

Wilmington Centinel,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

W E D N E S D A Y, JUNE 18, 1788.

MISCELLANY.

Genuine copy of a letter from Capt. John Sullivan, to his Excellency Thomas Pinckney, Esq. governor of the State of South-Carolina.

State of Georgia, Flint River, Frontier of the Spanish Dominions, December 27, 1787.

May it please your Excellency,

I DO myself the honour of addressing your excellency, in pursuance to a communication which has been made to me this day by a distinguished officer from the Western Waters, in as much as that Congress have been pleased to dispatch decisive orders to the commander in chief of the continental troops on the Ohio, for the express purpose of arresting my person, and being assured, that similar instructions were transmitted by that honourable body to the executive of South Carolina. My ignorance of any cause from which a mandate of this nature could arise, or on what legal grounds such an extraordinary procedure can possibly be adopted, induces me to solicit from your Excellency official information of the authenticity of this intelligence. I have too exalted a sense of the wild and patriotic principles of most of the federal deputies, to harbour an idea that my late confidential letter to the Minister of Spain should have operated in this instance; from a solid conviction that there exists no *fiat* or *implied* *coercive* power in any of the State Executives, much less in Congress, legally authorizing them to controul that noble prerogative a citizen of America possesses—the prerogative of unrolling his private political opinions to the world at large, to sovereigns even, and to states, but with far less ceremony to the mere representatives of any transatlantic monarch.

Your Excellency must be perfectly informed, that the constitution of this land confers on every freeman the glorious privilege of addressing kings; and when it is considered that the freedom of all commonwealths are actual kings themselves, I am led to believe that the private sentiments which were imparted in a confidential letter to the minister of Spain, cannot, in consonance to any established rule of law, be brought under the charge of *maiesty offendu*.

Events of deep importance to this country and Spain, which are now buried in the womb of time, are intently progressing from the *crude* of probability of speculation, to the growth and maturity of fact; and the period cannot be very remote, when the *intrepid Tartar* of the West, the *inexpugnable Kentuckian* and *Frank*, will dare to proclaim, that the Natches shall be restored, either by negotiation, or arms, and that their right to the free navigation of the Mississippi shall be no longer withheld by an indolent, jealous, and in-politic nation. Had his Excellency the minister of Spain, for a moment reflected, that my unimportant sentiments respecting our invaded rights of navigation, were but the simple echo of the voice of nineteen twentieths of the people of America, and which had long before been published by many distinguished general officers of the late army, now residing on the Western Waters, his good sense would have pointed out the impropriety of importuning Congress on the trivial subject of a letter so perfectly apologetic and confidential—a letter written to himself, and by his having (probably) first committed it to the press, of exhibiting his intended vengeance in so feeble a form before a bantering and sneering universe. No personal consideration shall ever induce me to withdraw from any investigation which may arise on this subject; on the contrary, I will with cheerfulness wait the issue of all impeachments of such a nature, conscious that I have not exceeded those limits which the law prescribes, and that freedom of opinion is the unalienable birthright of every citizen or denizen of these states.

If a simple declaration of sentiments on a political question—sentiments unattended with any overt act—sentiments which American citizens duly presume to express to their local sovereigns, can be construed into criminality by any *body of men*, and by *those* in particular who possess no legislative rights, nor any right in time of peace, affecting the person of a freeman—such an assumption of power must strike at the very existence of liberty. I have therefore, the strongest conviction that my letter to the minister of Spain consists in reasoning on contingent events, and that in strictness of law, the smallest restraint in matters of a speculative nature, must be a gross usurpation of rights established by the late revolution. Your Excellency will recollect, that not many years have elapsed since the Spanish ambassador at the court of St. James's complained of a newspaper insult which was offered to the intellectuals of his royal sovereign. The publication was conformable to general belief, and he was informed for his satisfaction by the British court, that the laws of England—laws still prevailing with us, inflict no punishment on a subject for using his native privilege of promulgating opinions. The king of England, as little united to us by treaty as the Spanish monarch, has since the peace been personally reviled in our prints, and his nation repeatedly menaced with hostilities, in consequence of the unjust retention of the western polls, and yet he was silent. He is legally abused in his own land. Kings, queens, nations, and courts are there stricken with impunity. What has deprived a citizen of America of the same privilege? No law yet extant has done it.

I am not aware, however, of any deficiency of respect, either by words or actions, which could have originated on my part in derogation of the minister of Spain, having always entertained the highest veneration for his person and commission.

I respect him not only as an ambassador, but I admire him as a man. I also reverence myself as a free man of this enlighten-

ed country, and hold in too high estimation the right to canvass freely, and discuss all measures in which the people, of whom I am a part, are vitally interested, tamely to suffer it to be infringed by any power, whether foreign or domestic. Let a law be once established by which a citizen of America dare not with impunity disclose his political opinions, even in the confidence of a private letter, and no person will observe a line of greater caution or reserve in all my future addresses to *dignified* substitutes.

Passive obedience shall be my invariable creed. I will then bow before the image of power, and yield such exterior acquiescence as the Prophet of old recommended to his Syrian convert. I will not even consider that congressional mandate extraordinary which should ordain an annual pilgrimage to an *imported unprocrative jack-ass*, in order to manifest in person my implicit devotion to the *congenial attributes* of the royal donor.

On this important occasion, I am happy in having the honor to address a soldier of science and distinction, who is perfectly enabled to determine how far any *restriction* from any external or internal power should be acquiesced with on the one hand, when the liberty of the citizen evidently preponderates on the other.

I have the honour to remain,
With profound respect,
Your Excellency's most obedient,
And very humble servant,

JOHN SULLIVAN.

P. S. Enclose my address to the governor of Georgia.



HINTS for young MARRIED WOMEN.

IT has often been thought, that the first year after marriage is the happiest of a woman's life. We must first suppose that she marries from motives of affection, or what the world calls love; and even in this case the rule admits of many exceptions, and she encounters many difficulties. She has her husband's temper to study, his family to please, household cares to attend, and what is worse than all, the must cease to command, and learn to obey. She must learn to submit without repining, where she has been used to have even her looks studied.

Would the tender lover treat his adored mistress like a rational being rather than a goddess, a woman's task would be much easier, and her life much more happy. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her understanding, rather than her person, he would soon find his account in it. Would he consult her on his own affairs, converse with her freely upon all subjects, and make her his companion and friend, instead of flattering her beauty, admiring her dress, and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at best be only called fashionable accomplishments, he would find himself less disappointed, and she would rattle the marriage chains with much less impotence and difficulty. How can a sensible man expect that the poor-vain trifler, to whom he pays so much court, should make an intelligent, agreeable companion, an assiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother?

When a man pays court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a fashionable wife, who may shine as a fine lady, but never in the foster intercourse of domestic endearments. How often is it owing to these lords of creation, that the woman becomes in reality what their ridiculous partiality made them suppose themselves? A pretty method truly this is of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections, and exciting our esteem for those objects that we entrust with our future happiness.

I will now give my fair friends a few hints with regard to their conduct in the most respectable of all characters, a wife, a mother, and a friend. But first let me assert, and I do it with confidence, that nothing can be more false than the idea, that a *reformed rake* makes the best husband. This is a common opinion, but it is not mine: there are too many chances against it.

A libertine, by the time he can think of matrimony, has little left to boast but a shattered constitution, empty pockets, tradesmen's bills, bad habits, taste for dress, public place, and vice of every denomination. The poor wife's fortune will supply the rake with these fashionable follies a little longer. When money, the last resource, fails, he becomes peevish, sour, and discontented. Angry she can indulge him no longer, ungrateful and regardless of past favours. Disease with all her miserable attendants next step in! Ills, pains, sickness, poverty, and wretchedness. The poor wife has spent all in supporting his extravagancies. She may now pine for want, with a helpless infant crying for bread; thunned and despised by her friends, and neglected by all her acquaintance.

This, my beloved fair, is too often the case with many of our sex. The task of returning a rake is much above our capacity. I wish our inclinations in this instance were as limited as our abilities. But, alas! we vainly imagine we shall be rewarded for our resolution in making such a trial, by the success that will attend on our undertaking. If a young woman marries an amiable and virtuous young man, she has nothing to fear; she may even glory in giving up her own wishes to his! Never marry a man whose understanding will not excite your esteem, and whose virtues will not engage your affections. If a woman once thinks herself superior to her husband, all authority ceases,

and she cannot be brought to obey, where she is so well enabled to command.

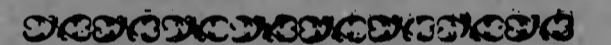
Sweetness and gentleness are all a woman's eloquence; and sometimes they are too powerful to be resisted, especially when accompanied with youth and beauty. They are then incentives to virtue, preventives from vice, and affection's security.

Never let your brow be clouded with resentment! Never triumph in revenge! Who is it that you afflict? the man upon earth that should be dearest to you! upon whom all your future hopes of happiness must depend. Poor the conquest, when your dearest friend must suffer; and ungenerous must be the heart that can rejoice in such a victory.

Let your tears persuade—their speak the most irresistible language with which you can assuage the heart of man: But even these sweet fountains of sensibility must not flow too often, lest they degenerate into weakness, and we lose our husbands esteem and affection by the very methods which were given us to ensure them. Study every little attention in your person, manners, and dress that you find please. Never be negligent in your appearance, because you expect nobody but your husband. He is the first person whom you should endeavour to oblige. Always make your home agreeable to him; receive him with ease, good humour and cheerfulness—but be cautious how you enquire too minutely into his engagements abroad. Betray neither suspicion nor jealousy: Appear always gay and happy in his presence. Be particularly attentive to his favourite friends, even if they intrude upon you. A welcome reception will at all times counterbalance indifference. Treat his relations with respect and attention; ask their advice in your household affairs, and always follow it when you can consistently with propriety.

Treat your husband with the most unreserved confidence in every thing that regards yourself, but never betray your friend's letters or secrets to him. This he cannot, and indeed ought not to expect. If you do not use him to it, he will never desire it. Be careful never to intrude upon his studies or his pleasure; be always glad to see him, but do not be laughed at as a fond and foolish wife. Confine your endearment to your own fire side. Do not let the young envy you, nor the old abuse you for a weakness which upon reflection you must yourself condemn.

These hints will, I hope, be of some service to my fair countrywomen; they will perhaps have more weight when they know that the author of them has been married about a year, and has often with success practised these rules herself which she now recommends to others.



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JOHN BURGWIN.

Wilmington, May 7, 1788.