



AND

## North-Carolina State Gazette.

Ours are the plans of fairdelightful Peace,  
Unwarp'd by party rage, to live like Brothers.

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Washington, August 11.

Gentlemen,—I will thank you to give publicity to the enclosed Address to the People, and I shall feel myself obliged by all, whose liberality and candor may incline them to republish it. With respect, I am, &c.

J.A. WILKINSON.

Messrs. Smith & Gales,  
Editors of the *Nat. Intelligencer*.

To the People of the United States.

Although I had resolved not to intrude myself upon your attention, until I could have invited it to the irresistible force of my vindication, I am driven from my purpose by the proceedings of the late Committee of Congress, the sole object of the majority of which appears to have been to search for matter to criminate my character and conduct.—The report made to the House, consisting of inculpatory evidence alone, instead of being confined to their journals, is now under publication, and will naturally tend to excite your prejudgments, before I have been heard in my defence. What man among you, who has been engaged in the public service more than a quarter of a century, whose acts and offices have been as varied as mine, could withstand an occult, inculpatory enquiry, if backed by the power and purse of the nation? My cause is the cause of all, and if the measure of injustice aimed at me be suffered to prevail, who among you will be safe, from the most exalted to the most obscure? I conjure you, then, defend yourselves against the dangers, and your country against the odium, of having sacrificed a fellow-citizen to the malice of those who have been combined for the destruction of your Government—for, bear in mind, should the precedent obtain, that the House of Representatives have the power to institute enquiries into the conduct of individuals, and to publish the testimony they may collect before the accused has been heard, no man will be safe against the jealousies of artful, unprincipled, popular declaimers, who, professing the public good, seek only the gratification of their ambition and revenge.—The ruin of an individual, taken in the abstract, is of little importance—but the example may infuse a deadly poison into your councils and reanimate the dormant hopes of those who conspired against your interest, your happiness and your union; for treason, like the leprosy, is incurable, & the heart once corrupted by its poisons, is lost to patriotism and public virtue, for ever.

Little discernment is requisite to trace the source of the vilification I have incurred. You witnessed the rise and progress of my persecutions, coeval with Burr's conspiracy and co-extensive with its affiliations. I did not involve the nation in a war on the Sabine, to give effect to this conspiracy, tho' my orders warranted it in the repulsion of the Spaniards; and, on my own discretion, I defeated the wicked plot, disgraced the prominent actors and blasted the sinister aspirations of numerous and powerful associates: for these signal services, I am more signally persecuted than any man, public or private, in times ancient or modern. The conduct which, without bloodshed, saved the country from the dangerous encroachments of a foreign power, and from lawless usurpation and a civil war, was palpable and specific; it cannot be expunged from the national records, and you yourselves are witnesses of it. The crimes imputed to me are speculative and legendary—originating with loose and corrupt men, some of them acknowledged traitors, and supported, in the first instance, by public malcontents and personal enemies—yet these men, with indefatigable industry and shameless malignity, have employed every engine and every art, to awaken suspicion and excite your jealousies; and a life, devoted to my country from the dawn of the revolution, has become a theme of declamatory invective.—I am denounced in solemn deliberative bodies by men of your election, without proof on their part or any hope of redress on mine. It is notorious that justice has been denied me, and that I have been excluded, in a land of liberty, my native country, from the ordinary rights of the most humble citizen. You have beheld a distinguished character step forth the avenger of Burr's discomfiture, and associating himself with vile informers, denounce me in the dawn of the conspiracy, before a single fact had been developed; and to justify

his denunciations, you have witnessed the ruthless vengeance, with which this political teaser has since pursued me, at the expence of every thing sacred to delicacy, to truth, and candor. You have seen his faithful coadjutor, the legatee of Burr's resentments, a man who has sealed his own infamy in the attempt to effect my ruin, come forward with a volume of manufactured reports, falsehoods & perjuries, fitted to the occasion; and you have beheld a hundred pens and presses operating against me, when distant, absent, and offering my health and life to the public service.—But it would swell this appeal to a volume, did I attempt to develop the systematic schemes of vengeance, by which I have been hunted to the present hour.

Thus pressed and persecuted, I have no resort but in your virtue and good sense: I make it in confidence that you will suspend your opinions, until I present you with the only defence in my power to offer; and if in the course of the exposition, which has been forced upon me, I should be obliged to inflict wounds, where I have been desirous to spare feelings, the duty which I owe to the character of a soldier, to my name and family, and the sense of my wrongs, must excuse me.

No calumny shall force me from the silence I now impose on myself. I shall make a brief record of all the slanders which may reach my knowledge, and will attend to them in their proper place. But, before I close the present address, I consider it my duty solemnly to pledge my honor, that I shall bring proofs from authentic sources to put to shame the profuse offerings which have been made to effect my dishonor, as a citizen, a soldier and a chief, by a long list of willing witnesses, whose passions, prejudices and resentments have interested them in my destruction. The war of an individual against a host, is enough to stagger the stoutest heart, but habit has placed me above difficulties, and under the protection of that Almighty Power in whom I trust, I will succeed.

FELLOW CITIZENS!—I crave not forgiveness for offences—because I have committed none.

I seek not to excite your sympathy—because I am conscious I have deserved it.—But I invoke that justice, which is guaranteed to all by the sacred charter of the land, and constitutes our pride, our boast and common security—Let me be heard before condemnation.

J.A. WILKINSON.

Washington Aug. 1810.

### THE VOICE OF REASON.

The following sentiments are extracted from the Oration of Judge Pennington, delivered in Newark, N. J. on the 4th ult. Every rational man must acknowledge their accuracy, impartiality, and peculiar applicability to the present extraordinary situation of public affairs:

“The war in Europe is of a peculiar character; it has convulsed the Continent, and shaken society to its centre. The husbandman might almost as well expect to raise his harvest in tranquility, amidst Tornados and Earthquakes, as for neutral nations to expect to enjoy an uninterrupted commerce amidst this struggle for dominion on the one hand, and commercial monopoly on the other; let us then take in our sails till the storm abates, when we can spread them to better advantage. It may rage with unabating fury for a while, but it must have an end.

“I am, however, no enemy to commerce; I know its importance to our country, and sincerely wish its prosperity; but under existing circumstances, would it not jeopardize the happiness of our country, by engaging in a war for its protection. Our commerce is spread over every region of the world, and none but a mad-man would dream of protecting it by force. That politician who imagines that the government is as much bound to protect by force the property of a citizen in distant countries, or distant seas, as in the body of a country, knows little of the duty of government.—the policy of our country is peace, and the duty of our government to keep without the vortex of European wars—especially the destructive one now raging.

“Amidst the agitation that at present convulses the world, that country is happy that is free from external danger; however gratifying to our self love, a prosperous commerce may be, the government holds a higher stake: the safety of our country. Although the swords

of Americans at this time slumber over injuries done to bales of cotton or bags of coffee, yet they will start spontaneously from their scabbards at the first approach of danger to our country. The blood of our citizens is too valuable to be shed for any thing short of national defence; the splendor of mercantile wealth, even if attainable by war, forms a miserable set off, at best, against the lamentations of widows, and the distresses of orphan children. Should it be asked, must we submit to the accumulated wrongs done to our commerce, the plain answer is, we must at all times submit to evils which it is not in our power to prevent. It matters not whether these evils are caused by the injustice of man, or the act of Providence. If the causes that produce them are without controul, we must submit to them; we might as well say that we would not submit to inundations or volcanic eruptions, as to say that we would not submit to the orders and decrees of the belligerent nations with respect to European commerce; we cannot help it; even this so much sought for war will not furnish a remedy; but only serve to throw new embarrassments in the way of the remnant of trade left us.

“I know that political doctors have prescribed various nostrums for this disorder; but like quacks in another profession, they are ignorant that the disease is incurable; the English will not abandon (during the war at least) their system of commercial monopoly; nor the French their intention of ruining England by the destruction of trade.

“The consolations in our present situation are, that the restraints on our trade do not endanger our right of self government, or jeopardize our national existence; and we have yet left us, all the substantial comforts of life. We may, however, be checked in our progress to wealth, or restrained in the pursuit of pleasure; we may not be enabled to erect so many elegant buildings, or decorate them so superbly; the wardrobes of our wives and daughters may be abridged; not quite as much fine lace and muslin, and we ourselves peradventure may be compelled to appear in a plainer garb. Thus, like a little girl under the apprehension of being deprived of a handsome ribbon or a new frock, we are all in tears. These are the dire calamities we are to suffer by the loss of trade. Away with such trifles when brought in competition with our national safety.

“We have taken no part in the present war, but have observed towards the belligerent nations an impartial neutrality. Every discerning man must perceive, that we could have had no controul over the events that have happened; as well might we have said to the eruptions of *Etna* or *Vesuvius*, stay your fury, as to this conquering army, you must stop at the *Rhine*, the *Po* or the *Danube*.”

From the *American Mercury*.

### SPIRIT OF OUR FATHERS.

The Federal Leaders look round with wonder and amazement on the sides of the wide and horrible pit into which they have fallen. They wonder that a Republican People do not all become Federalists, Jacksonians and Tories. They are amazed that people, who are not rich, should dare to act at all: and are full of horror, because, when the people dare to vote, they should not choose federalists to govern them, and in the midst of their distress they cry out, ‘Spirit of our Fathers, look down upon us.’

Doctor *Parish*, in his election sermon, famous for its infamous abuse of our government, and its misrepresentation of every thing, exclaims, ‘Spirit of our Fathers, look down.’ *William Coleman*, when he has exhausted himself with slandering our administration, execrating *Napoleon* as a little Corsican tyrant, and complimenting Britain, exclaims, ‘Spirit of our Fathers, look down.’

If the Spirit of our Fathers was not better employed, than in looking down on the apostacy and torism of the Federal Jacksonites of our country, it would look on them with frowns, and would address them with killing reproofs. Our fathers of the revolution were democratic republicans, or they were imposters. Of the last, no man dare accuse them.—They nobly dared to bid defiance to a nation which, before their birth, had been, and, after the death of their children, will be, the enemy of the Independence of every other nation.

What nation in Europe has not been offered to drink of the cup of her abominations? What nation, having drank of that cup, has not perished? Spirit of our Fathers, look down, and see your posterity making their own clothes, raising their own provisions, clinging to their own altars and fire sides, and struggling for real and permanent independence, against a faction, which would prostrate their souls and bodies, their country and their all, at the feet of *Francis James Jackson*!

Redeemed with a strong hand and mighty arm, we discern, as we ought, the aristocratic factions, who would take from the common people their suffrages, would send their sons into a navy or army, and would absorb in their love of England every national feeling.

What if *Napoleon* is a tyrant. Our Declaration of Independence declared *George III* to have been a tyrant in '76; and if he has since mended his manners, or bettered his character, we have had no notice of it. What if *Napoleon* captures our ships and imprisons our men. Britain had long since been in the habit of doing all this, and vindicating it as her unalienable right. The wrongs of Britain are recorded in the preface to the history of our country; they are continued in every page. The wrongs of France are atrocious enough; they are in the appendix: Yet they are now set up as mountains of national guilt; and the wrongs of Britain are to be forgotten.

How would the Spirit of our Fathers look down on the Feast of Shells, and the Musical Societies, and the Charitable Societies, and the Hamilton Society, and the Washington Club, and the Military Blues, and Greens, and all colors of the rainbow, which, on the 4th of July last, convened to despise our independence, and to sacrifice every principle and feeling, which those Fathers held sacred?

We do not know how Spirits of departed heroes and statesmen may be affected by such sermons as *Osgood's* and *Parish's*, and such Federal Orations as are current among the mortified minority of our country; but we sincerely believe in the integrity of our Fathers, in the principles of Democratic Republicanism, in the present Administration of the General Government; and we have no present apprehension that Federalism, unmasked as it now is, can ever succeed to ruin our country, either by overt acts against its laws, or by the conjuration of Spirits to aid its sorceries.

### THE MAMMOTH CAVE

IN KENTUCKY.

[From a gentleman in *Bowling-Green*, (Ken.) to his friend in *Russellville*.]

Bowling-Green, Jan. 21, 1810.

MY DEAR W.—You may perhaps not deem it uninteresting to have some information respecting the largest cave now known. It is about 8 miles from the Dripping Spring, a little South of East, near Green river, in Warren county. The surrounding country is composed of knobs not unlike those in the barrens generally. The mouth of the cave is situated on the north side of one of those knobs. We descend abruptly 50 or 60 feet, when the mouth presents itself complete; it is arched over by a large ledge of rocks, from which issues a clear fountain; from this the workmen are supplied with a sufficiency of water for their saltpetre works; it falls perpendicularly 50 feet. In removing the earth near the mouth for the purpose of erecting furnaces, several human skeletons were discovered, of a size unusually large; one of the former proprietors of the cave, a stout man, compared the size of the under jaw-bone with his own, and found that it would easily pass over his; the other bones were of a corresponding size. The saltpetre commences within the cave, and continues so far as has been examined, which is about 7 miles. In passing what is called the narrows, you are obliged to walk half bent, these continue about a quarter of a mile; in this pass there is constantly a strong current of air; the 6 cold months the air rushes into the cave, the other 6 it issues from it; this is easily accounted for by all men of science. At the termination of these narrows, you are ushered into one of the most sublimely beautiful & picturesque amphitheatres in the world; it expands to 60 or 70 feet wide and as many deep. The most elaborate effort of the pencil would fail to do justice to the rich scenery

and varied drapery with which the senses are delighted. Immediately on entering this large room, you experience a sudden change of the air from a chilling cold to a heat oppressive; here some of our companions pulled off their outer-cloathing, and left them till we returned. We progressed a little way before we discovered innumerable quantities of bats, which had taken refuge there from the severities of the season; they were suspended from all parts of the rocks by their claws, with their heads down, & crowded so close, that they resembled a continued black cloud; they appeared much disturbed at our intrusion, which they manifested by a disagreeable hissing or twittering noise, and so tenacious were they of the hold which instinct had caused them to take, they would suffer themselves to be burnt to death sooner than relinquish it. At the distance of about half a mile, there are two branches making out at right angles on either side; the one, the south-west, which is called the little room, we examined; here the earth is sufficiently impregnated with nitre to yield 8 and 10 pounds to the bushel; it has a fine spring where it again divides into the upper and lower rooms; in the upper, there is a fissure in the rock sufficiently large for a man to enter, where you have the appearance of the different orders of Gothic architecture, mouldings and pilasters, in embossed stucco work, elegantly wrought by the friction of water constantly dripping from above—the heights of these columns are so great, that with the assistance of all our light we could not discover where they terminated.

Some distance further along, we passed what is called the sick room, in consequence of an attempt being made to explore it, which proved unsuccessful; the person who made the attempt first, felt a nausea and general debility, which was succeeded by violent puking; they very prudently retreated and have never since entered it; we supposed the existence of mephitic gas, and thought it most prudent to pass without entering. At about 2 miles from the entrance we found *Glauber* and *Epsom Salts*, with *Ocherous earths* of different colors; here the whole surface of the rocks are incrustated with stalactites of half an inch in thickness; the rocks are so strongly impregnated with the salts, that they burst through the incrustation and exude in octahedral, hexahedral and rhomboidal prisms, and more frequently in curved rhombs. Nothing can exceed the brilliancy of the scene; figure to yourself a canopy irradiated with ten thousand diamonds, and you will have a faint idea of its lustre. The salts are in a virgin state, and effloresce when brought in contact with atmospheric air; they continue for half a mile and are often of indeterminate forms; at times the whole surface of the rocks appear as if covered with new fallen snow. We went on for several miles, often passing branches of the cave, making out at right, acute and obtuse angles from what we supposed to be the main body; when we approached near the end, we came to a fountain, falling from the roof, as the first, forming a basin of about 30 feet deep, this we descended and crossed; in going a few paces we came to another of the same size, which we went round on the edge of a precipice, and soon after came to the end, which terminates abruptly; here at the extreme parts, we found bats, which caused us to determine that there were other outlets, because, till we reached the end we had not seen any bats for some miles. We passed one very extraordinary room, it is so formed that a voice at the entrance pronouncing a word, is reverberated distinctly six times; \* for the want of time and light, we did not enter, but had our information from those who have wrought at the cave some years. At the end or near it, of the first branch, it makes a short turn, we then pursued this branch nearly in a retrograde direction, till we supposed we were under the bed of *Green river*; at or near the termination of this branch we found *Glauber salts* and nitre of lime in much greater abundance than before; at one place particularly, I crept into a small cavity, where not only the rocks but the earth appeared to be at least formed one half of regular formed crystals of *Glauber salts*; I have no doubt but that a great deal of this earth is impregnated with borax.

\* The vulgar suppose this room to be haunted, from the reverberation of the voice. They suppose there were persons in the room, mocking them when they spoke.