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BALTIMORE, July 23, 1807.

Messrs. Zebulon Hollingsworth, John Gilpin, James Sewell, Thomas W. Veasey.

GENTLEMEN,

I find from the public papers, that on the 4th of July, you respectively officiated in the respective characters of President, Vice President and Secretaries, at a meeting of the citizens of Cecil county, held at Elkton, to celebrate the anniversary of American Independence, and as persons who officiated in those characters, and it is in consequence of your conduct on that occasion, that I now take the liberty of addressing you. On the fourth of July, 1776, we declared ourselves independent states free from the tyranny and despotism of any nation on the earth, and proceeded to establish governments for the sacred security of the property, the reputation, the liberty and the life of every person, who should be so far blest as to be citizens of those governments. We then pledged ourselves to the God of the universe, that the property, the reputation, the liberty and the life of every citizen should be safe, should be protected against the tyranny of the one or the many—and should only be taken from them by the laws of their country, faithfully, honestly and impartially dispensed, by an open, fair, impartial trial, decided upon by a jury, in which every benefit to be had from counsel, is secured by the constitution to the citizens, who is as to either assailed.

Let me now ask you gentlemen, to what use, or more properly, abuse, did you turn the anniversary of that day? Was your conduct calculated to preserve and secure those blessings, for the enjoyment of which the people of America heretofore hazarded all that was dear? Or was it calculated to render them more insecure than even under Asiatic despotism?

Let me examine this question. I have seen your list of toasts drank that day, as published by yourselves.

On your volunteers I shall make no remarks—after seventeen bumpers had been drank, I can make great allowances for any thing that took place; but for the Toasts deliberately prepared, and agreed to be drank on that day—myself, my fellow citizens, and the world at large, do and will hold you answerable. Three of those toasts will be the subject of my animadversions.

The 7th is in the following words:—The grand jurors lately impannelled at Richmond to indict the traitors of their country, May their zeal and patriotism in the cause of liberty, secure them a crown of immortal glory, and the fruits of their labor be a death-wound to all conspirators.

The 8th—Luther Martin, ex-attorney general of Maryland, the mutual and respected friend of a convicted traitor—by his exertions to preserve the Cataline of America, procure him an humble coat of tar and a plumage of feathers, that will rival in finery all the mummies of Egypt.

The 9th—Aaron Burr, the man who once received the confidence of a free people—May his treachery to his country exalt him to the scaffold, and hemp be his escort to the republic of dust and ashes.

To any person of common sense, who possesses one sentiment of candor, one humane feeling of the heart, it would be supposed, that none but demons from Hell could on such an occasion, have deliberately prepared and drank the foregoing toasts, unless they had the most perfect knowledge of col. Burr's guilt. And even in that case he would naturally conclude the persons to be savages or descendants of savages, who when they kill their prisoner, feast their inhuman souls with every cruelty of torture.

But, gentlemen, have you any knowledge that col. Burr is guilty of treason or of any other offence? Doth either of you know of one single fact to prove upon him guilt of any kind? Why have you not come forward and informed your government. And why had I not the pleasure of seeing you as witnesses at Richmond?

I know your answer. You must con-

fels that you have no personal knowledge of any thing criminal, that has been committed by col. Burr, but that in the Aurora, the Argus, and many other democratic papers, you have seen him charged with not only misdemeanors, but treason. Nay, you will probably say, that the president of the United States in his message to congress, declared his guilt to be placed beyond doubt.

And after the length of time you have lived, a length of time which has whitened some of your heads. After the different public appointments which some of you have executed, am I now to put you in mind, that not one shilling's worth of your dirty property can be taken from you, without your having an opportunity of being personally heard, nor without legal evidence delivered on oath in your presence, with liberty on your part to cross examine, and by other evidence to contradict. And yet you have to the utmost of your power, wantonly and wickedly assailed the good name, fame and reputation of col. Burr, upon no evidence! You have done what is still more wicked—you have without any evidence, assailed his life! For, are you now, for the first time, to be instructed, that whenever a person is to be tried for a charge, which is punishable with death, he, who endeavors to prejudice and inflame the public mind against him; he who does any act of a tendency to prevent the accused from having a fair, dispassionate, impartial trial, is in the eye of God, guilty of as murderous and intention, as if he attempted to plunge a dagger to his heart! Equally murderous, but infinitely more cowardly—as the danger of punishment in the first case is meant to be avoided? What think you, gentlemen, of the cowardly wretch, who anxious for the blood of an enemy, but fearful of danger or of punishment, slips a stiletto into the hand of an assassin, and points to the victim! What think you of yourselves and the rest of those who drank your savage toasts? Would you not have swallowed the beverage in your glasses, had it been the blood of colonel Burr, with more pleasure than the juice of the grape? Would not those who could express such savage delight in the hope of his death, could they do it with impunity, rip open his breast, tear out his heart, gnaw it with their teeth and suck down his blood, as acted the blood thirsty Parisians towards the amiable, the accomplished, the beautiful Lamballe! And know you not that the gentleman, whose death would be such a feast to your savage souls, has a daughter as amiable, as accomplished, as lovely as was Lamballe! And to her you have been drinking a life of unutterable misery! You may possibly think this language severe, but in a case like this, no language can be severe.

I would wish to harrow up every feeling of your souls, if indeed such souls can have any feeling!

You have toasted the grand jury, when you knew not whether they did right or wrong; when you knew not whether the persons indicted are traitors or innocent citizens; whether the grand jury were actuated by zeal and patriotism in the cause of liberty, or by zeal and fanaticism in the cause of persecution; whether their conduct deserves a crown of immortal glory, or a noose of immortal infamy: for you have no knowledge that can enable you to decide upon the propriety or impropriety of their conduct. The toast, therefore, only stands glaring in the face, to your eternal dishonor, as a proof of your ferocity against col. Burr. Nor, gentlemen, will the grand jury thank you for the toast—They were gentlemen of honor, of worth, of humanity; they were not actuated by the hellish wish, that the persons, concerning whose conduct they were to enquire, should prove to be guilty; nor did they, in returning the bills true, feel an infernal pleasure. No sirs, not a man of that grand jury assented to the finding of the bills, whose heart did not feel a pang, nor is there one of them whose heart will not enjoy exquisite pleasure should their innocence, on a fair, impartial trial before a petit jury (if, indeed, such a trial can be had, and which you have murderously endeavored to prevent) be made manifest. Not

a friend of the gentleman indicted blames the grand jury. But are you to be informed, that the grand jury can only act upon evidence selected and lent to them for the very purpose of proving guilt; examined ex parte; and that perjury can there appear unappalled? And are you to be informed that the Benign Spirit of our laws, even after indictment, presumes innocence? Those laws that are said to be our gordian knot which you are bound to support, and yet you, good, virtuous republicans, who boast of your love of liberty, your sacred regard for the laws, and who call yourselves the protectors, the guardians of the rights of every man, have thought proper, not only to presume guilt, but have presumed to hold up to the indignation of your country him whom the laws of your country presume to be innocent!

And now let me inquire, who is this gentleman whose guilt you have pronounced, and for whose blood your parched throats thirst? Was he not a few years past adored by you next to your God, I mean your earthly God, for whether you believe in a deity, who has any government over your "republic of dust and ashes," I know not. Were you not then his warmest admirers? Did he not then possess every virtue? Had he not then one sin—even a single weakness of human nature? He was then in power—He had then influence—You would then have been proud of his notice—One smile from him would have brightened up all your faces—One frown have lengthened all your villages.

But he is now a private citizen—he is now no longer in power—he is now persecuted!—And behold he is now a Catholic, he is now a traitor,—your prayers are now that he may be exalted to the scaffold—that hemp may be his escort to the republic of "dust and ashes," and to these imprecations you have profited the anniversary of a day, which only ought to be held dear as long as the government, consequently established, shall sacredly protect property, reputation, liberty and life.

Go, ye holiday, ye sunshine-friends, —ye time-servers,—ye critics of Joanna to-day and cruelty to-morrow—go hide your heads if possible, from the contempt and detestation of every virtuous every honorable inhabitant of every clime.

Your eighth toast, as it personally relates to myself, gives me no uneasiness. I only notice it as proving the accursed malignity of your hearts towards colonel Burr.

As to myself I have never insulted or injured a single individual, who on that occasion celebrated the day. In the whole company I had not one personal enemy, nor was there a man among you that had reason to be so; with many of that company, perhaps with all, I had been personally acquainted, I had been in habits of receiving and returning polite attentions; on some at least of the company I had conferred benefits, nor was there one man in the company on whom I would not have conferred any benefit he needed, and in my power with propriety to have bestowed.—Nay, so well do I know you all, and the good will that you possess for me that I have the most perfect confidence, had I arrived at Elkton the moment after you had drank your eighth toast, and entered your room, you would have received me in the most friendly manner, you would have requested me to share in the festival, and your politeness would have induced you to have suppressed your ninth and tenth toasts.

Having thus done you justice, having acquitted the company to a man of any personal resentment against me; let me state what was my conduct which induced you deliberately to prepare and deliberately to drink the eighth toast.

I had appeared as one of col. Burr's counsel: and pray doth not the constitution most sacredly secure to him the benefit of counsel? Can it then be said that a person shall be criminal, or even censurable for doing what your constitution authorizes him to do? Nay, if by public clamor counsel is to be intimidated and prevented from appearing for the accused, is not the constitution thereby violated? And is not the accused

thereby deprived of a constitutional right, and if convicted, unconstitutionally convicted?

But I appeared in his defence as his friend, not merely as an attorney for my fee. And how long has it been, or upon what maxim is it established, that to do an authorized act from the motives of friendship, is less honorable than from motives of fordid interest?

But you will say, that you believe him guilty of treason. I reply, you have no legal evidence on which you can found this belief. I will further say, that I, who have infinitely better information on the subject, believe col. Burr to be as innocent of any thing treasonable, in act or intent, as the infant unborn; and that I believe the executive of the United States is at this time of the same opinion—And for the truth of this affirmation I appeal to my God. And I further answer, that if col. Burr was as guilty of treason, as you, without a y knowledge of the fact, declare him to be, yet he is entitled to a fair and impartial trial; and the constitution secures to him the benefit of counsel. You will perhaps, as your last resort, for in truth you have no other, tell me, that at all events you wish him to be hung, and therefore are enraged at every thing which interferes with your wishes. Then sirs, you ought to proceed in the true French style, for which indeed you appear quite ready—"Hang first, and my afterwards!" It would save a world of trouble, and gratify many a revengeful, malignant fiend.

The whole burthen of my crime is resolved to this—That I have, in a case where the honor, the life of a friend, and the happiness of all who are dear to him, are at stake, had the hardihood, even although it might prevent you from feasting on his blood to offer to him, from motives of friendship, those services, which the trifling abilities my God hath kindly bestowed on me, may enable me to render him—I have thrown my body as a shield between the dagger of the assassin and the heart attempted to be pierced!

And for this conduct, for which, if history records the event, I shall be respected as long as the page of history shall last, by all the worthy and good—yes, for this conduct, not only innocent, but praiseworthy, in any conduct of man can be so, you, the advocates of the constitution—you, exclusive republicans—you, the supporters and advocates of the rights of man, and of a government of laws—you, the sworn enemies of despotism, in whatever shape it may appear—would, if in your power, arm an infuriated mob against a private individual, who never gave you the slightest cause of personal complaint—and would be glad to see him, if his life was spared, to suffer insult and injury to the last extreme which could be inflicted! Remember, gentlemen, I only hold up to your view the mirror of truth; blame yourselves only for the monstrous images of deformity which meet your vision.

In your toast you have particularly noticed me as "the mutual and highly respected friend of an indicted traitor."

Remember, gentlemen, a few years only have passed since you beasted of your friendship for col. Burr. Your tongues, at that time, moved as quickly, and with as much ease, as doth the aspen leaf under the influence of the atmosphere, in his praise; and had I then presumed to have treated his name as you have treated it, I should not have been surprised had I been tarred and feathered—and indeed should have thought that I richly deserved it. He was then your political friend—such he never was to me—Our friendship has been personal: our politics have ever been different. Think then, if my heart was such a heart as you possess—that my friendships were formed from political motives only and depended entirely upon the situation of the person—whether he was in power or a private citizen—whether he was the object of executive favoritism or persecution: Cannot you suppose such a heart might be gratified in the extreme, to see that power which he did bestow, which he only could have bestowed, upon those who now possess power, (a truth notorious, and which democracy hath often ac-