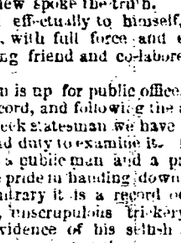
SUPPLEMENT.

HARTRANFT AND RAWLE.

PIOLLET'S RECORD.

"Just as I am Without One Plea."



A FLATTERING PORTRAIT

VICTOR FEIT---ALL HIS OWN

The Honest Legislator—An Army Paymaster without Guile—A Canal Contractor Whose Motto was "Two for Me and One for the State"—The Pure Patriot of Fishing Creek and Nob Mountain Notoriety—A Chronic Office-Seeker—A Dutiful Son-in-Law—Hard Money and the Sacred Observance of the Public Faith in 1865—Inflation and Repudiation in 1875.

In August, 1872, that much maligned patriot and statesman, Charles R. Buckalew, made a speech at Pottsville, in which he proclaimed the test by which men seeking office should be tried. It was, and still is, a good test, and by it he was tried, convicted and condemned at the ballot box. Mr. Buckalew's language at Pottsville on this occasion was as follows:

"When men are up for public office, and they have a public record, it is not only our business, it is our duty to examine it, and if there be iniquity upon it, then sure condemnation should be borne to this offender. [Well applause.] He should sink in public confidence, and from him all public support should be withdrawn. [Renewed applause.] I do not shrink from this ordeal [applause], and I hold other men to the same standard of examination and judgment. [More applause]."

This is sound doctrine, but coming from a gentleman of Mr. Buckalew's antecedents it recalls the old couplet:

"The devil was sick—the devil a saint would be;
The devil got well—the devil a saint was he."

The devil, however, sometimes tells the truth, and this was one of the occasions when Mr. Buckalew spoke the truth. Applying so closely and effectually to himself, it likewise will apply, with full force and effect, to his sympathizing friend and co-laborer, Victor E. Piollet.

This man is up for public office, and he has a public record, and following the advice of the Fishing Creek statesman we have made it our business and duty to examine it. It is not such a record as a public man and a private citizen would take pride in handing down to posterity. On the contrary it is a record odorous with corruption, unscrupulous trickery, and filled with the evidence of his selfish scheming to further his own nest at the expense of private individuals and the Commonwealth. And worse than this, it proves him to have been a copperhead during the war, a champion of disloyal men arrested for treason, and a noisy demagogue and dangerous agitator always. This record, gleaned from various sources throughout the State, we give to the people for their perusal. We ask for it a calm and careful reading, confident that when they shall have viewed it, they will think twice before they cast their ballots to place in his hands the keys of the Treasury.

The qualifications which Mr. Piollet possesses are the fittest evidences of his thorough unfitness for the high and responsible trust. From the very outset of his public career he displayed a remarkable fondness for "feathers," and a wonderful facility in easing his conscience of any disreputable act, such, for instance, as

ACCEPTING A BRIBE.

In 1846 he was elected a member of the Lower House in the Legislature, and in the arrangement of the committees he found himself a member of the Committee on Banks. This opened up a prospect suited to his taste. Here was a harvest ripe for the sickle, and he entered into to take possession. That he did so to the tune of $400 he admits, but attempts to play the "old honesty" dodge by asserting that it was an *attempt* to bribe him which he resisted with becoming indignation. How nearly the attempt became a certainty will be seen from the facts elicited upon the trial. The occasion which gave rise to the specimen of Piollet's honesty was the effort made to repeal the charter of the Lehigh County Bank, which was mostly owned by Moses Y. Beach, of New York. The bill had been in the committee for a month, through the influence of Piollet, he being all the time negotiating with Daniel McCook, who was at Harrisburg lobbying for the bill, to get it out of the hands of the committee. McCook was tried for bribery before Judge Pearson, and the evidence disclosed these facts: That Piollet and McCook had been for some time bargaining to accomplish this end; that on a certain evening the bargain was completed, McCook having reached and offered the amount at which Piollet valued his vote ($400), and the money was to be paid the next morning. (Our readers will please remember that all these parties were good, honest Democrats.) The transaction occurred at the Bachler House, in McCook's room, who, to fasten the job, had Col. Piper, of Bedford, wrapped in a buffalo robe, secreted under his bed, in order to witness the affair and listen to the conversation.

McCook

PAID OVER TO PIOLLET $400

in bills on the Plainfield (N. J.) Bank, receiving as his *quid pro quo* Piollet's promise that the bill should be reported at the next meeting of the committee.

PIOLLET TOOK THE MONEY.

He says that he took it. He "preached" on McCook, and became the chief witness for the prosecution. In his evidence he tells us that he took the $400, and, *returning to his own room, examined and counted the money*, and then went to think anybody would be or could be bribed for $400. Hon. Thad'eus Stevens, in defending McCook, pricked this bubble of virtuous indignation, and disclosed the exceeding thinness of Piollet's assumed innocence and integrity. In addressing the jury he said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have been planning Mr. Piollet's statement heretofore. Here is one part I suppose to be exactly true. He tells you about counting the money in his own room, shedding tears. He admits that he was not aware of its being Plainfield Bank votes until this point of time. Now, he knew that Plainfield Bank was in bad repute, in fact he supposed it to be utterly worthless. These tears fell not because of the attempt to bribe him—but because he thought they had passed utterly worthless paper upon him. His virtue could not a and an attempt to bribe him with counterfeit money. Now, gentlemen of the jury, had he not gotten into a passion over it; had he gone to a broker's and learned that he could have had them changed to gold or silver for from five to seven per cent., he would have pocketed the insult and you would have been saved the trial of McCook."

McCook was convicted, and to-day Piollet, who without doubt was as guilty of the crime as that unfortunate man, is pluming himself upon an assumption of virtue and honesty at variance with his entire character and reputation and the motives which actuate his life. If there is any doubt that he is one of that infamous class which find their way into the legislative halls of every State, termed, in the appropriate and chily suggestive slang of the lobby, "roosters," and which are the curse of honest government, see this additional piece of testimony, given by Benjamin Bartholomew, Esq., in the same case. It was offered, to prove

MR. PIOLLET ONE OF THE GENUS ROOSTER:

On the third day of the session, I think it was, I was walking with Mr Piollet, and told him I wanted a bank chartered at Warren, and wanted his vote. He said No! he was opposed to banks. My reply was that the bank which I wanted was a perfectly Democratic bank, willing to have the individual liability, and that it met the views of the Executive in his message. He then made the remark that there was no individual liability in Warren county. I said there were individuals in Warren county as responsible as in any county in the State, so far as they were willing to go. He then asked me whether this bank would have any feathers; because a bank must have feathers to get through the Legislature."—*House Journal*, 1846, *vol 2, p. 956.*

Even thus early in the session he had begun "early in his work," and didn't propose to go through his legislative career a living specimen of the old Greek's definition of Plato's man—a rooster without feathers.

HANDLING THE FUNDS IN THE ARMY.

Returning from the Legislature with the close of the session of 1847, with all his blushing honors thick upon him, he saw in the Mexican war a fine opening for his financial abilities in the way of adding to his own "pile" by subtracting from the government, and multiplying it again by dividing with the boys in blue. "When you're a-gittin, git enuff, I say," is the rule of conduct of Piollet. He always did like to handle the funds of others, and when brought them to count his own. And so President Polk appointed him a paymaster in the Mexican army. But Piollet's reputation had preceded him to Washington, and not being of that pure kind which induces confidence in the integrity of the applicant for office, it required extraordinary efforts, strong arguments and any quantity of whitewashing before his nomination was forthcoming. He secured it, however, and departed happy—for the rear of the army. He filled the bill admirably—to his own satisfaction—and when at last he turned home he was richer by a considerable amount. He was always a thrifty man; a firm believer in the "suitable sixpence," and never spent money when he could get anybody else to spend it for him. We have said he secured his appointment, but in no act in his life did he display his fawning, servile spirit, more than upon this special occasion to obtain office. Among others whom he called upon for aid was Senator Cameron. While talking to him upon the subject, his keen eye detected one of the Senator's shoes to be untied, and thinking this a fine string to fit his bow, Piollet got down upon his knees, for once in his life, and tied Senator General Cameron's shoes, begged him most respectfully not to defeat his confirmation. This debasing act, small as it is, is a thorough photograph of Victor E. Piollet as a sycophant and a time-server.

IN HIS ROLE AS A CANAL CONTRACTOR.

Returning from the army, and sporting the title of "Colonel," with his pockets full of money, he sought "new fields and pastures green" wherever he might increase his store and fatten to the full. His practiced eye fell upon and took in, in all its magnificent proportions, that "Big Bonanza," the canal contracts, given out under Democratic rule about the years 1850-51. This suited him far better than the honors and emoluments to be derived from the legislature or the army. The "pickings" to be obtained from those positions were small, compared to the "plums" he saw dangling from the heavy-laden contracts, and he at once addressed himself to the work of getting on the inside track by worming himself into the canal ring, and he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. These public works were in the hands of a Board of Canal Commissioners, every one of whom was a Democrat. Nearly if not quite every "job" was given to a Democrat, and it is a well-known fact that many of the prominent Democratic politicians of to-day owe their present wealth to the rich contracts given to them under this *regime*. Investment was to them an unknown quantity in the problem of State Government, and only one-half of the debt which has for so many years burdened the citizens of Pennsylvania was directly incurred that the contractors might grow rich, as they did. These works cost the State at least $40,000,000.

Among the "fat takes" which these greedy cormorants seized upon so ravenously was the "middle section of the North Branch Canal—it being an extension of the main line from the Susquehanna to the New York line, along the North Branch of the Susquehanna. In 1841 all labor was suspended upon the public works of the State. Up to this time the sum of $2,-4 929 had been spent upon the North Branch division. In 1849, when work was resumed, it was estimated that $1,414,116 would complete it. The truth is when the fat job was finished it was found to have cost more than a million of dollars beyond the estimate. Ever Gov. Bigler was compelled from very shame to complain of this corrupt extravagance. The works were completed and the money paid, but for all the good it accomplished this money might just as well have been thrown into the Susquehanna. The canal was valueless—it would not hold water, and was never intended to. The only object to be gained was, not to give the State good reliable work, but to enrich the contractors. The repairing of these improvements (?) was another "job" altogether.

Prominent among the leeches who thus drew their substance from the over-burdened taxpayers was Victor E. Piollet. With his brother he made a bold push for the prize, and having "seen" the Democratic Canal Commissioners to some purpose, he was soon enabled to chuckle over the handsome result of his intrigues—*he had secured, not one nor two, but* EIGHT GOOD FAT CONTRACTS, and he was at once regarded by the hungry crowd as *the head of the Ring of Canal Contractors*. To demonstrate this it will only be necessary to look into the Report of the Engineer of the North Branch Canal for the year ending Nov. 30, 1853, page 9, 10 and 11. There will be found this list of his contracts:

Section No. 29, V. E. & J. E. Piollet	$4,125
Section No. 30, V. E. & J. E. Piollet	2 710
Section No. 32, V. E. & J. E. Piollet	5,615
Section No. 34, V. E. & J. E. Piollet	12,915
Section No. 35, V. E. & J. E. Piollet	17,218
Aqueduct No. 3 over Wyoming, V. E. & J. E. Piollet	5,152
Aqueduct over Little Wyoming, V. E. & J. E. Piollet	32
Farm Bridge No. 3, V. E. & J. E. Piollet	1,056
Total	$48,834

The pages of that report are adorned with the name of this unscrupulous and dishonest class oftener than with that of Piollet. It buds and blossoms everywhere, and the entire report is redolent with Piollet odor—which means corruption. His name in this, as in all things else to which he put his hand, is indicative of his purpose—Pile it up—"two for me and one for the State!"

THE PATRIOT OF FISHING CREEK AND NOB MOUNTAIN.

These are ominous words to the people of Pennsylvania, and have been since the dark days of the rebellion. They are synonymous with treason, disloyalty and armed resistance to the Government in its struggle for the integrity of the Union. No man upon whom the charge has been fastened of complicity in this disreputable and traitorous Fishing Creek business has ever come before the people demanding their suffrages for office without receiving such a rebuke as emphatically demonstrated the value which Pennsylvania places upon a traitor, and how utterly unworthy he is of the confidence of her citizens. Charles R. Buckalew had the hardihood to face an indignant people, and—he received his reward. Victor E. Piollet has twice attempted, since those stormy days, to cajole the people into electing him to Congress, and both times the people took a keen pleasure in "laying him out" handsomely. Yet such is his utter lack of self-respect, and his indifference to the expressed will of the people, that he cannot take the hint without a kick. For the fourth time he has the audacity to place himself before the people—not of a Congressional District merely, but of the whole State, and we sincerely hope the kick he will receive from them will be of force and effect sufficient to shatter his armor of brass and hoist him to the shelf for political burial in the shades of Wyoox.

But let us briefly sketch this "Fishing Creek Confederacy," which in virulence, despotism and utter disloyalty to the Union vied successfully with its greater prototype of the South, and see if we cannot prove that Mr. Piollet was in close communion with its leaders, and in active sympathy with its treasonable objects and designs. In a word it was an organized and armed resistance to the Federal Government. It was not confined to a few individuals, but was widespread through Columbia country. It took the shape and form of secret societies importing, from the South, the name, the constitution and by-laws, the oaths and pass-words and the oath of the "Knights of the Golden Circle." These men met in quiet and secret places once or twice each week to carry on the work of the order, and listen to the most rampant and outspoken treason. They carried arms constantly, and when a draft became necessary throughout the country, they met publicly at various points in Benton and Fishing Creek townships to be instructed by their leaders to resist the draft, to accomplish which successfully they formed into military companies, drilling constantly to perfect themselves in the use of arms, and when, finally, the government was compelled to send a thousand troops from the army to enforce the draft in Columbia county, these traitors brew out their spies, placed their sentinels and gathered their forces ready to meet and do battle with the Provost Marshal for each drafted man in sympathy with them. In addition to defying the government, they were guilty of cowardly murder, as the martyred Lieutenant Robison experienced in yielding up his life, while on duty, to the assassin's blow, and of violent and dangerous disturbance of the peace, as the Union loving citizens of the region could testify in the *burning of their dwellings and barns, the frequent threats to take their lives*, and the many demands made upon them to leave the country, *accompanied by the* SUGGESTIVE EMBLEM OF A COFFIN *to which the autograph of the Copperhead was attached in the shape of a* COPPERHEAD SNAKE *nailed thereon*. There was no mistaking the author; it was their sign-manual. Before the organization could be disorganized, or rather rendered harmless, a large number of its leading spirits were arrested for treason and confined in Fort Mifflin. They were tried, and many of the bolder and more aggressive traitors were convicted and punished. On their trial all these facts and many more were proven over and over again.

These secret organizations had been in existence for a long time, but the mischief which they brewed did not come to a head until August, 1864, when the troops were sent to quell the disturbance. It was during this year that Victor E. Piollet was making one of his numerous runs for Congress, and Columbia county formed part of his Congressional District. It was upon this county that he relied to obtain his largest gains. To secure the vote of these men, who had sworn a most solemn oath to oppose the government, a man must have been known by them to be in full sympathy and accord with them. A war Democrat was a stench in their nostrils. Piollet had the full Democratic vote of that county. It would have been utterly impossible for him to have received it upon any other basis save that of absolute unity of sentiment and principle. We are as morally certain that Victor E. Piollet was cognizant of the K. G. C., its teachings and purposes—if not a member in full standing—as we are absolutely certain that he was a rooster at Harrisburg.

HE SPEAKS AT NOB MOUNTAIN.

But there is other proof that in the Fishing Creek Confederacy and the K. G. C. he "found his affinity." Nay, further, he himself furnishes the evidence which *proves him to have been and and glove with the leaders in that traitor design*. Being beaten for Congress, he by-bernated at Wyox until the following session, when, in company with Buckalew, Meister Climer, Charles B. Buckalew, John G. Freeze, and others of that ilk, they concocted the plan of holding a three days' political camp-meeting at Nob Mountain. That wonderful gathering of the fat and lean, like Fishing Creek, passed into and become part of the real history of the region. It was held in August, 1865, just a year after the "Confederacy" had been shorn of its strength, and thoroughly fulfilled its mission—which was to give the entire population of the *"Confederacy" and their friends a good chance to air their treason publicly*; to complain loud and long of their "atrocious wrongs" and to vilify the government to their hearts' content, in round and flowing numbers, all of which they did.

Chief among these ten thousand and altogether lovely was Mr. Piollet. It was here and upon this occasion that he displayed his rebel proclivities and avowedly acknowledged his hearty sympathy with the "Fishing Creek Confederacy" and the participators in its treasonable acts. The war was over, and he was at liberty to openly give vent to his real sentiments, and he did so with a vengeance.

In the opening of his first speech he insulted the intelligence of the Union soldiers by declaring that:

"They deserve to be remembered with gratitude by all; they deserve a helping hand from every one of us, and they deserve to know from us, in our political discussions, so much of the past as will put us, as political partisans and friends, right with them. I intend in all the transactions of life to stand the firm, unyielding friend of the man who battled for the Union. I will give him a preference in every way that I can, so that he may be able to earn his livelihood during the remainder of his days."

This sudden glow of patriotism had no heat or fervor. It was as beautiful but it was also as cold as a moonbeam. The war was over and noisy demagogues like Piollet could afford to slap the soldiers on the back and lustily cry "Sweet and beautiful it is to die for one's country." But the soldiers always appreciated the value of this cheap patriotism from the lips of Copperheads, and understood that it was but a flimsy cheat, and meant nothing more than a bid for their votes. How much he loved the soldier and the cause for which so many gave their lives he gave evidence further on in his speech. In commenting on the insurrection in Columbia county and the arrest of the pestilent traitors there he said:

"I do not mean to allow it to be forgotten, and I say of this occasion as it have said before, and will say again, that a more wanton, wicked act was never perpetrated on this earth than the imprisonment of those gentlemen of this county at that time; and I'd not like to have any part of the ignominy which justly attaches to that act entailed on my name. [Applause.] And what of the miserable creatures who were informers on that occasion. I would never advocate tar and feathers, but I will tell you what I would do; I would go across the road, turn around and go through the woods, rather than meet one of them. I should be afraid to be seen in company with one of them, lest my respectability should be affected and my character impugned. And here I will say that I hope before this meeting closes some one will present to me any of those gentlemen who were arrested here and dragged away from their homes and taken to Fort Mifflin that may be here. I want to shake hands with them. I want to be able to say to my friends that I have seen and taken by the hand those of that noble galaxy whom barbarous cruelty did not put to death."

Here he spoke his honest sentiments. He earnestly desired *to take these traitors by the hand and prove to them that their political sentiments were identical with his own.* He was rejoiced in being able, in this public manner, *to indorse their treason.*

In the course of his harangue he made this remarkable declaration. It will cause a smile as one reads it, and no doubt Piollet himself "laughed in his sleeve" as he uttered the deliberate lie:

"I here declare that I never in my life saw among my political associates that man who wanted this Union divided, who would even agree for one moment that the cause of secession should triumph. There was no sympathy with the effort to break down this Government in the breast of any Democrat that I ever met. But I have met many—and I am of that class—who, while devoting all their efforts to put down the rebellion and overthrow secession, wanted the liberties of the people preserved, and the Constitution and laws of the country held sacred not violated under the plea of "military necessity."

It was the old cry of "the Constitution as it was," and the same Jesuitical pleading about the "liberties of the people," the sacred obligations not to violate the Constitution, which the Copperhead Democracy always used to veil their opposition to the government. That he uttered a falsehood he well knows, and a slander on the orthodox Democracy, and none but a Fishing Creek audience would have swallowed it. He had only to cast his eyes over that crowd and he could have counted scores of Democrats who earnestly desired the disruption of the Union. He had only to turn and see upon the stage the man who was the leader of those misguided men, and who was in constant communication with the rebel leaders. He had only to look in the glass and he would have seen one fully Buckalew's equal in all respects, save brains. He said: "Throughout my life I have held one political association; I stand with the men with whom I began. We are called Democrats." True enough; and the record of the Democratic party during the war, by its leaders, its votes, its literature, and its oratory, places it everywhere and always, not only against the war and against the Union, but systematically in favor of the rebellion and its avowed purposes.

The second day's proceedings of the experience meeting were opened by Mr. Piollet, and his language presents still further proof of his Copperhead proclivities. He said:

"I am requested by Senator Buckalew to ask any of the gentlemen who were imprisoned in Fort Mifflin, and who are now present, to come forward and take seats upon the stand, so that we may see and have prominently before us the men who have been the victims of the fanaticism and the persecution of the last year. [Applause.] It is particularly appropriate that they should take this position now, because the speech with which you will be entertained this morning is to have special reference to last year's expedition against the Democrats of Old Columbia. Let those men who were in prisoned in Fort Mifflin come up here and show themselves."

And they did go up and show themselves, and, as Mr. John G. Freeze, Buckalew's man Friday, and the compiler of the "Nob Mountain Camp-meeting" proceedings, says in his preface, "gave tone to the meeting." There is no doubt of that; it was the true copper ring. They marched forward and took their seats upon the platform, which they occupied as honored guests during the remainder of the meeting. As they reached the platform and were recognized, one after the other, Mr. Freeze tells us, "they were repeatedly cheered." These unpunished traitors were the objects of warm regard to Mr. Piollet and his copperhead audience, and were conscious because of their treason. EACH ONE WORE A COPPER BADGE.

Could word or deed more conclusively prove Piollet's complicity with these traitors than his words, quoted above, and his attending to them the right hand of fellowship? He says it was an "expedition against the Democrats of Old Columbia," which is true, for in Old Columbia a Democrat was synonymous with traitor, and he was delighted to place himself on the record as of them and with them, heart and soul. During the entire three days of this gathering he was active and energetic in making it successful. He was looked upon as a leader, with Buckalew, in the arrangement, and was trusted as one of their happy family. In brief the Nob Mountain Camp Meeting was a loud lament of the traitors of Columbia county over the Lost Cause, and Victor E. Piollet came down from Bradford as one of the chief mourners. But if we had no other utterances of his, his comment upon the death of Lincoln would stamp him with eternal infamy as a traitor. OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT HE SAID: "THE MAN WHO HAS LED HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS TO FIELD OF SLAUGHTER DESERVES NO BETTER FATE."

A CHRONIC OFFICE-SEEKER.

As an office-seeker of the never-say-die order Piollet is a success. Yet in one of his Nob Mountain meeting speeches he has the audacity to say:

"I do not care a button whether I ever hold office or not. I do not wish to hold one unless my fellow men desire me to do so."

There has scarcely been a year since 1846 when he has not been "laying pipe" and "pulling wire" to obtain an office, and that, too, in the face of the often expressed will of the people that they didn't want him. Their wishes have never weighed a feather with him. Defeat has no lesson for Piollet. Year after year he has bought, tricked and cajoled to secure the nomination, and that step gained he has continued to use the same tactics to win the election. The people of Eastern Pennsylvania know him as an untruthful demagogue, and that his pretensions to virtue and indifference to office are mere chaff and nonsense. The people of his district well remember how he shifted it he was when running for Congress against Judge Mercur. Thinking the lower region amply Democratic, he colonized over 1,000 voters from thence into Bradford to overcome the Republican majority there. He hadn't calculated with his usual shrewdness. He had drawn too many men from about Schuylkill, but they were too few to affect the result in Bradford, and Piollet was elected to stay at home. The citizens of Bloomsburg likewise remember how officiously, at the meeting of the Congressional Conferees in that town, *Piollet served as barkeeper to the crowd*, and when he found himself defeated started for the depot, cursing the Democrats of Columbia in he most fearful profanity.

Invariably and emphatically the people have expressed their disgust for the man whenever he has had the hardihood to come before them for their votes. He has held office and fed from the public pap largely, but it has been by appointment; when ballots have had their say it has been "NO" with a vengeance. Two terms in the Legislature with the title of "rooster"; paymaster in the Mexican War; contractor on the State canals; three times he defeated candidate for Congress, riding every hobby which had the shadow of a shade of political preferment in it, he comes to the fore once more, riding into the nomination for State Treasurer on the strength of this latest hobby—the Granger movement. And yet he doesn't "care a button for office." Even at Erie he wanted to be Governor, but failing in that was willing to accept the other. He is much like the old maid who went to church. When she heard the minister preach that faith in the Lord would give the answer to prayer, she went home and began to pray earnestly for a man, when an owl near by hooted "to-whoo! to-whoo!" She mistook this for the voice of the Lord answering her prayer and humbly said—"Who? Why anybody, Good Lord, anybody!" With Piollet it is "any office, good people, any office."

A DUTIFUL SON-IN-LAW.

Even the sanctities of his own family circle are invaded by this man's unscrupulous greed for money. His one single and only motive for obtaining office is found in his miserly desire to enrich himself, not alone from legitimate sources, but from the "hauls" he is enabled to make in his official position and then cover up. No other motive guides him; untarnished faith and bright honor and such like old-fashioned virtues he whistles down the wind, as of no force or effect with him, for if he fails to "make his pile" in an honest way, why then—he makes it anyhow. That this is the true motive of Piollet's life is proved from the court records of Bradford county, wherein he was sued by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Miller, and his wife's sister, Miss Anna E. Miller, both estimable ladies, the widow and daughter of Jesse Miller, late of Harrisburg, to compel him to pay over to them the proceeds of certain property which he had unlawfully sold and trickily conveyed to his wife, or to cancel the deed and vest the fee in them to whom it rightfully belonged. This unmanly and dirty piece of business in all its details is matter of record in his own county, and the subject of common gossip in all that region, and the people of all classes feel scandalized at the public exhibition of the man's attempted fraud upon the widowed lady and her daughter, who in their innocence had entrusted the care of their little property in his hands. And they express their indignation in the most emphatic terms at seeing this noisy demagogue, this sham reformer, this betrayer of the widow, receive even the nomination for the high position of trust, as State Treasurer. These good people of Bradford know him, and judging him by all his past, they not only fear, but know what the future has in store for the people of Pennsylvania, if Piollet is to handle the money of the State. But the story told by the records of the court and published in the *Bradford Reporter* is in substance as follows:

Eliza Miller and Anna E. Miller were the plaintiffs; Victor E. Piollet and Jane, his wife, were the defendants. Jesse Miller, at the time of his death, was the owner, in fee, of a farm in the township of Asylum, Bradford county, valued at $5,000, and which, at his decease, was sold to W. S. Grace for the sum. Grace giving three promissory notes—one to Eliza Miller, for $1 589 14; one to Jane S. Piollet for $2,413 20, and one to Anna E. Miller $888 66. These notes were entered of record in the Court of Common Pleas of Bradford county, under the respective numbers of 496, 497 and 498, all in the December term of 1867. The sale, the giving of the notes, and the amounts named were simply recitals of an agreement upon at the time of the sale. By agreement and understanding between all the parties these notes were placed in the hands of Victor E. Piollet, who was empowered to act in behalf of the plaintiffs, and were by him entered of record. The liens created thereby were to be and remain for the mutual benefit of the plaintiffs as well as Mrs. Piollet. The farm was considered as ample security for the notes. In April, 1872, amicable arrangements were made to revive these judgments and continue these liens thereon, which the plaintiffs believed were caused to be filed and entered of record by Piollet, who still acted as their agent or attorney. Thus far everything is straightforward, but no farther. Piollet had got things "fixed," and he proceeded to operate. The record shows that on the 2d of April, 1872, Jane S. Piollet, by her husband, Victor E. Piollet, commenced proceedings against Grace, which resulted in issuing an execution to the sheriff upon the judgment held by Jane S. Piollet for $2,513 20, principal and interest, on the real estate, being the farm sold to Grace by the widow and daughters of Jesse Miller. The Sheriff's return was as follows:

"The land was sold to V. E. Piollet, May 1, 1873, for the sum of $2,500, and said V. E. Piollet directs deed made to plaintiff, Jane S. Piollet, $2,469 20. Received of J. M. Smith, Sheriff, May 1, 1873, twenty-four hundred sixty-nine and 20-100 dollars by bid on within land to apply on this debt.

"JANE PIOLLET.

"By her attorney, V. E. Piollet.

"Jane S. Piollet vs. W. S. Grace.—J. M. Smith, Sheriff, to Jane S. Piollet. Deed recorded in Sheriff's Deed Book, Bradford county, No. 3, page 104, for the land described in *fi fa* No. 302, May term, 1873, being for the same land conveyed by deed from the widow and legal representatives of the late Jesse Miller to the said W. S. Grace."

The plaintiffs both declare that in all the proceedings taken, neither Piollet nor his wife ever gave the slightest intimation of their desire or intention to issue any execution or effect any sale or collect any part of the purchase money from Grace; and that, although they resided within a short distance of Piollet's mansion, they did not hear of the sale of the property by the sheriff for some time after it occurred. Relying upon Piollet as their attorney or agent, the plaintiffs intrusted the whole case of their business to him, which trust he had agreed to accept and faithfully perform. By the terms of this trust he was to keep these notes and judgments secure and collect the amounts due upon them. The *issuing of this execution*, at the instance of Piollet, and the consequent sale of the farm, by which *he became the owner at less than one-half the purchase money and interest* due the widow and the heirs of Jesse Miller, and then causing the sheriff *to make his deed for the farm to his wife*, who then became the owner in fee, had the full effect Piollet intended and worked to secure, namely, to deprive Mrs. Miller and her daughter Anna of all their rights in the judgments, liens and title in the real estate, as cotenants with Jane S. Piollet. Having thus "made his point" upon two defenceless women, to whom, moreover, he was attached by family ties, he felt perfectly secure in his rascality, and laughed them to scorn when they called upon him for restitution of their rightful property; but, in their own words, although often requested to either pay your complainants the amount of their respective liens against said land at the time of the sheriff sale, or to make over to your complainants any title or interest in said land in trust or otherwise for the security or payment of your complainants' just claims, he has refused so to do."

The aged lady and her daughter, finding they could obtain no relief by their appeals to his honesty or manhood—a vain effort where none existed—sought the strong hand of the law to afford them that justice which this dutiful son-in-law and brother refused. And even here, with brazen effrontery, he proposed to contest their rights, and if possible to secure equity to confirm his legal fraud upon these victims of misplaced confidence. But the law of compensation prevails, and for once a political campaign, tricky and insincere as it always is regarded by those who take no part in it, has been the means of compelling even-handed justice from one who, "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," can successfully bear the palm from even the "Heathen Chinee." The exhibition of Victor E. Piollet as the nominee for State Treasurer side by side with Victor E. Piollet as the defendant in a suit to compel the restoration by him of money or property fraudulently withheld for years from his mother-in-law, was scarcely presentable to the people of this State, and was certainly too much even for his bible-bound indifference to public sentiment—inasmuch as he wanted the office—and he made a lively retreat from his defence, and settled the claim at once. It is regarded as the speediest act of justice which he has ever been guilty of performing. That he has settled fully and satisfactorily with his mother-in-law and sister we have Mrs. Miller's own assurance to that effect, published in the *Reporter*. Time makes all things even. Having done so in the suit of Miller vs. Piollet, we hope to see the same result in the more important case of the People vs. Piollet, to be tried on November 24.

Having written this much of his promise to settle, we now learn from citizens of Bradford that HIS GREED GETTING THE BETTER EVEN OF HIS DESIRE FOR OFFICE, and trusting to the effect of his mother-in-law's published letter containing the statement that he had satisfactorily arranged the matter, HE NOW REFUSES TO FULFILL HIS PROMISE. Honesty, thy name is Piollet!

THE FINANCIAL SOLON OF THE STATE.

The record which Mr. Piollet has made by his utterances upon the subject of money, national banks, legal tenders, currency, the payment of the public debt, and all matters kindred to finance is like his record on everything else—marked by want of judgment, glaring inconsistencies, deliberate efforts to mislead the public mind, and betoken danger and harm to the State and office which he might be called upon to serve and fill. In 1865, at the Nob Mountain Camp-meeting, he was a hard-money man of the hardest kind—he was adamant itself. There never had been and never could be in this country anything in the shape of money but the gold dollar, and that should be the standard of value. He was as inflexible in this as the gold dollar itself. At every Daniel come to judgment! His speeches at Nob Mountain were marvels of eloquence and learning, as well as patriotism. They displayed various and large acquaintance with the entire world and its history. They developed familiar intercourse with authors in every branch of literature, but chiefly was he at home in the science of government and political economy. Constitutional law was a plaything in his hands; the mutual rights of the government and governed were discussed with a profundity and brevity altogether remarkable, and, generalized, were brought into this proposition: The Republican administration during the rebellion were the oppressors, and the people, that is the rebels of the South and Copperheads of the North, were the oppressed. From this he naturally deduced this formula. Given, the Republican party in power, and the people will be ground into powder. But, above and beyond all his great requirements he is greatest in finance, and all its kindred subjects. He has it at his fingers' ends. His theories are as brilliant as meteors and are about as useful and consistent. But hear him:

"But, fellow-citizens, not only have our predictions been verified, but the reality exceeds the aggregate we feared; and while this debt has been created no respect has been paid by these men to the great principle that always ought to govern honest men when creating debts. A man who contracts a debt without the ability or intention to pay it is not an honest man. During a period when a debt has been created, bearing an interest of seven and three-tenths per cent., money has not been worth more than four or five per cent. in this country. The leading governments of the world pay but three per cent. for money. A large share of the debt of Great Britain pays only two-and-a-half per cent.; none of it over three per cent. These gentlemen have authorized loans at seven and three-tenths per cent.; and now they are telling us that the more we owe the richer we are. [Laughter]. That sounds strange to our ears. It sounds strange