[VOL. II.] [No. 68.]

THE RECORDER;
Or, LADY's AND GENTLEMAN's MISCELLANY.

Printed by HENRY PACE, and JAMES T. CALLENDER, Richmond, [illegible] and published every WEDNESDAY Morning; Subscription *Two Dollars per annum*

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1802.

DAVID LAWRENCE,

LATELY from Pennsylvania, has just commenced business on his own account in Manchester, at the entrance of the town, where he carries on all branches of Wheel Wright business, in the cheapest and most approved manner, and is well supplied with excellent seasoned timber.

Waggons and Ploughs he makes or repairs after the genuine construction, and the latest improvements.—He also carries on the Smithery in all its various branches (except cutlery,) and will thankfully and faithfully serve with dispatch those who will oblige him with their custom. He expects daily a complete master cutler, who will make all kinds of edge tools suitable and commonly in use in this country, and warrant them good.

Manchester, Sept. 6th, 1802.

"*A saving of time, is a saving of money: for* "*time is even more precious than money.*"

FRANKLIN.

MAYO's

TOLL BRIDGE

THE Public is respectfully informed, is now completely and permanently finished; is furnished with good, strong, and substantial Hand-Rails; and will, very shortly, be supplied with Lamps, from one end to the other, so that passengers may pass it by Day, or by Night, with the utmost safety, and most unbounded confidence.

When the vast magnitude of this undertaking by a single individual; the chimerical light in which it was originally viewed by the whole community; the immense sum which it has cost; the great length of time (a period of [illegible] years) which it has taken to bring it to its present state of perfection; but above all, the importance of it to those who travel north or south, and particularly to the whole country south of James River, in bringing their produce to market, and coming to the seat of government, are considered, a confident hope and belief is entertained that it will meet with, and always receive, universal patronage and support; exclusive of these considerations, ECONOMY itself points out this to be the CHEAPEST, (and surely it is the most AGREEABLE) mode of crossing the river; for the very small difference in the expence of going by any other conveyance, bears no proportion to the certainty, safety, and expedition, which this excellent and useful bridge affords.

SAMUEL JONES.

Richmond, Virginia, Sept. 4th. 1802.

THE Subscriber has lately removed to the Brick House, opposite to Crouch's Tavern, and near to Prosser and Moncure's Vendue Store.

He proposes to practise the Law in the High Court of Chancery, and District Courts, and in the County and City Courts, which are held in this city.

HENRY BANKS.

Richmond, August 25, 1802. tf.

THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE

Revised Code,

Now publishing by Messrs. PLEASANTS and PACE, are respectfully informed, that the printing part of the work will be finished by October.—Several professional gentlemen have already sent orders to have their copies interleaved with blank paper, for the purposes of annotation; the charge attending this addition to the book will be moderate, a trifle compared to the convenience. Should any other gentlemen wish to avail themselves of it, a line, post paid, addressed to the subscriber, who is to have the binding of the work, will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

JOHN PUMFREY.

Richmond, August [illegible] *1802.*

N. B. A general assortment of STATIONARY and BLANK BOOKS [illegible] hand [illegible]

[illegible]

INTERESTING.

To remove Predisposition, is curing the Disease.

AT [illegible] the year, when crouded cities, [illegible] and various modes of living, constitute an almost universal predisposition to bilious, inflammatory, yellow, and malignant fevers, it would greatly mitigate the prevalence of epidemical or sporadic cases of fever, if the citizens would generally attend to their healths, by the frequent use of mild bilious purgatives, and avoid all those circumstances which excite a predisposed habit into a general disease; such as intemperate debauch, excessive fatigue, exposure to alternate heats and colds, &c. Accordingly, the best medicines ever yet discovered, to answer the above indications, and to remove the first stages of fevers, as has been experienced for four years past in all the various cities and towns in the United States, where yellow and other fevers have prevailed, is found to be

DOCTOR LEE's

PATENT NEW LONDON

Bilious Pills;

Prepared only by SAMUEL H. P. LEE, NEW-LONDON,

MEMBER OF THE CONNECTICUT MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Their good effects and virtues are particularly described in the bill of directions, given with each box, and are too well known to need being inserted here; the extensive sale, and increasing demand from all parts of the United States and West Indies, is a sure proof of their superior merits above all others; no family should be a day without them; and if used once in 8 or 10 days (which will [illegible]) [illegible] and remove the causes of most complaints which occur.

The above Pills are for Sale

By WM. PRICHARD.

P. S. Purchasers must be particular to ask for "*Lee's New London Bilious Pills,*" or they will be liable to be mistaken in procuring the true Genuine Patent Pills.

Also for sale as above,

AROMATIC PASTE FOR TEETH & GUMS.

Richmond, August 30th, 1802. (6t.)

Patent Medicines.

A FRESH SUPPLY IS LATELY RECEIVED *AND FOR SALE AT* WM. PRICHARD's BOOK STORE.

DOCTOR SOLOMON's,

CORDIAL BALM OF GILEAD,

THE celebrity and great efficacy of this Medicine is generally too well known to require a lengthy description of its virtues; it stands unrivalled as a sovereign relief in all delicate, weakly and relaxed constitutions, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, horrors, tremblings, weakness of sight, loss of memory, impaired vigour, nervous consumptions, and the numberless symptoms of impaired and tottering constitutions, whether arising from a life of inactivity, intemperance, or inattention to health; it cheers, braces, and invigorates the whole nervous system, and gives new tone to all the vital functions, of which numberless instances can be vouched.

Doctor Solomon's ANTI-IMPETIGINES.

A most excellent and sure remedy for land and sea scurvy, rheumatic gout, ulcers, sore legs, and all scrophulous eruption. Great and various are the instances of the healing virtues of this specific, in all disorders originating in an impure state of the blood.

Doctor Solomon's GUIDE TO HEALTH. OR ADVICE TO BOTH SEXES.—*Price one dollar.*

This work, in a concise manner, recommends the most simple and efficacious remedies with a proper mode of treatment for the asthma, loss of appetite, [illegible] bilious complaints, consumption, female diseases, &c. &c.

Doctor Anderson's SPECIFIC LOTION FOR THE FACE.

This Medicine is a safe, certain, and speedy cure for pimples, blotches, freckles, sun-burns, shingles, ring-worms, and all eruptions and humours of the face and skin.

A general catalogue of Wm. Prichard's stock of books and stationary to be had gratis at the above store, where the literary articles, &c. therein contained, as well as those that monthly accumulate, shall be offered to his fellow citizens and others on equally moderate terms, the same as can be purchased in any of the northern cities.

Teachers at seminaries of learning, and country store-keepers who buy by wholesale shall have a liberal discount.

Richmond, August 30th. 1802. (6t.)

A FEW COPIES OF

HYMNS,

BY THE REV. E. CLAY,

TO BE SOLD

At this Office, and at J. Pumfrey's, Stationer, Richmond.

TO BE RENTED,

THE

TENEMENT

AT present occupied by MRS. HERON, near the CAPITOL. Possession may be had the 15th of next Month.

CHARLES COPLAND.

Richmond, Sept. 11th 1802. (3t.)

JOHN W. EPPES.

Mr. John W. Eppes has published a letter addressed to the people of Powhatan, Amelia, Chesterfield, and Goochland. His object is to recommend himself as a successor for congress, to Giles.

Mr. Eppes is both the nephew, and son-in-law, of Mr. Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States. His political creed is formed exactly upon that of the president and Giles. The constitution of the United States has endeavoured to keep the executive and legislative departments of government as much separated as possible. We do not deny that the people of the district may, if they please, elect Mr. Eppes. But we say expressly, that if they do, they will barely deserve to enjoy the right of suffrage again. Would it not be as well to save the six dollars per day, and give a power of attorney to Thomas Jefferson himself to represent the district? So that the assembly of Virginia might enjoy the benefits and blessings, which are likely to be derived from the legislative talents of Mr. Eppes in the assembly of this commonwealth? If the people of the district are silly enough to throw away their votes in this manner, we hope to hear not much more talking about their republicanism, their patriotism, &c. Mr. Eppes promises to adhere to the principles of Giles. This is just telling the people what was hinted in a late number of the Recorder, that Giles considered them as his subjects. It would seem that Mr. Eppes entertains the same opinion, otherwise he would not rest his merit, and hopes of success, upon such a model.

So far we see that reason opposes the success of Mr. Eppes. These are his words; we repeat them, that they may be forever remembered.

"Mr. Giles, the present representative of "the district, heretofore composed in part of "Amelia and Chesterfield, having declared "to me his determination to retire, at the "close of the next session of congress, I make "you an offer of my services as your representative. The distinguished station at present held by Mr. Giles among the republicans of his country, the confidence he has "justly acquired by exertions for years, and "particularly during the last session of congress, render his retirement a subject of regret not only to the republicans of his district, "but to the friends of that principle, throughout the United States. All I can propose "to my fellow citizens, if I have the honor "of succeeding him, is a steady adherence to "principle, and an honest exertion of the "little talent I possess, in aiding the great "work of reformation so happily recommenced under our late republican congress."

Thus it is manifest that this luminary expects to succeed, because he promises to follow the steps of Giles. In other words, he intends to mislead and deceive, to vilify and [illegible] some of the most honest men in the community, so proved, and so admitted by *Giles himself!* He intends to keep up the factions, and to promote *discord, disunion, discontent, distrust*, and to pursue a system of conduct which will inevitably lead to a dissolution of all moral and social rights and duties; and which must and will terminate in the destruction of government.

Mr. Eppes intends to circulate, or to prevail upon others to circulate FALSEHOODS, and if summoned to a court to justify, or acknowledge his words, or deeds, he will cross a river—scuttle a boat—let go his horse—take a carthatic—or adopt some other mean, petty, low, quibbling subterfuge, and then, under cover of the evasion, answer that *he cannot attend.* Such is William Branch Giles.† Such is the man who is selected by Mr. Eppes, as his political barometer and model; and such will be Mr. Eppes himself, if he complies with his promises. People of Virginia! Behold the man whom the *good republicans* have selected as your future governor! People of Amelia, Chesterfield, Powhatan and Goochland! Behold the man who most graciously promises to follow *such* an example. We ask you to pause a single moment. With such prospects, and such promises, there remains no choice but opposition.

A ready adherence to principles, we mean to Giles's principles, exhibits a *prospectus*, which seems to have frightened even Giles himself. As his co-disciple Gallatin withdrew from the storms of the Pennsylvanian insurrection, William B. Giles is about to enjoy, as he pretends, *otium cum dignitate*, until he can [illegible] the consequences of the storm, [illegible] create which he has blown the bellows.

We are in hopes that some person, who both dislikes, denies and opposes the principles to which this messiah, and his disciple, have often adhered, and promise still to adhere, some honest, well meaning man, who prefers truth to falsehood, and virtue to vice, will take the field against Mr. J. W. Eppes. We are also in hopes that he will not find it necessary to say or do more than to prove by word and deed, that the *principles* to which he will *adhere*, are exactly opposite to those of Giles. This ought to be sufficient.

We know but very little of Mr. Eppes, and of that little we should be content to know less. There can be no pleasure in extending the memory towards a man, who, in the plainest stile tells you, at the beginning, that he neither is nor intends to be any body, or to have any opinion, or give any vote, except such an opinion, or such a vote, as upon the same occasion, would be given by another. That other, is William Branch Giles, the breaker of his constitutional oaths; the man who has been invited and dared to call at this office and confront his *accuser.*

* Vid. the Recorder of July 28th.

† He did worse. He made no pretence at all for refusing to attend on C's trial.

FOR THE RECORDER.

Mr. Callender,

"THE president reads, we may be sure, "all these pieces before they go forward to "congress. HE HAS READ EIGHT HUNDRED OCTAVO PAGES OF OUR COMPOSITION BEFORE THE PUBLIC READ "THEM."

The above lines are in the last column of the Recorder of the 25th of August. It appears from this quotation, that there has been a great deal of personal intercourse between the president of the United States and yourself. Although I do not pretend to doubt your word, yet it will give me some satisfaction to know what are the several publications which make up these 800 *octavo* pages. I shall be glad to have a chance to be as wise as the president, at least in these things.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.

	Pages
Sketches of the History of America	264
Sedgwick and Co.	88
Prospect, vol. 1.	184
Vol. 2. part 1.	144
Vol. 2d. part 2d.	96
	776

All these pieces were sent, or personally given to Mr. Jefferson, in parcels of two or three sheets, as they came from the press. This was done, at Mr. Jefferson's own desire [illegible]

MR. MERIWETHER JONES.

IN the Examiner of the 7th inst. I perceived that you was not satisfied with abusing Mr. Callender, but you must also attack me. The following lines from that day's paper will shew the public how very incautiously you throw out reflections against others, without considering, at the same time, that those very reflections are infinitely strong on yourself.

"For the honor of human nature, I "will impute it, rather to the ignorance "than the wickedness of Mr. Pace, that "he has united his name and reputation "to that of the meanest and most abandoned of mankind. Gross indeed, "must be *his* folly, that confides in a "wretch, who has proved a recreant in "every honorable cause in which "he has been engaged, who bites the "hand generously extended for his relief, and, if his impotence permitted, "would drink the blood of his benefactor, to satiate the execrable appetites "of his own corrupted soul."

I cannot conceive that the dispute between you and Mr. Callender should give you the least presumption for attacking me. I never gave you any offence. You always appeared very polite to me. Your notes and letters which I have received were ever in a stile of the most cordial civility. And it was but about a fortnight past, that you sent your compliments to me, requesting a favor. But it appears that you wish to be at open war with every man who does not precisely think as you do. If this is not the reason, what is? I am always extremely sorry when I observe individuals impose their disputes on the public. Of all the trifling appearances which some men make through life, this is the most pitifully trifling. It shews a total want of delicacy, as well as of propriety. And let me ask you, how *very* little any man must appear, who is destitute of those qualities? But still I am forced to intrude upon the public attention, in self-defence.

I am well aware, Sir, that were it not for interested motives, my name would not be brought into question by you. And what has the world to do with the inveteracy of one individual against another, that I should appear in print to appease your rankling? I am also aware, that was it not from party principle, such men as you and I would never attract one moment of the public attention. But it is too much the case, that most of those who push themselves forward as political writers, take advantage of the times, with no other acquisitions than ignorance and impudence to recommend them. With such qualities, and at such times only, would you be ever noticed as a writer, which, even then is little and "poor indeed."

I ever considered, that an editor of a political newspaper should not only be a well informed man; he should not only be conversant in the real political interests of the nations of Europe, and of that in which he resides; but he should be unbiassed by every selfish and party motive. And after all, he should have sound judgment, deep penetration, and a mind formed to incessant study. Such should be the editors of papers amongst a free people. Can you, Mr. Jones, pretend to such qualifications? No. A man, like you, crawling through life, burthened with numberless vices, which sink you into the abyss of torturing difficulties! A man, whose interests and depravity rule you to commit the most obscene and scurrilous language on those who do not think as you wish them, is not the man, that a people are to learn from? Depend upon it Sir, you are laughed at for your ignorance and weakness. Such editorship as your's can never enlighten a free nation. It must and will injure it.

If we are always to have a set of writers, who shall crouch under an administration, and scurrilously abuse every man, who does not say that Mr. Jefferson, or any other president, "*can do no wrong*," what is to become of that high title, "*the supreme majesty of the people?*" You cannot presume, Sir, that because Mr. Jefferson is called a republican, he "can do no wrong?" Have you then any business to [illegible] individuals, who do not think to please you? Is this your notion of liberty? Has Jones so soon forgot the meaning of this his former high vaunting term, that he now plunges himself into the very faults that he attached to his federal opponents? But what else can be expected from a man who is too corrupt and indolent to be independent.

You say, Sir, that I must be ignorant. Be it so. But I am sure the public will declare, that if Pace had been as ignorant as Jones, he would, like him, write random and flighty essays for his paper, with framed assertions, which a schoolboy could controvert. Or, if Pace was as wicked as Jones, he would, like him, have no more respect to his conduct. Pace, though a single man, would scorn a connection with any thing so indelicate, so beastly, and so impudent, as the prostitute African. And though he had been upwards of two years in the country before he had taken two hundred dollars in his business, he did not then, nor does he now, owe any man a single cent.

If my ignorance, or wickedness (which *you* will) appears by my partnership with Mr. Callender, you must be involved in the same dilemma. Mr. C. was in part editor for your paper nearly two years. He was the man who raised it from obscurity. And you supported him to write for you, because, like me, you had not abilities to rise above mediocrity. But it was *impossible* that his writings could be a disgrace, when sanctioned by a man of such a *virtuous* character as yourself; they could only be disgraceful, when you found they would become hurtful to your pocket. The world, Sir, can see this pretty clearly. It is not republicanism, you mean to support, when you are bawling out, turn-coat, trimmer, drunkard, lyar, scoundrel, thief, &c. &c. No, it is *sinecure, violence of party, despotism.* If it is not this, tell me the reason, why assertions founded on facts are not to be brought forward. Tell me, why you ferociously fight for a set of men, and call every man villain, who does not do the same? You cannot say that Mr. Callender does this. You cannot say, that Mr. Callender is not constantly shewing the errors and deformities of both parties. Does he not in every succeeding Recorder inform mankind of their proper and substantial rights; that they are not to depend on the honesty of any set of men? Does he not expose their faults, and paint their errors? To be sure he does. If Callender told lies, you would attempt to disprove his assertions; and convince the world that he did so. But this we have not seen. We meet though with a torrent of malicious exclamations, which neither convince, nor contradict; and this is what you call argument.

It certainly is, then, disgraceful in you, a violent party man, a high-toned aristocrat, to tell Callender that *he* has deserted his colours, when, in fact, it is you that have deserted yours. Callender still stands in the front of battle, exposing the follies, the vices, and the deceptions of the times. It has been for the want of such men, that the old governments have run into error. It has been by such men as you, from party, & bigotted motives, that the inhabitants of the globe have been chained to the cell of ignorance, and misery.

I cannot help reflecting, Sir, that though your conduct is contradictory and arrogant to a degree, yet, in attacking me, who never offended you, and who am almost a stranger in the country, you have added an additional stigma to your character. In attacking me, it must appear to every honest man, to be as weak as it is ungenerous. If Mr. Jones had been a stranger where I came from (England), and lately set up in business, he would not have met with any one so mean, or so contemptible as to act towards him as he has done towards me. As a stranger, he would meet with support, in preference [illegible] as he was honest he would be [illegible]. But I well know, that Mr. Jones [illegible] sympathy for any human being [illegible] know that Mr. Jones has never [illegible] how destitute would be his [illegible] a stranger in a foreign nation [illegible] ed here, with an ignorant pride [illegible] total want of all abilities, he thinks that, as a writer in Europe, no one would give him salt to his porridge. He thinks not, that as a lawyer, as printer, or any thing which he could attempt, it would not keep him from a work-house. He thinks not, that all the property he is possessed of, above [illegible] where he is supported by party [illegible] it could not keep him from starving a single week. Such is the being, who is every day disgusting the public with nonsense and [illegible].

I now conclude, Sir, with giving you a little advice. Remember that it is not the [illegible] situation which a man may enjoy in life, that can make him respectable in the eyes of his fellow citizens, if he does not possess virtue. And remember, that, as all the sublunary affairs of life are [illegible] can-not better fortify [illegible] against the pangs of disappointments and losses through this world, than by conforming himself to that which is honest, just, and good. He can then, like Cincinnatus, be happy, peaceable, and virtuous, under every situation. He can then be the friend, not the robber of mankind.

H. PACE.

Richmond.
Sept. 15th. 1802.

CALL's REPORTS.

SECOND VOLUME.

THIS Book is now ready for delivery, at the Printing Office of THOMAS NICOLSON, in the City of Richmond.

Sept. 13th 1802.

The RECORDER.

RICHMOND.

SEPTEMBER 15th. 1802.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Mr. John Harris, letter-carrier to this city, has been on a bed of sickness upwards of three weeks: his illness was occasioned by the fatigue of office. As many people are not acquainted with that circumstance, Mr. Harris takes this opportunity of informing such persons, in order that they may send to the Post-office for any letters which they might expect.

Mr. COLEMAN is requested to observe, that on Monday, the 13th current, a letter from this office, addressed to him, was put into the Richmond post-office. It contains two sheets of pot paper, and is directed on the back in a boy's hand-writing. If stopt by government, as it very possibly will be, Mr. Coleman is advised to take the proper step for its recovery.

THE New-York Daily Advertiser, in answer to his note, is requested to observe that we hardly ever see one of his papers.

It seems that government, or its minions, have adopted the desperate expedient of stopping the Recorder at the Post office. Mr. Coleman, editor of the New-York Herald, and Mr. Poulson, printer of the American Daily Advertiser, at Philadelphia, and, as we have reason to believe, many other editors and subscribers have been served in this way. It was the publication of SALLY'S AFFAIR which drove the beings to such *Duancian* extremities.

ADVERTISEMENT
EXTRAORDINARY.

TAKEN in at this office, subscriptions, price four dollars the set, for a series of prints, to be executed from original drawings, and to be entitled,

VOYAGE TO FRANCE,
OR, THE PROGRESS OF A
REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT.

PRINT I. Will exhibit an afflicted and disconsolate widower, a [illegible] well built, healthy man, about the age of forty. He is delineated [illegible] in his parlour, and in the act of perusing some passages in the poems of Ossian. * It is supposed that his attention is particularly impressed by the lamentations of the bard of Morven for the death of his spouse, Evirallin. From his mouth issues a label, with this inscription: "Our hearts were one. Our "souls grew together; and how can I "survive when they are now divided?" In the back ground of the picture, there appears a housekeeper, or wench, with a complexion, which, in the original canvass, halts between a mahogany colour and a dingy, greasy yellow. She is holding a snuff-stick in one hand, and a pair of black silk breeches in the other. She stands in a pensive attitude towards the president, looking [illegible].

PRINT II. The widower appears sitting at a table, with "the Notes on Virginia" laying before him. The book is shut, and a part of the leaves folded inwards. The folding is conjectured to be at those passages where the writer has described the inferior and degraded state of an African intellect; and the ruinous and infamous consequences of the importation of that sort of people into Virginia. The words on the label are

"*I cannot but remember such things were,*
"*That were most dear to me.*"

Sally appears again upon the back ground, much better dressed, and in much better spirits than before.

PRINT III. Scene;—the inside of a negro cabin. Sally is seen romping with half a dozen black fellows. The upper part of the print has this inscription: *All's fish that comes in the net.*

PRINT IV. Sally at sea upon her voyage to France.—She is in dalliance with the captain of the vessel. The jolly tar is approximating to what Henry Fielding calls, *very ordinary occurrences.* †

PRINT V. The French-American ambassador returning to Monticello, sitting in a private room with his mistress. Five healthy mahogany-featured children frisking about the floor.

PRINT VI. The vice president at Philadelphia, in the summer of 1797. He is seen in a printing-office, enquiring for the history of 1796, which was then in the press at that office. He is in the act of observing to the author the great advantages that were likely to result to the United States from Callender's prosecution of his historical studies.

PRINT VII. A consultation with Levi Lincoln, concerning the remission of the 200 dollars. In the back ground appears a young gentleman with this message on his lips.—*Callender vows that he will* ADVERTISE YOU.

* Mr. Jefferson has, or has had at one time since, had by heart, a part of the poems of the Celtic bard. Elegant [illegible] are in his library. Whether Mr. Jefferson ever read them, or whether he chuses to read them, we do not pretend to say.

† Vide Tom Jones and lady Bellaston.

From the NEW YORK GAZETTE.

"A CORRESPONDENT says, that it is now easy to account for the anxiety of Mr. JEFFERSON, about bringing *Tom Paine* to this country—for his affectionate invitation and the offer of conveyance in a national ship. Mr. CALLENDER, whatever may be the cause, was no longer willing to write for him, and he might think that the pen of *Tom Paine* would be seasonable and useful. In this, as in all his schemes hitherto, he betrays a want of foresight. Let *Tom* come when he will, and let him be encouraged with FIVE instead of ONE hundred dollars, and a luncheon of the Mammoth Cheese, he is not able to stand before the *Caledonian* blade of Mr. *Callender.*"

[The above article has been re-printed, exactly as it stands in the New York Gazette; and we should be the most ungrateful people in the world, if we did not take this opportunity of declaring that the writer must be a person of *uncommon discernment!* Cervantes tells a story of a young poet, who repeated some of his verses to Don Quixote. The Don, always full of politeness, extolled them to the skies. "The poet," says Cervantes, "was highly pleased. He knew that Don Quixote was "mad. Yet, so great is human vanity, that "he was delighted with the praises of a mad-"man." We do not wish to speak so harshly of our present panegyrist; but certainly, as the clown says in Shakespeare, "*that's laid "on with a trowel.*"]

When it was first reported that Thomas Jefferson had invited Thomas Paine to return to this country, the Recorder affirmed that this was a federal fib; that the president never could have committed an action so imprudent. It has been our fate, however, to be deceived in every prediction which we had made in favor of the political sagacity of Thomas Jefferson. The reality of the invitation is established beyond the possibility of a debate. But, we take the republicans to witness, that we denied the charge, as long as we could hold up our faces to do so. It has been a common remark among some of the said republicans, that if general Washington had died just after his first election, as president, it would have been of advantage to his reputation. We are not, in this place, either affirming, or denying the justness of the remark. But we take leave to say, that, if it has a foundation, with respect to the old general, it recoils with tenfold force upon a president of eighteen months standing. Admiral Rodney used to wish, that the last ball, which was fired from the Ville de Paris, had taken off his head. His expression was correct. In his way to the grave the career of the pirate of St. Eustatia was arrested by the predators of the gamester. With as much reason Jefferson may wish that something had taken off his head, five minutes be-

fore he began his inaugural speech. With great propriety, Coleman, and the subaltern officers of his regiment, are splicing this inestimable production into the half-breadth of a column, and then running down the other half-breadth with contradictory passages from "the Prospect." They could not have performed an act of more perfect justice to the character of Jefferson. They could not have adopted a mode of criticism that was more highly to gratify the feelings of the author. The contents of the book, and the speech of its passport to congress, stand, or, rather, they play at fisticuffs, in the most mortal contradiction to each other. Callender enjoys, at least, the negative merit of having been in earnest, and of continuing to be consistent. He cannot answer every body at once; but he shall, in due time, overtake field-marshall Coleman, and his garbled quotations. But Jefferson, all cunning, and all-informed as he is, has dashed himself headlong before the common sense, the common honesty and veracity that glow in the human breast. He has recorded himself as a trimmer, a coward, and a hypocrite. In characters more indelible than brass or marble, his name will descend to posterity as that of a man without nerves, without consistency, without veracity, and without gratitude. He vainly conceived, that, by an affected moderation of conduct, that by behaving with the utmost politeness to every body, that by inviting all sorts of genteel visitors to a presidential breakfast, or dinner, he was to conciliate the attachment of all parties. He was mistaken. Did Mr. Jefferson suppose that the partizans of two contending factions, that the partizans of two factions, whose animosities are implacable, and immortal, were to be suppressed by such means? Did the conciliating president fancy that Roger Griswold, and William Giles, that Albert Gallatin, and Samuel Dexter, were to be coupled together at a dinner table, like boys and girls, tripping "the soldier's joy," or a Scots reel, at the dancing school? No! Sir. Neither a dinner, nor the honor of drinking a bottle of wine with the president, is capable of reconciling a generous, an intelligent, and a free people to the domination of a trimmer, a sycophant, and a coward. Sir, the printer of a newspaper may as well pretend to support his character, after he has been convicted of wanting veracity; a woman may as well attempt to defend her virtue after she has been convicted of infidelity; as you, sir, may pretend to support your official character, after the whole world knows that *no man can [trust] you.* Tacitus has a great number of striking thoughts. One of them clenches, with mournful propriety to the temporary husband, and the occasional deserter of MRS. SARAH JEFFERSON. Speaking of Galba, he says, "that the whole world would have thought "him fit to be an emperor, if he had not been "made one."‡ General Washington had the nerves of a man. It is our humble opinion that he, and secretary Hamilton were frequently wrong in their political measures. The whole republican party have thought, reasoned, and acted, upon this principle. Strike out their opposition to the system of Washington, and, when you have done so, it is impossible to trace any footsteps of their political existence. But, after all, Washington did not run off at the approach of a British army. Put the case, that the general, when he came in sight of British troops, had retired to a mountain; and we shall suppose that it was *Carter's mountain.* Put the case, that, from such a prudential distance he had observed by the help of a spy-glass, the operations of a British army. We should be glad to know, whether his spy-glass, and its discoveries, could have secured the confidence of a republican people? Did Buonaparte content himself with looking at Egypt through a spy-glass? By the bye, Levi Lincoln has set up a newspaper, at Worcester, in Massachusetts, and this fine newspaper is violent in recommending the assassination of Buonaparte. This is a pretty sort of way for obtaining the confidence of the French government. All the world knows, that Lincoln set up this newspaper; and that this Yankey is the mere *detersorium* of the president. Buonaparte must give the United States his complete attachment, because Mr. Jefferson has paid thirty-two thousand dollars for repairing of the frigate Berceau. At the same instant, Sally's husband, (the black girl at Monticello, you know,) permits his footstool, Mr. Lincoln, to recommend the murder of the supreme magistrate of France. Let us suppose, and we hope to be forgiven for the absurdity of the supposition, that the first consul of France; that a man, who never had correspondence with black girls; that a man, who never ran away to the top of a mountain; that he had recommended the assassination of a federal president. It is very true, that Thomas Jefferson has never wrote a letter, or at least, one that has been published, either to Duane, or Cheetham, or Blake, recommending that they should write such and such [illegible]. But we all know the old wenching maxim [illegible] Thomas Jefferson to be as [illegible] and substantially the [illegible]

[illegible]

had framed the lie from his own capacious intellect. The president of the United States could not, upon any physical principle, look straight in the face of J. T. Callender, without this internal acknowledgement,—"My "inaugural speech was a procession of imposture."

From this tour we return to Mr. Paine and the president. The letter from Jefferson has been printed, and its authenticity is not denied. The sole theme is that a point is to be gained. Without some private purpose to serve, Mr. Jefferson would have suffered Mr. Paine to rot through centuries in the dungeons of the Luxembourg. Mr. Paine will quickly discover that self interest predominates in every motion of his soul; that he bestows favours "without being generous, and receives them "without being grateful."* Mr. Paine well knows that each party has committed a thousand faults; that both have been unanimous in the commission of many. He will perceive that, upon both sides of the ditch of faction, the field of censure is boundless and inexhaustible. He will find that a multitude of Americans have long [illegible] to distrust and despise the leaders of both parties; that, as the gradual but assured forerunner of their mutual destruction, the leaders of each party have split among themselves; that Adams hated Hamilton, and that Hamilton reviled Adams; that Burr condemns a part of the measures of Jefferson; and that Burr is calumniated by the hirelings of the president. Upon every hand, Mr. Paine will meet with room for reprobation. A veteran complete in this kind of warfare, a combatant, that has long walked to battle by the side of victory,† it is possible that, like the Grecian wrestler attempting to rend an oak, Mr. Paine may overrate the impression of his name, the ascendancy of his talents; and the extent of his resources. If he shall sink himself into the headlong defender of the Jefferson party; if he shall vindicate, for example, their desertion of the sufferers under the sedition act, or their impatience for the murder of the first consul; if he shall defend the non-impeachment of Chase, the impunity, the promotion, the official praise of Stetret, or the unblushing profligacies of the frontier system;‡ if he shall applaud [illegible] his patronage of a letter steal[er] [illegible] house breaker, upon a ground like [illegible] Mr. Paine will find that even abilities like his are feeble when they must contend with decency, with reason, and with truth.

The following is an extract of the letter from Mr. JEFFERSON, to Mr. PAINE, about which so much has been said:

"You express a wish in your letter to return to America by a national ship. Mr. DAWSON, who brings over the treaty, and who will present you this letter, is charged with orders to the captain of the Maryland, to receive and accommodate you back, if you can be ready to depart at such a short warning. You will, in general, find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times; in these it will be your glory to have steadily laboured, and with as much effect as any man living. That you may live long to continue your useful labours, and reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept the assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment.

THOMAS JEFFERSON."

* A line from Dr. Stuart's History of Scotland.

† These remarks refer exclusively to Mr. Paine's political writings. We do not wish to think of his *Age of Reason.*

‡ Vid. Recorder of *August* 13th.

THE

ARMORY.

SOME weeks ago, we took an opportunity of paying our respects to this ninth wonder of the world. Antiquity boasted of seven architectural prodigies. The Penitentiary made eight. The armory, that inexhaustible topic of encomium and admiration, that stupendous model of republican œconomy, promises to make *nine!* But the tenth and greatest wonder of the whole is JOHN CLARK HIMSELF, who, for six months past, has been advertising for fifty apprentices to the manufactory of arms. Of teaching such apprentices, he is just about as capable, as he is of building an armory. Why, Sir! the wall facing up James River could not stand upon its own basis, without four buttresses to support it. The armory, and every thing about it, differs from every thing else that ever adorned the surface of this happy planet; and if old madam earth were to revolve round the sun, till she gets exactly upon her beam ends, till the two poles shall stand exactly at the same distance from the sun, and this consummation requires only twenty hundred thousand years, during that time, we cannot with reason expect to see such another builder as John Clark, or such another phenomenon as his armory.

We have been obliged, for some weeks, to suspend our operations upon this marvelous production. We had received so many menaces and messages from the democrats, concerning cropping of ears, and tar and feathers, and horse-whipping, and murder, [illegible]

it became necessary to attend, in the first instance, to personal safety. Mr. Pope says that *he waged no war with bedlam.* It was well for him; but, upon my conscience, I could not help it. As a decisive *corps de reserve,* I had kept madam Sally snug in a corner. But now I was compelled to pull her out, and to pitch her ladyship right in their faces.

One thing at once was the maxim of John De Wit, who was roasted and eaten by a Dutch mob, and of whom the learned Duane says that he *died on a scaffold.* Agreeable to this maxim, we found it adviseable to extinguish, at one dash, the insolent blackguardism of some democrats, and the political significance of their favourite hero. We are in expectation, that the next federal president, who ever he may be, will not feel any particular impatience for quarrelling with a Scotsman.

Having dispatched the celebrated philosopher of Monticello, we have only just time and room in this number to take a small peep at the aforesaid ninth wonder of the world; for to be sure it is a wonder, that a nation, enjoying the exercising of its senses, can have consented to sink *two hundred thousand dollars* upon this armory. In proper time, we shall prove, that it would be of advantage to this commonwealth, if the whole fabrick were at once to be swept into James *river.* We had formerly foretold that the suction of water from the canal to the armory must of course *destroy the canal navigation.* Our prediction has been woefully hasting to completion. A boat which was formerly able to bring an hundred and forty barrels of flour down the stream of [the c]anal cannot, at this time, bring more than [fi]fty. The channel is almost dry.

Jones will possibly have a very fine bill against the commonwealth for advertising Clark's *fifty apprentices.* We expect to spend a part of next winter upon the public accompts, and if Jones makes a charge upon this head, it shall not be forgot. Many of the journeymen, at the armory, have been sick this summer. Several have refused to work; and to crown the whole, the man at the *tilt-hammer* has begged, or taken leave to *run away!* That's the way that your two hundred thousand dollars have gone, and are going! Eh! No wonder that you must have a *Merchant Tax* &c. &c. when your worthy public printer is paid for his work at the rate of four hundred per cent. Besides Clark's two thousand dollars per annum, John has the keeping and handling of a very considerable sum. This alone is often worth a good salary.

If any body doubts whether the canal is almost dry, and whether this want of water arises from the armory suction, we beg him to take a walk of ten minutes up the canal; and trust his own eyes. And when you are there, pray do look at the four buttresses!

The sum of the armory business is shortly this. Above one hundred thousand dollars have been expended on the building. One hundred thousand dollars additional are necessary to complete it. When that is done, the annual expence of the establishment, including John Clark's two thousand dollars, will be so enormous, that you may buy a musket, either in old or New England, for twenty or thirty per cent. cheaper than you can make it upon James river. Thus, over and above the utter extinction of the two hundred thousand dollars, you are to pay twenty or thirty per cent more for a musket, than otherwise you would have done. You suffer all this in order to sanction the wisdom of the executive council, and to support the dignity of this commonwealth; and for the promulgation of truths, like these, Callender is announced, by Jones, and Samuel Coleman, as a traitor, forsooth?

The destruction of the canal is fast approaching. You will observe, that, as yet, only one wing of the armory can be supplied from this source. When the other wing shall be ready for receiving a stream, the canal will not be able to supply it. And so far from being able to send down a boat, with an hundred barrels of flour, it will be physically impossible to float an egg-shell upon the stream. We told you a great deal about this two months ago. But, it seems to be the singular fate of "The "Recorder," that every accomplishment turns out an hundred times worse than the worst of its predictions. For example, about four months ago, we ventured to hint, that it might be possible, that, Mr. Thomas Jefferson was not absolutely *infallible.* In Richmond, or at least among some people, the idea was held as impious. But *where is Jefferson now?* The impertinent attacks of his editors compelled us to return the blow, and long before we pulled Sally from *the bottom of the chest,* the character of the president was lying in ruins at our feet. To borrow a former expression of our own, "the balloon of popular credulity has burst, and the fragments of his reputation are descending in a shower." [illegible] admitting that Sally and her five mulatto children, and her

fifteen or thirty gallants *of all colours* could at once be expunged from existence, that all memory of them, and of [illegible], and of Carter's mountain, and of the inaugural speech, could be obliterated from recollection; still we have, among others, one single fact at the bottom of the chest, of a nature totally different from any thing which has been said, and which will be sufficient for finishing the character of any man. It shall be told with day and date; and it shall be connected with one of the most independent and respectable names, in the circle of domestic life, that Virginia has to boast of. When we thought that enough had been said in sixty newspapers, concerning the absurd report of the committee of investigation, we gave a small splice upon the fifty dollars, which were paid for the first volume of "The Prospect;" and upon the second fifty dollars, which Mr. George Jefferson paid the author four months after he was in jail, to assist in the publication of the second. After the federal editors had sent that story through six hundred editions, we chanced, by the merest accident imaginable, to take notice of the very generous and patriotic manner in which the two hundred dollars were returned to Callender. Within a week after the publication of this long article, it came back upon us in three complete editions from George Town, Alexandria and Baltimore. We have not kept a journal of how many dozens of times it has been reprinted since; but this we know, that it has rained down upon us from all points of the compass; and if the inimitable moderation of our temper did not pre-dispose us to hate every thing that looks like revenge, we might say, that, since the existence of human nature, an honest man never obtained a more complete triumph over a despicable hypocrite, than what, in this instance has been obtained.

MR. Coleman, editor of the New-York Herald, and of the New-York Evening Post, is requested to observe, that all his letters to Richmond have been duly received, and that those subscribers to "The Recorder," whose names he transmitted, have been regularly supplied with their papers, without the omission of a single instance. A duplicate of this paper has also, agreeable to Mr. Coleman's desire, been forwarded to himself. Of all this he may rest perfectly assured, as also that we shall with pleasure attend to all his future orders of that kind. It follows of course that this interruption of "The Recorder," has happened at the post-office. For this we cannot be held responsible. It is well known, that, under the late administration, the abuses in the post-office department were numerous and enormous, and we have no reason for thinking that the federal cabinet has been succeeded by men more honest, or virtuous than themselves.

IN last week's paper, a writer in the Recorder adverted to a small piece of editorial adroitness in the Examiner. We had published an account of the expences of the armory. This Jones pilfered into his paper without the usual acknowledgement, and, upon our taking notice of this, he has, in last Saturday's publication, come out with a calumnious rejoinder. He therein refers to Mr. Charles Spencer, as author of a short card in our last. Our answer is that Mr. Spencer did not write it; that it was wrote in this office; and that Mr. Spencer could not know of the existence of such a card, until he, like the rest of our readers, saw it, in the Recorder.

But if Mr. Spencer, or Mr. any body else, had been the author of either of these two communications, where was the harm of it? Are not the people entitled to know the way in which public money goes? If the auditor declined to give Jones a copy of the accompt, was that any reason why it should be suppressed? Who is this auditor? Is he not *one of our servants?* Does not his importance in society depend upon the office which he holds? And who cares whether, upon this occasion, he is pleased or otherwise? But, after all

which Jones has said, the notorious fact is, that he did copy this accompt from the Recorder, with the omission of *a concluding remark*; so that, let the piece be ever so authentic, we had in publication the start of him, both in point of time, and of completeness. The remark was, that about *ten thousand dollars* had been expended, of which accompts had not been received. This fact *Jones suppressed*.

Jones speaks of Mr. Spencer, as *one of the political reptiles, who crawl about the pavement of the* BRICKROW. This is mighty decent language to be employed in regard to a part of the city, and a part of it containing so many substantial citizens? Does it become the despised, the cuckolded rival of Mr. Wickham's mulatto valet, Bob, to speak of *reptiles*, a fellow who converted his own house, and the bed of Mrs. Jones, into the receptacle of African prostitution? We have not been able to get one word out of Jones upon these matters. Is colonel Gamble, the father in law of Mr. Wirt, one of these reptiles? We beg Jones to answer a question or two. 1. Whether does, or does not Mrs Examiner wear his picture about her neck, when she attends a barbacue, or the methodist meeting house? Whether Jones did not get into the executive council, by an interest, which understood that he was to be *federal*? This is a black, a very black part of his history? 3. Whether he did not, in presence of Callender, and of six or eight people of all ages, harangue his own mulatto slave, Lewis, who was not long since arrested for one of his master's debts, upon *the horrid wickedness of holding black people in slavery*? And whether he did not, once and again, in presence of his family, enforce all this stuff to Lewis, with oaths and execrations? We could, in a court of justice, produce witnesses of this fact. Any body, that chuses to enquire of Callender, shall have some of their names; for, in matters of this all-blasting description, we do not chuse to *go round about the bush*, as Jones has done about the *mahogany*.

To conclude we shall be glad to hear what Jones can say concerning the mahogany stealer of Philadelphia, and how many weeks, or minutes, he thinks that he shall be able to keep out of jail, after he loses the sinecure of three thousand dollars?

Again, in the face of all Richmond, we dare Jones to deny his truly diabolical addresses to Lewis. Upon one of these occasions, a person in company took the writer of this article aside, and asked him *what he thought of Jones for talking so before Lewis*? This person resides at a distance of about twenty miles from Richmond. Lewis himself has asked us, once and again, *whether his master was not in the right*? This is the villain who cants about *tories*, and about *breaking up the peace of families*!

From the Gazette of the United States.

THE democrats have at length taken their choice with respect to Callender, and are ready to consider him as unprincipled and infamous. We are accordingly told, "That Callender never was respected by, nor obtained the confidence of the republican party; that a few individuals, from various causes noticed him; some out of charity, others, because though they disliked his habits, they respected the talents which produced one of the best political tracts which was ever published; that Political Progress of Britain, the whole merit of which was exclusively attributed to him; others upon and after knowledge of his laxity of principle and hatred of his species, pitied him, and hoped that a change in his habits of intemperance might be made by acts of generosity, and some who despaired of his reforming his morals, sought to preserve his talents from being purchased and employed along with Porcupine."

"We care not what were the reasons that induced the democrats to encourage and support Callender, nor upon what ground, they have chosen to swear to his moral character, to associate with him in private, and in public to puff his productions, to receive him into their houses, and foster him under the same roofs with their wives and children. They now acknowledge him to be a scoundrel, that they knew him to be such, and that he had neither the respect nor confidence of the party. What must be their cause when they daringly acknowledge it to have been promoted and upheld by such instruments; what must be the principles of men who can make the most of a known villain's services, and then proudly vaunt of the triumph they have effected!

But how stands the President? It is confessed, that this man has been known by the party to be a scoundrel; it was known particularly by *Duane*, who boasts of the *esteem* and *friendship* of Mr. Jefferson; the "Sketches," and the "Prospect" were known by the President to be full of falsehood and malignity; and yet with a complete knowledge of the man and of his works; that this man was a villain, and that his works were works of the deepest villainy, he reads the production before publication, he sanctions the lie and the calumny; and he meanly pays the prostituted hireling for his hellish labors. Callender dips the point of the weapon in poison; But Jefferson draws the arrow to the head. Let Callender stand as a recorded villain, yet these things must be believed. Mr. George Jefferson, Mr. Leiper, and a Scotchman of Richmond, are all appealed to, in support of the representation of Callender; and not one word in refutation or in contradiction, has been extorted from them by the pressing exigency of the interests of democracy, and the reputation of Jefferson.

The jacobins might have pursued a more cunning policy, by declaring, that they had believed in the integrity of Callender, but that they had found him false. They have told, however, the truth, that they knew the venom of the serpent they cherished. They kept him to annoy and to wound honest men and a virtuous cause; but he has turned upon them at last; and has stung their chieftain to his vitals."

From the New-York Evening Post.

FRIENDSHIP.

"THE Citizen bestows much abuse daily on Judge Chase, who presided at Callender's trial, for not putting off the cause till he could produce one or two distant witnesses: but the good Citizen forgets that the two witnesses on whom Callender principally relied, namely, gen. Mason and Farmer Giles were not distant, but in the very neighbourhood, and that notwithstanding, they would neither of them attend at the trial. When we recollect that it was Mason and Giles who actually furnished Callender with the facts which constituted the libels, it will perhaps lessen our surprize. Yes! as soon as they got him into the scrape, they gave him the slip, and in close imitation of old Clovenfoot, they drew the stool from under him, and left him to hang like a dog. A good specimen of democratic friendship! Callender, however, is not without companions in adversity. How many are there in our own city, who have scampered through every street, lane, alley, and bye path to serve certain great men, who, the moment election was over, don't know them otherwise than as humble tenants who must pay their rent by 12 on quarter day, or have a constable after them before night."

MR. Coleman betrayed a want of judgement in bringing forward, at this time of day, a defence of Chase and the sedition act. Cheetham found himself hard pressed upon the sedition business. He, therefore, gladly took hold of the weak side of Coleman's argument; and while he is obliged to reprobate Callender as an apostate in one end of the story, he expatiates upon the absurdity and injustice of the Richmond trial upon the other. Thus he shelters himself under his victory upon the sedition business from the appearance of a defeat upon the point of remission. Coleman should have remembered, that it is one of the first duties of a field officer to distinguish what ground is proper to be taken, or to be defended. For instance, at the battle of Edge-Hill, prince Rupert beat one of Cromwell's wings, chased them off the ground, and pursued them to a great distance. In another part of the field Cromwell had, at the same instant, routed a wing of the royal forces; but he did not, like Rupert, lose time in pursuit of the fugitives. He instantly wheeled round, and attacked the remainder of the king's forces. Thus, not by superior bravery, but by knowing how to *choose* and to *keep* his ground, Oliver won a battle, which his party had considered as lost.

Now, when Mr. Coleman found himself irresistably victorious, with regard to the canting, hypocritical conduct of Thomas Jefferson; with regard to the gross falsehood of his professions of esteem for John Adams; with regard to the payment of the one hundred dollars, and the repayment of the two hundred more, he should have contented himself, like Oliver, with halting on the field of victory, and completing and insuring the advantages he had gained. Instead of this he scampered away, like prince Rupert, in quest of an enemy, by whom nothing could be gained. All the logic of Locke, and elocution of Patrick Henry, could not reconcile this country to such a thing as the sedition act. A writer in the New-York Gazette* has observed with great emphasis, that *to vindicate crimes is to repeat them*; To vindicate the sedition act, is to share in the guilt of its principles, and the infamy of its authors. For this reason, we advise, we conjure Mr. Coleman, to be silent about it. His defences will be just like those [illegible] for the stealing and publishing [illegible] Bronson's letters. *Every new lye serves only to make the story blacker and blacker.* Put the case, that the law had in itself, been a good one. The conduct of the judges, and attorney generals, was so intrinsically scandalous, that nothing could have saved both them and the law, from popular disgrace. The federal party have sufficiently felt the consequences of this [illegible], without [illegible] time, pulling an old house about their ears. Why, Mr. Coleman, you might as well attempt to defend Hamilton's amour with madam Reynolds, or Jones; putting a yellow strumpet into the identical bed of his own wife; or the black seraglio at Monticello, where Jefferson cuckolds Sally, and Sally cuckolds Jefferson.

Like Rupert, at Edge-hill, Mr. Coleman has become sensible of his error. In the passage above quoted, he flies off at a tangent from the subject before him. He jostles in general Mason, and Giles, for the sake of exposing democratical friendship. The names of those two persons ought never to be joined in the same sentence. The one, from constitutional timidity, committed a fault. The memory of that fault must, for life, be a thorn festering in the bosom of his peace. The other is a liar, a gambler, a hypocrite, and, to sum up the whole, we have invited him to call at this office, where he shall be told to his face, that he has *committed perjury*. To be sure, it cannot be denied, that, in the citation of those witnesses, the republican cause did make a most miserable figure. Three witnesses were summoned to appear. These were lawyers. They were able speakers. They were all men of decent fortunes. They were all firm republicans. And yet, wonderful to tell! JOHN TAYLOR, of Caroline, was the only man of those three, that thought proper to appear. Why, sir, for such behaviour, an Edinburgh cadie, or a London porter, or a Dublin coal heaver would have been turned out of the society or corporation of which he was a member. The name of JOHN TAYLOR will be mentioned with honor in history, but some people never think of such trifles.

* See last week's Recorder.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

CALLENDAR AND SECRETARY MADISON.

"MORE SECRETS."

More deeds of darkness bursting into day.

MR. MADISON also, it seems, by a recent publication of Callender's, comes in for his share of [illegible]. He too is said to have been a warm admirer of Callender's inimitable philippics against the late federal administration. He too purchased "fifteen copies of the Prospect Before Us," for the salutary purpose of opening the eyes of his "deluded fellow citizens." Better a thousand times had it been for Mr. Jefferson, to have paid the 200 dollars promised to Callender, as a reimbursement of his fine, out of the same *private* fund from which he had before paid the 150, than to have had these rare disclosures blazoned to the world. No—the president *then* had a "prospect before *him*," but when the reimbursement of the fine was promised, that prospect was *realized*—*his* object was attained—he had been declared president. Yet when he was attempting, in defiance of his oath and the constitution, to refund this fine from the *public purse*, he ought to have remembered, "that a day of reckoning would "sooner or later arrive."

From the Commercial Advertiser.

"Since Callender's apostacy from the party of Messrs. Jefferson, Madison, Giles and Co. since he commenced his developement of the base and low intrigues of these *patriots*, to displace the federal interest and elevate themselves to office; the democratic papers are assiduously endeavoring to impress on the public a belief that Callender has *now* become a *federalist*. Nothing is more false. When he first quarrelled with the president, he made overtures to the federal gentlemen of Virginia, and wished their aid. [*This is A LIE.*] His advances were rejected with a dignity and contempt worthy of their cause. Since that time, he has been almost as liberal of abuse towards the federal as the democratic interest—His *abuse*, however, passes for nothing; but the *facts* he relates are uncontroverted; and are truly important. The president and his chief secretary feel the lash, but sit mum. In such a case, silence is their best policy. To controvert what is capable of demonstration, or to defend what is indefensible, would only add one more proof of political turpitude to the many they have already exhibited."

Extract from SEDGWICK AND CO.

On Saturday, March 31, 1798, a statement of the affairs of James Greenleaf, the celebrated land-jobber, was exhibited in the supreme court of Pennsylvania. Under the head of benefactions, there appears an article to this effect:—

"April 9th, 1794: To Mr. John "Fenno, to assist him to continue his business, which he is to return, if ever able, and not otherwise, *five hundred dollars*." There is another item to Noah Webster, amounting to between two and three thousand dollars. The precise sum cannot be here stated, but it considerably exceeds two thousand dollars. Since the discovery of these donations, both Mr. Fenno and the doctor have been repeatedly called upon in the Aurora, to acknowledge or disown them. They observe strict silence. Mr. Greenleaf did not intermeddle with politics. Hence, he had no conceivable motives for lavishing, from his own pocket, such large sums of money. A present of three thousand dollars is a novelty in the affairs of human life. The natural solution of this gift must be traced to the court of London, through the agency of her minister in Philadelphia. The conclusion amounts to the strongest probability, that the two editors are the immediate pensioners of England. This mortifying disclosure was first announced through the Aurora, in an article written by me, and the brutal, yet amusing virulence, with which Mr. Fenno has ever since assailed my name, illustrates the depth of his confusion, and the pungency of his feelings. On retailers of political intelligence, who, like Webster and Fenno, are subsidized by a foreign power, and an ancient enemy, every friend of American liberty must look with scrupulous jealousy and lively detestation.