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From the Albany Crisis.

LETTER III.

From Mr. Richard Saunders, to a friend in a neighboring State.

No, my friend, I am far from thinking all the leaders of your party bad men, but there are of them even in your own town whom you know to be unprincipled and wicked, and who have been so from the beginning. You know the man who denied his father and mother—but I hate to dwell on the dark side of human nature. Yes, I answer to your question respecting the future President, if we are obliged to choose between the two men, I would, as the least evil, choose George Clinton, and yet God knows, to what evils the choice would lead us. George Clinton had firmness and virtues in the revolutionary war; he was poor and honest—he is now rich, and his age, if it does not now, will soon unfit him for the exertions of mind which the office of President requires; his nephew De Witt, and not himself, will be President. De Witt is a man who marches straight forward over every impediment to his object—his object is power and grandeur. But what in the name of wonder, have the Federalists to do with either Madison or Clinton, or any other man who hates them, and would send them all packing to the devil if he could? Your friend Cheetham said in his last paper, that Clinton detested the Federalists—when, says he, did Governor Clinton promote a Federalist to office—was there an instance during his whole term of governor of this state? I believe Cheetham is right. Sir, the Federalists ought to have their bones broke, if they vote for one or other of your candidates—No, they have done evil long enough that good might come of it. Witness their partial votes for Burr, who ought to have been hanged, although not by his friends the democrats, whom I brought into power in this state. Witness their more general vote for Morgan Lewis, after the contempt with which his son-in-law treated them—how have the Federalists been disappointed and disgraced by taking up your quondam friends; and they will be disgraced, and I wish they may, if they ever again mix in your affairs—touch pitch and be defiled. No, I trust the Federal Electors will vote for a man in whom they can confide—and in which of your candidates can they confide? In Madison? a Virginian, a pupil of the man who would make every state kneel to the old dominion, and destroy our trade and sea ports? or in Clinton, whose heart closes at the sight of a Federalist, and who would shut out for ever from his eyes, the light of heaven, could every Federalist be hid in darkness?—Should we vote for men who either love or fear France? No, we ought neither to love or fear any nation under heaven—we ought to do justice to them all, and fight them like men, when they persist in doing us wrong.

You may think as you please of your political friends, but in my conscience I believe they have brought us to the brink of ruin. Is not every thing that was great under the administrations of Washington and Adams become small, are we not poor at home, and despised abroad, our ships taken by one nation, burned by the other, our navy dwindled to gun-boats, and keel-boats, and mud scows; our army of 1800 men more or less, commanded by a man solemnly charged at the public tribunal with bribery and corruption, our liberty violated, the habeas corpus act set at nought, our treasury consumptive, our trade annihilated, and our constitution falling daily to pieces? Well might the judicious Tapping Reeve, on the eve of the election of Jefferson, say to one who asked whether Jefferson or Burr should be voted for—“If you want your constitution killed at once, vote for little Aaron—if to die of a consumption, vote for Thomas Jefferson.” Yes, he was right, and you and I my friend, I fear will live long enough to see every thing that was once thought good and honorable consumed by the destroying fire of demagogues—Down with the judiciary; down with the constitution; down with the Saviour, says Thomas Paine, the friend of Thomas Jefferson, and down with the deity, says the man who tells us that it matters not whether we believe in one God or twenty! No, I would take neither of your candidates—We have better men of our own. Yes a million of better men, and the people of this unhappy country will soon confess it.

I wish to heaven you would write to me about something else than politics. I do not want to offend, or say things which may hurt your feelings, but when you speak I must answer, and I cannot answer and say peace when there is no peace. Believing, as I religiously do, that the measures of your party tend to the ruin of our country, I cannot, when an opportunity is given, be silent, I must speak, and speak out.

I am your friend,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

LETTER IV.

From Mr. Richard Saunders, to a friend in a neighboring State.

You still harp, my friend, on the gag law

and the direct tax, and the moderation of Mr. Jefferson in not prosecuting those who calumniated him. The truth is, he dared not do it; I told you before that I did not like this bringing men's private failings before the world—Strike at their vices if you please, which tend to the ruin of their country, but let their private chamber vices alone, if there are any private vices, which do not more or less tend to make them unfit for a high station—You know very well however, that Mr. Jefferson's moderation and contempt of the charges were not reasons of his silence—Ely in Massachusetts, and the men in Connecticut said so much against your President, and that in so public a manner, that his friends thought themselves obliged to call them to account. Was the business ever prosecuted? No, nor never will be; your President knew better than to let them bring their proof. The direct tax was made a bug bear of by the designing office hunters—You know they told most abominable lies about it—said the hearths and window lights were taxed, and a thousand other stories equally devoid of truth. The fact was that the great land holders paid the tax—My neighbor McC—b, who owns wild lands on the lake paid more tax than all the county beside—there was not a man in our town who paid \$3—No, they lied to the people, and told them John Adams was to be king, and they were to have lords and a standing army, and their children were to be taken away from them and made Eunuchs of, to guard the king's palace, and all such stuff, and scared them to death, but now they begin to find out the difference between king Adams, as they called him, and king Jefferson, or rather king Democrat. An honest man of your party told me to-day, that it was not so much for the tax itself, for it cost him but little, but it was upstart fellows who collected it, that made him mad—they put men in as collectors, said he, who were surly and overbearing, but I see, said he, that our own people are going on in the same way. Our office-men are beginning to ride over poor people; I was knocked down, because I said, I had a right to carry my produce from Washington to Lake Champlain, and threatened by the sheriff, if ever I dared to say such a thing again, he would send me to jail. I see, said the man, that let who will be long in power, they get too saucy, and trample on the poor people.

It may have been that the federalists rode the high horse; but they never, my friend, galloped him at the rate your friends have done; it is true they laid a dry tax, and an embargo for 30 days, and began to raise an army because they expected a French invasion—Your party raise an army when every body knows the British will not come—and the French cannot come. Your embargo is eternal, and takes from us more in an hour than all the dry and wet taxes we have ever paid. Tom Leiper and Trench Cox and Billy Duane, the French printer, say the people like it—We shall see if this is true. I know that the people in our town, aristocrats and democrats, whigs and tories, all say that it is a dreadful tax, which they don't see the use of. Suppose you do starve 50,000 British, what good will that do you—it won't make our situation any better—Will it pay our debts? Your friends call it a dignified attitude. I would however, rather sit double on a load of wheat for which I expected to get 12s a bushel, than go to prison in a dignified attitude. No, the attitude to which we are coming as fast as we can, is the creeping, begging attitude! We must creep to Virginia, and creep to France, and creep to De Witt Clinton, and the other great men of the nation, before long—Yes, I know that though Gov. Clinton, as a northern man, may dislike the embargo which he sees is ruining his friends, as well as his enemies; he would not dare, was he President to-morrow, to do it away; the party at the northward, would be afraid that if he did, the party at the southward would quit them. No, no, whatever democrat reigns, the same measures will be pursued. The Jefferson and Madison and Monroe men wish to destroy the northern commerce, we are getting richer and more powerful than they are; and the Clinton men will agree with their brethren for fear of the loss of power. You know how things are going on as well as I do, you can see. Did you ever hear of such dreadful tyranny as we groan under—neither flour nor bread nor any thing else can be brought from one part of the U. States to another without Governor Sullivan or Governor Langdon, or some other democratic governor shall give a permit. The stamp act was a fool to this. It is worse than the inquisition! Why, sir, there is not a king in Europe but Bonaparte that would dare to do such a thing—not let our own citizens eat without a permit! If merchants or others break the laws, punish them—cut their heads off if you please—but don't starve your own people for the British should get a bit of bread. It is bad enough for us whose grain is rotting—but it is infinitely worse for our poor eastern neighbors who know where it is, but can't get it. I am always, notwithstanding our political differences, your friend.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

From the Washington Federalist.

Mr. FINLAY,

In Sammy Smith's paper of last Wednesday morning, a notice appeared requesting a meeting of the friends of General Wilkinson, on Thursday evening, at the city council chamber. The object of the meeting was to prepare a flattering address, expressing their approbation of the general's conduct, and congratulating him upon his late acquittal by the sham court of enquiry, which has been engaged in making a farcical investigation of the traitorous charges exhibited against him. His friends were very busily engaged on Wednesday and Thursday in endeavouring to procure as large and respectable a meeting as possible—When it took place and the question for addressing him was put, there appeared to be only thirty-three in favour of it, whilst thirty-one were against it.

Thus it appears that the friends of the hero of the Sabine, in attempting to mend his broken character, and heal his wounded feeling, had better have omitted to submit his case to public opinion. If we reflect, that this appeal was made to that tribunal under the immediate view of an administration that has gone all lengths to support general Wilkinson, and in a place where five eighths of the citizens are more or less dependent on that administration for their means of subsistence—when it is also recollected that very few federalists attended, and these chiefly out of curiosity, and that only thirty-three of the citizens of Washington could be found hardy enough to approve of his conduct and the decision of the court of Enquiry, nothing is more clear than that his conduct must go through a far different ordeal, before it can meet the approbation of the people of the United States.

A Citizen of Washington.

Friday, 15th July.

From the New-York Review.

The Osage.—This ship has at last arrived, but has thrown no light on the state of our affairs with foreign nations. Our good friend the emperor of France has been so kind as to offer his services to enforce our embargo laws: good kind soul! Mr. Lewis has brought dispatches from his imperial majesty's dominions to our worthy president. His imperial majesty was very kind to the officers and crew of the Osage, for though she was put under sequestration for having been spoken by an English vessel, yet his majesty gave permission for her to depart on condition that she would be seen there no more. The letter of the emperor's secretary of foreign relations to our independent president I have not seen, and it is not probable I ever shall see it; but the substance of it is pretty well understood. It is undoubtedly something like the following:

“We Napoleon the first, emperor of the world and supreme ruler of the universe, perpetual driver of all the slaves in Europe, and continual nose leader of all the fools in America—to our insignificant servant and degraded slave the president of our colonies, complacently but erroneously called the independent states of America. Know ye from this time forth forevermore, and you ought to have known it long ago, that our decrees are like the decrees of the Medes and Persians, irrevocable. We have said there should be no neutrals, and no neutrals shall there be. You have laid an embargo—you have shut your ships up in your dry docks—and this you say is all you could do in our favour. Then, let me tell you, you are the meanest and most impotent of all the slaves we possess. You ought to have gone to war with England when we commanded you, and then we would have vouchsafed to be your friend, and would have sent one of our imperial cubs to rule over you. As it is, we shall notice you no further than to take care of all the property of yours that comes in our way, for we find you are not capable of taking care of yourself. When we have finished our business with Spain we'll fix you.”

Some may think this is a very provoking letter to come from so “liberal and friendly” a fellow as the emperor. But they ought to consider that his imperial majesty always treats his friends worse than he does his enemies.

From the New-York Evening Post.

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS.

Among the minor grievances which irritated the people previous to the revolution, and drove them to acts of open violence, was the intolerable insolence experienced from the minions of government in the Custom-Houses. And it must certainly be allowed that the greatest of all possible men at the present day, are our Custom-House Officers. Mind—I say men, not the greatest man, for the greatest man is certainly his American Majesty Thomas Jefferson, and next come his tribe of Custom-House Officers, who have arrived to a pitch of greatness under him that nothing can withstand.

He has told them to suspect, and they suspect, and their suspicions are as deadly as the Sic-ruch, as blasting as the Upas. The following facts are, substantially, this moment furnished me by the unfortunate sufferer himself.

On Saturday afternoon, captain Barker of New Utrecht, began to load his Petiauger, lying at Corlaers Hook, with a few articles of provisions, consisting of Butter, Lard and Ham, &c. to be delivered under a contract to a grocer on Long-Island. Just before evening, the Custom House Officer, by means of some one of his spies, having got scent that this poor man's Petiauger was thus loading with provisions, immediately deemed her suspicious according to law, and dispatched one of his deputies on board to forbid Capt. Barker at his peril to take another step.—Next comes a guard on board, and the petiauger was put into safe keeping till Monday, when it was removed to White-Hall, where it still lies, in order to preserve the resources of the country. A formal demand of the boat has been made of the Collector, who refuses not only to deliver it up, but to give the owner any sort of satisfaction as to his motives or authority. The captain is a poor man, and has a large family dependant upon him, and his chief reliance is on this market boat, which has been thus taken away from him by virtue of a Supplementary Embargo Act.

State of parties in Maryland.—The following extract on this subject will be gratifying to many of our readers. It is selected from a well written article in the Federal Republican of Baltimore:—

The strength of the Democratic party in Maryland, particularly to this section of the state, has been always greatly overrated.—The only important occasion on which it was fairly tested; proved that nothing more than concert and unanimity were required to have insured success even at that time. The people were then taught to expect a millennium under the reign of Jefferson; deluded by the arts of ambitious demagogues, they cast off their true friends and confided the care of their interests and safety to parasites and flatterers. Since that period important changes have taken place in our political affairs. The nation have suffered every evil that could flow from a weak and improvident administration of government. Our country, which under the invigorating influence of Federal principles, rose to a station of unrivalled prosperity, is now reduced to poverty, insignificance and despair.—The people feeling the pressure of the evils under which they labour, have been induced to reflect: they have begun to scrutinize the conduct of their favourites with unaccustomed freedom, and to pierce the thick cloud of prejudice which has hitherto concealed from them their true situation.

“That great and unexpected changes have taken place throughout the State is a fact which however anxiously it may be smothered, cannot be contradicted. But federalists deserve no thanks, for nothing is due to their exertions. In our State Legislature the majority of last year did not exceed sixteen, and we have every reason to believe, if the election campaign is commenced in time, that the Eastern shore alone will change the majority in favour of Federalism. From a credible source we are informed, that the changes in some counties, produced by the late measures of the administration, exceed the most sanguine expectations. Worcester county which has been democratic, will now give a large Federal majority. We are confident that more considerable changes will take place before the end of summer, and that the next Legislature of Maryland will be Federal.”

The National Intelligencer.—This print, in noticing the contents of the dispatches received by the Osage, states the prevalence of a general expectation among the friends of the British administration, of an insurrection in this country against the embargo, which has no doubt been excited by the disgraceful publications on the subject.—While such wretched delusions continue, we have but little to expect.—On this paragraph, the editor of the North-American thus remarks:—

[What are the disgraceful publications this editor means? The most disgraceful publications respecting the Embargo, have passed through his and the other democratical presses. They represented falsely that the people are content with the embargo, and willing to go to war with England. They gave every encouragement to France, to calculate that we would submit to her unparalleled injuries—and thereby invited and drew them upon us. It is not the first time disgraceful publications, issued by a concert of democrats, have drawn upon us the hostilities of France.—The same thing happened in 1796.—7.

If the friends of the British ministry calculated upon an insurrection here, they must have been very erroneously informed by their agents. Mr. Erskine would certainly never have given them such foolish intimations.—But if he had; he might have gone beyond