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THE FOREIGN PARTY.

We took occasion the other day to make a few remarks on this subject, predicated on an article which we copied from the Federal Republican. The following article, from the same print, is copied as a sort of codicil to that we have before published, containing divers explanations of the ideas before expressed, is too good a thing to be permitted to pass unnoticed. We therefore copy it at large:

Whether to be regretted as inseparable from the genius of our institutions, or arising from the nature of man, still the case existed, that here as well as throughout Europe, the people were divided into two parties the one striving to promote, the other to frustrate and defeat the gigantic schemes of aggrandizement conceived by the 'able master' of the French.

On one side of Bonaparte was the administration, and a majority of the voters, including his fugitive English and Frenchmen. Arrayed against the cause of tyranny were the great body of men of wealth, intelligence and courage. With a constancy and firmness never before known, the federalists have fought against the influence of Bonaparte in this country. Although the world at one time stood upon a precipice—although the scales were considered ten to one in favor of the French cause, although the federalists were that death and confusion would be the consequence of their opposition if Bonaparte prevailed—yet, with a few exceptions, they have struggled with a noble ardor and perseverance against the cause of despotism. They have struggled successfully—their resistance has been effectual, and it is but just that they have awarded to them in history a share of the glory of preserving the 'SACRAMENT OF EUROPE.' Let the 'celestial host' to their bosoms the recollection that they have taken part against Bonaparte—let the recollection be ever foremost in their minds that they have been of that host of brave, vigorous and persevering spirits which have shewn themselves in other countries, and whose united efforts have emancipated Europe, saved the world, and destroyed her tyrants. In a cause involving the fate of all countries, every individual in society was compelled to take an interest, and act his part. The despot, the profligate and the tyrant, who was deemed the strongest party. The hope of reward or the fear of punishment impelled this unwieldy and unprincipled party. They were active in proportion to their hopes or fears.

Under the banner of liberty, free government and correct principles, formed the brilliant platoon of disinterested and pure men, animated to action by no other feeling than a sense of duty. They have triumphed—on the field of the allied ranks, broke thro' and trod down the deep columns of French myriads so have they triumphed over the article of empire who are now ready to tumpan and devour their associates in wickedness.

It is almost a pity to weaken the sensations of disgust and contempt, which such an article as this is calculated to excite, by any criticism or remark. It is very certain that no man deemed to a straight jacket and the four walls of a dungeon for a stark madman, ever uttered a greater medley of nonsense, or gave greater evidence of a wandering intellect, than the writer of the above article. There is, however, a method in his madness, a continual harping on one string, that, in this dearth of news or other matter, entitles this singular production to an examination as temperate as the subject will admit of. That there are two parties in this country, according to the writer's first position, is too true to be denied. They had their origin before Bonaparte was; they will remain long after he is no more. One of those parties, composing a great majority of the nation, we propose to be; of the other, is the writer of the above article—the one anxious to maintain its ascendancy, the

other struggling, vainly struggling, to depress the other; to put it out of power, with the avowed object of putting itself in. These parties, unfortunately, have as different opinions on our foreign concerns, as on the principles of civil government.—All this is freely admitted; but every other position of the writer is absurd and untenable. When such factious and splenetic authors write about a French subservience attaching to any portion of the people, to nine tenths of the honest planters, farmers and mechanics who form the body of the nation, they write what is idle and nonsensical as well as false. Their writing can produce no effect, because the common sense of every man revolts at what they say. The only French party in this country is that part of our people, and, thanked be God, they are the majority, who are not so entirely devoted to the interests of Britain as the party which arrogantly asperses them. That there is a British influence pervading all classes of our people, is but too obvious. It reigns in the bosoms of those who themselves little suspect it. The sternest Republican in the nation, he who despises the corruption of Britain and hates her crimes; who looks upon her laws as vicious, and her commerce as contaminating; this good man, who boasts of his and his country's independence of all foreign powers, will give you a dollar or two more for English broad cloth than for the same stuff of domestic manufacture, though the most cunning mercer, were he tasked to it, could not tell you the difference between them. To this day, the habits of colonial dependence are not eradicated. There are houses within our sight at this moment built of bricks imported from England, and there are good women, even in this district, who cannot sip their chocolate or tea, in comfort unless they know that both cup and its contents have been imported from England. Even in the Southern country, reputed the most democratic, that part of the country most abused for its anti-Anglicanism, leavened wheat bread is to this day called English bread, the best of nearly all the fruits are called English, &c. In short English and good have been and are yet considered synonymous terms, when applied to fabrics of any kind, and even when absurdly applied to the indigenous fruits of the soil. It is plain that a British influence pervades the whole country. You may trace it in splendid mansions, in the bell which lights you along the passage, the carpet on which you tread, the glass and plate from which you are served, and in the brilliant mirrors which reflect the company arrayed in British stuffs of costly fabric. In the farm house and the cottage, you find it lurking in your crockery & queensware, knives and forks, and all the cetera of housekeeping, down to the shovel and tongs at the fire side. It is like the air we breathe, intangible and omnipresent. But on many of our leading citizens it has a more direct and palpable operation; we mean our lawyers and merchants.—Out of a very extensive acquaintance with them, we have not known more than half a dozen of each class who are not strongly attached to British institutions. The books read in our Colleges, nay our very Spelling-books and Rudiments of Grammar, impress us from infancy upwards with ideas of the supremacy of British literature and science—a feeling which ripens into almost certain maturity if our pursuits become either legal or mercantile. When we combine with these and a thousand other considerations, the identity of our language, religion, manners, customs, we ought not to be much surprised that where so much influence is so greatly predominant, it should, among a few of our citizens, become paramount to almost every feeling but that of kin. Britain, therefore, has numerous partisans amongst us. But shew

to us on the other hand, any channel through which France can exercise an influence over this country, in any degree to be compared with the ubiquitous influence of Britain. The assertion of such an influence, of such a party, is idle—it will not bear the test of examination. The only French party in this country is that which is less British in its feeling, than the small and comparatively insignificant party, one of whom has now the insolence to charge this government and this whole people—to charge you, honest reader, and your father, brothers, relations and friends with being the minions of a foreign despot. It is not that you are French partisans—your bosoms burn, your cheeks glow with indignation at the aspersion—but it is that you are less British; that you support your government in a holy war for the personal rights of every man in the nation; that you are not ready to rejoice because circumstances appear to favor the arms of the enemy in Europe, and to open to him a greater facility of annoying us. Without going back to the days of our Revolution, let us recur to the commencement of the Revolution in France. Parties, then very indefinite, if distinguishable, among us, began to separate and take their ground. A great majority of this People hailed the dawn of the French Revolution as the precursor of a brilliant day, which was to diffuse over the benighted region of France that glorious light of freedom which we enjoyed; our hearts were with that People; we the Republicans sympathized in their struggles; we wished them success in the establishment of a sister Republic. Then, too, arose the Anti-Gallican party, the enemies of French independence, who had the cunning to amalgamate themselves in the real Federal party, with whom they yet continue to be classed, who denounced you as Jacobins then, and who have not yet forgotten the name. These men hated liberty; they hated France because they struggled for freedom; they were the Anti-Jacobins. In the course of the Revolution, the successive forms of government of France received the successive hatred and hostility of the Federal party, until Napoleon, becoming sovereign, if not by choice at least by consent of the People, consummated their hatred to France, because under his auspices that nation flourished, and until recently, was able successfully to baffle the intrigues of Britain. The Republicans, on the other hand, finding that the Revolution, from which so much had been hoped, would result in merely establishing an imperial government on the ruins of the old monarchy, became indifferent to France—they did not hate her as the Federalists did, but cared nothing about her: they could feel no sympathy for her institutions, no love for her ruler, especially after his despotic abolition of the freedom of the press. France has no friends among us, unless we are friends of France who are not partisans of Britain, who will not hold feasts, fire great guns and split our throats with huzzas that Britain triumphs. We are no friends of Napoleon; we never have been. His outrages on the property of our countrymen and the rights of our nation, have made him obnoxious to most of those in this country who had overlooked, in the splendor and order of his reign, his encroachments on civil liberty. But this we say, and so say the Republicans generally, as far as we know, that we shall mourn over the prostration of France at the feet of her enemies & of Britain particularly; and further, that when Napoleon falls, there falls a great man. Minions of France, do the faction call the Republicans, the men who guide their ploughs and work the mills, furnaces and looms of the nation? Literally understood, this appellation has no meaning. Figuratively understood, it has no application, except in the sense in which we have interpreted it, viz. not being advocates of Britain. What then do the factious writers mean by the rant phrase of French principles, about which they rant so idly? They mean, as we have shewn, the principles of independence of England as of all other nations; the principles which Washington bequeathed as a legacy to his countrymen; the principles invariably maintained by the present administration, its supporters, and some who do not support it; and opposed with violence by a small party, one of whom—we say one of them, in justice to the whole—tells us they have fought and bled in this country, and done as much in their narrow sphere as they could do to put down the French party—that is, as we have shewn, the true American party—from the commencement of its Jacobinic career to this day. Which is as much as to say in plain English—phaw! plain American we mean—that they are opposed to the principles and progress of the French Revolution, and its Jacobinic well wishers, and have continued steadfast in the faith to this day. True, they tell us nothing now about the hostility they displayed to the French nation when it assumed a republican government—but we have not forgotten their attempts in 97 and 98 to take sides with England against that republic; nor have we forgotten how irritated the leaders in that project were against the venerable John Adams for overrating their rank hostility. Can it be supposed such things as these are forgotten? Could it so soon be forgotten that they were so anxious to assist Britain in her object, that they raised an army of God knows how many regiments, without any possible object but that of co-operation with Britain in a war against a nation struggling for freedom? France having discarded Republican government, and chosen its sovereign, they rejoice now at seeing her at the feet of a conqueror. In this they are consistent. Considering the paucity of numbers, impotence in power, and total want of opportunity of co-operation of this small band, comprizing perhaps a fourth of those who pass under the denomination of Federalists, their claim to a share in the overthrow of Napoleon is indeed ludicrous enough. Federalists are invoked to hug to their bosoms the recollection that they are of the party which has a right to the glory of having some share in the prostration of France. What a magnanimous party! What amazing glory! A party, which avows, without any sort of disguise, its devotion to the cause of a foreign enemy, and its rapture at his successes—boasting of the glory of having always entertained similar sentiments, & fought and bled to maintain them!

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight the writer is ready to exclaim, with the poet. The brilliancy of his own 'exhilarating thoughts' appears, indeed, to have transported him beyond his latitude, having obviously missed his way through a metaphor immediately afterwards, when he speaks of the activity of a putrid mass. If the reader can tell what is the meaning of the whole of that paragraph and several others in the piece, which we cannot stop to notice, he shall have our thanks for unriddling what is wholly beyond our comprehension. Upon the whole complexion of the two articles from the Federal Republican, we will remark, that until the day we saw those papers, we had no sort of idea that any man in this nation would avow such barefaced sentiments of attachment—attachment did we say of devotion to the interests of the enemy. When Lord Castlereagh boasted to Mr. Russell of the friends of Great Britain in Congress, we thought his meaning rather uncharitably construed in supposing him to impute any thing more to any of the Members of Congress than an indisposition to break squares with that nation, from a general feeling of partiality to her people, &c. But, if such a devotedness to her cause is found controlling a popular press, why may it not also

find its way into the Halls of Congress? The thinking Federalists of the Nation ought to look about them, and take heed how they unwarily interweave into their practice, the precepts and principles inculcated in such abundant newspapers. What is meant by *Cooper's* we do not very well know, but from the company in which we find it, it is probably a foreign word signifying *sensible man*; and as to *moderes*, this was the name by which *one Marat* and *one Robespierre* during the French revolution denounced all those who were unwilling to aid them in *shedding the blood* of those who opposed their detestable views—these 'coopers' and 'moderes,' it seems, have committed the sin beyond forgiveness of 'diminishing the Journal,' which has been so constant to *so good a cause*, but on a day of so general jubilee, they are to be permitted, if they repent and reform in time, to partake in the glory of the great victory which the newspapers have achieved over Bonaparte. The recreant federalists had better make their peace in time, for no one knows but this triumphant band will next turn their conquering arms on those who have deserted from their post, and, instead of merely advertising them, will put them to death with one scrape of a pen. Seriously we address ourselves to Federalists, and ask them how they can permit themselves to be schooled in this manner, like children by a pedagogue, who, with a book in one hand & a rod in the other, flagellates every luckless wight who refuses or is unable to repeat after him? We really ask pardon of our patrons for extending to this length our remarks on so malignant and disgraceful a publication. We cannot part with this subject, however, without communicating to the readers a literary gratification we have derived from the perusal of such remarks in some of the Federal Prints. It is this:—Bonaparte being dethroned, and all danger from France having vanished, according to the showing of our opponents; we shall hear no more of French influence. That topic is done with forever. We shall no longer have our ears deafened with an eternal monotonous clamor of French influence. If we are still to be abused, it will at least be in a new key.

EXAMINATION.

THE Examination of the Students of the Franklin Academy will commence the 1st Monday in June, and continue two days. On Wednesday the 8th, there will be an exhibition of Dialogues and Select Orations, and on the evening of the same day will be performed the celebrated play "THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," With an appropriate afterpiece.

G. HILL, Secretary.
May 24th, 1813.

SHOCCO SPRINGS.

THE Subscriber has made preparations for accommodating such as may visit the above Springs during the present season. Additions and improvements have been made to his Buildings, so as to render them more commodious and comfortable than heretofore. His Ice House is well stored with Ice. Prices, as usual, to wit, 75 cents per day. Children and Servants half price. 25 cents per day for 71 weeks.

EDWARD J. JONES.
Warren County, May 27, 1814.

Considerable improvements are about to be made to the Springs, which will greatly better accommodate the formerly complained of.

Domestic Manufactures.

Just received from the Northward, AT J. GALE'S STORE, A full Assortment of Shirtings, Sheetings, Table Cloths, Shawls, Chamberlays, Plaids, Sarpes, Checks, &c.

SALT.

Of a superior quality, may be had at J. Gale's Store, on Raleigh, at two and a half dollars per bushel. It is of the best kind for curing hams.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

DEPARTED from Asheville, Sumner County, North Carolina, on the 2d of May, 1814, HARMON IRONS, a private in Captain Love's Company, 43d Regiment U. S. Infantry, about 30 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches high, dark complexion, blue eyes and black hair. The above reward will be given to any person who will capture the said Harmon, or to any who will confine him in any jail in this State, or who I get him.

ROBERT LOVE, Capt.
43d Regt. U. S. Infantry,
Raleigh, Principal Receiver, May 24.