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## Political.

### LETTER TO A GREAT CHARACTER.

A very interesting and eloquent Pamphlet under this title has just been published, unfolding facts that illustrate the character of the unforgotten and fallen JOHN ADAMS. By the facts made known in this publication his reputation is fixed, and his mask is stripped from his face. We lament that a statesman, whom we had been accustomed to reverence and respect for his early patriotism and ardent services in his country's cause, swerves from the paths of virtue and honor and goes down to the grave shorn of his beams. He who spends the evening twilight of his life in weighing the dead. The Pamphlet is from the pen, probably, of an eloquent and distinguished statesman, who soon after the organization of our present government, was a Senator of the United States, and who, like other disciples of Washington, has lived in unambitious retirement.

We make the following extracts, which are as copious as our limits will permit.

No man living out of your family, has been admitted to so near an intimacy with your heart as you have indulged to me, for the purposes of furnishing me with materials for the renovation of sound principles in the minds of my countrymen, and of resuscitating your reputation after decease. I allude to your letters and oral communications, in the years 1803, 4 and 5.

I do not mean to say, that the honor of being your historiographer was given me by appointment, as it was conferred on Despreaux and Racine by Louis XIV, but your autograph will shew, that it was in the contemplation of such a service, that you made me the depository of many secrets. This confidence I had determined, on a conviction of your merit, but not as a parasite, to consecrate, with zeal and fidelity, to its object. When you reposed it, you did not distrust any injustice to your fame by leaving it in the care of others. But to support yourself in a new character, you have thought it necessary to do your own emblazoning, and it has become the right and duty of your former friends, to expose the holes you have made in your escutcheon. I have thus accounted for the unreservedness with which you have revealed your mind to me, on the various principles and characters, imbibed and extolled by your countrymen; distinguishing those principles which had produced the national government, and which you had chosen to have associated with your name by generations to come. How fortunate for these principles! How auspicious to the fame of their advocates! How damning to the adverse side!

Look at your "Defence of the Constitutions of the United States"—Look at your communications to congress, and answers to addresses when President—Look at your letters to me in the years 1803 and 4, and say, which are the "sentiments under your own hand" we must regard as wise and generous, those which in the places and at the periods referred to, you inculcated, or those which you are now promoting? Of the alternatives in the answer, you may make your election. You "cannot buckle your distempored cause within the belt of rule."

"Honest and generous spirits will disdain to receive the people." I need not tell you where the compliment to integrity is recorded. But he who is the honesty and generosity which disdain deception, who, because he is not Cicero, will attach himself to Cataline? Has he, who, because he is not Augustus to the hour of "give me your applause," will forfeit his title to commendation by repairing to the standard of Anthony? Has he, whose heart resembles the fountain of the Scamander, pouring out from one side, a stream smoking as it rolls; and from the other, a stream stifled with cold, and rattling with the loose pieces of congealed water? This you will understand as referring to your treatment of the Federalists, the heads of whom you pursue with violence, while you look with coldness on the great body, and call them "Nothing."

Unwilling to fatigue you with quotations from your own works, I shall leave to your own memory to supply the omission of much applicable matter.

"Some eminent spirit, assisted by three or four families, connected with him, gains an ascendancy, and excites an enthusiasm, and then the spirit, and letter too, of the Constitution, is made to give way to him." Have you not, in your letters to me, characterised Mr. — as such a leading spirit? Have you not mentioned Mr. — as a brother of the same principle? Have you not particularized many more of the seducing spirits who are defrauding the public credulity? Have you not said that "the spirit, and letter too, of the Constitution," have fallen before them? Have you not said in substance, that the "wreck of empire" is in close connection with their measures? Have you not laid to the charge of Genet, that he was the principal of the mob which beset President Washington in his house at Philadelphia? And have you not since, and in the public paper, passed high encomiums on Messrs. — and —, and even set his Genet, this man whom you exultingly told me in Philadelphia, that your son John had thrown upon his back, and whom you yourself then loaded with all the obloquy which you can deal out so roundly when

roused—even this Genet, sent here to war upon the American Government under Washington, and whom you branded as the vilest incendiary that ever lived; and whose exposure by your son was so pleasing to you, that you repeated in your letter of October 15th, 1808, that "not all Washington's ministers, Hamilton and Pickering included, could have written the papers which were so fatal to Genet," as those written by him—yet this very Genet, and perhaps the more earnestly for his Revolutionary adroitness, you have attempted to set before the American people as a Patriot? You cannot deny this without acknowledging that you have fraudulently used the word celebrated. Here are your expressions as contained in your letter to the Printers, which appeared in the Patriot of September 16th, 1809:—You speak first of the father, and say—"He spoke the English language, with great propriety and facility; was a man of letters and an excellent writer; a zealous advocate for America, and very friendly to all Americans." To crown the climax of his desert, and in this way to eulogise the son, you add, "He was the father of Mr. Genet, the Minister Plenipotentiary from the French Republic to the United States who has been so much celebrated in this country, has married into one of our most illustrious families, and still resides here." Gracious heaven! What prostitution to the views of a party!

You observe to me in a letter of February 11th, 1809—"We have had a Shays's disturbance, a Gallatin's disturbance, a Fries's disturbance." And are you not yourself employed on "Themes of Insurrection's arguing?"

In an answer to an Address of the officer of the first brigade of the third division of the militia of Massachusetts, you thus describe the "Dangers of American Liberty?"—Avarice, Ambition, Revenge and Gallantry, would break the strongest cords of our constitution, as a whale goes through a net.

Revenge is one of these strong handed foes.—Strong handed indeed! Is history much more than a register of its enormities? Other passions can be satisfied and relax; but this grows rapacious with its glutony, and is as relentless as the Hyena—Cesar, affected by the slaughter of his countrymen on the plains of Pharsalia, vented the useful exclamation, *They would have it so.* But Sylla exulted when he heard the cries of thousands dying by his orders in the Villa Publica. Are you not instigated by the hateful passion of Revenge in the part you are now acting? We thank you for the caution against snuffing this Lava than (*to suit your net*) to have his dangerous sports.—And for another caution contained in a more particular description of this infernal enemy:—"Of all kinds of spirits that we read of out of hell, this (Revenge) is the last: that an enlightened friend of liberty would inculcate.—Examples enough of it, however, may be found in all revolutions."†

Mr. Adams has had the most ample means of forming an accurate estimation of the character of Jefferson. He thus paints him.

That our southern states should be infested with Jacobinism, is generally thought more easy of explanation than its existence here. But nature is every where the same.—Vesuvius blazes in the south, but the north has its Hecla; and hot springs issue from among frozen mountains, as well as under the tropics. All the volcanoes of faction resemble the Stromboli in this—they burn without ceasing.

The plan of administration pursued by Mr. Jefferson, and prosecuted by his successor, appears to have the help of France primarily in view. What will happen in the farther pursuit of this plan, before we reach its ultimate consequence, is an inquiry of much circuit and uncertainty. The war of sentiment, fiercely waged, produces that of the sword, which "in its progress methodises its own course." Hence the hopes of the aspiring.

Once more of "our most illustrious families."—Less than seven years ago, you told me of Mr. — that you "shuddered at the calamities which he was preparing for his country from a mean thirst of popularity, an inordinate ambition, and a want of sincerity." Since then, you have declared your anticipations realized; and since making this declaration, you have become his eulogist, and the encomiast of his friends, and a fellow laborer with them! What is there that Ambition, a thirst of Popularity and Insincerity will not perform?

You compared Mr. — to Lovelace, and the People to Clarissa, and said, "The artful villain will pursue the lovely girl to her ruin and her death." This is the painting of your own pencil. Whose likeness does it exhibit? Is it not "a glass where you may see the inmost part of you?"

I mentioned in my last, that the intimations it contained should shield me against the censure of yourself and family. They related principally to two characters— you shall know my meaning more explicitly.

First of Mr. —. In your letter of Nov. 7th, 1805, you remark that the letters of this gentleman to — "shew the character of the man bitter and malignant; ignorant and jesuitical." In the same letter, you accuse him of "Intrigues with Senators, which led the Senate into violations of the Constitution."—You call him "a man in a mask, sometimes of silk, sometimes of iron, and sometimes of

brass—by which you intend to describe him as a Proteus.

In your letter of Nov. 15th of the same year, you charge him with exceeding any other man you ever knew in "a contempt of Washington." "Yet now," you proceed and say, "he appears to the world a devout admirer of him." In the same letter, and in the one of Feb. 22nd, 1809, you say of him—"No man was a more animated advocate for the French, even to the highest strain of Jacobinism and king killing; yet now he appears to the world as attendant in his attachment to the English."

In your letter of March 4th, you mention that "The British practice of searching our Ships of War, as well as our merchantmen, for seamen, was one great point on which he was pleased to differ from you"—And

How much contempt has at any time been expressed of Washington, you have had better opportunities of knowing than I have. You know how much detraction was vented by Duane, Giles, and many other hair brained partizans of France. Did Mr. — outdo these disparagers in contempt of Washington? Did he more than call him "the source of our misfortunes?" Did he more than call him "a conspirator against public liberty?" Did he more than say, that the day of his death "ought to be a day of jubilee in the United States?" Did he more than charge him with "a neat and pure violation of his oath to preserve the constitution?" Did he more than say, that he was guilty of "audacious usurpation and despotism, in making his proclamation of neutrality?" Did he oppose the erection of a monument to the memory of General Washington, which should bear more than a tribute of gratitude for his military services, from an impression that his civil and political ought to be consigned to oblivion? If he went to greater excess, or to this extent, in "a contempt of Washington," let him be damned forever.—Let no ray of mercy ever reach him.

The excesses of the most violent in favour of France, you have described at large in your letter of Oct. 15th, 1808—"Toasting the revolutionary madcaps of France—Exciting an insurrection in Philadelphia to curse and menace Washington—Demanding war against England, and an alliance with France." You alledge against Mr. — that he rose to the highest point of this ardency for France—To the highest pitch of this inveteracy against England. Such conduct in a private citizen, might have found some apology in a strong British enthusiasm for liberty, but would have been unexcusable in a member of the government of this neutral country.

But what have you taught me by your condemnation of Mr. — to think of yourself? Have I not your explicit declaration, that instead of winking the pen singly to vindicate your pretension to a merit above Mr. Jay, or to an equality of merit with him, in the negotiation of 1783, you have taken it in hand to keep alive a Gallic mania in this country, in opposition to the leading Federalists with whom at the period above referred to, you acted in concert? And you are inflaming the people with this madness in co-operation with the leading Jacobins, to whom, at that period, you were in opposition, and so much in opposition as to withdraw, in disgust, from their company at a public table when they drank their toasts: Surely this is a wandering which is bereft of the palliation of a virtuous but mistaken zeal.

We are fallen upon evil times Mr. Madison, The following cruel satire upon our wise and valiant republican administration, is copied from the Baltimore Sun, lately the Evening Post, one of the most zealous democratic papers in the Union.—U. S. G.

FOR THE SUN.

Mr. Editor,

You know that the world contains a generation of blood hounds, who delight in war and I say, in the name of Bellona, let them have their fill of it, and rid the world of each other, by methods of their own. But we Americans, though we wish to be at peace with all mankind, may very soon be visited by those demons; and then sir, what shall we do? Our seaports almost unprotected; our gun boats not worth as many washing tubs; torpedoes, to be sure we have, that can blow any ship into the air, if the commander on board will but let one of those infernal points be stuck into the bottom of his vessel then indeed, by one murderous and tremendous crash, the ship, with all its contents, goes post haste to perdition in a moment. This, sir may be called hell's delight, thus to toss old death, a thousand at a meal; the very thought of it is enough to make a body tremble.—But, sir there will be no more need of such destructive instruments if our government will take my advice as follows:—Let them prohibit the exportation of tobacco, establish manufactories of Scotch Snuff and erect magazines to store said Snuff, in the vicinity of all our seaports and frontier towns. Then, sir, should an enemy's fleet dare to come within our waters, let a thousand boats be filled with dry Scotch Snuff, with helm a lee, send them round the foe like swarms of locusts, with proper trains and fuses, to blow them up, while our ships & forts are discharging from new constructed bombs, mortars and great guns, a most horrible tempest of barrels, kegs, cannisters & bladders of Scotch snuff!—What do you think, sir, by this time, must be the situation of the enemy? See them all cursing, stamping, coughing and sneezing—officers and men running against each other as blind as bats.

Now, sir, let our brave officers (if they can for laughing) jump on board and then all alive—the ships, of course, are prizes to the captors, and will amply pay for all the snuff and powder that was expended in the glorious conflict.—Is not this snuff invention of mine, a thousand times more profitable, effectual, and merciful than the pitiful pip-pop play of gun boats, or the meretricious havoc of torpedoes?

Let our engineers make a number of mammoth mortars, that will throw into a fleet or army five miles distant, a whole hoghead of snuff at once: this they surely may accomplish—or pray, how did the bawling rams of old before either snuff or gun powder were heard of, throw stones into a city of above a thousand walls? Surely I need say no more; is it not self evident, that if government will but reduce my sneezing theory to practice, from that moment we shall be invulnerable at every pass, and a match for all the world. None of the valiant sons of Mars will wish to come in reach of our ammunition: not so much for fear of being subdued and taken prisoner, as the scandal that all this should be effected by the means of Snuff. What would have become of the honor of Nelson, if the Danes had attacked him with snuff instead of powder and ball? What a ridiculous blar eyed subject of laughter he would have been to all the universe. What officer on earth that has any respect for the honor of himself and family, would not rather stand before a cannon's mouth and be blown to shivers than be taken prisoner by snuff? Only let us once give our enemy's a good dose of dry Scotch Snuff, and from that time not even a picaroon will dare to come within sight of our coast. Away then with your old fashioned guns and mortars, and firelocks and swords, congrue rockets, gunboats, stink pots and torpedoes—snuff will protect us by land, against all invaders, Scotch Snuff ought to be written upon our national flag that all who see it may keep at a respectful distance, and draw near with awe. Snuff will enable our marines to navigate the ocean unmolested; the trump of fame shall be filled with snuff triumphant, and blow our sneezing reputation round the world.

SIGNARE QUO.

FROM THE VIRGINIA HERALD.

Messrs. Green & Caday,

Below I send you an extract of a letter received from Paris, under date of July; if you think it worthy of publication, it is at your services. I will remark, that the writer who is of the first respectability, has been a long resident in Paris, and from his situation, has had it in his power to observe closely and frequently men in office.

PARIS, July 1811.

"Our government and the great mass of our people it would almost seem had a perfect Lazarus like patience, in enduring the evils inflicted on their trade by France, and to be content with the meanest crumbs of promise, from the French emperor—ready on the smallest encouragement to risk sequestration, by again sending property within his fangs, whilst, and our citizens ought to be convinced of it, he cares not about us or our trade, except in so far as he can make us subservient to his views against England.

"In fact, the anti-commercial measures that form so important a part in Napoleon's system, prove plainly that he is determined to destroy foreign commerce, and to make France as far as practicable independent of foreign aid.

"Forced from the ocean, confined within his ports by the British, and satisfied that while a general commerce exists, the nation will directly or indirectly benefit thereby, Napoleon may possibly have felt himself compelled to pursue measures which might have been intended as temporary, but which are now engrafed on his system, and which he develops on the continent (under his sway) with an energy and decision that admits of no relaxation.

"These measures will be most sensibly felt in Virginia, and the southern states. The entire prohibition of the article of tobacco, must effect our planters—and should it be intended (which as yet is not known) to extend such prohibition to the new Department of Holland and the Hanse Towns, Maryland (as well as Virginia) will be cut off from the best market for its supplies.

"The Cotton Planters must henceforward content themselves with much more moderate profits than they have for years past enjoyed. Considerable loss attends all shipments of that article at present, loaded as it is with heavy duties, and subject as it must be to heavy charges of insurance, &c.

"Even admitting that the British Orders in Council were withdrawn, neither cottons, nor scarcely any of our products would yield profit.—Large quantities would consequently arrive—the manufactories of cotton are not fostered by government, but the contrary. A good deal of cotton is now grown in the Kingdoms of Italy and Naples, and considerable quantities will now be introduced into France from the Levant, thro' Bosnia and the Illyrian Provinces to Trieste, where an entrepot has been lately established.

"All adventures to France, however, must be considered at risk in the most important point of security of property, as it is in my own opinion, that the future political measures of the United States, with regard to England, which do not square with Napoleon's political views, may produce another sweeping sequestration of our commerce. And as the value of all cargoes, &c. produced in France must be re-exported in French produce and manufactures (and at present one half in silk goods, there must be consequently, from the glut of

† Def. Cons. U. S.

† Ibid. iii. 246. London edit.

† Defence of Constitution.