

# HORNETS'



# NEST

VOLUME I.

"QUI ME COMMOVERIT (MELIUS NON TANGERE CLAMO)  
"FLLEBIT, ET INSIGNIS TOTA CANTABITUR URBE."

NUMBER 27.

BY BRYANT BRAMBLE, ESQ.

MURFREESBOROUGH, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1813.—PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY DICKINSON AND HUNTINGTON.

## TERMS OF THE NEST.

THE HORNETS' NEST will be published in its present form at Three Dollars per annum, half payable on the receipt of the first number—the remainder at the end of the year.

Subscribers who receive their papers per mail, will be subjected to the additional expence of postage.

Papers to be continued until all arrearages are paid up.

Advertisements will be inserted at one dollar per square for three weeks; and twenty-five cents for each week's continuance—subject, however, to a reasonable deduction, when continued for several months.

Murfreesboro', Sept. 3, 1812.

## DOMESTICK.

FOR THE HORNETS' NEST.

The leaders of the opposition affect a denial of possessing British principles, or of an intention to divide the Union. These charges have been often repeated, and as often disclaimed—yet their conduct has been obvious, though they generally endeavour to conceal it. From popular motives, they would obscure their intentions; but from hopes of reward, they desire a revolution. From the commencement of their scheme, they have resembled the *ignis fatuus*—at one time blazing, then leaving the astonished spectator to wonder, in darkness and silence. This spirit of restlessness and ambition, has for a long time been sowing the seeds of disaffection among us; and in some instances, these fathers of corruption have produced offspring of their own form and likeness.

Equal rights and plain republican manners, with these men, have lost all their charms; and high sounding titles, with badges of distinction, are their ultimate objects and the expected reward of their merits and exertions. Those who feel desirous of promoting the best interests of our country, would wish to cast a veil over such turpitude of heart, and consign to oblivion every unfriendly emotion for their premeditated injuries;—but, situated as we now are, silence and forgiveness would in effect be treason.

It is evident, that if these men felt a stronger attachment to their country than towards Great Britain, they would not be found, at this time, supplying her with everything in their power, for the devilish purpose of rendering the war more destructive to ourselves; nor would they endeavour to defeat every attempt of our government to force the enemy to an acknowledgement of our rights.

To this opposition alone, may be imputed many of our most serious misfortunes; and though it might be imagined they would revolt at treason, yet many have been deserving the charge. This clamour and opposition, with the failure of our armies, (which resulted from it) will encourage our enemies to greater exertions; and it will now cost the United States double the blood and treasure to accomplish

our intentions, than had they been silent, or united with us in their exertions. In the first place, they opposed the war, as unnecessary & unjust—then refused to raise their quota of men—then discouraged enlistments—then dissuaded our militia from crossing the lines—and more than once asserted that it was a crime to wage war against the Canadians, whom they represented as a peaceable unoffending people; and who, rather merit our esteem, than hostility.

Would to heaven this last assertion was true. But can it be so? Have they not in time of peace persuaded the savage tribes to raise the tomahawk on our frontiers? Have not the Canadians supplied them with arms and ammunition to carry on a more destructive warfare? And have they not paid a stipulated price for the scalps which have been taken? Go along our frontiers, and enquire for British friendship!—You will there hear of conflagrations and murders; and of the scalps of relatives and friends being paid for in implements of war. There, it will be found, that fathers, mothers, and even infants, have been cruelly murdered; and though a savage performed the deed, yet, the "peaceable and unoffending Canadians" contrived it, and rewarded the guilty perpetrator.

These are facts; and though they may be denied, they cannot be annihilated. Thus, it appears, that for every act of Great Britain, however cruel or intolerant, some apologist is ready; and every charge is excused, justified or denied. Had the guardian genius of America, twenty years ago, whispered in the ears of her best friends, that at this day, one fourth of this nation, would acknowledge an inherent right in Great Britain to impress our seamen, or the town of Boston receive into its bosom a British emissary, for the avowed purpose of dividing the States, she would have been discredited, and charged with being a lying Spirit. But it seems as if long custom, with increasing love for British gold and British manners, had made it right; and we may as justly suppose they will finally believe, or affect to do so, that a falsehood long persisted in by that nation, will ultimately be converted into a truth.

As love increases towards our enemy, so hatred increases towards the republican States. Look at the Repertory, Palladium, Quincy's speeches, Parish's Sermons, &c. &c. They stick at no tale, however false, if it will answer their purposes; and no means are unemployed, which lie within their power that will subvert their designs. Corruption has been a prominent feature in their conduct; and this has been strikingly witnessed in the late Presidential election, by the bribes offered to the electors of Vermont. But the true friends to our country know well how to appreciate these things. It is the effect of turbulence, faction, ambition and depravity. The most wholesome measures they have endeavoured to subvert; and the sound maxims of policy have been answered with Billingsgate and falsehood. But let them rave, clamour and threaten; they can only retard the operations of our govern-

ment—they cannot destroy it. There are already men sufficient where they count their greatest strength, to crush any attempt at rebellion; and those too, who will neither be seduced, nor frightened from their allegiance. But, the moment such a perfidious scheme shall be openly proposed, the veil will be rent, and thousands flock to our standard, who have hitherto been deluded; and, instead of dismemberment, it would only be the signal of destruction to its advocates. Let them then be aware of the evils they would bring on themselves. We do not fear it—it would in time add to our country's interests; for it would then be purged from a set of corrupted wretches, who have already too long been a source of mischief to its prosperity and happiness.

AMERICANUS.

To the editor of the National Advocate.

SIR,

Appeals to the public in the case of family quarrels, I know, are seldom productive of much good, and at a time when every one's attention is taken up with politics, not likely to gain a hearing—but my case being very peculiar, having already made some noise in the world, and been the subject of much misrepresentation, I will, by your leave, make the experiment. If I am reminded of the old proverb—'Tis a bad bird that bearsays its own nest; I am prepared to retort it. To proceed then. Without much previous calculation on my part, I have become the author of a pretty numerous progeny—by my first marriage I have thirteen, by a second four children; who, in early life, were as fine, healthy, promising young creatures as any in the whole world—but, alas! what human happiness is not liable to interruption!—my eldest daughter was scarcely out of her teens, when our whole family were seized with a violent epidemic which the physicians of that day called the *Teagueasy*, a name, which whether of *English* or *Indian* derivation, or an alliance of both, I am not able to decide—the dreadful convulsions however with which it was attended, I shall never forget—a variety of temporising remedies were adopted to no purpose, family prayers, and the exercising of our clergymen, were tried in vain. At length some of our ablest physicians, and especially an *old one* of the name of *Franklin*, recommended electricity—my children were advised to join hand in hand, and to take shocks from right to left, and from left to right, until a tone and vigour was communicated to the constitution, which enabled them to throw off the disease in a most wonderful manner—so wonderful indeed, that half the world thought there was something supernatural in it—and likened it to the miracle by which a legion of Devils were cast out and driven headlong into the sea.

After this surprising recovery the family constitution became renovated, the faculties of my children were seen to develop themselves to admiration, and we were prosperous and happy—we have, it is true, occasionally experienced some slight interruptions of health—my children have at times laboured under that depravation of appetite call-

ed *dir-eating*—and a breaking out of *bad humours* has now and then been troublesome—the latter evidently proceeding from a villainous kind of *vermin*, bred in the course of their former malady, and which not having been properly *worked off*, were left to burrow in their intestines. My fourth daughter *Marcy*, has suffered some temporary fits of insanity. Her vagaries, however, were of that ludicrous character as seemed rather calculated to divert than distress the family. She would, for instance, often insist that her sister *Fenny* was more than half black, although her complexion was just as fair as her own—and her mother-in-law to be sure, was an *old French* hag in wooden shoes—yet, heaven knows the good old lady had no more French blood in her veins than the *king of England*. This odd association of ideas was doubtless the result of her habitual antipathy to her mother-in-law, joined to that hatred of every thing French which she had imbibed from poring eternally over *English* novels and romances. She would sometimes threaten to make away with herself, by biting off her nose and jumping into the *fish pond*—but experience had taught us to smile at her whimsies, and happy, thrice happy should we have been had her vagaries ended here. But latterly, without the plea of insanity, and in contempt of parental authority, she has involved herself in intrigues, and pursued a line of conduct, which has stained the reputation and nearly dissolved the union of my family. Her intercourse with a *Mrs. Mac Quoddy*, an old Scotch woman of ill-fame who lives in our neighbourhood, notwithstanding my positive prohibition—and connected with this, the encouragement she had given to the addresses of a certain captain *Kannady*, had sapped my confidence in her virtue—but the extreme depth of her abasement did not appear until since I have unfortunately become involved in a law suit with my old neighbour *GEORGE TURNBULL*. This man's estate lying northeast of my own, is separated from it by an extensive plain, which the original PROPRIETOR left as *common* to and for the equal use and benefit of the adjacent estates, and as such has been held and considered time out of mind. Upon this common my flocks among others, have grazed without apprehension of let or hindrance from any quarter, until lately Mr. Turnbull has committed depredations upon them, in a manner not less disgraceful to himself than injurious to me—by his orders his servants have *fenced* many and taken others to the *shambles*—nay, in one instance his dogs have been set on to tear in pieces a number confessedly within my enclosure—and although I have the most unquestionable evidence of the facts, being disposed to peace, and detesting a law suit as I do the bottomless pit—I have endeavoured to obtain indemnity for past, and security for the future, by amicable appeals to his sense of justice, by reminding him of my unquestionable title to the use of this common—of our descent from a common ancestry, and of my unwillingness to fix upon his family the shameful epithet of *sheep stealers*. But all my remonstrances have been eluded or treated with contempt, at one time he

has pleaded the impossibility of distinguishing my sheep from his own—a most ridiculous pretence, since to say nothing of the breeds, (mine being half *sheep* and *sheep*, and his an inferior mongrel race) my sheep are marked with stars, and his with stripes upon the neck. His real plea was that of *ignorance*, that owing to the extravagance of his children, the *house* in which they had involved him—the dissipation and dissoluteness—he was over head and ears in debt, and must have money, by loan or by *steal*—attempting at the same time to qualify his ignorance by reminding me that if his neighbour *Nobby* had not *stolen* my sheep, he had *fenced* two to his one, it was in vain I replied, that I was under no obligation to support the extravagance of his family—or that one man's picking my pocket did not justify another in breaking my leg. At another time he has had the impudence to charge me with *obliterating* the marks (a thing impossible) from the backs of his sheep, and shifting my own, and has rather more than insinuated that he could prove this by some of my own family—but to cap the climax, he has at last declared his exclusive title to the common in question, and his right to every thing found upon it. Wearied with fruitless attempts to obtain satisfaction—finding insult thus added to injury at every step—I sat one evening in my elbow chair smoking the tranquilizing herb, and ruminating upon some further course, which I foresaw would be what an old litigious neighbour *Lewis Baboon*, used to call his *ultima ratio*—or in other words the *lawsuit*, which I had deprecated so long—when, pop! who should make his appearance but the immaculate captain *Kannady*! You may readily suppose I gave him but a cool reception—not *abashed*, however, he proceeded to address me as follows:—

"Sir, I have been employed by your good friend, *Turnbull*, as a Spy upon your family; his ingratitude for acknowledged services has deserved my resentment, and I have come here to gratify it by exposing his villainy; for myself I make no apologies; I have laboured in my vocation. You must know that a few months since this honest neighbour of yours sent for me, and after many compliments paid to my talents and address, informed me of the controversy which subsists between you, and of his apprehensions of a *lawsuit* the issue of which might seriously affect his standing in the world—he hinted to me that your daughter *Marcy*, and others of your elder children, were upon bad terms with their mother-in-law; suggested the means by which I might extort some family secrets, and stubborn evidence very material to his cause, concluding with assurance of the most liberal compensation for service—how well he and I have acquitted ourselves will appear from these documents."—When, throwing a bundle of papers upon the table, he was off in a tangent.

This confession, had so much of verisemblance, and tallied so well with the recollection which rushed upon my mind—that some minutes elapsed before I could bring myself to take up the papers he had left behind him—at length laying down