholly inapplicable to them, for they were far above all mercenary considerations. The real Hessians were the Statesman leaders who fought for nothing but pay, who got all the

pay, together with the plunder of their political enemies' possessions in this quarter. While many of the Bulletin party were among the earliest to sustain the cause of Jackson, they had recruited a young and enterprising corps in the same cause. And acting openly, ingenuously and honestly, they neither feared spies or required their services. Nevertheless, the oft repeated and most impudent calumnies of 'their enemies tainted, at last, public opinion;—and altho' most of the injured trusted implicitly in the high feeling and justice of the President elect, it was but too evident, that he would be unable to resist the flood of prejudice incessantly rushing upon him. Living at a distance, I was a spectator, (altho' not a disinterested one,) of these ungenerous, fraudulent, and infamous transactions.

Having thus separated themselves from the most respectable, and numerous, (and therefore, to them, the most dangerous portion,) of the Jackson party, of Boston,—having thoroughly deluded and mystified their own party and usurped the control of all its power,—the Cabal prepared to proceed to Washington, to perpetrate the schemes so long in preparation.

But some preliminary movements were first necessary. They assiduously enlarged their correspondence with the leading Editors and principal men of the party in all the States, particularly with those known to be democrats, which they were enabled to do by proclaiming themselves the representatives of the democracy of Massachusetts. Next, as it was doubted whether the President elect could be brought into their plans, which contemplated the removal from office of the public servants, not only in Boston, but throughout the State, and the United States,—whether faithful or unfaithful—with the exception only of the active partizans of their faction; it was deemed expedient to sound, before-hand, the trumpet of woe and of warning;—of woe to the vanquished, and of warning to the President. The horrid peal rang from the brazen throats of the Statesman and its kindred prints. Hear, how it brayed from the Statesman.

☞ "A poor fellow, not a hundred miles off, says, certainly President Jackson is too good a man to take my office from me; I have a family entirely dependent upon the income thereof for their support, and the brave Hero of New-Orleans is too generous, too magnanimous, and too noble minded to deprive my

wife and little children of their bread. But hark ye, Sir; have you not neglected the duties of your office to abuse the generous Jackson; have you not laboured night and day in endeavoring to deceive your fellow-citizens into the belief that the now humane, generous, noble Andrew Jackson was an inhuman monster; a blood thirsty tyrant; a wilful murderer; a libertine of the blackest cast, &c. &c." "Do such men deserve public confidence? Is the people's money safe under the control of such men? Certainly not. Then the *public good* requires that they should be displaced."

This Article, from the Statesman of Nov. 18th, 1828, is headed "The day of Reckoning."

Similar sentiments were avowed in the Albany Argus, the Portland Argus and indeed in a large number of the Democratic Jacksonian presses of the United States. And in some of them, it was afterwards threatened, that if any prominent statesman of the party should oppose this plan of indiscriminate proscription, he should forfeit the confidence of his political supporters.

It is not at all astonishing, that such a generous invitation to pillage should have been hailed with avidity by all ignorant, greedy, and unprincipled demagogues. Notwithstanding it is apparent, to every common apprehension, not distorted by political insanity, that such a system must inevitably, in a short time, overthrow our Republican institutions, by corrupting all public virtue, and converting every important election into a mere scramble for office, yet there have been found able and dignified statesmen, professing extraordinary attachment to liberty and the constitution, to give it their deliberate and commending sanction. Beyond a doubt, it was this invitation to a grand official massacre,—a political St. Bartholemews,—which gathered together, at Washington, on the ensuing 4th of March, the host of ruffians who invaded the President's house, destroyed its rich furniture, and rioted on the glainties of his table;—and, afterwards, engendered that spirit of intolerance and proscription, which all his generosity, justice and magnanimity struggled in vain to resist. He undoubtedly possessed all these virtues, and I am unwilling to believe that, even now, they can be entirely cankered by the corrupting influence of authority. He has, let us hope, been "more sinned against than sinning."

To return to the operations of the Boston Cabal. It is but fair that I should "give the devil his due," and, therefore, I must confess, that no body of men, or conspirators, ever displayed more unceasing activity, industry, secrecy, and cunning, in conducting political machinations. They had prepared the way for their advancement with infinite diligence and adroitness, and they now prepared to visit the field where the fruits of their labours were to be gathered, leaving their infatuated followers at home meditating on vain hopes,—like parched travellers in a desert, on discovering the approach of a welcome cloud, distending their grateful mouths to catch the exhilarating drops.

Affidavits had been carefully collected touching the political character and deeds of all the public officers in Boston singled out for destruction. If any one of them had merely voted against the new powers, *that* was industriously marked, *in solemn black*, against him;—or if he had signed any political paper favourable to the past Administration, his signature was eagerly sought for; or the testimony of some person who had seen it, secretly procured;—or if he had expressed, in familiar conversation, his content with the masters he served, or his belief that a change would be injurious to the country, he was "written down" in numerous depositions, "a knave"—deserving of official death. Nor was any mercy designed to be shown to the public officers (who filled *lucrative* stations) of *their own party*. Against them the *crime of age* was alleged,—the long period they had held their offices—the importance of "rotation in office." Past faithful services were nothing;—poverty and misery to the hoary head were nothing, even if it had been bleached in establishing, amidst the storms of the revolution, the very Government, which was thus called upon to decapitate it. Nor was even this all. Lest any of the Boston Bulletin party, or any distinguished man in the State, friendly to Jackson, should "come between the wind and their nobility" and bar them from their object, every little and contemptible slander on the characters of such suspected persons, was hunted up, and prepared, in requisition against them. Thus armed and equipped, the Cabal proceeded to Washington, their motto being—*perish all—but we win*.

I have, subsequently, been shown some of the *affidavits* before mentioned. One of them was levelled against a gallant Colonel

of the last war, who held an important office. The material fact was, his *signature*, to a call for an Adams meeting in Boston. Mr. Simpson kindly favoured me with a partial view of this precious document,—but, at a distance of ten feet, with part of the name covered with his finger. He said, however, that the damning blot was there. Another, was a long string of certificates intended to prostrate a Major of the late war, who had been maimed, for life, in the public service. Here is, substantially, a sample of the certificates. “I certify, that on &c. in a conversation with Major —, he said, he thought Jackson unfit to be President.” Signed —. “I certify, that I heard Major — say that he believed Jackson to be a damned rascal.” Signed —. “I certify that many times, in conversation, Major — said, that he was a public officer under Adams, and thought it his duty to stick by his superior officer, and believed he had more knowledge in his little finger, than old Jackson had in his whole body. Signed —.”

I think there were about a dozen of such frivolous charges against this officer, who was acknowledged to be faithful in his duties, and who had received assurances that he should not be molested. But they “*did his business.*” Mr. Nathaniel Greene confided this important paper to me, for the purpose of preventing the unfortunate Major from receiving, after some years of distress, a *new*, but trivial appointment. I used it for a very different purpose. And all such accusations, were gotten up secretly, without any knowledge thereof on the part of the destined victim. He was condemned, without being heard in his defence, or knowing his accusers.

It was the “Lion’s mouth” of Venice! But more of this hereafter.

It is probable, that nearly every zealous Jacksonman in New-England who expected an office, (and most thought their chances fair,) and who had money enough to get there, was in Washington on the 4th of March, 1829. The rush, the eager importunity, the furious competition for appointments, was a most mortifying and disgraceful trait in the National character. As the scene was described to me, I could think of nothing but Mr. — of Roxbury, in his duck yard surrounded by its thousand quacking tenants, as I figured to myself the President of the U. States,

beset by a throng of greedy, starved, and clamorous partisans. This was the first evidence of the decline of our national spirit, dignity and independence. It was "*the beginning of the end.*" If, on that day, the spirits of those proud, stern, and self-denying New-England patriots, who were the founders of public liberty, were permitted to look down on a spot hallowed by so many glorious associations, how they must have mourned the degeneracy of their children !*

The Jackson newspapers were the immediate cause of this melancholy and humiliating spectacle ; but many of the Editors of the opposing party have reason to reproach themselves with having prepared the way for its exhibition. They had assured the people that General Jackson could neither *spell* correctly, nor *write* grammatically ; and, of course, the ignorant and illiterate thought themselves equally worthy of preferment. They had charged him with licentious habits, and, consequently, the dissipated and depraved looked to him as their patron. They had proclaimed him void of all moral principle ;—vice heard the welcome intelligence in its lurking places, and stalked forth into open day. Had these Editors not been infected with the madness of party, they would have considered, that, in 1824, the people of Tennessee had given Gen. Jackson nearly a unanimous vote for the Presidency. It is unhappily true, that an ignorant, licentious and immoral demagogue may obtain a *majority* of suffrages, at a time of violent political excitement, over a wise, just and virtuous statesman. But to suppose that such a man can possibly command the *united* voices of the freemen of a great and proud Commonwealth, among whom he has passed his days and to whom his character must be known, is absurd and monstrous. It is to suppose, that, among 120,000 citizens, there are none who have any regard for wisdom and virtue,—a state of corruption that would call down "fire from Heaven." The nearly *unanimous* vote of Tennessee, and I believe of several other States, in 1824, was conclusive, as to the qualifications and character of Gen. Jackson :—not that he was the best man for the office, but that the statements of his political opponents were

* To the honor of the South, few of that high-minded people were to be found in the crowd of beggars.

false and calumnious. He owed the immense majority he received in 1828, to this mistaken policy of his political opponents. The Whigs of this day will profit by the lesson;—they will not assail *the private character* of the Tory candidate. With the present intelligence and virtue of the people, no man, whose moral principles are greatly depraved, can command sufficient influence to procure even a nomination, (by any party numerous enough to give any hope of success,) for the elevated station of President of the U. States. The very fact of his nomination by one of the great parties of the country, will convince all who have no personal acquaintance with the candidate, that such assaults are but the malignant slanders of bitter political warfare;—and as all generous bosoms are irresistibly inclined to succour the oppressed, he will gain thousands of voters, whose indignation at injustice outweighs their abhorrence of his political principles.

What are our aspiring friends, the “Statesman leaders,” doing, ‘all this while, at Washington? Having obtained the valuable assistance of Gen. Duff Green, they had ready access to the President;—and acting on the rule of “united we stand,” they prosecuted their objects with a zeal and dexterity worthy of all praise. As usual, they had “*a nice little plan of operations,*” probably suggested and arranged by the sagacious Simpson. As I have been informed, the offices to be secured were as follows, viz:—Henshaw,—as having the most money, the soundest judgment, and the most commanding personal appearance, was to be *Secretary of the Navy!* Simpson, sharp at calculation, and with a little experience in the law,—(vide 12th vol. Mass. Reports,)—was to be *Collector of the Port of Boston!* Dunlap, *Attorney of that District.*—Brodhead, having learned the trade under Amos Binney, —*Navy Agent!*—a brother-in-law of Henshaw, *Naval Officer*; a Cambridge poetical and political adherent, *Surveyor*; and last, but not least, Nathaniel Greene, *Postmaster of Boston!!* “This was the noblest Roman of them all,” it seems; for the Boston Post office, with the regular salary of \$2000 per annum, and the perquisites, and the “boxes,” is worth *six or seven thousand dollars* a year;—and yet Mr. Greene, in the public estimation at Boston, was the least distinguished for talents, and political efficiency, of all the associates. But the “*nice little plan*” discloses the motive

for assigning to this gentleman so prolific an appointment.—Mr. Greene, as nominal proprietor and editor of the Boston Statesman, was to present before the Throne,—“how he had, with *unparalleled fortitude, unshaken fidelity, desperate daring*, and at AN IMMENSE EXPENSE, defended the Democratic Thermopylæ in Massachusetts,—assailed by an inveterate host of aristocratic Persians ;—how he was utterly annihilated, by the same sanguinary host, without his being able to report one of the slain ; “was alive himself, to tell his story, with all his companions in that awful struggle ;—and that the enemy never seemed to perceive that any foe, deserving of notice, defended the “pass,”—“but leisurely marched through it, and carried the Republic, without the loss of a man. Nevertheless, as the preparation for the conflict, and the conflict itself, had *cost him a great sum*, he humbly trusted that the generous country he had saved, and its magnanimous master, would “*pay him for heating the poker*” viz :—cash, per account, expended, \$15,000.”*

The “Cabal,” having discovered the liberal and unsuspecting character of the Chief Magistrate, who, altho’ rash, precipitate and headstrong, is honest, sincere, and free hearted, knew that so solemn and affecting an appeal would work upon his generous nature. They knew he was the last man to desert his friends, or to yield to his enemies. But they prepared for a question, which they anticipated his sagacity would propose, viz :—“how could you carry on a newspaper, at such an expense, *without funds*, and in the midst of such a multitude of political opponents, who would be the last to aid you ?—Greene was to answer,—“Sweet Sir, the money was loaned to me by that purient patriot, David Henshaw, here present ; and the other gentlemen office seekers at his side became my endorsers. All of them are involved in my distresses, and all are money-martyrs in your service.”

My readers will immediately acknowledge that the plan was admirable, and worthy of the head by which it was contrived. It embraced *all* the confederates,—it touched the ruling passions of the President, and it enabled Greene (supposing he *did* owe them,) to pay off his debts. It did more. In case Greene owed them nothing,

* This was the sum named at Washington ; we shall see how it swelled afterwards.

(which I am suspicious was the fact,) the appointment to the Post Office would furnish him with abundant *means*; and as he ever entertained a noble disdain of money, the "Moseses," by whom he was promoted, would have an opportunity to lighten him of his burthen. Accordingly Greene no sooner obtained the appointment of Postmaster of Boston, than he purchased of Hancock & Co. of Boston (of which firm *Mr. Simpson* was a partner,) rich furniture, to the amount of *several thousand dollars*. But this is another digression, for which I beg pardon.

The plan of the campaign having been concocted by General Simpson, and the columns stationed in the rear of the palace, in preparation for the attack,—the light troops, *affidavits* and *certificates*, being judiciously posted in covert, Col. Dunlap, without orders, carried an outwork called the "District Attorney" by escalade, and was immediately secured in his conquest. This astounding breach of discipline caused the immediate retreat of the confederates; and Col Dunlap, having made terms with the enemy, returned to Boston, and thenceforth became a non-combatant in that campaign. In other words, while these shrewd "Statesman leaders" were digesting and arranging their plans to engross all the important public offices in Massachusetts, Mr. Dunlap, the only man of real talent among them, (and I will admit that he has as fertile an imagination as I ever knew,) was appointed District Attorney of Boston, and the Senate being in session, the appointment was confirmed on the spot. The rest of the confederates retired, for a time, to endure the pangs of "hope deferred."

They, however, soon rallied for a new attack, and approached the President, in the impressive and mournful order, that Menenius and his associates came before Coriolanus. Greene led the weeping band before him;—he told the "story of his woes,"—in a voice choked with tears;*—his vast expenditures, his lowly devotedness,—his approaching ruin. At every pause, "his backers,"—like the spirits in *Der Freyschutz*,—at the casting of the charmed bullets,—gave a deep and thrilling groan. The President was touched; he pitied the men, although he scorned the abjectness of the suppliants, and he promised that Greene should

* I have it from good authority that Greene wept *dreadfully*.

be Postmaster of Boston;—that Henshaw might, if he pleased, be Collector, but not Secretary of the Navy; and that Brodhead should be Navy Agent. As to the other offices at Boston, he should reserve the disposition of them for the present,—but the Statesman party must be satisfied with what they had obtained. Mr. Henshaw replied, that he could by no means condescend to be Collector of Boston; the salary, to be sure, was liberal, but money was not his object, he had a little himself,—his hobby was, to serve his country. The President was quite indifferent whether he accepted the appointment or not, and could not be moved from his decision by further importunity. Greene and Brodhead were in an ecstasy of gratitude. It would have been worth something handsome, to have seen the countenance of Simpson at this moment, when thus cut off from all hope of advancement. It must have been a study for the painter. He probably looked, as we may suppose an engineer would look, on finding himself “hoisted by his own petard.”

Let us return to Boston,—“*ἰσμεν εἰς Αθήνας.*”

While the confederates were manœuvring at Washington, a terrible war was raging between the two Jackson newspapers, and the two factions at Boston. Col. Orne, of the Bulletin party, having taken on himself the leading of its host, and thus unceremoniously ousting from the command more discreet and temperate politicians than himself, vented his wrath against the Statesman enemy in unmeasurable terms; to which the enemy replied, with a fire of slang-artillery that scattered the mud in front of the Colonel's position in all directions. The Colonel had an eye on the Post office. Relying on his valuable services as a writer, (and he wrote well,) on his *original* Jacksonism, and on the consciousness that he was the ablest. (he certainly was.) of the gladiators who were contending for office, he remained at home, confiding in the beneficence and prescience of the President, while his rivals were tripping up his heels at Washington. Had he known the men with whom he had to deal, he would have rushed, on a rail-road of indignation, to the spot where the battle was to be won. But he “slept, while beadles thundered at his door.” He was not to blame for this supineness and security; for until the deed was done, no man had a suspicion of the enormous treachery of which the Statesman leaders were capable.

On the 4th March '29, the two factions held separate celebrations of the triumph of the party; the Bulletin party at Faneuil Hall, and the Statesman party at the Washington Garden. Extraordinary exertions were made by the last to assemble an imposing multitude in their ranks. A Democratic Convention of all the friends of Jackson, in the State, was called, to meet in the morning, at the State House, for the pretended purpose of nominating a Democratic candidate for Governor. Hundreds of tickets were given away to persons who loved a good dinner better than the principles of the party. All Broad-street was invited, as the peculiar favorites of the *Irish* President. The procession moved from the State House, preceded by music and the military. "I saw them on their winding way,"—and had I been at Toulon, in France, I should have had no doubt, that the head of the procession was composed of the officers of justice, and the centre, and rear, of convicts condemned to the galleys. Nothing was wanting but the hand-cuffs.

Having received an invitation from the Bulletin party to act as one of the Vice-Presidents of the day at Faneuil Hall, I went there, and found an assembly of about 500 gentlemen; the most respectable company of *young men* I ever met;—enthusiastic in their rejoicings, and ardent in their hopes of the benign influence of the new President's Administration. As my eye glanced over the well filled tables, and among the numerous heads could detect only some half dozen touched with the frost of time, I felt proud that I was a Jacksonman. These were the men who confidently expected, that the country was to be blessed with an administration, which would extinguish the smouldering ashes of party feuds;—that, in the spirit of the letter to Monroe, Gen. Jackson was to be the President of the whole people, and not of a party. Not a man was there, who, had he been told, by some prophetic spirit, that within three years the Government would pass into the hands of the "scullion Cabinet," but would have chastised the supposed slanderer on the spot. The republican Address of Gen. Lyman, President of the day, and the toast of Mr. Otis, wherein he declared, that if the new President acted on the sentiments he had openly avowed, "New-England would meet him more than half way," were in the true spirit of the occasion.

I carried to Boston, in my pocket, the following Poem, which,

I wrote on a stormy day in February; and as it may relieve my readers from the tedium of a dull narrative, I here insert it. It is better as a poem than a prophesy.

ODE TO AN EX-PRESIDENT.

For the 4th March, 1829.

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity !”
 Aye, when it fastens on a noble mind,
 It lifts to Heaven:—chilling penury,
 And the world’s scorn, and hate, and malice blind,
 Are as the idle wailing of the wind,
 To him who stands erect, in virtue bold:
 The living waters of the heart, confined
 By selfish cares, misfortune doth unfold;
 As by the prophet’s wand the gushing rock of old.

Not such thy fate! thine eyes shall ne’er discern,
 Above the gath’ring night, one cheering star
 Beam on thy hopes: and vainly shalt thou turn,
 To catch one sound of sympathy from far.
 Thou art alone! around thee is the jar
 Of baseless grandeur, into ruin cast,
 And crushed beneath thy conquering rival’s car:
 While all the thousand voices of the past,
 Implore of future time, that thy dishonor last.

And it *shall* last! ’till Time’s remorseless wave,
 Whelms in its surge all mem’ry of our clime;
 Till the accusing dead shall burst the grave;
 And slandered virtue wears in heaven sublime,
 A robe unspotted with thy pois’ous slime;
 Till Hamilton shall raise thy suppliant knee;
 And Ames’s eloquence shall plead thy crime,
 When known,—forgiven:—trembling thou shalt see,
 His *madness*,* but a brighter spark of Deity!

What dost thou *there*?—still ling’ring round the spot, †
 Where lie the broken relics of thy power?
 Are not the sweets of empire yet forgot?
 Or wilt thou meanly near thy rival cower,
 Waiting the dawn of some propitious hour,
 To plead thy venal service to his fame,
 When Senates, o’er him, saw pale envy lower? ‡
 Died with thy fortunes all of gen’rous shame?
 Where is thy Sire’s proud heart,—the spirit of thy name!

* Mr. Adams *mistook* Mr. Ames’s genius for insanity. Vide his Review of Mr. Ames’s Book.

† The Ex-President remained at Washington to witness the inauguration of the illustrious Jackson.

‡ Mr. A. defended Gen. Jackson against the attempt of certain Senators to impeach him, for violating the Spanish territory.

Go!—if thy craven mind hath lost, indeed,
 Of worth, the conscious glow!—and lowly hear,
 Justice, as Marshall, give bright honors meed,
 A nation's offering, to a Patriot dear;—
 Go!—and with servile bend, thy Chief revere;
 Let cringing subtlety do all it can;—
 But may such scornful greeting blast thine ear,
 As once pronounced presumptuous folly's ban,—
 "My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man!"

Return,—and fly the scoffing of thy foes;
 Come to the thickest shades of father-land!
 The pyre of libelled character yet glows,
 Still, round its embers yells thy ghastly band.
 Come,—lead their revels with paternal hand;
 (For such the offspring of thy rancorous heart,)
 Lo! Slander hails thee from thy native strand!
 Honor, and worth, from thy contagion start,
 And Glory, in thy halls, exclaims, "let us depart!"

Enter,—and weep the downfall of thy line!
 Thy once thronged courts,—how desolate and lone;
 No living sages round thy hearth recline,
 But from thy walls, thine ancestry doth moan,—
 And Roman virtue frowns in sculptured stone:
 And all thy early friends, who made thee great,
 Stand afar off;—and list thy frequent groan,
 As conscience, the avenger of their hate,
 Preys on thy stubborn soul, still struggling with its fate.

At the Washington Garden, the Statesman party mustered about 800 persons; of whom, at least 300 were Irishmen. At this dinner, as at all others since that day, the zealous but ignorant members of the party were furnished with toasts by the leading members, which, when published, presented a very formidable array of "public sentiment." A most ludicrous scheme! since most of those, by whom such sentiments were uttered, never had a *sentiment* in their lives. They were honest men, who meant well, but were wholly incapable of discharging their political inclinations in polished or even grammatical language. These toasts were always highly complimentary to the *leading men* of the Statesman faction, and, frequently, were designed to point out to the President and his Counsellors, what was expected by the Ajaxes of his party in Massachusetts. In another chapter I will present my readers with some amusing specimens.

We left our friends at Washington:—Greene and Brodhead chuckling at their good fortune—Henshaw sullenly recoiling on his "reserved rights," and Simpson petrified with amazement that

among all the good things *he* could get nothing. But "the course" of office-seeking, like that of "true love,—never did run smooth." Greene's mirth was soon changed to wailing, by the refusal of the Postmaster General, the Hon. John McLean, to remove the old Postmaster of Boston, or to be the agent of the general proscription which was meditated in his Department. This startling fact being ascertained, all the thousands of petitioners for Post Office appointments, present at Washington, immediately leagued together, with the intent of relieving the General Post Office from the superintendence of Mr. McLean. Their influence and importunities were too powerful for the President to withstand, and Mr. McLean was made a Judge of the Supreme Court. Greene has been heard to say in Boston, that "*he* turned out the Postmaster General!"

Brother Brodhead, also, was in trouble. For the peculations of Watkins having been discovered, it became necessary that Mr. Harris, the Navy Agent at Boston, should appear at the expected trial of the offender, as a witness for the Government. It was therefore considered by Mr. Kendall very bad policy to remove Mr. Harris until after the condemnation of the accused. Mr. Brodhead then had to endure the torment of beholding, for more than a year, the golden-pippin of office suspended before his "mind's eye," and bobbing against his nose, without the liberty of touching it. He retired, "a melancholy man, sore stricken," to Boston, and resumed his tailoring.

"Misfortunes never come singly," it is said; and it was about this time the inquisitive Simpson discovered, that his dignified friend, Henshaw, in leaning too hard upon the staff of his "reserved rights," was in imminent danger of pitching over backwards, and losing both his staff and office. In other words, he discovered that the President had concluded, (as Henshaw declined the appointment,) to make the Hon. Francis Baylies Collector of Boston, and that his nomination would be sent to the Senate the next morning!

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And mounting in hot haste:"

The confederates immediately assembled in consternation and dismay, and prepared for an instant interview with the President. As they rushed up Pennsylvania Avenue, the devil, out of sheer

malice, launched an arrow at their rear which wonderfully quickened their movements, viz:—they were informed that General Boyd, a member of the Bulletin party, had been appointed Naval officer of Boston. Now this was a snug berth, which, for the want of a better, our sagacious friend Simpson was beginning to entertain the notion of occupying himself. Breathless with haste and anxiety, they came before the President, and in panting accents informed him, that Mr. Henshaw had relented, and would, for the good of the party, condescend to accept the Collectorship of Boston. Well,—replied the President,—I have offered it to him, I never change my intentions—he shall have it. And so Henshaw's nomination was sent to the Senate in the morning instead of Mr. Baylies's. It remained there, nearly a year, before it was confirmed.

My readers will permit me to remark, that the division which existed in the Jackson party at Boston, extended throughout the whole Jackson party, in every section of the Union. The friends of the President in the U. States were separated into two distinct parties. One of them, (perhaps the least numerous, but most respectable,) being composed of moderate men, republicans in principle,—firmly attached to the Constitution, and devoted lovers of liberty based upon order and law, looked to the Administration of Jackson as destined to harmonize the various contending interests of the country; to carry on, steadily but cautiously, the work of reforming the abuses which have crept into our system of government, and having for its chief a gallant soldier, of a generous and elevated character, it was confidently trusted that the low, and time-serving, and mercenary spirit which had been gradually corrupting the national character, would be supplanted by the more liberal, lofty, and independent spirit which distinguished the first years of the Confederacy. The other faction, being composed of radicals and office-seekers, hoped for no such blessings. They cared nothing for the Constitution, or the preservation of our ancient institutions;—law and order were their abhorrence, and public harmony was the most unhealthy atmosphere in which they could exist;—reform, unless it meant proscription, was of no consequence; and a spirit of united forbearance, magnanimity and devotedness to the general welfare, was certain to be fatal to their influence in the nation. Their design was, to use

Jackson as the dispenser of the 'loaves and fishes' of office merely; and make him their tool, for elevating to distinction, low and base, but greedy partisans, who were conscious that they possessed neither talent or desert to acquire distinction in any other way. Most unhappily, the President, in the very first days of his official career, fell into the hands of this latter party, the leader of which was Van Buren, and its lieutenant Amos Kendall. And notwithstanding his messages have breathed the genuine sentiments common to his character, these malign advisers have never suffered him to carry one of them into effect; but on the contrary, he has been so counselled, that the Constitution has been violated, law and order contemned, public liberty put at hazard,—the country driven to the highest pitch of excitement, reform made a curse, and a spirit of rancorous hate, and grovelling cupidity, created and dispersed into every little hamlet of our once happy and independent land.

Now, if any reflecting man supposes, that these things can be, without overturning our republican institutions, or exciting a revolution to reinstate them, let him "lay that flattering unction to his soul;"—he will be roused in time! Mark what the Rev. Robert Hall, one of the wisest and worthiest writers of the present century, says of the French Revolution. One would imagine it a description of the present times.

"Among the various passions, which that Revolution has so strikingly displayed, none is more conspicuous than *vanity*—vanity, both in those whose business it was to lead, and in those whose lot it was to follow—infusing into the former—into those entrusted with the enactment of laws—a spirit of rash innovation and daring empiricism—a disdain of the established usages of mankind—a foolish desire to dazzle the world with new and untried systems of policy, in which the precedents of antiquity and the experience of ages were only consulted to be trodden under foot: vanity, predominating among the latter, the million, by reason of—political power, the most seducing object of ambition, never before circulating through so many hands; the prospect of possessing it never before presented to so many minds—multitudes who, by their birth and education, and not unfrequently by their talents, seemed destined to perpetual obscurity, being, by the alternate rise and fall of parties, elevated into distinction, and sharing in the functions of government; the short-lived forms of power and office gliding with such rapidity through successive ranks of degradation, from the court to the very dregs of the people. that they seemed rather to solicit acceptance than to be a prize contending for. Yet, as it was still impossible for all to possess authority, though none were willing to obey, a general impatience to break the ranks, and rush into the foremost ground, maddened and infuriated the nation, and overwhelmed law, order, and civilization with the violence of a torrent."

CHAPTER V.

A Visit to Washington.

“ Oh! how wretched

Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.”

By the advice of numerous friends, I prepared, on the last of June, '29, to visit Washington; having some commissions to execute for the people of several towns in my county. And here, like an honest man, I will confess, my political delusion was so complete, that I favoured the work of proscription, and carried with me, to Washington, petitions for the removal of *five* obnoxious Postmasters, in Norfolk County;—all of whom *were* removed.

I went first to Boston, for the purpose of obtaining letters of introduction to the leading men at Washington, from the chiefs of the two factions of the Jackson party in Boston. Never having taken an active part as a partisan of either faction, I apprehended no difficulty in readily securing the recommendations of both. The leading men of the Bulletin party gave them, at once, in the most generous and gentlemanly manner. I then went to the Statesman office, and finding Dunlap and N. Greene present, announced my intention. Dunlap. You had better not go;—it will cost you a great sum. Ans. True,—but I am paid for going. D. Why not do the business by letter;—it can be done just as well. Ans. I wish to see the President and the business can best be performed on the spot. I shall go at all events. D. Greene, give him a letter to Duff Green; but it is d—d nonsense to be going to Washington at this time. Greene busied himself in inditing a letter to General Duff. “How long are you to remain in town, and when do you start on your journey,” he enquired. Ans. I remain to-night, and start in the morning's

stage. Greene. Will you remain *here*, twenty minutes? Ans. Certainly. G. Well, I will see Henshaw within that time, and you shall have a decisive answer. He rushed from the office for this purpose.

After Mr. Henshaw had obtained, from the President, the appointment of Collector of Boston, I wrote to him soliciting a station in his Department. His answers announced the annoyance of numerous applications, and his disposition to do me the justice which he confessed I deserved;—but there was nothing definite to be gathered from his declarations.

In less than 20 minutes Greene returned, and informed me that he had had an interview with Mr. Henshaw, who had solemnly promised to appoint me an Inspector of the Customs, within a week. "It is very well," I replied, "but I shall go, notwithstanding."

Mr. H. was as good as his word, for my appointment, as an Inspector, was announced in the "official" paper, the Statesman, while I was at Washington. The object of this movement is too manifest to require any comment. I declined the appointment on my return.

Early in the morning of a tempestuous day in June, '29—I took stage for Providence, well furnished with documents, letters, certificates and other political credentials; and commenced the business of an office-seeker. It is in vain to deny that I felt ashamed of it, but I had involved myself in necessity by my reckless labours in the recent contest. And, what is more worthy of reflection, I had lost, in a great degree, the inclination and taste for regular occupation, and, when contemplating an easy station under government, considered my profession "quite a bore." I have since remarked the same melancholy effects in a great many young men who had been dabbling in politics;—and have had the grief to witness every one of them writhing under a sense of the degradation to which they had been reduced.

In the stage, we had a gentleman and lady, belonging to New-York, who were of the Fanny Wright School, and who scoffed at the Deity and religion in language absolutely shocking to my ears, which were not peculiarly sensitive on such subjects. I saw them the same night, on the deck of the Steamer Benj. Franklin, as she struggled through a tremendous tempest of wind, rain and

lightning, pale with dread and trembling with emotion, and thought I never beheld two more desolate and hopeless beings. I never expected to see the light of another day; but seating myself amidst some bales of cotton on the middle deck, I waited the result with tolerable composure, resolving, that when the boat foundered, (which was not thought improbable) my last cry should be "huzza for Jackson." For, at this time, my political enthusiasm was at its height;—and as I was now approaching the sun of my system, and being nearly at my perihelium, my loyalty burned with astonishing fervour.

We had a *horse-jockey*, from the country, on board, who had never before seen a steam-boat, or encountered the perils of the sea. He was driven from his berth below at midnight, when the storm was at the worst. He stood near me, horror-struck, as the foaming surges came rushing upon us, and, observing the convulsive pitching of the boat as she rose upon the opposing wave and then descended into the abyss, he exclaimed, "my gorry! how she rares!" (rears.)

Morning dawned only to give us a taste of another danger. The Captain of the Franklin attempted to rush up the torrent at Hurl-gate, with a furious wind driving down stream, and the tide in the worst possible state for his purpose. The Steamer moved slowly among the rocks and foaming waters, until she came nearly opposite the point, on the left hand, when she stopped, struggled for a moment, and was then borne down by the current. By the skill of the helm-man, she was backed into smooth water, protected by the point of land before mentioned. The steam was raised higher, and another attempt made, with the same result. As the preparations were making for a third trial, and the volumes of dense black smoke rolled over our heads, I remarked, that the passengers who had wives on board grasped them more closely by the arm,—or took their children into a warmer embrace. But there was no explosion;—the boat, being strained to her utmost tension, darted up the stream, like a pickerel whose tail had been rudely plucked, and we were in New-York.

I saw this great City for the first time. The first view was not impressive,—by no means so much so as Boston from the Roxbury or Charlestown avenues. The surface, on which it is built, is too low and level. It was Sunday, and I noticed, instantly, a differ-

ence in the population of the two cities. The majority of the people in the streets of New-York seemed to me to be Irishmen and Negroes. I sat in a window opposite a magnificent Church, and counted the passengers on the side-walk. The proportion was, one black to three white men. This may have been accidental, but it struck me, at once, as a peculiarity. But little time was allowed for observation,—the boat was waiting and we were hurried on through New-Jersey. We have no population in New-England at all like that of New-Jersey;—nor have we any forests through which a man might ride on horse-back without endangering his head. The “Jerseys” beat us in woods and pasturage, but cannot hold a candle to us in the industry, neatness, and intelligence of the people. The Delaware is a beautiful river;—with delicious rural retreats on its banks,—where one would desire to live and die, which last, he probably would soon do, of the fever and ague. There was a French traveller in the boat, who after dinner sat at table gazing through the open port-holes at the moving prospect on shore,—tapping the point of his knife on a plate, and smiling to himself in delighted complacency. Monsieur, asked a passenger, what amuses you so much? Ah! Mons. replied,—dis ish von vonderful contrie—tis all de same,—de same riviere, de same pretty place—me see all dat this morning;—vonderful!—vonderful! He had gone from Philadelphia to Trenton in the Steamer in the morning, and, by mistake, was now going back again, while supposing himself on the way to New-York!

Philadelphia—the Genoa of the U. States,—a city of palaces. We stayed but a moment, and I had merely time to notice a peculiar silence and order that seemed to reign throughout its clean and spacious streets. Baltimore,—the metropolis of fun and jollity,—where I saw, in one hour, more lovely women walking the fashionable promenade, than I ever saw before in my life. Pale, but of destructive grace and fascination;—I did not sleep for twenty-four hours afterwards. Washington,—an apology for a City;—Gadsby’s—we are arrived.

In passing through Bladensburgh, famous as the scene of the “Bladensburgh races,” I could not avoid reflecting, “what great events from little causes spring;”—and I have ever since held military science in great contempt. Here is a paltry stream

spanned by a long and narrow wooden bridge. In the spring of the year, no doubt, it is at times a torrent; but in June, when I crossed it, (and certainly in August,) it could not have been knee deep. The British columns marched towards this bridge in their advance on Washington. On the opposite side, the American army was posted, "in position," as it is called, which was no *position* at all,—no heights, no forests, no impassable low lands in front,—but just as if it had been posted on Boston Common;—and the frog-pond there is a much more formidable obstacle to an advancing enemy, than the brook at Bladensburgh. Four miles in the rear of the American position, was a range of heights, rising abruptly from the road, with marshy and forest land in front, where, had our army been stationed, and showed only a determination of contesting the pass, the British must have come to a stand, and a retreat would have been fatal. If there was a want of judgment in selecting the position of the Americans, the stupidity of the British General was not less wonderful. He marched his columns to the bridge, and instead of directing them to deploy, and cross the stream in line, which could have been done for miles above and below the American army, he ordered the leading column to advance over the bridge, in close order, under a murderous fire from Com. Barney's artillery. He seemed to think, that because he had a rivulet in his front, it was as impassable as the ocean. All the loss the British army suffered, except from the intense heat of the day, was in passing the bridge. Once across, and their enemies "fled from them like quicksilver." And yet this British commander was General Ross, so distinguished in the war of the Peninsula. The secret for gaining a great military reputation, I believe to consist, in the General's inspiring his troops with the conviction, that he is invincible, and an "exceeding shrewd fellow." This effected, they are inaccessible to a panic, and unmoved by the most palpable blunders.

On the morning of my arrival at Washington, I presented my letter of introduction to Gen. Green, the McDuff of the Jackson party. I was quite surprised to find the General so good looking and gentlemanly a personage. Having supposed that the exaggerated statements of his political opponents could not be entirely false, I expected to meet a meager, and bilious political writer, with a tomahawk on his table, and the stuffed skin of some anni-

hilated enemy depending from the ceiling;—as apothecaries hang up alligators in their shops. On the contrary, I was introduced to a gentleman of a commanding figure, a quick and penetrating eye, and a remarkable volubility and eloquence of tongue. He immediately offered to be my usher into the presence of the President, at the palace. Accordingly at about 11 o'clock, I marched thither, with some half dozen other political neophytes, under the escort of General Green. We were immediately admitted by the porter, and found ourselves before the President of the United States. He was a tall and emaciated gentleman, with an impressive countenance indicating decision and obstinacy, and his head was covered with an abundance of hair, as white as snow. He had a trick of drawing down the left corner of his mouth, when he formed a resolve, which was unpleasing, and gave to his aspect at such moments, a peculiar "G—d damn me" expression. He was dressed in black throughout; even his neckerchief was of black silk, and he wore no shirt collar. He was smoking his short pipe when we entered, but instantly laid it down, and received us with a grace and courtesy only to be acquired in the camp. My brethren in affliction, (i. e. the office-seekers,) were introduced before me, and when it came to my turn, General Green forgot my name, and I was compelled to introduce myself. We all sat down, and the President recollecting that one of our number was presented as an Editor, of his party, from Western New York, turned towards him and enquired the state of Anti-masonry in that section of the country. The Editor replied that "public opinion, in that quarter, prevented the administration of justice in their courts." The President instantly fired,—and exclaimed with much excitement, "it must be false; I never will believe *that* of my fellow-citizens;—it is impossible that the intelligent people who inhabit Western New York, can be so deplorably corrupt, as to set aside Law and Justice, in the vain attempt to vindicate a questionable opinion." I came within half an inch of starting from my chair, and clasping the speaker by the hand. Such a noble disdain of any impeachment of the character of his countrymen;—such an implicit confidence in the purity of the people, touched me, as being the very sentiments which a President of the United States always ought to entertain. I left his

presence with a stronger regard for the Chief Magistrate, than at my presentation.

The next day, I was introduced to the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. S. D. Ingham, by the following note from General Green.

WASHINGTON, 28th June, 1829.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to introduce to you John B. Derby, Esq. of Dedham, Mass. To this gentleman we are indebted for the exposure of the motives which led to the conversion of John Quincy Adams. He has at all times been a firm and consistent Republican and brings with him the confidence of our political friends in Boston.

Yours, sincerely,

D. GREEN.

HON. S. D. INGHAM, Secretary of Treasury.

I was extremely pleased with the manners and conversation of Mr. Ingham. It was impossible to be five minutes in his company without the conviction that he was an honest man. His remarkably clear and intelligent eye showed the unimpassioned and keen-sighted statesman. He enquired very particularly about the divisions among the Jackson party at Boston. Although I regretted that the President had been so completely deceived by the Statesman leaders, yet I reflected, that, the appointments having been made, if they should be revoked, the President would subject himself to the taunts of the opposition, for having decided in haste, or for lacking judgment in his decision. I therefore told Mr. Ingham, that the deed having been done, could not be recalled;—and that, on the whole, it might prove most advantageous for the republican party, to continue the Statesman party as the especial favorites of the Administration. This declaration went amazingly “against the grain,” but I thought it my duty to make it. He then desired to know, if there was any probability that the dissensions could be healed. I replied, that I thought a plan could be devised, which would satisfy both parties; and that I would communicate it to the President’s private Secretaries. At this moment, the door opened, and a “spirit of a different aspect” entered;—“and where he gazed a gloom pervaded space.” It was an exceedingly warm day, but the intruder was buttoned up to the throat in a white broadcloth great-coat,—a white linen handkerchief was bound close about his head, and his countenance was pale and cadaverous. I never remember of recoiling from any human spectacle, with such instinctive antipathy and disgust.

Mr. Derby, said the Secretary of the Treasury, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Amos Kendall." We clasped hands, and I felt a thrill of cholera stealing over my frame. "What," I exclaimed, "Mr. Kendall,—has the political enemy been using his physical power on your devoted head?" "No," he mildly answered, "I am suffering with the sick head-ache." He whispered, a moment, in the ear of the Secretary, and then vanished. I breathed more freely after he was gone.

The same day, I was introduced to the Secretary of State,—Mr. Van Buren. I found myself before a bald-headed, but whiskered little gentleman, dressed in the extreme of fashion, full of smirks and smiles, soft as the "sweet South, breathing o'er violets,"—but penetrating as a mercurial bath, or the poison of the Upas. He enquired, particularly, about the contending factions of the party in Boston, and I gave similar answers, as to the same questions by Mr. Ingham. We were interrupted by another office-seeker, and he bowed me out of his office, with a grace worthy of "Beau Nash."*

I next called at the General Post Office, and was presented to the Postmaster General, Mr. Barry. A very easy and liberal-minded public officer, rather repulsive in his personal appearance, but remarkably attractive by his manners and conversation;—the most eloquent man, I suspect, of any member of the Cabinet. We killed off *five* Postmasters of Massachusetts, in *five* minutes, (A)† with a smoothness and gentility which only the guillotine could equal. In the office of the Clerk of Appointments, I met with Mrs. Royall, "in a fine frenzy rolling;"—who told a foreigner—a Clerk in the General Post Office,—that "she had seen bears, raccoons, and alligators,—but never had the pleasure to encounter a monkey, before she met with him." To which he answered, "go away—you dam voman of de bad tongue,—you no good for nothing." I had the honor to attract her fancy, and she pronounced me "a gentleman and a scholar," before I had spoken a single word,—and on the next day called at my rooms.

The following day I was invited to eat a family dinner with

* In July '29, the "Kitchen Cabinet" was not established; and it was manifest that Mr. Calhoun was more the favorite than Van Buren. Mr. C. had left Washington.

† See Appendix.

the President. I went to the palace, and found myself the only invited guest. I should have gazed on the President alone, had not the wife of one of his Secretaries been so transcendently lovely, that I could not help saying to myself "Oh, that for me, some" fair, "like this, had smiled." There is, in the Southern ladies, a grace, softness and refinement, which completely distances the fascinations of our ruddy, vigorous, and active damsels of New-England. They do not make such *useful* wives, but they are the enchanting beings, from whom Byron drew his portraits of—Zuleika, Medora, Gulnare, and Haidee. If one was ambitious of public distinction and elevated station, give him a South-Carolina wife, and she would enable him to win everything.

The dinner was remarkably plain and republican; such a dinner as a Yankee farmer would have on his table any day in June, viz:—a roast shoulder of lamb, green peas, and a leg of bacon. The President ate nothing but peas, and drank but two glasses of wine. The only observation he made which impressed my recollection, was, "that, if a General presumed to consider the enemy, in his front, as contemptible, he was certain to be beaten. *He* always planned his arrangements, as if the enemy was vastly stronger than himself;—holding in doubt the reports of his spies and informers."

The dinner being ended, the President called for his pipe, and, seating himself in a recess at the window, drew a chair near his own, and beckoned me to occupy it. The members of his family retired, and I was left alone with the great man. He said, "he had known something of me before, through the newspapers, and of the trials I had sustained during the late political contest." I told him that I had no claims on his approbation for any thing I had suffered;—that I had only done my duty as a faithful citizen, and the consciousness of that was reward enough. That I was a federalist,—and all the members of the family to which I belonged, were federalists;—but, as I had maintained my attachment to a party, for many years, against all hope of its future restoration to power, I had, like the other young federalists of New-England, acquired the principle of fidelity, and proved the sincerity of my opinions. That a large proportion of his adherents in New-England, and particularly in Massachusetts, were federalists, or the sons of federalists, and they would be the last to desert

him, if he "ruled righteously," or to annoy him with mercenary importunities. He snatched his pipe from his mouth, and said, with great vehemence, "I believe it, every word of it;—I shall know nothing in my Administration, of the old party distinctions; all I require in the public servants is capacity, honesty, and fidelity to the Constitution. You have done much,—and tell me, what station would you desire to fill under my government?" I replied, it was reported in Boston that Mr. Gerry, the Surveyor of the District, would be removed, and I believed that if I was appointed in his place, it would be in my power to render essential services to the republican party in Massachusetts, by contributions to the party newspapers, and more especially, by presenting in myself the evidence that the young men who had the misfortune to be the descendants of old federalists, were not proscribed by his administration. He answered, "I have promised not to remove Mr. Gerry, but I have not promised to re-appoint him, and his commission does not expire until next January. Perhaps you cannot wait so long?" Oh yes, I replied, it will take me quite as long to bring my professional business to a close, and to prepare to enter on my new duties. The President reflected a moment and then said, "had you any other appointment in contemplation?" Yes Sir, I answered, I had thought that if I failed in the more desirable object, I would propose the Consulate at Naples, with an agency for the American claims on that Government. "But there is no appropriation for such an office," the President exclaimed, "we want young men to be educated as diplomatists, our country is deplorably deficient in such men, we have no corps of diplomatic agents, there are no schools for the instruction of such a corps. This project of yours will not answer; there are no funds to send you forth. I will consult my Secretaries, and you may, I think, consider the Surveyorship, at Boston, as your own." I clasped the hand of the President, with affection and reverence, and retired to Gadsby's; without feeling that my feet touched the earth, I seemed to tread on air.

The next morning I called at the "white house," and was informed, by the Secretaries, that it had been determined to appoint me Surveyor of Boston, and that if I had no other business at Washington, I might consider my business as completed, and my hopes attained.

It was amusing to witness, at Gadsby's, how the report of my dining with the President, and of my destination to high honors, elevated me in the estimation of the office-hunters who were then inmates of the house. On that day, I was invited to take wine, by half a dozen gentlemen I had never before heard of. The very slaves of the house passed me with an awe-stricken and reverential humility! Now, if my readers suppose that I did not mark these manifestations of low-minded cupidity with contempt and ridicule, they have mistaken my character. There was nothing which filled me with such disgust, and so complete a sense of the disgraceful business in which I was engaged.

In another interview with the President's private advisers, I had the satisfaction to aid in arresting the blow which was aiming at the gallant U. S. Marshal at Boston, and I then handed to them a written plan for the conciliation of the parties in that City. It proposed the appointment of Col. Orne to a lucrative office, and the sending abroad, as a national minister, another more distinguished member of the Bulletin party. In these, and other conversations, I thought I discerned that the President considered himself as having been deceived by the Statesman party, and that no great efforts were required to deprive them of their appointments. But I stood their friend at this crisis of their fate, and on my return received the natural reward of such conduct, viz: the curses of both parties.

The following paper was presented by me to Maj. Donelson, a private Secretary of the President as a brief statement of my own claims to the patronage of the Government. I like to mention these matters, because they will instruct the young office-seekers how such things are managed at head quarters.

Statement, presented to Major Donelson, the President's private Secretary, at Washington, 1st July, 1829.

In 1823, I was opposed to J. Q. Adams; because I *believed* the story relative to his design in embracing democracy. It was proof of a corrupt politician, ready to do any dishonorable act to effect his purposes. Power ought not to be entrusted to such a man; the Constitution would not be safe under his government.

The event proved that this reasoning was just. For during Adams' and Clay's administration, inroads were made on the Constitution, which nothing but their expulsion from office could have remedied.

Although in 1823—4, I was a *federalist* and my *relatives* were all federalists, yet because I disdained treachery and loved my country better than my party, I voted against J. Q. Adams. In Medfield, Mass. (where I then lived,) the ticket in *opposition* to Adams received 2-3ds of the votes.

My *affidavit* relative to Mr. Adams' avowed motives for joining the democratic party, viz:—*to effect its destruction*, was first published in Nov. 1824; in consequence of a call from the National Journal on the Boston Statesman, to produce a witness to that *charge*. The Statesman called on *me* as a witness, and although I foresaw years of persecution, desertion of friends and loss of business as the consequence, yet I instantly came forth at the summons. There *could* have been no interested motive in the case; for the election by the *people* had passed, and as Mr. Crawford was then my favorite candidate and his prospects in the National Legislature but gloomy, I could have had no hope of personal benefit.

With the election of Adams by the Legislature, commenced my *political* attachment to Gen. Jackson. And it has never, for one moment, wavered;—on the contrary, all my fears were dissipated on an *examination* of his *character*, and I saw in him the *man alone* qualified to redress the injuries which the Constitution had suffered by the election of Adams;—the man, to institute and perfect the great work of "reform" and restore the ancient simplicity and purity of the government. What was first a political, soon became by the persecutions of the enemy, a personal attachment to the General. By his election, I felt assured, that a great political lesson would be taught, in all future time, to our statesmen, viz—that *honesty* is the best *policy*, in politics as well as morals.

Therefore, during the years 1825—6—7, and 8, I advocated, every where, the cause of Jackson, in all honorable ways I could discover. My time, my resources, (trifling indeed, but *all* I had) my reputation were all devoted and periled in the holy cause. In Sept. 1828, I re-published my *affidavit* with additional evidence and an ardent appeal to the patriotism and honorable feelings of the yeomanry of the Union. I also wrote the address to the people of Massachusetts published in the Statesman on the eve of the election in Nov. * *

Heaven has rewarded all our efforts and indicated its favour to this happy land, by the election of Jackson. If my statements and writings from 1824 to 1829, have at all aided in producing this glorious triumph,—God be praised for making me an instrument, however unworthy and humble, in effecting his great and benevolent purposes!

Although I have lost, by my political opinions and exertions, the favour of relatives, who have looked cold upon me, and remonstrated with me in vain;—although I have excited the hatred of my former political friends, and the hostility of the Adams party in Massachusetts, whose persecutions I have still to endure; yet my fervor and devotion to the *cause* have lost none of their energy; and *never will*, till *all* that the *cause* requires to be done, shall be fully accomplished.

On the evening before my return to Massachusetts, I called to take leave of the President. Having purchased a small framed portrait of the "Father of his country, the immortal Washington,"

I pasted on the back of it the following words,—“*the portrait of General Washington, 1st President, for General Jackson, 7th President of the United States. Similis simili gaudet,—presented by,*” &c. I gave it to the President, and requested that he would hang it up in his sleeping apartment, so that his last and earliest meditations might be, on the glorious example, and character, of the purest patriot, and greatest man, the world had ever known. He read it with emotion, and promised to grant my request. And I then handed him the following note.

WASHINGTON CITY, 2d July, 1829.

To General Andrew Jackson,
President of the United States. }

Sir,—I cannot return to Massachusetts without attempting to express my sincere gratitude for the many evidences of your favour which I have received since my arrival. *Nothing* however was required to *increase* my zeal in your service, and my devotion to the *cause*, of which you are the illustrious head.

Hereafter, should you think my poor abilities, united to an ardent desire for your happiness and glory, could be advantageously exerted in your service in any part of the world, let me assure you that I dedicate myself to *any object*. (for it cannot but be *good* and *honorable* if *you* are its patron,) without the least regard to consequences or to any mercenary considerations.

May Almighty God have you in his holy keeping, and make your *civil* government as glorious and as happy for our beloved Country, as has been your *military* command.

With profound respect,

I have the honor ever to remain,
your devoted servant.

On returning to Dedham, I determined to evince my zeal and gratitude, by establishing a Jackson newspaper in the County of Norfolk. I patrolled the county, visiting every town, and nearly every dwelling house, and in three weeks, collected in a county where the votes for Jackson, on the previous November, were only about 400,—many hundred subscribers. I then, in expectation of my appointment as Surveyor in January, *sold my law office, library, and unfinished business in the Courts, and gave a bond to the purchaser that I would practice law no more in that County*. I commenced the business of an Editor of a newspaper, but in my contract with the printer, reserved only a small sum per annum, as the editor's compensation. And this I did, in the confidence that golden *official* prospects awaited me; that I should never be dependant on the paper for my support; and that the

sum reserved would afterwards secure the services of an able editor, who followed some other business in the town. My readers will perceive that I had thus *nearly ruined myself*, if my hope of the Surveyorship failed.

Well, many months passed, and I heard nothing relative to my expectations. I wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury, and his answer was encouraging. But, being more intent on contributing to the happiness of the President of my affections, than in looking out for my own interest, and fearing that, possibly, his promise to me might occasion him some embarrassment, I wrote to him the following letter.

DEDHAM, MASS. 16th December, 1829.

To the President,

Sir,—With much reluctance, I would recall to your remembrance my visit to Washington in July last, and the kind hearing you then gave to my request to succeed Mr. Gerry, as Surveyor of the Port of Boston.

After my return, I had the honor to receive a *letter* (as I supposed with your knowledge) from the Secretary of the Treasury, on the same subject; from which I also drew auguries of success. Acting upon this conviction, I relinquished my professional pursuits and prepared to enter on my new duties.

By the advice of my friends, Majors Donelson and Lewis, I have *not* communicated my hopes to my political friends in this quarter; and consequently *they*, (ignorant of my wishes,) are now making application in favour of another person. Thus I find myself compelled to lay my cause before you, honored Sir, and to appeal to that *power*, on which indeed I have reposed all my hopes, and to which I should be most gratified to owe their accomplishment.

My recommendations, with some account of my past services and trials, are in the hands of Major Donelson. I do not recur to them as to *claims* for reward; for I have done only my *duty* in the late struggle for the Constitution. And now, honored Sir, although I have, perhaps unadvisedly, placed myself in a situation where disappointment would be peculiarly disastrous, yet as I regard *your* interest and happiness far beyond my own,—if *this* renewal of my request for the office of Surveyor will occasion you any annoyance or interfere with any more agreeable arrangement, then let disappointment come upon me. For truly, (if I know my own heart,) the consciousness of adding at all to *your happiness*, will be the most grateful *reward* of my services and sufferings.

I have the honor ever to remain,
Your devoted servant,

Early in 1830, I received the astounding intelligence of my probable destruction, by the appointment of General McNeil to the very office I had been expecting with so much confidence, viz:—the Surveyorship of Boston. Although I then thought myself ruined,

yet my attachment to the President was so sincere that I did not murmur at his decision. And having heard of the "gallant bearing" of the General on the fields of Chippewa and Bridge-water, and that he had recently aided in concluding a very advantageous treaty for the U. States with the Indians on our Western frontier, I expressed, in my newspaper, a generous approbation of his appointment. It is however remarkable, that my own claims and situation were so completely overlooked at Washington, that the Secretary of the Treasury actually called upon General McNeil and *invited* his acceptance of the office; promising, that in the event of any vacancies in the superior appointments of the Boston Custom House, he should be promoted. And on the strength of this promise, the General resigned his post as a Brigadier in the army of the U. States. A vacancy did soon afterwards occur by the decease of Gen. Boyd, the Naval officer, but it was not filled by Gen. McNeil, who still remains the Surveyor of the District.

With a heavy heart, I continued my labours for the benefit of the Jackson party, in my newspaper, with considerable success. We gave in Norfolk County in April 1830, nearly 900 votes for Judge Morton as Governor, a larger number, I think, than he has ever since received. The Address to the people of the County, by the Jackson Convention, previous to the election, was written by me. And during all this time, and long afterwards, although my personal attachments were with the Bulletin party, yet, from a sense of duty and a devoted respect for the President, I sided with the Statesman party, and deprecated in undisguised terms, the warfare that continued to rage between them; which, at this period, was much more vigorously carried on by the former, as they were the *disappointed*, than by the latter, the *successful* party. As a manifestation of my sentiments at this period, my readers must pardon me, for inserting the following copy of a letter to a respectable gentleman of the Bulletin party.

My dear Sir,—I have heard from Boston, (through Mr. —) certain information which gives me much pain, viz:—that you consider me as a *deserter* from the *Bulletin party*. As I value your good opinion highly, and profess to act on principles of good faith and honor, you must permit me to disprove this suspicion.

You may remember, that, on the day previous to my departure for Washington, I called at your house expressly for the purpose of

offering myself as the bearer of your communications. You did not *then*, or at any previous interview, state to me the views of *your party*, and the only time in which I ever met with them as a body, was at Faneuil Hall on the 4th March. Before that day, my acquaintance with you was formed in the Statesman office, when you were acting with Messrs. Henshaw and others in zealous exertions for the Jackson cause. At the dinner I was neither introduced to General L. nor Colonel O. It was the *address* of Gen. L. on that occasion, harmonizing so fully with my own sentiments, that increased my desire to form his acquaintance. I was happy in effecting it, and from Gen. L. alone I learned the views of the party of which I then considered him the leader.

I departed for Washington without any instructions of moment from you, and firmly believing, that *union* was the *grand object* of all our wishes. The letter which I wrote you in a few days after my arrival proves that such was my belief and sentiments.

On my return I immediately called at your house, and then, for the first time, learned that I had utterly mistaken your objects, and had unintentionally rather obstructed than advanced them. You then informed me, for the first time, that your party would not be satisfied unless either Mr. Henshaw or Mr. Greene were removed from office! Perhaps you may remember the surprise expressed in my manner on receiving this information. In truth, my dear Sir, had I known that such were your views before going South, I should have been obliged to decline taking with me your valuable letter of introduction. For it seemed to me, that you asked what the President could not grant without destroying the confidence of his friends in all parts of the country. You impliedly arraigned his judgment and impartiality, in asking so great a sacrifice, and it seemed to me, that loyalty to him required a submission to far greater evils, than your party suffered, rather than to demand of him the public retraction of his appointments, the public sacrifice of one portion of his friends in favor of another portion. Such were my feelings, and they have not changed.

At Washington, I omitted no opportunity of expressing a sincere regard to yourself and Gen. L. Indeed it was the burthen of my discourse. That it was not ineffectual time will discover. At my last interview with you, you told me that Gen. L. and myself agreed in opinions. To know this, confirmed me in the propriety of my own sentiments.

With these views, and after my long service in the cause, you may imagine the agony I suffered, by observing the discontent of some of your friends, which had hitherto been confined to their own bosoms, at last bursting out in a conflagration of all their hopes, by a public newspaper warfare. This act, I confess, would dissolve my allegiance to any party *professing* regard to the President. How is it possible to preserve loyalty to him, and thus hold up his measures to public contempt? Is filial piety consistent with reproaches against a Parent? Can political attachment exist with public crimination of the Leader? No, my dear Sir, we know it cannot. The first symptom is murmured discontent, the next open complaint, then denunciation, and at last, mutiny. These are the steps by which partisans descend from their allegiance.

I belong to no party but the Jackson party. For our illustrious Chief I have for years devoted my time, property and talents, and put in

jeopardy my reputation. Injuries received in his cause, have converted my political into a personal regard. I recognize as of the party to which I belong, every man who is anxious for the glory and happiness of Jackson and the prosperity of his Administration. And my heart tells me, that those who publicly utter dissatisfaction, and think more of their *own* than of *his* interest, cannot long maintain their attachment to his service. I know *you* to be heart and soul a Jacksonian, and while I admire your devotedness to your friends, lament that it may compromise your higher affection.

Yours truly, &c.

I have in my possession copies of a great number of my letters, addressed to others of the Bulletin party, and to influential gentlemen at Washington, breathing the same spirit; and I continued to entertain the same opinions of the "Statesman leaders," until I became a public officer with them at Boston, when I "*found them out.*" I mean to say, that although I never thought them deserving, (when compared to many other members of the Jackson party in Boston and the State,) of the appointments which they obtained, yet, *having been appointed*, respect for the President required the submission of the party; but I did not know till afterwards, the intolerance, cupidity and arrogance of which they were capable.

One morning in April, 1830, when sitting disconsolate in my editorial chair and gloomily meditating on my scattered hopes, Mr. Charles G. Greene entered, and said that General McNeil the new Surveyor, had arrived in Boston, and desired to see me. I rode to the City with Mr. Greene. Gen. McNeil met me at the Statesman office; a *vast* gentleman, but of remarkable symmetry of person, nearly seven feet in height, and looking like one of the sons of Anak. I passed before his spacious penumbra, and attracted his approbation. He determined to appoint me his Deputy, for which I thanked him, and I was made a Deputy Surveyor on the spot. I had put myself in such a position that I could refuse nothing, adequate to my maintenance. The General was "a clever fellow," in the *New-England* sense, and an honorable man, distinguished for better services than those of party. I respected him, therefore, and determined to act as his disinterested counsellor and sincere friend.

Let my youthful reader reflect on the case I have been describing. Here was a young man, engaged in an honorable profession, (which already yielded him a sufficient income, and prom-

ised future independence as well as distinction,) led away by that jack-o'-lantern, (a baleful meteor,) *the desire of office*, to the gradual desertion of all his better hopes and prospects; madly plunging into the arena of party with "a zeal without knowledge;" deceived by false expectations, and selling off his library and his business; binding himself hand and foot, and through sheer necessity, putting himself at the mercy of any ordinary patron; obtaining an inferior appointment, and subjecting himself to all kinds of extortion, as all public officers inevitably do; sinking under the intolerable fatigue and confinement of labours as severe and as unintellectual as those of a horse in a bark-mill; observing his mind and body gradually decaying; compelled to endure in silence, the "insolence of authority;" receiving his wages of slavery monthly, and feeling that one dollar, fairly won in honorable competition by superior talent and industry, was worth a hundred, dealt out as they deal out, "*at feeding time*," food to the animals in a menagerie; conscious of the contempt of the *free people* by whom he was surrounded; and at last losing the only consolation which could have sustained him under such manifold humiliations, in the conviction that he had aided in bringing confusion and misrule on his country!

If there is any situation more completely wretched than this, I am ignorant of it. And yet such is the fate of all the inferior officers of the Customs, if they happen to be deserving of a better. My young reader, be assured, that when you exchange your present occupation for a place under Government, you recklessly fling away your happiness, and voluntarily accept of misery and degradation.

CHAPTER VI.

Reform.

“Jack Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.”—*Shakspeare.*

HAVING brought down my personal narrative to the period of my appointment as Deputy Surveyor of Boston, (on the 20th April '30,) I must retrace my steps a little, to show what our heroes of the Statesman faction had been doing. Dunlap had been “regularly made” District Attorney; Nathaniel Greene had persuaded Mr. Barry, the new Postmaster General, to give him the Post Office, and Henshaw had obtained the President's nomination to the Senate, as Collector of Boston. Mr. Brodhead's hopes had for a time been “sus. per coll.” and he therefore plied with his wonted industry, the *characteristic* symbols of his trade,—the shears and goose: while Mr. Simpson, in the midst of his feathers, meditated on the lightness and vanity of human pursuits.

Greene glided noiselessly into his new office, and in due time, politely showing the old Postmaster the back door, quietly installed himself as the chief of the Clerks in his Department. Owing however to the newness of the situation, and his being unaccustomed to the duties and routine of the office, some confusion and carelessness were detected by close observers. The Bulletin party complained openly and bitterly, that their letters addressed to distinguished gentlemen at Washington, either did not arrive there at all, or not until *after* the subject of which they treated, had been settled. Some statements were made in relation to this grievance in the Bulletin, to which Greene published a reply, declaring that previously to assuming the honors of his office, he served some time under the *old Postmaster* to acquire the requisite information, and that therefore *he* was not responsible if accidents had occurred. We cannot be too suspicious of charges emanating from the violence of party contention! Greene did not immediately remove any, or but very few of his Clerks.

Not so His Honor the Collector, the admirer of that "child of revolution" the great Napoleon. The sword of authority was no sooner in his hands, (although, as his appointment was not yet confirmed by the Senate, it ought to have been considered a temporary trust,) than he wielded it with a sternness and contempt of official life, worthy of Nadir Shah, or any other sanguinary despot. In a few days, the area of the Custom House was strewed with the heads of decapitated public officers, who had presumed to entertain political opinions different from his own, and his master's at Washington. As the victim was led to execution, he exclaimed "am I not an American citizen,—a republican, a faithful officer?" The fatal nod was given, and his head rolled upon the pavement. Some of them were less mercifully treated; they were reserved to be tortured on the rack of suspense, and having for months endured its torments, were finally released from their misery by the fatal stroke. Others were insidiously smiled upon, and assured of favor; these becoming infatuated, rushed into the embraces of the party, and felt the concealed dagger piercing their bosoms.—The official existence of the petty-officers of the Government was as wantonly sacrificed, as was human life, "in the reign of terror," by the conceited, cowardly and inhuman Robespierre.

The Statesman, and the spaniel presses under its influence, who have been taught to bark at the word of command, say that the Collector is the head man of the party;—they mean, he is the *Headsmán* of the party.

There is a natural propensity to laugh at the unfortunate and applaud the successful. Many, therefore, being at a distance from the scene, considered this general sweep of the old public servants, as capital sport. A nearer view of its consequences would have excited more generous emotions. It is undoubtedly true, that the principle of "rotation in office" is engrafted on the system of our Government; that the power which goes out from the people, ought to be frequently recalled, so that none entrusted with authority, may ever forget the source from whence it was derived. And perhaps it would be just and sound policy, to prohibit by law, any of the *well paid* public officers from holding their offices more than eight years. The public servants, who have fattened on salaries of from 2500 to 6000 dollars per annum, in eight years, ought, by common prudence and economy, to have saved a

comfortable subsistence for the rest of their lives. But to extend this rule to the petty officer, whose monthly pay hardly maintains his family; who has faithfully devoted the better part of his life to his humble duties, without a possibility of accumulating a fund for the support of his old age; to thrust out such a man on the bleak world, while yet fully competent to perform his official services, merely because he dared to exercise his birth-right as an American citizen and vote for the man of his choice, is a most monstrous act of injustice and barbarity. Actually taking off his head and the heads of his wife and children, exterminating his whole family, would be less cruel and inhuman. It would be perfectly right that Mr. Henshaw, with a salary and perquisites amounting to \$5000 per annum, should, after receiving in 8 years \$40,000 of the people's money, be required by them to surrender his trust;—but that A. B. an Inspector, who had received his 3 dollars a day, or C. D. a Clerk, who had received only 700 dollars a year, and who had performed much more laborious services than Mr. Henshaw, should be sent forth like Hagar, into the wilderness of penury and wretchedness, is a construction of the law of “rotation in office,” which the generosity and justice of the people will never sanction. Cut off the heads of the tall poppies, lest they grow too lofty and imperious, but suffer the lowly plants of more real benefit to the gardener, to live and thrive in their humble beds.

But *these last* were the victims of the new Collector's vindictive temper, and party violence. Jackson cut off all above him, and he cut off all below. It has been asserted in the Statesman, that political opinions were *not* the cause of this proscription. *It is false*, as applied to the Custom House at Boston; and I now believe elsewhere. I *know*, that the election of Jackson having been ascertained, the under officers of the Customs who had embraced his cause, (and they were numerous,) were in the daily habit of threatening their brother officers, of the opposite party, with a “*speedy reckoning*.” The day of reckoning came, in that messenger of wrath, the new Collector, and the predictions of his partizans were verified. And afterwards, when I was a public servant in the Custom House, I heard continual regrets that so many, (some half dozen,) of the Adams-men, were *spared*. It is indeed true, that when the generous and enlightened body of merchants of the City, witnessing such an indiscriminate and wholesale extirpation of the

under officers, (who, for years, had facilitated with skill and despatch their commercial transactions with the office,) raised a great excitement; that *then*, the Collector endeavoured to show other than political delinquency, to excuse his despotic exercise of temporary authority. But this *was all false*. The officers he turned out, were quite equal in morals and *ability*, to those he put in.

General Dearborn the Ex-Collector was, by general consent, an admirable officer, attentive to his duty,—gentlemanly in his manners, peculiarly urbane and conciliatory to the mercantile interest, mild and affectionate to the inferior officers, gaining their attachment and, therefore, necessarily, their best services,—and conducting as the chief of the department in a manner to attract the respect, confidence and regard of all who had intercourse with him as a public officer. And as to his judgment, and fidelity to his trust, it is in my power to raise a monument to his honor, which I do with great satisfaction, although in the political contest of 1828—9, I was his determined opponent, and “did him some harm,” in my newspaper, in his county. *His* officers in the Boston Custom House, who were spared by Henshaw, were, when I became acquainted with them, in 1830, beyond all dispute, the most intelligent, industrious, faithful, and moral, of all the inmates of the department. It struck me, as singular and deserving of enquiry, why *all* the Adams officers who *handled the public money, were retained*, while the out door officers, were unceremoniously dismissed? The question was in a short time solved. In conversation with one “of the party,” he stated, that on the whole, he did not regret that Marshal Harris was continued in office :—that great sums of money passed through his hands ;—and that if a Jacksonman held the office, and ran off with the cash, it would bring indelible disgrace on “*the party*”; whereas if Marshal Harris happened to “clear out” the party would be exonerated, and could bear down, in overwhelming terms, on their political adversaries! It is worthy of remark, that in the Custom House, there were spared from the axe of proscription, the Bond Clerk, the Cash Clerk, the Permit Clerk, the Clearance Clerk, and one or two more Clerks, all receivers of the public monies, while nearly every officer who received his pay from the public chest, but touched none of the public revenue, was discharged! It looked very much as if the Collector dared not trust his own party! And *he knew them!*

While I was an inmate of the Custom House one of the money Clerks resigned. Of course there were hundreds of applications for his place. As one evening I walked up High street with two of the members of the Statesman party, one of them said, "we have a notion of appointing Mr. Parker, a son of Chief Justice Parker, in the place of Mr. —. The fact is the Commonwealth Insurance Company," (composed of the Statesman party) "has a case coming before the Supreme Court, involving the sum of 13,000 dollars. Now, we have no influence with the Supreme Court, who are nearly all federalists: and it is good policy to interest the Chief Justice's feelings, by patronizing his family." Fudge, I exclaimed, you might as well turn the sun from its course, as the pure and incorruptible mind of Judge Parker from the course of justice. "Oh, you don't know how such matters operate on all men's minds; no man is insensible to his interest." Why, said I, the Judge would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jupiter for his power to thunder." "You don't know how these matters are managed, nor their effects," was the reply. Mr. Parker (an excellent officer,) was accordingly appointed, but the Commonwealth Insurance Company *lost their case.*

Mr. Parker is now the *Cash Clerk* of the Custom House. The Collector probably thought of those distinguished Massachusetts *democrats*, Skinner and Bidwell, when he determined to select the son of an *old federalist* for his *cash keeper.*

In speaking of this good and great man, (the late Chief Justice,) "my heart grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water." Massachusetts never had a Judge of a more pure, just, and benevolent mind. He engrossed the confidence of all parties,—won the love of all classes of people;—was the kind patron of all the younger members of the bar, and enforced his decisions, as much by the elevation of his character, as by the soundness of his legal knowledge. My gratitude for his paternal encouragement, when I made my first argument before his Court, will glow in my bosom as long as life throbs there.

Collector Henshaw, finding himself unable to quell the excitement of the mercantile community, caused by his intolerant persecution of the under officers of his department,—in the peculiar spirit of his character turned about, and denounced the merchants of Boston, to the President, as a gang of bankrupts and swindlers.

Every merchant in Boston will remember his "letter" to the President, and has probably recognised, in various subsequent writings in the Boston Statesman and Post, similar efforts to stigmatize this class of citizens. The same pen which wrote the "*infamous letter*," wrote also the communication to the Washington Globe, at the recent period of commercial distress, stating that aristocrats ought to fail,—that when reduced to poverty, they became democrats, and aided the party;—and that the greater the number so stricken down, by the measures of the Government, the greater would be the force of democracy in Massachusetts. I am certain, that this shameful communication was from the Collector's pen. I can detect his *style* in a hundred papers, from all parts of the Union, which may contain a single article, written by himself. It is a compound, of one part of James 1st, to two of Jack Cade.

I firmly believe, that the unnatural hatred and contempt which the President seems to entertain for the merchants, is in a great degree owing to these, and other similar communications, from the Collector; and he probably considers that one of the public benefits likely to accrue from a war with France, would be the certain ruin of the whole class. On their ruin, would follow the headlong destruction of all enterprise, public spirit, and national liberty. There is not in New-England a single great literary, benevolent, or charitable institution, that was not founded by a merchant, and has not been, and is not now in a great measure, sustained by merchants. In all ages, they have been the first, most active, and most determined assertors of liberty. It cost Alexander a greater sacrifice of time, money, labour, and human life, to conquer the little City of Tyre, than to overturn the Persian Empire. Commercial Carthage, was the most formidable enemy of Rome. Spain, in the height of her glory, could not subdue the merchants of the United Provinces. And Bonaparte, with all Europe at his feet, and millions of men and money at his command, was conquered, deposed, and committed to prison by the merchants of the little Island of Britain. Whenever an American President resolves on the overthrow of the liberties of the country, his first measures will be directed against the *merchants*, as the most wealthy, most quick-sighted, most enterprising, and most resolute of all the enemies of despotism.

It has been asserted and re-asserted in the Statesman and Post,

that the U. States officers in Boston, *opposed* to the present Administration, are more numerous than *its partisans*. This was intended for effect abroad, for there is no person of intelligence and observation at home, who does not know its utter falsity. Indeed there is not another paper in the country, which would dare, with so full a knowledge of the facts, to publish so palpable and gross a falsehood, with such shameless effrontery. While I was one of the initiated of the party, we every few days were compelled to "crack our sides" over statements in the Post and Statesman, so notoriously false, that the very audacity with which they were published was supremely ridiculous. Now the fact is, that excepting the money-clerks before mentioned, and the *Jackson* officers of the Custom House, not a man was spared, unless from political or interested motives. Not a single monument of magnanimity was suffered to stand, when the hurricane of proscription swept through its halls. Of the score of Inspectors, *two* were saved; one of them the brother of a leading Jacksonman in a neighboring County, the other (an excellent officer and most worthy man,) a distinguished and influential member of the Baptist Church; and as Mr. Simpson was a Baptist, he was rescued from the general destruction. It was the same in all the other corps of officers; none have been spared but for similar reasons. And at this moment, of the *seventy officers* attached to the Custom House, I know *not one*, (with the exception of the money clerks,) who openly opposes the Administration; I do not believe there is *one* who does not profess a preference for Martin Van Buren as the successor of Jackson. It was the case when I retired in April last, and I feel confident when I solemnly declare, that I left not a single open opponent of Van Buren behind me. My readers may be assured, that if Van Buren is the party candidate, every Government officer in Boston will not only vote for him, but spend months of *his time*, which he has sold to the people for his wages, in electioneering for his success. I have no doubt that the same state of things *now* exists in every Custom House in the United States! The Post Offices are not yet *all* secured, but I learn that they will be, before the period of united action arrives. Then the 40,000 United States officers, scattered over the States, will act together *as one man*;—they will compose the majority of the grand *National Convention*, which is to nominate the democratic candi-

date; that candidate is already agreed upon, and on his nomination, this whole army of mercenaries, "the abomination of desolation standing in the most holy place"—will simultaneously fling out the standards of Van Buren to the winds, and march onward to victory and to pillage. They even now feel certain of success, and prepare for the approaching conflict and conquest over the people, with the same calmness and confidence, and contempt for their enemy, as the 40,000 Swedes under Charles XIIth invaded the Russian Empire. May they find a Pultowa!

We have seen the operation of "Reform," in *driving out* the old servants of the people; let us now enquire what sort of men succeeded to their places. I solemnly aver, and I challenge investigation into the fact, that the whole "pulk of Cossacks," which dashed with wild "hurras" upon the spoils of office in Boston, was composed either of active political writers and laborers in the preceding election, or of family connexions of some of the Cabal, or of their debtors who were unable to discharge their debts, but as public stipendiaries! With the two latter classes, it was a matter of no consequence whether they had been Jacksonmen or not, *future* conformity was all that was required. Nor was the taint of federalism always an objection; nor even the horrible enormity of being *British born*. I readily admit that the *old* officers who in the conflict of 1828, (although serving under Mr. Adams, and a Collector zealously attached to his interest,) with a noble independence openly avowed their preference for Gen. Jackson, are gentlemen deserving of high respect and commendation. And, further, that many of the "new comers" are respectable men, and diligent and faithful officers. Many of them I most sincerely regard. But all this is nothing to the purpose; the merits of individuals, are no excuse for the madness and wickedness of party. The people ought to be informed in what manner their servants construe the great principles of their Government,—and should understand the motives and reasons of their acts,—and whether the power entrusted to them has been generously and justly used, or cruelly and basely abused. And when the people discover, that the exposition I have been making, and other expositions of illustrious statesmen, to whom I am as nothing, are *true*, I am confident that the political illusion, under which they have so long labored, will soon be dissipated, and they will awake to a sense of the im-

minent perils which threaten their liberties, "as a lion rouses himself and shakes the dew-drops from his mane." For, (recently said a great statesman and patriot,) "when I distrust the intelligence and virtue of the people, I must distrust every thing, the very possibility of a popular government, or of the existence of liberty."

The scene I have been describing, was not a salutary "Reform" of the abuses, which in the progress of time, had crept into our institutions, but a most daring and dangerous attack on the very foundations of those institutions; not the genial warmth of the sun bringing forth fresh verdure, flowers and fruits, but a tornado, "instinct with fire and nitre," rushing over the land, and marking its course with ruin and desolation.

CHAPTER VII.

Party Organization.

"'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind."

THE "Headsman" of the Jackson party in Boston, having purged the Custom House, and filled it with his retainers, he and his confederates next turned their attention to confirming their dominion over the Jackson party of the State, and to holding in check every ambitious or refractory *country* member, who might, at some future time, defy their authority, and in the exuberance of his patriotism,—like Jeshurun,—"wax fat and kick." Having constituted themselves a *Central power*, and being armed with the influence of the Government, by the possession of the most valuable offices in its gift, they prepared to put a bridle into the mouth of the democracy of Massachusetts, so that thereafter, they could mount

and ride it, either at a canter, trot, pace, or *walk*, as best suited their policy and interests. Knowing it was impossible that Judge Morton could ever be elected Governor of the State, because all who regarded him as an upright magistrate would not consent to dispense with his valuable services on the Bench, and because the *genuine* democrats never would yield to the violation of their principles by voting for a judicial officer while he continued to *act as such*;—they, (as their *first* movement,) determined that the Judge should be *the perpetual candidate* of their party. It was apparent, that while the Jackson party in Massachusetts was feeble and contemptible in strength and numbers, *they* had a fair chance of keeping at its head. And therefore, it was represented at Washington, and to the great leaders of the party in the States, that it would be of peculiar benefit to the cause, if old “Hartford Convention,” “old federal” Massachusetts, was suffered to remain in opposition to Jackson’s Administration. She had been opposed to Jefferson and Madison, and by being kept in opposition to Jackson, it would prove that *his* Administration was *decidedly democratic!* It is lamentable, that so excellent a man, and so popular a magistrate as Judge Morton, should have suffered himself to be made the dupe of this miserable conspiracy. I declare my belief, with a firm conviction of its truth, that the *Statesman party never intended he should be the Governor of this Commonwealth*; and that if at any time they had suspected his chance was looking too favourable, *they would, if possible, have defeated him by their own votes!* As an evidence of this fact, and of their determination to keep the party “conveniently small,” let me state that in February 1830, I was a guest at the supper of the Washington Society, at the Exchange Coffee House. I arrived late in the evening, and was conducted to the table by a member of the “Cabal.” There were about 70 persons at the feast, and my conductor on entering the hall took occasion to say, “here you see a small but faithful body of our troops in Boston; they are all mechanics and laborers except *we few* who lead them. *The Jackson party is large enough in Boston*;—“the fewer men, the greater share of honors.” We do not wish a larger party in this City; every addition brings with it *some damned curse*, who immediately enters into competition with us for the “loaves and fishes;” *You*, we consider as *one of us*, and don’t be concerned, you will get something bye and bye.

Let us have as many of the countrymen to join us as we can;— we can manage *them*, but damn the *Boston auxiliaries!*” I can prove, that the same sentiments were expressed, to at least *five* different gentlemen, by the same Boston Jacksonian, at about this same period!

And further; when some time afterwards, (while I was a member of the Custom House,) Henry Lee, Esq. then supposed to be friendly to Jackson, was nominated as Representative to Congress, and I engaged with great zeal in his cause, by my pen and by personal exertions, I was informed by the Collector, that I was doing a most mischievous act;—“that *we did not want a great Jackson party in Boston*, nor the introduction of federalists into the party; they would only overrun us, and take the control of the party into their hands!”

Let any Jacksonman who is at all sceptical on this subject, read the Statesman from 1829 to 1834, and mark the course of the party and *its votes* in Boston during that period. The determination to have only a *small Jackson party in the City*, was so successfully pursued, that in 1832, the Jackson ticket for Senators for Suffolk, received only 300 votes, notwithstanding the sagacious and managing Mr. Simpson had consented to blazon it with his name. Yet *there has been no time since Jackson's election*, when 1500 Jackson votes might not have been polled in Boston, if it had been the object of the *party managers*, and proper and efficient measures had been adopted. This is manifest from several facts, fresh in the recollection of the citizens. Henry Lee in 1830, received (I think) 2500 votes for Representative to Congress. Gen. Lyman, in 1830, for the same office, on the first trial 700, when C. G. Greene the other Jackson candidate, at the *same time*, received 740 more;—both, about 1500. On the next trial, Gen. Lyman received over 1200, although the Statesman party stationed Custom House officers at the polls to instruct *their own* faction not to vote at all, or to vote for Mr. Gorham, the “opposition” candidate. General Lyman would have been elected, had not the Statesman party withheld their votes or voted for his opponent—“*the federal candidate.*” Now this was done, because they perceived, that if General Lyman succeeded, he would immediately become the chief of the Jackson party in Boston, and, consequently, that *their* “occupation” would be “gone”; *they* would lose the com-

mand, and be merged in the general mass. The very nomination, at this time, of Mr. Charles G. Greene, the printer and *ostensible* editor of the Post and Statesman, was intended to *prevent* the election of a Jackson Representative. He is a pleasant fellow, always very neatly dressed, and gentlemanly in his manners; and in intelligence, information and learning, is as well qualified to represent the City of Boston in Congress, as about 4000 out of the 8000 voters, who have recently assembled there at the polls. More polished than "Pop Emmons," (a former candidate for City Representative to the State Legislature,) but less impressive in his appearance; more methodical in his eloquence, but less impetuous and soul-stirring; more oracular in his manner, but less imaginative and poignant. Pop moved the risibles, Charles the auricles; Pop disturbed the epigastrium, Charles the sensorium; Pop forced tears, (of laughter,) Charles, yawns!*

The nomination of Mr. Greene was, I have no doubt, intended as an insult on the Jackson party of the City, and to keep them from the polls; and they felt it as such, every man of them, save the Custom House party and its retainers.

To return to the plan of operation, by which the Statesman leaders succeeded in *manacling* the democracy of Massachusetts. Their next movement was to appoint, by their own authority, some gentleman supposed to be devoted to their interests, in every County of the State, as Chairman of a County Committee to be appointed by *himself* in that County. After he had thus selected his Committee, *they* were to appoint some person in every town of the County, as a Chairman of a Town Committee, and *he* selected his associates. I had the honor to be *commissioned* as the Chairman of the County Committee for Norfolk, and I performed my duties thoroughly in selecting my associates, and appointing Chairmen of Town Committees in every town in that County. My instructions declare that "in case of the *appointment of Postmasters, or other officers*, in which a town is immediately interested, the

* The Oration *delivered* by this gentleman in 1829 or '30, and published in the Statesman as *his own*, was *not written by himself*, but by a gentleman vastly superior to any one of "the party," now in office in Boston,—in talents, learning and eloquence, but whose merits they have hitherto contrived to keep in the back-ground.

Town Committee ought to express its views to the County Committee, who, if they approve, may sanction it and send it to the *Central State Committee*, who will transmit the recommendations to Washington." Now, David Henshaw was the *Chairman* of this *Central State Committee*, and John K. Simpson, Andrew Dunlap and Nathaniel Greene, &c. his associates. Of course not a single appointment could be made in Massachusetts, without their sanction! *They were the Government!* *They gave away offices or withheld them, at their sovereign will and pleasure!* Fouché himself, could not have devised a more beautiful scheme of internal police! It completely excluded the influence of every distinguished Jacksonian in the State, and placed the whole power and influence of the party, in the hands of David Henshaw, the Collector of the Customs!

If Martin Van Buren did not originate the plan, (and it bears the impress of his genius,) it is certain that he recognized and assented to it. I have before me a letter dated Sept. '29, from the *Central State Committee* to me as Chairman of the Norfolk Committee, stating, that they had "addressed a letter to Mr. Van Buren recommending him to select for publishing the laws of the U. States, the Boston Statesman, the Worcester Republican, and the Pittsfield Sun." And requesting me, "forthwith to get my Committee to address Mr. Van Buren recommending this selection." We "did this job" for them, and the above newspapers were selected.

I remember that about this time, in conversation with a very distinguished democratic Jacksonian of Massachusetts, he told me that "he could not conjecture what the matter was at Washington; he thought he had, or ought to have some influence there; but nothing which he requested or recommended was granted. He believed he had lost all influence in that quarter." *He had* indeed; it was all engrossed by Henshaw & Co.!

Let us proceed to the next movement. Having determined to reduce the Boston Jackson party to nothing but a Custom House party, of a few hundreds, who would submit to their dictation in "passive obedience," the Statesman Cabal perceived the necessity of having a Jackson party *somewhere* in the State; because leaders without a party, Generals, Colonels and Majors thundering in the field without troops, would look very ridiculous. Accord-

ingly, after a midnight conclave, they spawned a batch of newspapers, to enlighten the interior counties of the State. Case, of the Mercury, at Lowell, had the honor of being first ushered into editorial life.

“ Deformed, unfinish'd, sent before his time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That the dogs bark'd at him.”

Worcester was gratified with the maintenance of another of the bantlings, and a very “sprightly child” he has proved. Another was sent to Lynn, but it was a feeble creature, and died in about two years afterwards. The fourth, which was deposited at Cape Ann, by feeding on clams and cod-fish, grew so froward a youth, that within a few months past he run away from his parents, and appointed the Whigs his guardians.

Thus the Statesman Cabal held in its hands the reins of the party organization, and were the owners of its presses. All the ramifications of the party, centred in them; all its numerous rays converged to a single focus of light and heat,—the Collector, who dispensed the genial influence to the benighted yeomanry of the State, through the newspapers under his control!

Armed with this power, the Cabal assumed the right of dictating to the democratic representatives of the people in the State Legislature, the course they were to pursue in their deliberations, and the candidates to be supported in the elections of their presiding officers. Any one, who will examine the Statesman and Post, for the past four years, will read certain *advertisements*, published usually three or four days before the meeting of the Legislature, like the following:—“Notice. The Democratic members of the Legislature are requested to meet at the Statesman Office,” (or “the Democratic Reading Room,”) “on the evening before the meeting of the Legislature, on business of importance.” At this meeting, such members as are debased enough to attend, are required to re-appoint the Cabal as the *Central State Committee* for the year ensuing; and are then instructed in the duties expected of them during the session; and if an appointment is in gestation they are made to subscribe the candidate's recommendations. They are then informed whom the Cabal have selected as the democratic candidates for the speaker of the House, Clerk, &c. &c. and these candidates

are always selected, not with the most remote possibility of their election, nor are they the most popular candidates, but with the design of acquiring for them reputation and influence at Washington. In this way, three years ago, the democratic candidate for speaker of the House received only 29 votes, when, as it afterwards appeared, there were actually 88 Jackson members present!

And *such* are the *democratic* "*friends of the people!*" the *especial* patrons of their rights!—"INDEPENDENT republicans! the revilers of federalism! the boasted *guardians* of popular liberty!—There never lived a *federalist*, who would have submitted, for a moment, to such degrading servility;—as to be mingled with a herd, and driven with goads, wherever its conductor listed. Shame on such *Representatives of the People!*" A representative of a town containing a thousand of intelligent freemen, stealing to the Statesman office, in the night time, to receive his political instructions, and consenting to be a pander of political cupidity and intolerance! Let the people enquire into this matter, and brand the culprits with the infamy they deserve.

But the work was not yet complete. The little political corps, which the Statesman leaders determined to keep up in Boston, was divided as it were, into platoons, and Custom House officers appointed its sergeants and corporals. Thus the Collector was not only Commander in Chief of the whole political army of the State, but likewise Colonel of the household troops. This corps was admirably disciplined, and its common soldiers had no more to do with political affairs, except to discharge their votes when ordered, than had the Hessians, who fought against the Revolution in the question *they* were contesting. Every thing was managed by the "Leaders," by their staff, the Ward Committees, all picked men, and by the Custom House officers. Here is the usual mode of proceeding. Suppose that it is intended to nominate a Jackson candidate to represent the City in Congress, and that the leaders discover in the Boston party a preference for a gentleman *not their own* candidate, and of whom they do not approve. "A Notice" appears in the Post calling a meeting of "the Democratic Republicans of Boston at Democratic Hall on ——— evening next, to fill vacancies in the Ward Committee." As this is an object of no importance, none but they who are let into the real object of the meeting attend; and these are usually the Ward Committees and

the Custom House officers. When the assembly has convened, a Leader calls to order, and immediately nominates another Leader as Moderator and declares him elected. This is done, lest a motion should be made to choose a Moderator by ballot, and they abhor the "secret ballot." The Moderator then declares that the object of the meeting is to nominate a candidate for Representative to Congress, and presumes it will be done in the usual way, that is, by laying a sheet of paper on the table, on which the names of the candidates, and the number of *marks* each receives, are to be entered. The paper is spread out, and then Mr. Simpson rushes forward, and writes down the names of some half dozen members of the party, and puts *his mark* against the name of the selected and favorite candidate. And after *that*, let any man present dare *mark* against any other name. If he should presume to exhibit so high handed a contempt for authority, he is from thenceforth, "a *marked man*." The nominations conducted in this mode are generally *unanimous*. But if by some inadvertence, or in consequence of the unexpected presence of members of the Jackson party not disposed to submit to despotic power, it is carried to nominate the candidate by *ballot*, then, after the votes are taken, a Leader moves that the Moderator appoint a committee, *to retire*, and count the votes, and then report the name of the successful candidate. The Moderator declares the motion accepted, and appoints a committee of *trusty servants, who retire with the votes*, and in due time report "under a just sense of the important duties imposed upon them." The *selected* candidate is always successful!

No one but the Committees knows any thing about the votes, the business is done in *secret*—and the subject is settled by their report. I have been present at a meeting where this last proceeding was adopted, and for the first time in my life, saw the votes of the people *taken away from their presence*, to be counted in *secret* by a committee whom they did *not appoint*, and in whom they had no confidence!

And this is democracy! Tiberius would not have dared to treat his own servile Senate with such imperial contempt! Never shall I forget how my blood boiled with indignation the first time I was compelled to submit with many others, (I believe a majority of the legal voters present,) to such shameless management and intolerable arrogance.

From the facts I have in this chapter stated, it is apparent, that no designation of the Jackson party of Massachusetts could be more pertinent and descriptive than the "*Custom House Party.*" Its acknowledged head is the Collector of the Customs; the officers of the elite corps in Boston are Custom House Officers; and all the Lieutenants of the several Counties are the creatures of their formation. If a member of a *town* Committee becomes suspected, he is expelled by his Chairman; if the Chairman is refractory, he is deposed by the County Committee, and if any of these last disobey orders, they are instantly dismissed the service by the Central Power in Boston, viz: the Government Officers. All recommendations for appointments under the Government must be transmitted to them; and whether *they* ever forward them to Washington or not, the applicant never knows. If *they* reject him, his case is desperate. The Collector of the Customs is, therefore, Jackson's *Viceroy* in Massachusetts.

CHAPTER VIII.

Official Life.

"Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty!"—*Byron.*

ON the morning of the 20th April, 1830, in company with Mr. Jamieson, (a brother-in-law of Gen. McNiel, whom he had appointed his "Marker and Prover" of Spirits, Teas, &c.) I attended the General to the Custom House in Boston. We found the ex-Surveyor and his Deputy quite resigned to their fate, polite and disposed to give every information relative to the routine of the office. Indeed Mr. Gerry was *particularly* kind in pointing out to me the course of daily business; which could not stop, because new

officers superintended it, but required immediate and constant action. And his Deputy was equally complaisant. They then retired and left us in undisputed possession.

I had devoted some three or four days and *nights* to reading the U. States Laws applicable to my new duties, but might as well have slept during the same time, as to any benefit I derived from the effort. I will venture to assert, that no man can gather any knowledge of the practical duties of a United States Officer, by studying the Laws regulating those duties.* There is always, a *law of the office* very different from the law of the land, the law of precedent, which says "thus has the business been done, and must continue to be *done*." There is scarcely a transaction of the Custom House performed *exactly* according to law ; I do not mean to say that the spirit of the law is, in all cases, violated, but that some particular and perhaps unimportant *form* is omitted. As, frequently, great despatch is required, it is very natural that the officers should take the *shortest cut* to arrive at the desired object. And in a little time, this "short cut" becomes the travelled road.

After about a week of close observation and painful anxiety, I got into the common path, and drew my load like a practiced dray-horse. I soon however discovered that *my* office was no sinecure, and that I was doomed to eat my bread by the sweat of my brow. The arduous business of the Surveyor's Department had been hitherto performed by the united labours of the Surveyor, his Deputy, and an active and intelligent Clerk, occasionally assisted by an extra Clerk. It required their joint labours to accomplish it. But Gen. McNiel had *no* Clerk, and being disabled by an honorable wound in the right arm, received at Chippewa, he was *no penman*. Consequently the labour which had, previous to our entrance, been divided among *three*, and sometimes *four* expert and active writers, was to be executed by me *alone*, without any *material* assistance. Nevertheless, being full of zeal for the cause, of gratitude to my patron, and of ambition, to prove to the merchants that they had suffered no injury by the change of officers, I continued for nearly a year to perform, (I may say,) the whole duties of the office. After the exhaustion of the day, night after night found

* The Comptroller of the Treasury should always be an experienced Custom House Officer.

me a watcher over unfinished records. All exercise was suspended, recreation avoided, and repose interrupted. In less than ten months such severe labours broke me down, and I have never recovered from their fatal consequences.

At this time, I discovered what hundreds have before me, that the confinement and continuation of labour which is incompatible with intellectual excitement, is the most destructive to health of all other labour. For instance, the poor wretch who picks oakum in his cell can *think*, and therefore he, in some degree, preserves his health. The novelist, like Bulwer, can shut himself up for a fortnight, and produce a work which shall delight the world, and come forth afterwards sound in body and in mind. But he who posts Books or copies Records, which requires continual attention, without permitting any other intellectual effort, would be a *dead man* at the expiration of that period. How often during those sleepless nights have I repeated the lines which are the motto of this chapter! How often have I directed a glance of memory to my once free, happy, and life-stirring occupation in the country, and cursed the folly which made me a slave! My very dreams, as I snatched a hurried repose, were coloured with this *longing after freedom*. I was mounted on the back of a fiery steed, spurning with his heels the pathless desert alone, with unmeasured space before me, and far beyond the restraints of civilization, and the power of man; or standing on the highest Andes, and looking down in triumphant scorn, on the miserable struggles of the world beneath; or a solitary, *but free* inhabitant of some island in the Pacific, walking thoughtful on the shore, and contemplating the Ocean, as it washed its murmuring sands;

“ Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity.”

When in April I left Dedham, (where I had resided many years among a generous, friendly and intelligent people,) I was hale and vigorous, able to confine myself to my desk without exercise, for five days in succession, and on the morning of the sixth to plunge into a trout stream, and trace its course till night, without suffering any inconvenience. In less than a year's residence in Boston, as a Custom House officer, I was an invalid, incapable of enduring manly exercise, and liable on any sudden exertion, or even on the receipt of agitating intelligence, to be attacked with violent palpi-

tations of the heart. And the *constant dread* of such paroxysms, left me few moments of enjoyment.

For a time, the business throughout the Custom House was carried on smoothly and harmoniously. The Collector felt and enjoyed his new power and dignity; and as Bonaparte declared that "*He was the State,*" so he looked and acted as if *he* was the Custom House. I made occasional visits to the Statesman office, and whenever I could snatch a moment of leisure, wrote communications for the papers. It was not long, however, before I discovered that General McNeil's appointment was not agreeable to "the party," and that it had probably eclipsed the brilliant expectations of some member of their confederacy. And in a conversation at the Statesman office, I learnt with contempt and indignation, that my allegiance was due to *them*, and not to my patron. I instantly remarked, that the General's interests would always claim my first care, and that I should maintain them against every other interest. On now looking back to this period of my official life, I am convinced that I derived my appointment, either through instructions given to Gen. McNeil at Washington, (as some equivalent for broken promises,) or through the influence of the "Statesman leaders," exerted with the design that I should act as a spy on the General's movements, and keep him in subjection to their authority. They justly supposed, that the General was not the sort of man to *serve* under such officers, when he had been in the habit of *leading* in contests rather more perilous than party warfare. Accordingly, he was never admitted into their political consultations, but pointedly excluded; and on every inviting occasion was treated with neglect, and subjected to mortification. At the 4th July dinner of the Washington Society, (in 1830,) at Concert Hall, the General was left to find a seat at the bottom of the table, while Henshaw, Simpson, Dunlap, Brodhead, Greene, and even some *petty* Custom House officers, took possession of the "chief seats,"—at the head. But these *newspaper patriots* did not perceive, that the *place* occupied by a gentleman, who had proved his patriotism by real services to his country, and carried about with him the evidence of it, and of his valour, viz: his wounds, was the actual *head of the table*.

On this occasion, while we waited in the anti-room the announcement of dinner, I noticed a *little man*, to whom the general

attention was directed. His countenance was peculiar. There was a strange attraction about it; if I looked in another direction my eyes involuntarily turned to survey it again. It recalled to recollection faces I had seen in dreams, (when suffering with indigestion,) which in spite of all my exertions kept close to mine, and were dreadful to look upon. I thought of Asmodeus, in "the devil on two sticks," and of Mephistopheles in Faustus.—"Who is that man," I exclaimed to a gentleman on my right hand. Why? he answered, dont you know *him*? That is Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire!

After the feast, Mr. Hill favoured the company by reading a written speech, wholly incomprehensible to every guest except the initiated, who sat near him. It intimated in dark and mysterious terms, the existence of a *plot* at Washington, originating with certain great men of the South, and having for its object the overthrow of the President, and Van Buren, and himself! To me, it was as an "an unknown tongue," but I observed that the "Statesman leaders" smiled and nodded approbation and intelligence. A few months afterwards disclosed its meaning.

At this dinner, I gave the following *abominable* toast. "Washington and Jackson, the first and the last of our Revolutionary Presidents,—the founder, and the restorer of the Republic,—the Elijah and the Elisha, of the same political faith." For two years past, I have never thought of this awful desecration of the memory of Washington, without an inclination to smite my breast like the publican, and cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." If the Washington Society will be merciful enough to expunge this sentiment from its records, I promise my lasting gratitude, and I trust future reward, by a gratuity of five dollars,—in Jackson Gold.

Some months before this time, Collector Henshaw had been confirmed by the Senate, in his honors and dignities; and Mr. Brodhead, (by a majority of "one") had been permitted to exchange his *shears*, (one of the emblems of his craft,) for the *quill*, as Navy Agent. The other emblem, the *goose*, he carried with him, in his translation to a more elevated station, and probably will part with it only when life is extinct.

About the time his success was announced, happening in at the Statesman office, one of the confederates told me that he was at

Washington while Brodhead's nomination lingered before the Senate. It seems that Mr. John Roberts had communicated to the Senate certain statements in relation to Brodhead, which threatened to defeat his hopes; and that Mr. Roberts had been assured, the next nominee in that event should be himself. "Well," said the confederate, "finding this to be the state of matters, and that Brodhead was in trouble, what do you think I did? Why, I just stepped into a Justice's of the Peace office, and made an affidavit, that *John Roberts's reputation for truth* in Boston, *was bad*; which affidavit I handed in to the Senate." *Was his reputation for truth bad*, I enquired. "Why," he replied,—"*You know we don't stand for the wear and tear of conscience on such occasions!*" Poor John! he is dead now! He got an inkling of this attack on his reputation and came to me for information; but I refused to state any thing unless summoned before a tribunal of Justice, when I would declare all I knew. And this arrow was secretly thrust into his heart by one of his best friends, in honor of whom, at the 8th of January festival, a few months before, he had given the following toast.

By John Roberts, Esq. _____, Esq.—The talented and fearless _____, Though violent partisans may vilify and worthless public officers cheat him, he has the confidence and support of all his political friends.

The "Cabal" had, therefore, in 1830, succeeded in securing all the important offices to themselves. Henshaw's *patronage*, alone, was over 75,000 dollars per annum. And he and his associates lorded it over their dependants, with a despotism demanding the most lowly and debasing submission, such as no nobleman in Russia exercises over his serfs. I have read that in Tartary, when the nobles assemble for a "general drunk," they occupy some hall, in the second story of the building which is the scene of their revels. That from this hall pipes descend on the outside; and when the aristocracy are "full of the god," and part with the superfluous fluid through the pipes, the ignoble multitude, (the democracy,) on the out side, eagerly catch it, at second hand, and in time become as "*magnificent*" as their masters! Such was the operation of official power in Boston!

CHAPTER IX.

The Tax.

“ In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice.”

THE Statesman leaders being confirmed in their official possessions, next turned their power and avarice against their own humble dependants. They had grasped all the lucrative offices in Boston in the gift of the Government, but were not satisfied. Alexander wept for new worlds to conquer; and while a single dollar was to be had the Statesman leaders thirsted to pocket it.

There was in the project I am about to unfold a meanness and extortion wholly unexampled, and almost beyond belief, could it not be substantiated by many respectable witnesses before any tribunal possessing the power to compel their attendance. I know that the *Post* and *Statesman* in the most emphatic language have repeatedly declared its falsity. Nevertheless, *it is true*. I know too that the *Portland Argus* and *Augusta Age*, both recently under the superintendence of F. O. J. Smith, were summoned to the assistance of the Statesman leaders when the project leaked out, and reiterated the denial of its existence, in the coarse and unmannerly terms for which those papers were distinguished. But *it is true*. F. O. J. Smith! What an Iceland fog must have enveloped the minds of the enlightened people of Cumberland County, when such an excrescence of party was plucked out of the political cauldron, and made their Representative to Congress! I claim an interest in Cumberland County, for I was graduated at Bowdoin under the paternal instructions of President Appleton, a pure and holy man, and of Professor Cleveland, the most eminent chemist and mineralogist in the country. We *revered* the President, but all of us *loved* the Professor, the fascination of whose familiar conversation is irresistible. He is the lever which has upheld the Institution from its beginning; the most splendid offers

of emolument in other quarters have not attracted him from the comparatively humble but useful station he so eminently occupies. Incontrovertible evidence of a great and good man!

To return to the *Tax*. The first intimation I ever heard of it was from Nathaniel Greene, in his private room over the old Post Office, and but a short time after I became a public officer. Supposing that it was mere badinage, in which he habitually indulged, I treated it accordingly. But in July 1830, I received an invitation in writing, to "attend a meeting of the *Central Committee*," (to which I did not belong,) "at the Navy Agent's office in State-street." I remarked, as singular at the time, that General McNeil did *not* receive any invitation. I went there on the appointed evening, ignorant of the business which required so formidable a summons. In a short time some *ten* or *twelve* public officers made their appearance. I suppose *all* who were invited; for the usual plan was to assemble those who could be relied upon to *pass* a measure, and then, afterwards to *enforce* it on the rest, as the fiat of the party, from which there was no appeal. Mr. John Crowninshield, an appraiser, was chosen Chairman, and Mr. J. P. Robinson, (Public Store-keeper, formerly a Clerk in the House of Henshaw & Co.) Secretary. Then uprose Mr. Simpson with an aspect of solemn and melancholy concern. He said, substantially, "That it probably was known to every office-holder present that Mr. Nathaniel Greene, the Editor of the Boston Statesman had conducted the late political contest, in that paper, with singular zeal and ability. That he had contracted in these generous efforts *large debts*, amounting to over thirty thousand dollars—about \$33,000;* that the officers of the government in Boston must be conscious that they obtained their offices through the distinguished exertions of the Statesman and the party which sustained it; that Mr. Greene, although he had obtained a valuable office, could not, out of the profits which remained after deducting his necessary expenses, pay off much of the *principal* of the \$33,000 debt, if at the same time he was obliged to keep down the *interest*. That political affairs were uncertain, and it was an object with Mr. Greene to exonerate himself from debt as soon as possible, and he would limit his expenses to only 1200 dollars a year! He (Mr. Simpson,)

* It was 15,000 only at Washington the year before.

therefore thought, upon the whole view of the case, that it was not only proper, but incumbent on all the public officers in Boston to club together, and annually, by an assessment, pay the *interest* of Mr. Greene's debts, (\$1,980) while he was diligently sweeping off the *principal!*" Mr. Simpson had no sooner taken his seat, than Mr. Brodhead, who sat on my left at a round table, "moved that a committee be appointed to retire and doom the several officers of the District in an annual sum each, for the purpose suggested."

I never was more completely thunderstruck. The word "*doom,*" (used to me, in a novel sense,) rang in my ears. Owing money myself, and receiving but a small salary in comparison with the expenses of my station, I was chilled to the bone by such a ruinous proposition. I thought to remonstrate, but was kindly informed that probably the assessment on the Surveyor's Department would be only 250 dollars per annum! Another officer, however, who felt his gains leaking from him like quicksilver, rose and proposed that before the fatal doom was pronounced, a Committee should be chosen to investigate the *actual amount* of the debt, *when contracted*, and for *what considerations*. A request so reasonable could not be refused, although evidently a disappointment, and the Committee was appointed.

I left the meeting filled with indignation and disgust at the baseless and extortionate character of the project. What! I exclaimed, is this the beginning of a "*Reform*" Administration. Are we put in office only to be devoured by the greater serpents of the party? Here is Greene, but late a poor printer, with an appointment worth \$6000 per annum which *he obtained by pleading this very debt*, now calling on me to aid him in discharging it; when, with only a quarter of that sum, I shall have a struggle to pay my own debts, unless I also have the privilege of plundering my subordinate officers.

The next morning, I represented to General McNeil the transactions of the evening, and found him, as I expected, decidedly hostile to the project. I declaimed against it throughout the Custom House, presenting conclusive reasons, hereafter stated, for resisting its enforcement. There was considerable excitement on the subject.

I find in my original minutes of this transaction that the *first* meeting was adjourned to the Statesman Office, and from thence

was immediately adjourned for a week, to Mr. Simpson's dwelling house. Now the cause of this selection of a private house was this; it excluded from the meeting myself, who had never had a private invitation to Mr. S's, and therefore could not with propriety attend on a general invitation, and it excluded others similarly situated, all of us opposed most earnestly to the proposed measure. The next place of meeting was Mr. C. Henshaw's house. In the meantime the work had been carrying on at these private dwellings by those who were interested in its success and those who dared not resist the mandates of their masters. All the arrangements being at length completed, they came forth into open day again, and appointed a meeting at the Navy Agent's office on the 13th August. General McNiel *for the first time*, received an invitation to attend this meeting. We did not attend; indeed I attended none but the first meeting, having instantly and decidedly taken my ground. But on the morning of the 14th we were informed, by a faithful and honest man who was present, that the Committee appointed at the *first* meeting reported Nathaniel Greene's debts at 30,000 dollars, contracted for political purposes. All the public officers were doomed by the Committee. Our informant further stated, that *he* told the meeting "that in January, 1828, Nathaniel Greene assembled "the party" in Boston, and represented to them his embarrassments, confessing that *two thousand* dollars would clear him of debt on the Statesman account; and that then he" (our informant,) "and other zealous Jacksonmen went forth and obtained new subscribers to that amount, and supposed they had entirely relieved the publishers." Upon this statement one of the "Leaders" remarked, with much vehemence, that "the *nine* gentlemen who were sureties for the debt of 30,000 knew five years ago all about it." Our informant suggested that the debt was a private debt, contracted some years before, for very different than political transactions. There was so much dissatisfaction expressed by the under officers at the report of the Committee, that the Leaders had to give way for a time and appoint a *new Committee* to investigate the amount and causes of the debt.

I should have stated, that previous to *this* meeting, encountering one of the Leaders in Congress-street, he immediately spoke of the proposed assessment, and said that "it was no new thing—McCrate, Collector at Wiscasset, made all his officers *pony up* in

