[Vol. II.] [No. 70]

THE RECORDER;

Printed by HENRY PACE, and JAMES T. CALLENDER, Richmond, Virginia, and published every Wednesday Morning. Subscription Two Dollars per annum.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1802.

TO THE PUBLIC.

MANY gentlemen residing in states north of this have addressed letters to us, to send them the Recorder, and requested we would name any person in Philadelphia or New York where they could send their subscription money. We take this opportunity of informing the public, that Mr. Levis, paper-maker, at Philadelphia, will receive any subscriptions sent for the Recorder, and Mr. Coleman, printer of the New York Herald, at New York.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE subscribers to "The Recorder," are desired to recollect, that the payments for this paper should be regular and prompt. We shall not, at any future period of our editorial progress, be telling the public, in terms of deploration, that our subscribers are indebted to us in four, six, or ten thousand dollars. We pay a strict attention to our subscription list; and as soon as we can convince ourselves that a subscriber is disposed to fall behind in his payments,* *off he goes*, without delay. Do you think that the editors of this paper are going to be such simpletons as to have a parcel of twelve, or fifteen hundred ragged, beggarly subscription accounts, dispersed all over the state, of two, four, eight, or twelve dollars a head? Do you think that we know so little of common business, and of common sense, as to be giving credit for two or three years at a stretch, or even two months, to republican citizens, that remember to forget to pay the postage of their letters, wherein they solicit us to put down their names? Indeed, gentlemen, as the mayor of Coventry said to queen Elizabeth! *They have got the wrong pig by the ear.* You may depend upon it that no person exists upon the surface of this commonwealth, who shall ever be five dollars in debt to the Recorder, unless by the most peculiar and fatal combination of incidents. Does any man of business fancy that we are going to send money before hand to Philadelphia to pay for paper, to wait three months for its arrival; to pay every body in the house in advance, for working it off, and then, to be giving three years credit, with a law-suit at the end of it, to some worthy republican who resides five hundred miles to the westward of the Blue-Ridge? That is not the way in which we design to do business. We shall have no advertisements ascertaining the simplicity of our having accounts dispersed all over the state, to the amount of six, or eight, or twelve thousand dollars. Whenever a subscriber to The Recorder, knows himself to be behind hand, he must not differ with the post-master of the county; he must not think that he feels an apoplexy of surprise, if the paper *does not come next week*; for, he may rest assured, that we shall pay the strictest attention to the state of payments and defalcation; and, as we are obliged to pay every thing in advance, our subscribers may rest assured, that *nobody shall be in our debt, if we can help it.*

NOTE.

* We are satisfied that this will very seldom be the case. We have not more than one subscriber in forty, but what pays in advance, and assures us that he will *continue to do so.*

FALL GOODS.

SAMUEL P. BRADDICK.

HAS just received by the Octavia, from London, a very handsome assortment, which he will sell low, for Cash or Produce.

Richmond, Oct. 12th 1802. (2m.)

50 DOLLARS REWARD.

RUN away from the Subscriber in this city, in May last, a Negro man, named

SAILOR,

A black complexion, about Twenty-Six or Seven Years of age, about Five feet, Seven or Eight. [illegible] Was purchased at Public Sale last Spring.

Whoever secures the said Negro, and lodges him in Jail in this City shall have the above reward by applying to [illegible]

THOMAS MOORE.

October 15th, 1802. tf

BY THE LATE ARRIVALS,

WM. MACKENZIE, & Co.

HAVE RECEIVED THEIR

FALL GOODS.

[illegible]

100 DOLLARS REWARD.

SCHOONER, [illegible] of Norfolk, [illegible] from Richmond for Baltimore [illegible] of July last, John Dudley master, [illegible] a Red Trunk [illegible]. There is a suspicion that the master of the vessel has run away with her, [illegible]. Probably Dudley may have taken her to Charleston, &c. I will give [illegible] dollars [illegible] said Vessel, providing that Dudley [illegible] with her, [illegible] who will put it in my power to get her again. [illegible]

JOHN TAYLOR, Norfolk.

P.S. *The Printers of the Times, at Charleston, are requested to republish this three times*

JOHN TAYLOR.

October 20th 1802. [6t.]

NOTICE.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder, at Dunkirk in King and Queen County, on Monday the 31st of January, 1803,

A TRACT OF LAND

On the main road to King and Queen Court House adjoining Col. Larkin Smith's Mill Pond, containing Ninety-Three Acres and a quarter. Also, thirty nine Acres of Marsh Land, running out from Mr. Carter Braxton's high land to Mattapony river. The above land will be sold on a credit of six months, the purchaser giving bond with approved security, to carry interest from the date if not punctually discharged. Also at the same time and place, will be sold for cash, to the highest bidder, fourteen or fifteen likely Negroes, consisting of Men, Women and Children.

King and Queen, Oct 23d 1802. (4t)

R. B. CARTER.

VIRGINIA;

In the High Court of Chancery for the Richmond District.

Between

Henry Banks, Plaintiff.

And

Nathaniel Anderson, Robert Pollard, George Winston and Thomas Stewardson, Defts.

ON the motion of the plaintiff, the court, the second day of October in the year of our lord one thousand eight hundred and two, with the consent of the defendant Nathaniel Anderson, [illegible] doth refer the accounts between the plaintiff and that defendant, [illegible] to be by him examined, stated, settled, and to the court reported with any matters specially stated thought pertinent by himself, or required by the parties to be so stated, and ordereth, with the consent of the parties, the cause to be finally heard at the next term, if that officer, in the mean time, shall state and examine them, or, upon examination of the papers, a final decree can be made without the report.

A copy, teste,

Peter Tinsley, c. c.

Commissioner's Office,

Richmond, October 20, 1802.

The parties concerned, are desired to take notice, that I have appointed Monday the twentieth day of December next, for carrying into effect the within decretal order, upon which day, their attendance is required at my office, with copies of the court papers and their accounts ready for examination.

William Hay, M. C.

WANTED,

A SITUATION, by a person who professes to understand the business of a

MILLER.

The advertiser is a native of the Old Country. He has been bred to this business, and any application on his account, which may be made at this office will receive a suitable answer.

Richmond, Oct. 27th, 1802.

TO BE SOLD,

FOR READY MONEY,

PURSUANT to a decree of the Federal Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Virginia, in a suit between the executors of Hanbury's plaintiffs, and the trustees of gen. Nelson, and others, defendants, a tract of land in the county of Prince William, on the waters of Bull Run, containing 220 acres, now in the occupation of Mrs. Gwynn; or so much thereof as will be sufficient to raise the sum of £.259 with interest thereon from October 1797, and the costs & expences of this sale, which will take place at Gadsby's tavern, in the town of Alexandria, on Saturday, the sixth of November next.

The above tract of land was purchased by Peyton Gwynn, deceased under the said decree, and the purchase money not being wholly paid, is again to be sold for the satisfaction thereof, in conformity to said decree, and terms of original sale.

D. M. RANDOLPH

Late Marshal, V. D.

[illegible] 1802. (td.)

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

THURSDAY Se'nnight strayed from a Smith's shop near the Court House of Richmond, a small Roan Horse, with a short bob Tail, a J. and an H upon his left shoulder. He is about twelve hands and a half high, about six years old. I will give the above reward to any person who will bring him to [illegible], near the Court House Richmond.

JAMES LYNCH.

October 19th. 1802.

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

FRANKLIN.

MAYO's

TOLL BRIDGE

THE Public is respectfully informed, it 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 no less than 17 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

JUST PUBLISHED

AND FOR SALE

AT THIS OFFICE

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND THREE-PENCE

THE

CONDUCT

OF

MERIWETHER JONES,

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS,

ADDRESSED

TO THE PUBLIC,

By JAMES T. CALLENDER.

MANY gentlemen, when subscribing to this paper, have enquired for complete sets of the Recorder. These are not to be had. But this little publication will, in some measure, supply the want of them. Besides the seven letters to Jones, the last of which has rung through every state, and every second newspaper in the union, the collection contains many other articles. Among these are, *Defence of Aaron Burr—Mr. Samuel Coleman, No. I.—Defence of Timothy Pickering—A little more about republican economy*—with a variety of small pieces.

THE Subscriber, leaving his present employ [illegible], will engage himself with any Gentleman, who would require his services.

J. GREEN.

N. B. To prevent trouble, [illegible]

[illegible]

DEFENCE OF THE RECORDER.

WHEN Meriwether Jones first commenced an unprovoked, a literary, a political and personal attack upon the editors of this paper, it was expected that we should be able to walk along side of him, and to knock down every falsehood, as fast as it appeared.

Experience has proved the fallacy of this expectation. Besides Jones, we had many other topicks to handle, and many other offenders to chastise. It was known that people would not give themselves the trouble of subscribing for the Recorder, merely to see the exposition of *his* follies, or the reprobation of his crimes. It was often found necessary to neglect his yelping, and proceed straight forward to the detection of more important culprits. Besides this, Jones prints twice a week; and we but once. He is surrounded by a tribe of assistant authors; while the original matter of this paper, and especially for the last four months, has come, almost exclusively, from a single pen. Hence, between the superior extent of his room, and the superior number of his assistants, he has run on so fast, that we have not been able to overtake even one half of his fictions.

One of these, and which has been repeated by Jones in a thousand shapes, is, that the Recorder has been bought by the federal party. Of this not an atom of evidence has been produced. In every number of the Recorder, such freedoms are taken with the federal party, as Jones durst not, for his life, take with the republicans. This fact is clear to every body. Our constant theme is that both parties require a great deal of watching; that there is not a prodigious difference between the moral characters of the one and the other; that this principle ought to be deeply impressed upon the peoples minds that implicit confidence, and a defect of proper information dispersed among the citizens at large, have been the cause of very numerous misfortunes. In a word, this paper affirms, and what man of sense will attempt to contradict us? that the country can never expect to have a proper government, unless all its measures are watched by the vigilance of suspicion, and corrected by cool and intelligent investigation. When you wish to get on horseback, you do not shut your eyes, and set off without whip or bridle. But when a body of men *above suspicion* take hold of the public purse, it is an hundred times more likely that they will pilfer your money than that the horse will break your neck. We never hear of the overseer of a farm, whom his employer considers as *above examination.* When you want to make your son a scholar, or a man of business, you do not tell him to act just as he pleases. But what better is it? indeed it is a great deal worse, to tell a body of statesmen, that you have implicit confidence in the purity of their virtues, or the splendor of their talents. If you addressed such nonsense to your son at school, or the clerk at your desk, he certainly would not be much the better for it. Neither your attorney, nor even your wife, can always be trusted with such a secret. The appetite of vanity is insatiable. To cram a person's ears with its commodity, the most certain way to make him neglect his business, to think himself above it, and to treat his admirer with contempt. To overdose him with flattery is just like throwing out the ballast of a ship under full sail. You give the person whom you praise, and the vessel that [illegible]

[*For remainder see last page.*]

PORT WINE.

A FEW pipes and quarter casks of excellent old port wine, expecting very hardly, and will be sold on moderate terms by ROBERT GAMBLE.

Richmond, Nov. 24, 1802.

The RECORDER.

RICHMOND.

NOVEMBER 24, 1802.

ERRATUM.

IN *this day's* paper, on p. 3 Column 4, line 9, from the bottom, read "as from a person's "ears with *flattery*, &c.

WE give the following passage from Smith's *National Intelligencer*, as a specimen of the style in which the president thinks it advisable to speak of the new French government. If Mr. Jefferson wants *a war with France*, this is the very shortest method of getting into it. The advantages that may be gained by such a contest are perceptible to no eye but his own. One of the strongest objections urged against Mr. Adams was his scolding at France. Mr. Jefferson hardly falls anything behind him.

"We this day offer to our readers the most interesting details, in the foreign prints, respecting the *new measures adopted by Bonaparte*. From the day this man substituted force in the room of the national will, by deposing the directory and dispersing the councils, we have had but one opinion. We distinctly perceived that nothing could justify the outrage but the principles of military usurpation."

MERRY! why did not your worthy brother deny that he took that wench along with him, in a gig to the race ground? And so it is positively true that the creature for whom he murdered Mr. Selden is to be his HOUSE KEEPER! Eh!—And a pretty house it will be, if we are to judge of it by the nose that sprouts from the face of the infant!

THE Lynchburg Gazette has a long article about SALLY. This piece contains a great deal of censure upon the writer of the present article. It is a long time since we took much freedom with Mr. Carter. The piece referred to contains various blunders, an accident which was to be feared from Mr. Carter's editorial character. One of these bolls is that our little mulatto president, the fellow Tom, went to France along with his mother. We have some small reasons for thinking that Tom did not exist, at the time of the French embassy. He is not *big enough*, at least our correspondent thinks so, to have been in existence fifteen or sixteen years ago. Our information goes to twelve or thirteen years; and that's enough! We do not think Mr. Carter of sufficient consequence to require any particular answer.

WE have not been able to prevail upon Meriwether Jones to take notice of what we said concerning his harangues to his slave Lewis. If we had not an insurrection a twelvemonth sooner than it did happen, Jones, at least, cannot be blamed for the delay.

THE Baltimore Federal Gazette of the 9th current has reprinted Jefferson's two letters, as who will not reprint them? They are introduced with the following remarks:

"The following letters are preceded in "the Recorder by nearly two columns of edi- "torial matter, in which an apology is made "to the public for laying them before the "world. We are far from thinking that the "sanctuary of private confidence should on any "occasion be violated; nor were not the "public deeply interested in the machinations "by which the late administration have "been vilely robbed of public confidence and "respect, should we attempt to countenance "the deed even by their circulation. But "when it is notorious that the publisher of "the *Prospect Before Us* was the preacher "of insurrection, and anarchy, it is highly "important to know, that the then vice "president of the United States, the second "officer of the government, was, *by proofs* "*from under his own hand*, the aider, abettor "and encourager of this flagrant, and un- "heard of opposition to laws which he was "*sworn to support*. His being now president "is no extenuation of the crime; nor ought "the letters, from being revealed by the "treachery of his own correspondent, to "have the less weight with the public. "Should any say they have been *forged*, it is "answered, that the *originals* have been "lodged in a different office at Richmond, for "the inspection of the curious."

There was, on the last necessary, for all this caution. The editors of the Federal Gazette have thrown upon a thousand proofs, that they are not experienced with courtesy. Forgetful of the rules of war, Mr. Bowie believes, and wishes to make the public believe, with William Young prince of Indiana, that Jones's libel was unanswerable. Why did he not chuse to prove it? Why did he not, and run off to Baltimore? Why, poor man, himself told me with his own lips—"Will not this almost as bad as the publication of a private letter?" That publication was extorted by the insolence of Duane and Bache, two of those wretched blackguards, of whom Sheffey keeper has selected to shield him. If there is any *treachery* in the publication, it rests with the president, and not with Callender. The parties were truly and fully warned that, if they would not be quiet, the letters were sure to be printed.

We could say a little more to little MATHEW BROWNE; but we have not time, nor inclination.

WE have for sometime past the Recorder to Fredericksburg, addressed to *Frederick William*. There is no person in that place, who answers this address. Any person who chuses to become a subscriber, and will send his two dollars, may take these papers, if he pleases. If this is not done, the postmaster is requested to return them to the Editors.

IN the course of this fall, Jones attacked the name of Judge Marshall. He had some time before, been boasting of the Judge, as one of his subscribers. The consistency of this conduct, we do not comprehend. With this attack we should have had no concern, if Jones had not affirmed that the Judge was one of our visitors and correspondents. This could not have been a discredit to the Recorder; but, to set the friends of the Judge at ease, the editors took the uncommon trouble of going before a magistrate, and making oath to the falsehood of the whole story. We never heard that this gave offence to the friends of Judge Marshal.

Some days ago, we took notice that thy gentleman entertained a very high opinion of the Recorder. But we were careful to qualify this encomium of judge Marshall by observing that he could not be supposed to approve of every thing in this paper. We went exactly as far as we had a right to go, and no farther. It is well known that we have printed *secret articles*, which the Judge could not like; and we considered it as an eminent instance of his candour that he so frequently and so frankly spoke so much in our commendation. Some of our acquaintances are, it seems, alarmed at our freedom in making use of his name! And so—we are welcome to take it up, to serve *him*, but we are not even to approach it, in defence of ourselves. This is not fair play, and we are persuaded that the Judge himself will think so.

Pray how many editors would have taken the trouble of going before a Magistrate, and making oath in defence of a gentleman, whom they never saw, and to whom they had not the smallest atom of an obligation? NOT MANY. It would have been in our favour to have let Jones's libel stand unrefuted. But we did not chuse to serve ourselves at the expence of the Judge's feelings.

LETTER OF COLUMBUS.

FEW subjects will command more attention than whatever is connected with the immortal name of the DISCOVERER OF AMERICA. A letter, said to have been wrote by him, has been published in the *Moniteur*, a Paris newspaper; and has been from thence translated for Miss Smith's National Intelligencer. We first insert the French introduction to this letter, as translated. It is followed by a few remarks on the letter itself, and this *Moniteur* introduction.—

"The letter we present our readers bears "every mark of authenticity. It is extracted "from a manuscript found at Jamaica, and "appears to have been written after the last "voyage of Columbus, at an epoque when "having completed his rich and important "discoveries of Veragua, Mexico, and all the "coast of Terra Firma, from the Gulph of "Honduras to the mouth of the Oronooko, he "was constrained by the rotten state of his "vessels to go ashore on Jamaica, where he "suffered all the extremes of misery. Cruel- "ly tormented with the gout, abandoned by "the greatest part of his crew, his provisions "exhausted, and exposed to constant war with "the natives, he had no other resource than "sending information of his condition "to St. Domingo. He dispatched a confiden- "tial *Arawak* in an Indian canoe, who was "probably the bearer of the following letter "and papers mentioned in it, and which "happily arrived at their destined places; but "it does not appear that the letter never reach- "ed the court of Spain."

It is not easily to be manifested, either in Europe, or America, to believe or to suspect the multitude of literary forgeries, that is thrust upon the world. Large books of voyages and travels have often been wrote in the closet of a person who never went out of his house. Whole volumes have been wrote on the strength of a few pamphlets, or the perusal of a few maps. Some of these productions have attracted a popular and pleasing book. But it was not printed in the Lady's lifetime, nor till many years after her death. No manuscript in her hand writing has ever been produced, nor any authority, either real, or fictitious, from any person, under the supposition of her being alive, good, bad, or indifferent. All is affirmed by the Monthly Review, to be part of the book was wrote upon a wager. The title was affirmed to be *colonial*. A tet was laid and won, that a fourth volume could be written that should meet with equal success as its predecessors. The lady herself was a poetess. She had a quarrel with Mr. Pope, and she attacked him in poetry, or at least in rhime, with great bitterness. If she had wrote those letters, she would have printed them. They contain nothing that prudence could have required her to suppress, except five hundred travelling libs. We give this specimen of forgery, as one out of a thousand.

Another impostor of the same kind appeared, about seven years ago, in Philadelphia. *Letters from General Washington, during the late war, to Lund Washington.* They were said to have been found in some of the general's baggage, that had been taken at New-York. A former edition of them had been published at New-York, and Mr. Bache, who was candid, but sometimes mistaken, obliged the world with a second Philadelphian edition. It was impossible to read a page of this nonsense, without observing that General Washington had never wrote a word of it. But, like the publisher of Montague's letters, the publisher of the first edition did not pretend that he could exhibit the original manuscript, nor did he give any account where it was to be found. The thing, therefore, just knocked itself on the head, and died without a squall, or a groan.

If we pass from the forging of books to that of pieces for the newspapers, we find a rapid descent from bad to worse. We can, for the most part, trust them in the detail of deaths and marriages, of murders and executions, of fires and shipwrecks, of duels and horse races, of assassins who have broke jail after receiving sentence of death, and of others, who walk the streets with impunity. But very often, they speak of the secret designs of Kings and Emperors, of the wonderful revolutions that are just going to break out, of the destination of fleets, and the march of armies, the projected invasion of provinces, and conquest of nations, and of the confidential discourse that occurs in the closet, between a king and his minister, when *not a soul was present*. In all these cases, and they are extremely numerous, it is ten to one that the whole tale is an utter fiction. We do not here speak of an Ukase, a bulletin, a London Gazette, or an address upon liberty and *equality* from the first Consul. These papers often contain abundance of imposture. But for this the printer is not accountable, unless when he writes them himself, or gets somebody to write them for him. Our censure is particularly pointed at those profound *conjectural* paragraphs, which have been copied from a London editor, who writes them perhaps for half a crown a piece; and at those eternal *extracts of letters*, so frequently wrote to himself by the *Presidential bagpipe*, the father who bids you *look at his children*.†

In the list of newspaper impostures, we cannot help ranking this *letter from Columbus*. Miss Smith and the Moniteur tell us that it bears every mark of authenticity. We defy them to shew so much as one. Where is the original manuscript? They say that it was found at Jamaica. At what time was it found? By whom was it found? What has become of it? We must see the original letter, that may be compared with the Spanish language and hand-writing of the sixteenth century. Without a previous and satisfactory answer to all these queries, it cannot be worth while to look into the letter. We have only the prompt assertion of the *Moniteur*, a French newspaper, perhaps as pert, as flippant, and as ignorant, as Miss Smith herself, or as impudent and abandoned as Jones, or Cheetham. We have prompt assertion from the historians of Robinson Crusoe, of Hurlo Thrumbo, of St. George and the Dragon. There never yet was an imposture printed, but what could have been supported by the affirmation of its publisher. A story without evidence of some kind always goes for no-

NOTES.

* She was, mother to Montague, author of the treatise on *Ancient Republicks*. It is of her that Mr. Pope speaks in the following lines—

"From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
"P—x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

† This small volume was originally printed at no less than five.

‡ We did so by *Jack* Duane, eldest son, who his father, was too drunk, or too mad, to be capable of minding his business. It was at Philadelphia, in the printing office of Mr. Stuart, who died last week, in Richmond. During the journey was told, that he was conceived to be a wiser man than his father, and that his family, consequently upon business, should be managed by him.

thing. A letter, wasrote upon Jamaica, three hundred years ago, and a French newspaper has *full found it*! Can you swallow such nonsense? You are then in a fair way to believe in the *relics of the true cross*, and the *miracles* of Thomas Becket. You are then far from believing that the *Author* does not swallow with lies, that Jones does not keep a mulatto girl, and that Sheldon does not deserve to be hanged for murder. You cannot believe that Mr. Ralph Wormley is a fool, an enemy to his native country, and the patron of personal slanders. You can believe that Gilead not break his constitutional oath, that Madison did not approve of the Proscriptions, that Jefferson did *not* hide himself in Carter's Mountain, and look at the British through a spy glass, when they were cutting the throats of his houses.

Even the subordinate parts of this introductory paragraph abound with ignorance and nonsense. The Moniteur says that Columbus was, "suspected to be a traitor "with the natives." Dr. Robertson had never heard of this, for in his History, Volume 2, Book 2, he says that these people "considered the Spaniards as beings of a superior na- "ture, and were eager, on every occasion, "to minister to their wants." After some time provisions became scarce, and they began to be tired of their visitors. Columbus alarmed these Indians by threatening *to extinguish the moon*. He knew of an eclipse which was to occur that very evening. When the moon began to darken, they ran to their houses for provisions. "From that day, the Spani- "ards," says Robertson, "were not only fur- "nished prodigally with provisions, but the "natives, with supernatural attention, avoided "every thing that could give them offence." This is your *constant war*! Mr. Smith.

Diego Mendez was not the *servant* of Columbus. He was his confidential friend, and a *Spanish gentleman*. He was accompanied by Fieschi, a Genoese gentlemen. They had not one canoe, but *two*.

The letter itself is worthy of *such an introduction*. How Smith, who sets up for a man of letters, could think it worth while to translate such a poor, such a very poor fabrication, we do not pretend to guess. In this mass of blunders, Columbus is made to say that the *bishop* of St. Domingo sent a messenger to Jamaica, to *look at him*, without affording him relief. For this ungenerous purpose, a vessel was sent to Jamaica, but it was not by a bishop. It was by Ovando, governor of Hispaniola, who was a knight of the military order of Alcantara. If Mendez, and Fieschi were entrusted with a letter, and this does not appear, it could not have been addressed to the King of Spain, but to this Ovando, the governor of Hispaniola. It was many months after their arrival at this island, that Ovando sent out the vessel to *look* at Columbus. He did not even know that the latter was there, till Mendez and Fieschi told him of it. And yet Columbus is made to say that *the bishop* sent the *fry vessel*, before Columbus wrote this letter, which Mendez and Fieschi were to carry.

The introduction says that this letter and papers happily arrived at their *destined place*. This place was the *court of Spain*, but, in the next line, we are told that they never reached it. Perhaps the forger meant Hispaniola, as the *first* place of their destination. Granted. But then we get into a second scrape; for the letter, if it ever had been found at all, should have been found at Hispaniola; whereas the forger finds it at *Jamaica*. Thus, at evening, you are to seek a traveller, not at the spot where he has arrived, but at the place from which *he set out*. In this little introduction, we have such a wilderness of inconsistancies, that the mind is fatigued in attempting to follow them.

The letter is addressed thus. *Christopher Columbus to the King of Spain, Jamaica, 1503.* This is not, surely, the way in which a Spanish admiral would address his sovereign. Mr. Pinckney, as well address a letter to *George Guelph*. Were there no months in this year *fifteen hundred and three*, or, why was not the particular month mentioned? Is this the way of writing letters to a king, or to any body else? When Smith sends the proof sheet of his paragraphs to Sally's lover for correction, is this the manner in which he addresses them? But that is not the worst. We have genuine letters from Columbus. They are addressed not exclusively to the King of Spain, but to the Queen also. This was his special patron *Isabella*. She had been the sovereign of an independent kingdom. She possessed upon that account, an uncommon share of importance. She was alive at his time. She died not die till November 26th, 1504, about a month before the arrival of Columbus at Spain. It cannot be conceived that in the *Spanish* letter, he was to give a dedication to his patroness!

It becomes almost endless to point out the whole absurdities of this matchless production. Columbus had no temptation to fetch any body with *letters to Spain*. He was friends as far as could be. He landed in Hispaniola from Jamaica, upon August 31st, 1504. He set sail for Spain on the 12th following. He landed at St. Lucar, on the 7th December following. He was killed four months after, upon his return to Spain. Columbus was crushed, even in the decay of his faculties, by the ingratitude of his sovereign.

[illegible] Much of the body of the letter consists [illegible]. It is unworthy of the character of Columbus, and extremely improper for having been addressed to a king.

We have seldom seen so blundering a forgery as this letter, and its introduction. Either Smith had never read the history of Columbus, or he has entirely forgot it. The foolery of finding a manuscript in *Jamaica*, three hundred years after it was written, was of itself, sufficient for oversetting the whole.

This forgery has been republished by a whole battalion of American newsprinters.

WE are thoroughly sick of our warfare with the Examiner. It is more easy than reputable to multiply harsh epithets. The degree of estimation in which that paper is held must be ascertained by the state of its subscription list. The hare has doubled so often that the pursuer is out of breath in attempting to keep up with her.

Some weeks ago, Mr. Jones discharged a sarcasm against the Scots nation. The idea and the language were borrowed from Junius. The mulatto keeper might have recollected that the spear of Achilles could be wielded by no arm but his own; that, what is pardonable in such a writer as Junius, sinks into impertinence, when re-echoed from Shockoe Hill. We should be very glad to know how many Scotsmen there are in Richmond, that would not think themselves disgraced to all eternity, by blending their characters with that of Jones. But to shew in what high estimation that national character has been held, observe what follows.

While the British army were in Virginia, the governor of *that* day, with the same admirable circumspection which has marked every other part of his conduct, took care to pass over every evening, to Manchester. He slept there in the house of *a Scotsman*. The name of the gentleman was MR. LEECH. The circumstance is notoriously known to many people now residing in Richmond; but we shall not degrade the national character of the Scots by advancing in a parallel between *them* and *Meriwether Jones*.

DEFENCE OF

J. T. CALLENDER.

THE Norfolk Herald of October 16th, contains a long essay, respecting one of the editors of the Recorder. This piece is wrote with much more temper, judgment and ingenuity than what fall to the share of many other authors. This man has, however, advanced some matters that bear not the least relation to any circumstances that really exist.

One of the first mistakes is that C. threw out previous threats that these letters would *injure the character of Mr. Jefferson*. Whether they were to do so, or not, the Recorder kept a religious silence. It was merely said that the letters *would be published*. This was a ground which the writer of this article felt himself careful to avoid.

The great personage in question had been mean and base enough, and we might add, foolish enough, to disown all acquaintance with Callender, unless as an object of charity. Above eighteen months ago, he gave broad hints to a gentleman, at whose house he sometimes lodges in his way from Washington to Monticello, that he never read Callender's publications, and disapproved of what he understood to be their contents. Such insolence, such ingratitude, such gross hypocrisy, and perfidy, were of themselves fully sufficient to have justified a publication of the letters. Hints of the same kind were disseminated all over the party; and produced the most evident marks of desertion and disgust, from the terriers and sycophants of presidential greatness. The author submitted in silence. Not one mortal heard of the existence of these letters, till the great man's editors attacked both himself and his writings, in the most injurious and, at the same time, the most inconsistent terms. At one time, his publications were full of falsehood. At another, his facts were accurate, and his arguments irresistible. These Jefferson editors wanted to quarrel with C. in order to increase their importance with their prime mover. They did not understand their business. They produced a [illegible]. They [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

In the [illegible] the great personage [illegible] to deny his own opinions and [illegible] called a pack of his own editors [illegible] [illegible] correspondent [illegible] was the latter not entitled [illegible] in this turn [illegible] of the Norfolk [illegible] that he [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Callender came out of [illegible] Richmond [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] goes the story; how true it may be we do not know; but this we know, that from that hour Callender's affection for Jefferson gradually diminished, until at last he entirely threw off the mask, and became his declared enemy. Thus have the federalists gained a friend, *cujus testimonium nullius momenti putatur.*"

Few men ever undertook a journey with more reluctance than Callender did that to Washington. As this matter has never yet been fully explained to the public, they will perhaps hear it with patience. At the commencement of the winter session of December, 1800, Mr. ——— wrote from Washington to Callender, then imprisoned in Richmond jail. He spoke of his writings in the highest terms. He specified, among other parts, that defence of Mr. Jefferson, which Callender was then writing, *gratis*, in a series of essays, for the worthy editor of the Examiner. Mr. ——— said, that the federal members were so curious to see these papers, and to keep them, that the series had been broken, that some of these papers had been sent to the eastward, and that they could not fail to be of service to the republican cause.

There had often been lamented the consequences of a want of concert and harmony among the republican printers, which weakened their general effect. Thus Duane, the most invidious and jealous of mankind, frequently forbore to republish pieces of interest, merely because they had first appeared in the Examiner. A swarm of other editors, who durst not depend upon their own judgement, waited to see what Duane would publish, and then copied from him. A spirit of this kind runs through many of the profession. They grudge to republish an original article, printed by an adjacent editor. This is pitiful enough; but *such is the fact, Sir!*

It occurred as practicable to establish a better understanding among republican editors. If a good newspaper were established at Richmond, for instance, let this be intimated to all the government printers in the union, such, for example, as those two editors in each state, who publish the laws of congress. In this way, and by a very few other attentions, it would have been easy to secure the discipline of fixty or an hundred newsprinters. By this class of men, an American government must stand or fall. When an article of more than usual consequence was to be printed, the principal part of the plan was that a number of sheets should be struck off, at New York, or at Richmond, for instance, and transmitted, all at once, to the republican printers in every part of the union. By their receiving, and publishing all these articles at the same time, the jealousy of competition would have been destroyed; while [illegible] editors strove to struggle after them, at the distance of several days, and very often of several weeks. The effect of such an arrangement must have been infinitely superior to that of the present disorderly croud of republican newspapers. They should not then have been seen contradicting each other in the absurd manner that they lately have done. What is the line of battle firing in platoons, or the ship that pops by single guns, compared with the impression of a general attack, or a series of full broadsides? The result is very much the same in printing, as in fighting. Half the expences of a mint, which cost but twenty-five thousand dollars per annum,* or one tenth part of the sums that are yearly squandered upon Indian treaties and rations, would have covered the charges of this scheme.

Another part of it was to this purpose. The repositories of government contain an immense number of state papers of all kinds, that reflect very small honor on the late administration. A person of abilities suited to the task might have been employed to make constant selections for the principal republican† newspapers. No judgement can be formed of the weight of such materials from the drivelling slanderous report of the Committee of Investigation. Candour demands an acknowledgment that the present band are almost equally prompt as the last one, to furnish materials for the damnatory historian. They had an ample share in concealing or promoting the misdeeds of their predecessors. Of these the Algerine treaty, with all its pendages of disgrace, affords an immortal demonstration.‡ A selection, like that suggested, would have produced an irresistible impulse; and, when bursting in one single week from an hundred newspapers, would have placed their adversaries in almost perilous condition. Believing, as he then did, that some of them were much better men than they have since proved to be, the author of this plan proposed it, as tending to promote public happiness. He has since become doubtful of the probability of its advancing honest or desira-

NOTES.

* This is the computation of Mr. Giles, in last session of Congress, after deducting some petty profits. In ten years, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been utterly [illegible] and wasted. [illegible] mint was the legitimate child of Mr. Jefferson. Vid. the Recorder [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

ble purposes, and whether it went to have secured a second election of Jefferson, the reader is a judge quite as competent as the writer. There is the utmost reason to believe that, of such a typographical battering ram, the *second-hand* admirers of the sedition act would have made the very worst use. But from the meanness of their morals, the country has found refuge in the tremor of their nerves, and the dwarfish mediocrity of their understandings.

To be continued.

THE Recorder must object to a great deal of what is extracted on page 4, as to Moreau, the famous French general. Moreau is equally fitted for attack as for defence. In the conquest of Holland, under Pichegru, he was very eminently distinguished. At the very end of the late war, it was the destructive rapidity of his movements, it was his victories, *as thick as hail*, that compelled the emperor to beg in earnest for peace. In a letter to the two councils, Bonaparte assigns this very reason—"MOREAU," says he, "was within three "days march of Vienna!" And pray, when you talk of retreating, what have you made of Macdonald on the Trebbio? Massena has fought as many battles as perhaps any officer in Europe; and neither Moreau, nor Bonaparte would wish to *try* him.

The Calcutta Pole.--- Mr. Ralph Wormley.—The Public Printer.---Essay on Emancipation.—And a multiplicity of other original articles—deferred till our next.

TO THE PUBLIC.

PARTICULAR attention is requested to the following extract from the Virginia Gazette of last Friday. It was but upon Wednesday last, that Mr. Augustine Davis called at this office. One of his objects was to confirm a treaty of peace between his paper and myself. I call upon him, as a gentleman, to come forward in his Gazette, and explain his motives for taking so abrupt an opportunity of *breaking our agreement*. I never wanted to meddle with *b.m.* After premising, what I shall prove, that almost every thing in this extract is untrue, his friends will be able to appreciate the propriety of his conduct.

EXTRACT FROM THE VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

"The species of countenance which Mr. Jefferson gave Callender, upon his first arrival in this country, certainly dishonors him not a little. To afford relief to a needy foreigner, without friends or acquaintances, is one of the most christian deeds which a man can do; to stretch forth the arm of assistance even to a profligate character, in a way which will not injure society, but improve the morals of the unhappy object in distress, deserves praise; but to administer those aids that tend to give a poignancy to vice and folly, is one of the most culpable acts which can be performed. When Mr. Callender introduced himself to Mr. Jefferson, with his Political Progress of Great Britain, as a passport for favour, it was unquestionably the duty of Mr. Jefferson, as a citizen of a nation on amicable terms with the subjects of his Britannic majesty to have admonished him to pursue some more honourable plan of life, than to slander that form of government which had raised, educated and protected him; he ought, if inclined to relieve his wants, as a distressed stranger and a person of talents, such as Mr. Callender is; to have pointed out to him some profession by which he might acquire a comfortable subsistence for himself and his family, without injuring his native country, and disturbing the peace of those among whom he had chosen his residence. Had Mr. Jefferson acted in this manner, he would have prevented that disgrace which his after transactions with Callender have entailed upon himself and all his party. The act of encouraging an unexperienced foreigner to slander the chief magistrate of a country, which Mr. Jefferson to all appearance has been guilty of, is certainly a crime that cannot easily be palliated. It deserves at least an explanation from our president, in order to save his own reputation, and apologize for the support of his friend."

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

Mr. Jefferson gave me *no sort of countenance upon my arrival in this country*. I never spoke to him, nor had the slighest correspondence with him, nor, to my knowedge, did I ever see him for upwards of FOUR YEARS, after my arrival. Even then I did not introduce myself to him. It was Mr. Jefferson that introduced himself to me. He called at the office of Snowden and Mc Corkle in Philadelphia, in June, or July, 1797, asking for me. I was then printing the history of 1796. Whatever may since have past between Mr. Jefferson and myself, it is only doing him justice to say that he did not excite me to *begin* to write on *American politics*; although, from the date above mentioned, he was one of my warmest supporters. That *I introduced myself to him, with my Political Progress of Great Britain*, is another mistake; since I did not introduce myself at all [illegible] the first time that I saw Mr. Jefferson [illegible] [illegible] I shall [illegible] for at present follow this paragraph through the rest of its mistakes. But I feel as much pleasure in doing justice to Mr. Jefferson, as to any other man; and to my absolute knowledge, this extract does injure him very grossly. Although there has been a difference between the president and me, it does not follow that I shall stand tamely by, and see those calumnies heaped upon his name, which it is my peculiar duty to remove. I shall only say that if I hear of any more harping upon my name from Mr. Davis, a column per week shall be reserved in this paper under the title of FIBS FROM THE VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

If I had published as many untruths concerning the personal history of Mr. Davis, as he has done concerning mine, I should be unwilling to look in his face. I never did, nor ever in my life designed to do Mr. Davis the smallest injury of any kind. When complaining of bad management in postmasters, I was always careful to *except him*, and to praise his official conduct, both in the Examiner, and the Recorder. You see my thanks.

JAS. T. CALLENDER.

From the VIRGINIA HERALD.

To Mr. AUG. DAVIS, Richmond.

SIR,

WISHING that the public may have every possible opportunity of correct data to judge for themselves, on a subject so novel, and so interesting to the feelings of the American people, as the correspondence between Mesrs. Jefferson and Callender, I take the liberty *thus publickly* to desire your patience to answer through the same medium, the press, the questions at foot.

Callender, in his remarks preceding the two famous letters of the president, says, that "the original letters are lodged in the office of your Gazette"—My first request is, sir, to know if you are acquainted with the hand writing of Mr. Jefferson, and whether you consider the one bearing his signature, as authentic? Has any gentleman besides yourself, seen those letters, who was also acquainted with the hand writing? Is the one without the signature in the same hand writing as that which is signed? And have you been at the pains to compare those originals with the letters published by Callender?

The object of the above enquiries you wil readily perceive, and, I presume, will ask no apology for. As a public servant (for such the editor of a public paper must be considered) I hold you bound, under your own discretion, to throw all the light on this subject you can. Should you see proper to answer the above, you will much oblige me and the publick.

CORRESPONDUS.

Fredericksburg, Oct. 11, 1801.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDUS.

SIR,

An anxious and laudable desire to obtain the earliest information respecting the extraordinary correspondence between our president and James Thomson Callender, which has now appeared in most of the public prints of America, has, I presume, suggested to you the above queries addressed to me in the Virginia Herald of the 12th instant.

In answer to the 1st and 2d, which require to know whether I myself am acquainted with the hand writing of Mr. Jefferson, and, whether any other persons acquainted with Mr. Jefferson's hand writing have seen the letters, I hereby declare that I am perfectly acquainted with the hand writing, and that several respectable characters, who have called on me for an examination of the letters and who are also acquainted with Mr. Jefferson's hand writing, assert the letters deposited in my hands by Mr. Callender to have been written by Thomas Jefferson, the president of the United States.

In answer to the 3d and 4th queries proposed by you, I declare the letter without the signature to be the same hand writing as that which is signed—and that I have carefully compared the original letters with the printed ones in the Recorder, and find them to be precisely the same, except in one word, which appears to be an error in printing the word *manifests* for *manifesto*.

A. DAVIS.

Fish.

A QUANTITY OF

HERRINGS and SHAD, for Sale,

By FRANCIS HYLAND.

Richmond, Nov. 2d, 1802.

[Continued from page [illegible].]

you navigate, every possible chance of oversetting.

All these matters are so very plain in themselves, and so well known to every body, that this little piece can hardly fail of being tiresome. But what can we do? When you refuse to apply those principles to the adventurers in the political world, when like the Jews of old, you are determined, in spite of your own judgement and conviction, to cast idols, and then to cry out, *these be thy gods, O! America!* the only thing which can be done is to call your attention back to the common principles of private life; as the boy, who blunders in Florus, or the Rule of Three, must be remitted to Corderius, and the Multiplication Table.

Lycurgus was asked by a friend, why *he did not make Sparta a democracy? Go home and try it in* YOUR OWN FAMILY, was the answer. The sentiment was correct. Go home, and present your relations with such *treacle of compliment*,* as we have seen offered to an American president, and to fifty other public characters. Your family will very soon be in an uproar, and illustrate, with emphasis, the admonition of Lycurgus. Why does a man act right? It is because he is afraid of acting wrong. And if you tell him that he never can do so, you destroy self-distrust, that equiponderance of mind, which is to the man, what ballast is to the vessel.

But if your family, or your little knot of companions, would be disposed to take advantage of your weakness, the man holding a high and important office is always much more disposed to do so. In a man's own family, he must be very unfortunate, or very worthless, if there is not one person in his house who likes him sincerely, one with whom his heart can divide its pleasures, and its sorrows. Your acquaintances, also, feel themselves very much upon your own level; and prudence, as well as kindness, will produce a degree of circumspection. But *the smile of a courtier* has been proverbial for centuries. The statesman is a cold, selfish, insolated being, who but seldom has any sympathies in unison with yours. To borrow the bombast of Duane, he stands, or at least he wishes to stand upon "*ground too elevated for your approach*."† The result is that they are the very last kind of people who deserve, what they are all perpetually demanding, *the unlimited confidence of their countrymen.*

That nobody may consider these remarks as written to serve a temporary turn, attention is requested to the following extract from a book that was wrote and printed, some years ago, in the very midst of a hurricane of political violence.

"We have still the lives of fifty ancient generals and statesmen, as composed by Plutarch. Of these, at least forty afford a faithful reflection of the Parisian despot.‡ After Phocion, Aristides, and the second Cato, Pericles was one of the best of the whole collection. His accounts with the public treasury fell into confusion. History says that, to avoid investigation, he entangled his country in the war of twenty-seven years; and at the distance of twenty-two centuries, Greece has not recovered from its fatal consequences.

"This comprehensive review discovers that, with some exceptions, all ages, all parties, and all statesmen, are not very essentially worse or better than each other. Thus, the republicans of England were highly to be commended for opposing Charles the first. But in Ireland those patriots

NOTES.

* A phrase from *Humphry Clinker*.

† When I first read this passage, it struck me that the Canadian must have been thinking of the pole, upon which he *was elevated* and paraded through the streets of Calcutta; or of the *triple tree*, upon which he *should* have been *elevated*, for breaking into a certain house in Philadelphia, at the corner of Chesnut, and South third street, and, therefrom *burglariously conveying*, &c.—Mr. Wolcott can tell Duane the rest of the story.

‡ Robespierre.

practised a greater degree of oppression than what they had endured. *Mankind have a strange fondness for the manufacture of political divinities.* Americans are not exempt from this common weakness. One enthusiast raves about Mr. Adams. A second regards Mr. Jefferson as the pinnacle of perfection. Implicit veneration is always nonsense. The best servant requires the master's eye; and much more so does the purest statesman require that of the people. Every substantial fault discovered in the administration of any government forms an useful addition to the stock of public knowledge. Under this impression, the present volume has been written, without the smallest desire to serve any party unless by publishing what is strictly true."

Mr. Addison tells an anecdote of Sir Roger D'Coverly. While a boy, the knight, who was then in London, had occasion to enquire for St. Anne's lane. The first person he addressed asked him who made her *a saint*? Wishing to avoid such an answer, a second time, he enquired of another for *Anne's lane*. He was told that "Anne was a saint before the Jackanapes was born; and would be a saint, after he was hanged." Something very like this occurs in the history of American parties.

The leaders, upon each side, exert their whole influence to exasperate their followers. There would be very little occasion for leaders, if it was not for the sake of promoting and prolonging quarrels. Private persons get into squabbles with each other, about matters which concern them but little, and that they understand, still less and then they mistake bad humour for public spirit.

The Examiner has, almost every day, during the present Summer, advertised the Recorder as a *federal* paper. Hundreds of persons have subscribed under that impression, who most likely would not have thought of it, if Jones had held his peace. He had not sense enough to see that this was doing the very best thing which he could have done, to serve our circulation. The consequence has been a rapid growth of subscription, such as we did not expect, and which, without his interference, we could not have obtained, at so early a stage of the business.

Every number of the Recorder shews that Jones's charge is false; and that this is neither a federal nor a republican paper, but one which tells a great deal of truth, which people are very glad to learn. Jones we consider as half dead already; and if we can be *in at the death* of his ally, the Aurora, we shall rejoice in having rendered at least one other essential service to the interest of truth, and of America.

The present age can see that their ancestors were bubbled and robbed by orators and patriots, by ministers and heroes. Yet they persist in committing the very same fault; and will, in their turn excite the *ridicule* of posterity.

WE hear that Mr. Wood was bound under a heavy penalty, to compile his history of Mr. Adams before a certain day. The booksellers refused to allow *one day more*. Mr. Wood was, therefore, compelled to make up his page from newspapers; and, what is still worse, from that sink of all that is bad, the *presidential bagpipe*, alias, the *organ of the public will*, (as he modestly calls himself,) alias, the *publisher of stolen letters*, the *house breaker*, the *Calcutta poleman*. With much satisfaction, we offer this apology for some things that Wood said in his history, and of which we could not, on a former occasion avoid taking notice.

MR. CALLENDER,

IN his preface to Mr. Jefferson's letters to him, directing the payment of fifty dollars, and thanking him for the *proof sheets* of the "Prospect Before us," mentions "an excess of anguish" which the publication of said letters cost him, but he seems not to mind the anguish which Mr. Jefferson might suffer. Mr. Jefferson must be a greater *philosopher* than even his friends have thought him, if he be not extremely moved. His opposers wish that the discovery of his conduct may bring him to sincere repentance.

(*New-York Gazette*.)

FROM THE LYNCHBURG GAZETTE.

The Recorder has been filled for several week past with charges the most ridiculous against the president, such as his bribing Callender to write the "Prospect Before Us," the story of Sally and her children, &c. I was not a little grieved when I first saw them, that such a man as Callender should be allowed thus to calumniate the chief magistrate with impunity. I believed his object was to inspire the minds of the people with unfavourable opinions of him whom (as long as he acts properly) they are bound to reverence. As I expected the charges were unfounded, and originated from disappointed expectations, I waited daily to see them confuted by some of Mr. Jefferson's friends, in such a manner as to throw the public odium on him who had raised them. But alas! how have I been disappointed! Instead of seeing them satisfactorily cleared up, I find nothing but proofs of their authenticity.

The story of Sally and the president, when I first saw it, afforded me considerable diversion, because I then believed it took its rise from the virulence of Callender's disposition; but when the truth had been so well attested as to admit of no doubt, I became seriously concerned for the welfare of our country. I once thought Mr. Jefferson a man of some virtue; or at least, did not suppose he would openly violate the common laws of decorum. But when it has been proved, that he ventured to take up with this negro woman, Sally, in the face of the world; that she and her son Tom, the fruit of their unlawful commerce, accompanied him to France; and there felt the benign effects of his friendship; in short, that he has not been ashamed to treat her in all, or nearly in all respects, even before his lawful daughters, in the same manner, as he formerly treated their mother; what opinion must the world entertain of him? Those daughters, who should have been the principal objects of his domestic concern, have had the mortification to see illegitimate, mulatto sisters, and brothers, enjoying the same privileges of parental affection with themselves. Alas! Mr. J. did not your philosophy teach you the impropriety of such proceedings? Did not the holy scriptures shew you the sin, which you were thus heaping upon your own soul, against the day of wrath? If neither the light of philosophy, nor the divine precepts of christianity could have any influence over your conduct, one would have supposed that a due regard for your own reputation, and the reputation of your children, would have curbed your brutal passions, or at least, confined them within more decent bounds. Why not have married some worthy woman of your own complexion, who, while she guarded over the education of your children, might have afforded you consolation in your advanced years? Instead of acting in this prudent manner, you chose to take to your bosom a sooty daughter of Africa; and thus to incur the disrespect of your children, and the general detestation of mankind. Alas! alas! of how little avail, or rather, how injurious are talents without a good heart. You, Mr. Jefferson, have talents which would have been an honor to America, had they been employed in a proper manner, but you have prostituted them to the basest purposes. Instead of being beneficial to our country, I fear they will only serve to accelerate her downfall. Ye zealous defenders of Mr. Jefferson! look at his conduct and blush.

NEW-YORK, October 13.

More of Jefferson and the Prospect.---The conduct of the democratic presses towards Callender, in relation to the charge against Mr. Jefferson of paying him money on account of the "Prospect," has at length provoked him to a publication of the following letters. It will be recollected that on this subject, the Presidential advocates have at different times assumed several distinct grounds of defence. At first, they denied that any money was ever paid; then that it was not paid on account of the Prospect; they said that it was to enable Callender to buy paper; then that it was lent; then that it was mere charity "to keep [a] half starved wretch from famishing."

The inconsistency as well as the untruth of all these justifications, have, in our opinion, been already sufficiently exposed: but the evil genius of democracy would not be satisfied; proofs more proof was required. Callender hinted, that if this cry was persevered in, he should be driven to the measure he has now taken, still it was repeated; nay he was defied to shew any thing in writing from the "immaculate" character, which should confirm what he had threatened. Luckless wights! they little dreamt of the contents of Callender's "chest." These letters incontestibly prove.

First. That Mr. Jefferson paid Callender money on account of "the book he was about to publish."

Second. That Mr. Jefferson saw the proof sheets of this book, and that he was pleased with their contents.

Third. That the book and proof sheets were no other than the identical much talked of "PROSPECT BEFORE US;" because the letters bear date in September, and October, 1799, and Mr. Jefferson speaks of the book *you are about to publish*. And in January, 1800, the first part of the *Prospect* was published. Independent therefore of Callender's declarations that these letters related to the Prospect, they carry with them internal evidence of that fact.

Fourth. That all the stories about paper, a loan, and *charity*, fall to the ground: the naked truth is now disclosed in a manner that can no longer be disbelieved, that *Mr. Jefferson saw the proof sheets of the Prospect; and paid Callender for writing it*.

We beseech all candid and considerate men of whatever party, to reflect on these things. Can a chief magistrate who has descended to the practices which Mr. Jefferson has done, for the purpose of self-aggrandizement, be worthy of the confidence of a free and enlightened people?

[*Here follows a long extract from the Recorder, with the letters.*]

FROM A BOSTON PAPER.

BONAPARTE AND MOREAU.

Bonaparte and Moreau are the two Military Colossi of the day. Such is the transcendency of their atchievements and the splendor of their names, that they admit not of a comparison with any other living characters. Even Charles of Austria, though a distinguished General, bears but a secondary rank in the scale of greatness.

It is doubted by some which of the two heroes of France, should be esteemed pre-eminent in the military accomplishments.---Perhaps the following remarks, founded on a recollection of the conduct of these Generals in the field, may shed some light on this controverted point.

Moreau is consummate in conducting a retreat, Bonaparte in never suffering such a movement to become necessary. To a chief who fights only to conquer, and never fails in the plan of a campaign, the science of retreat would be useless and cumbersome. Moreau is unequalled in the art of extricating an army from difficulty and danger, Bonaparte in that of never allowing his army to fall into either. Moreau can seize on opportunities as they offer, and is calculated to fight in the most obstinate conflict. Bonaparte is capable of creating opportunities, and conducts his attack with such impetuosity, that victory generally declares for him, before obstinacy can be displayed on the part of the enemy. Moreau, qualified to receive an attack with invincible firmness, and repel it with equal courage, possesses a happy and splendid assemblage of talents for defending his country against invading armies. But looking down on the mere business of defence, it belongs to Bonaparte alone to conquer Italy, and Egypt, and bring even the empire of Germany to his feet. In battle, Moreau resembles the cliff that receives, unshaken, the fury of the tempest; but Bonaparte, the impetuous thunder-cloud, whose lightning nothing terrestrial can withstand. Moreau is, indeed, a great General, and a perfect Epitome of the Art of War; but Bonaparte, the child of genius, the pupil of fortune---Bonaparte superior to the discipline of Military schools, is formed by nature for a CONQUEROR.