



SIR:—The ministerial prints, as well as your circular letters, have presented statements, and enunciations, concerning the economical administration of the post office rulers. They, as well as you, assume credit for having rescued the nation, and they have done it in a way which is calculated to induce the people to believe that their former rulers, imposed and collected high taxes, from unjust motives. And although there is not a man of information, who is free from prejudice, whose duty or inclination leads him to make an enquiry into the subject, who might not know that this assumption of credit is a deception, intended to establish themselves in the good opinion of the people, and thereby insure both their popularity and power, yet the delusion is promoted and confirmed.

You know that, if an opinion of any sort is spread abroad, it will require a long time, and sometimes very serious exertions to counteract its influence, however it may have proceeded from error or untruth. That errors of this sort do exist, I have fully unfolded in my last, and I am at a loss to conceive what apology you propose to offer for the part which you have acted.

If the greatest credit should be given to your circular letters, and to others of a similar kind, it would seem that the present rulers had saved several hundred thousand dollars, all of which would or might have been swallowed up in a vortex of degradations and peculations, by the executive departments of the former administration, and their favorites. And when this is connected with the accusations against Pickering, and others, who, it was pretended, had appropriated millions to their own use, the natural impressions, made by such allegations, it would be, that the present rulers have saved all this to the public, and that, therefore, they deserve unbounded thanks and commendations.

This, Mr. Clopton, is not only a political fraud, but an impudent falsehood; it deserves to be exposed, and to be published throughout the country, and therefore I will expose it, as much as the limited means which I possess will allow.

But as a preliminary, I aver, that not only Mr. Pickering, and his associates, but every other person who had a conspicuous agency in the last administration, have been fully acquitted of the foul charges, which were urged against them by your organ Duane. This acquittal has been ascertained, not only by the committee of investigation, but also by Mr. Gallatin, the far famed secretary of the treasury; by him, to whom your party ascribe talents which are more than human; to whom you have extended the most uncontrollable power over the resources of the country.

You know, Mr. Clopton, that Mr. Pickering was acquitted of all these charges before you left the city of Washington, before your circular letter was sent out, and I dare you to declare, why you did not, in this, or some other circular letter, inform your constituents that this was the case; instead of this, you were totally silent upon that subject. You know what was believed by the greater part of your constituents, and you appear perfectly willing that the delusion should continue. Instead of aiding with candor,—instead of saying to your constituents, that Duane had deceived them,—that Mr. Pickering and his associates were honest,—that Mr. Adams was virtuous,—in a word, instead of stating the truth in a frank and manly manner, you have introduced a canting about republican principles, and expect heart-felt gratification at their prevalence, the liberal construction of which is this. You rejoice that an unprincipled printer, has found means by the publication of the most caustic calumnies, to induce your constituents to withdraw their confidence from men who had passed like pure gold through the crucibles of enquiry and calumny, and to give their votes to such men as yourself. If you pretend to say that this is not a fair construction, I call upon you to come forward, and defend yourself. You also know that the late committee of investigation, who really investigated the merits of an enquiry which was made by Mr. Benjamin Stoddard, the late secretary of the navy. They had accused Mr. Adams of having misapplied a very large sum of money for the purchase of new vessels, and they were upon the subject was entirely silent, and they returned a very partial list of the names of the persons who were made up of this list, and you are daily opportunities, to say and do every thing concerning calumny, to ascertain that you can be built without having a single particle of ground for the purpose of forwarding or displaying the umbrellas. Besides this, you are well that the late committee of investigation were built in different parts of the District of Columbia. Your duty, therefore, is to state that you should have declared your constituents that the committee were made up of persons who were not only virtuous, but also that they were as impartial as the scales of justice.

...ship; you might have brought the case before their understanding by a comparison between a vessel of 50 or 60 tons, and a larger one, &c. &c.

I do not believe that the merchants, respectable and upright merchants, could be deceived any further from your pen; it is not for that purpose that I have opened their eyes; it is to show the duty which your oath imposed and the service which your constituents had a right to expect from you. It is to prove that you have contributed to deceive your constituents by suppressing or withholding such important truths, and that, therefore, you are totally unworthy of their future confidence. In fact, that you have suffered your neighbours and constituents to be deceived, which is no better than if you had in the broadest and fullest sense, in your own proper person and with your own tongue, or by your own pen, broken that commandment which says thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

FEDERALIST.

FROM PAINE'S SECOND LETTER.

[The following specimen will shew the respect in which Mr. Jefferson holds Mr. Adams. The letter was originally published in the president's own official newspaper. Those who thought it wrong in Mr. Jefferson to patronize the Prospect, and we are not of that number, will admit that it is an hundred thousand times worse to publish stuff like this.]

Among the men of this apostate description is to be ranked the ex-president John Adams. It has been the political career of this man to begin with hypocrisy, proceed with arrogance, and finish in contempt.

May such be the fate of all such characters. I have had doubts of John Adams ever since the year 1776. In a conversation with me, at that time, concerning the pamphlet *Common Sense*, he confessed it because it attacked the English form of government. John was for independence, because he expected to be made great by it, but it was not difficult to perceive, for the selfishness of his temper makes him an awkward hypocrite, that his head was a pack of kings, queens, and knaves, as a pack of cards.—But John has lost zeal.

When a man has a concealed project in his brain that he wants to bring forward, and fears will not succeed, he often begins with it as physicians do by suspected poison, try it first on an animal; if it agree with the stomach of the animal, he makes further experiments, and this was the way John took. His brain was teeming with projects to overturn the liberties of America, and the representative system of government, and he began by hinting it in hide complaints. The secretary of John Jay, an excellent painter and a poor politician, told me in presence of another American, Daniel Parker, that in a company where himself was present, John Adams talked of making the government hereditary, and that as Mr. Washington had no children, it should be made hereditary in the family of Lund Washington. John had not impudence enough to propose himself in the first instance, as the old French Normandy Baron did, who offered to come over to be king of America, and if Congress did not accept his offer, that they would give thirty thousand pounds for the generosity of it; John like a mole, was grubbing his way to it under ground. He knew that Lund Washington was unknown, for nobody had heard of him; and that as the President had no children to succeed him, the Vice President had, and if the treason had succeeded, and the Vice President, the goldsmith might be able to take measure of the head of John Adams for a golden wig, and to sell the good people of Bolton for a king the man they were to have.

...the intention of Mr. Adams, and the shallowness of his understanding, I can easily picture to myself that when he arrived at the Federal City, he was sitting in the poop of his barge, before the presidential house, or in the audience hall, and exclaiming in the language of Nebuchadnezzar, "I am not this great Babylon; but I am built for the glory of my master!"

...John, like Nebuchadnezzar, was driven from among men, and fled with the speed of a post horse.

Some of John Adams's loyal subjects, I see, have been to present him an address on his birth day, but the language they use is too tame for the occasion. Birth day addresses, like birth day odes, should not creep along like drops of dew down a cabbage leaf, but roll in a torrent of poetical metaphor, I will give them a specimen for the next year. Here it is.

"When an ant, in travelling over the Globe, lifts up its foot and puts it again on the ground, it flukes the earth to its center: but when YOU the mighty Ant of the East was born, &c. &c. &c. and the center jumped upon the surface."

This gentlemen is the proper style of address from well bred ants to the monarch of the ant hill and as I never take pay for preaching, praying, politics or poetry, I make you a present of it. Some people talk of impeaching John Adams, but I am for foster measures. I would keep him to make fun of. He will not answer one of the ends for which he was born, and he ought to be thankful that I am arrived to take his part. I voted in earnest to save the life of one unfortunate king, and I now vote in jest to save another. It is my fate to be always playing with fools. But to return to federalism and apotaxy.

The RECORDER.

RICHMOND.

DECEMBER 15th 1802.

MR. LARKIN SMITH,

On Friday last, this delegate brought forward in the assembly, a resolution for approving, by a vote of the whole legislature, of the character and conduct of Thomas Jefferson. We have been informed, by several members, that the original draught contained a clause for punishing those editors of newspapers who might presume to censure the president; and that the piece has been greatly altered and abridged, from its first verbosity and severity. An unsuccessful attempt was made by some of our friends in the house, to get hold of Mr. Smith's manuscript. The house have agreed to take up the resolution, upon Wednesday next. Here follows a copy of it.

RESOLUTION.

"THE extreme licentiousness of the federal editors in their abuse of the press, has been such as to require a correction; and as it is highly impolitic, as well as unconstitutional, to place any legal restraint on printing presses, the only mode of counteracting the baneful effects of such publications, should be, by an expression of the public will.

Resolved therefore, That the present legislature, as a component part of the constitution, declare their entire disapprobation of the gross, indecent and unprincipled attacks made on the character of the president of the United States; and so fully and confidently are they assured of the uprightness, and purity of his motives, as well as of a sincere and firm belief, that his official duties have been discharged in such a manner, as to promote the real interests, happiness and independence of their country; that they are induced to give their unequivocal and decided approbation to every part of his conduct; and as far as they come within their knowledge; and they feel a pleasurable duty in declaring, that there is no man in America, who deserves more of the confidence and support of the people of these United States, than the enlightened, philosophic, benevolent, and patriotic republican, Thomas Jefferson.

Resolved, That the foregoing expression of the sentiments of the house of representatives, be communicated to the senate for their approbation.

As for the licentiousness of the press, Duane is much worse than Bronfort, Cheetham than Coleman, Blake than Mr. Myles and Paine's letters in this Smith's paper makes a farther stride from decency than any thing which we

NOTES.

Does Mr. Smith mean to say that the assembly, and their public printer, are anti-federal?

At this place, there is a chain in the grammar of the sentence.

...remember to have seen in the Baltimore Federal Gazette. The Virginia Gazette is 25 much superior in the decency of its contents, as in the correctness of its workmanship, to the glibly tier of billingsgate that flows from the public printer's office.

As for an expression of the public will, a majority of the assembly cannot be said to have the power of expressing it. The minority are quite as much a part of the public, as the majority. The sun is twenty seven millions of times larger than the moon; but this does not annihilate her existence. The whole world knows that, on the question embraced by the resolution, there are two public wills, in direct hostility with each other; and you might as well deny the existence of the moon, because, she is less bulk than the sun, as deny that the minority have a public will of their own, because they are at present, the lesser number. Thousands of firm republicans, also, have become heartily sick of Mr. Jefferson. If his next election depended upon the ladies of Virginia, he would hardly get six votes in the state. As for what has been said in this knowledge, we would be glad to learn whether Black Sally and her yellow lice, have come within Mr. Smith's, know ledge? Or, if he fancies that a vote of the assembly can extinguish an existing fact? We ask him whether he would be affected of the uprightness, and purity of the motives of a friend, that attempted to cuckold him? We ask Mr. Smith whether he believes that there are twenty gods, or that there is none? We ask him whether he would think that a federal president deserved the confidence and support of the people, after his making a speech to Congress full of hypocrisy and of falsehood? We ask Mr. Smith whether he would consider it as an enlightened, philosophic, benevolent, and patriotic scheme, if one of his debtors attempted to fuddle him out of five hundred pounds?

(The remainder in our next.)

THE assembly, to their infinite honor, have appointed a committee to enquire into that part of the TREASURY BILL, which goes to the public printer, Mr. Daniel Sheffey, an honest, intelligent, and indefatigable republican, is one of the number. He is a determined enemy to this public printing job. We had prepared an encomium on conduct so commendable, as that of the assembly, in this appointment. But this, along with five columns upon the Army and other matters, all prepared for this day's paper, have been obliged to lie by, till our next. The public mind, in the mean time, rest assured that, in our opinion, the assembly have voted with much credit to themselves, in the appointment of the committee. Jones will infallibly be stripped of a great part of his plumage of education, George Hay, and a cross-eyed, or one eyed young man, whose name we have forgot how to spell, are appointed members of the executive council. Bishop Courtney's adventure with the poor woman's ten pounds, in our next; along with an ingenious extract concerning the bishop from the Virginia Gazette.

[WE insert the following piece, at the risk of leaving out many things that are much better worth room, for the sake of flexing the liberal spirit, which animates the Examiner, and the supreme contempt in which we hold all such national reflections. Our object in presenting the memorial to the assembly was to shew the enormous waste of public money, and the propriety of reducing the salary of the public printer. If the assembly differ from our opinion, they are the only competent judges; and it is our duty to submit to their decision with respectful silence. What cannot be peaceably amended, must be peaceably endured.]

We may further observe that two of the ablest and most active members of this, or any former assembly, gave it as their decided opinion that public money should be saved as much as possible, and that it was highly improper to pay four times more for work than it was worth. Mr. Sheffey and Mr. Adams agreed exactly in this sentiment. They will, therefore, consider it as their duty to propose a reduction of this immense sum. Unless they do so, they will not find it easy to reconcile the contributions to their conduct. We respectfully submit that matter to their consideration; and we do this for their own sake, as well as for that of the public.

As the subject is no longer a question, as it has been run through a series of publications of fifty-four queries of paper to the printer, it seems unnecessary to repeat it. It is much more than a year since it was brought up, and Mr. Larkin Smith



TOM PAINE

That arch infidel, who has publicly declared to the world that he does not believe in any creed, that he has read of, is sown a virtuous.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

the president of the United States, who wrote to him in France, and offered him a passage to his country in a national ship. It is said Paine has undertaken this journey to render Mr. Jefferson his thanks for his polite letter to him while in France, and to request the loan of SALLY, as he has no female companion.

FROM THE YORK RECORDER.

GOING into my kitchen, the other day, I observed an old volume of the minor Greek poets lying on the floor and several leaves torn out; a little out of humour, I addressed the fervent girl, and the following dialogue ensued.

Question. How came you by this book here?

Answer. It has been here several days. Q. But how came it here? Who brought it here?

A. The children dirtied it.

Q. I did not ask you how long it has been here, nor who dirtied it, but who brought it here.

A. I did not think the book was good for any thing.

Q. Tell me, girl, I demand who brought it here?

A. I'll carry it back again.

Here the dialogue ended. The girl is a democrat--She had taken the book thinking it of no consequence, and tore out several of the best odes of Anacreon, and used them about her cookery--I never saw a democrat that did not reason in the same manner about Jefferson. Here follows the substance of a conversation I had with one a few days ago.

Q. Well, what say you now of Jefferson's honour or honesty respecting his conduct towards Callender?

A. I think as I always did, that he is a great man and a philosopher.

Q. Do you believe that he gave Callender money for the purpose of tracing Washington and Adams?

A. He might have given him money in charity.

Q. But does not Jefferson himself say, "on account of the book you are publishing?"

A. Callender is a great liar, and more probably than not, he never received a letter from Jefferson.

Q. Do you believe he returned Callender the fine of two hundred dollars from the public's money?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you believe it a breach of the constitution?

A. Of what consequence are two hundred dollars?

Q. Is it not a breach of the constitution?

A. Mr. Jefferson has sworn to support the constitution; he would not break his oath for two hundred dollars.

Q. Answer, was it not a breach of the constitution?

A. The federal presses are full of calumny abusing the president for every thing he does.

Q. Did he violate his oath?

A. All your stories about his hypocrisies and his lying, his breaking his oath by love for madam Sally, &c. will do him no good, they only make him more friends--See how democracy increases.

Q. Did he violate his oath?

A. He has done a good republican and a good democrat--He has done more good about him--So, turning on his heel, he marches dumptyward.

May last on the trial of Henry Sirr. Equivocal witnesses of the city of Dublin for assault and false imprisonment of a citizen therein, its particularly recommended to the perusal of the friends of *free government*, and the advocates of a standing army in America, they are also respectfully informed, that the delinquent major was found guilty by a *legal jury* of the allegations laid to his charge, though not punished proportionately to his delinquency, he had been a good friend to *strong government* in that way, and was in numberless instances, before, and was only fined £150, with costs of suit.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH IRELAND.

In the case wherein Mr. John Hevey was plaintiff and Charles Henry Sirr, etc. was defendant.

On an action for assault and false imprisonment.

The trial was had before the right hon. Arthur lord viscount Kilwarren, lord chief justice of the King's Bench.

Monday, May 16, 1802.

MR. CURRAN stated the case for the plaintiff, in substance nearly to the following effect.

He began by telling the jury, it was the most extraordinary action he had ever met with. It must have proceeded from the most unexampled impudence in the plaintiff, if he has brought it wantonly, or the most unparalleled impudence in the defendant, if it shall appear supported by proof. And the event must stamp the most indignant and indelible disgrace on the guilty defendant, unless an unworthy verdict should stush the scandal upon another quarter. On the record, the action he said appeared short and simple; it was an action of trespass, *vi et armis*, for an assault, battery and false imprisonment. But the facts that led to it, that explain its nature, and its enormity, and of course they should measure the damages, were neither short nor simple, the novelty of them might surprize, the atrocity must shock their feelings, if they had feelings to be shocked; but he said, he did not mean to address himself to any of their proud feelings of liberty. The season for that was past. There was indeed he said, a time when, in addressing a jury upon very inferior violations of human rights, he had felt his bosom glow, and swell with the noble and elevating consciousness of being a free-man, speaking to free-men and in a free country, where, if he was not able to communicate the generous flame to their bosoms, he was not at least so cold as not to catch it from them. But that sympathy, he was not now to foolish as to affect either to inspire, or participate. He would not insult them by the bitter mockery of such an affection; buried as they were, he did not wish to conjure up the shades of departed freedom to flutter round their tomb, to haunt or to reproach them. Where freedom is no more, it is a mischievous profanation to use her language, because it tends to deceive the man who is no longer free, upon the most important of all points. That is, the nature of the situation to which he is reduced; and to make him contemn the licentiousness of words with the real possession of freedom. He meant not therefore, he said, to call for an haughty verdict, that might humble the influence of oppression, or assert the fancied rights of independence. Far from it, he only asked for such a verdict, as might make some reparation for the most extreme and unmerited sufferings, and might also tend to some probable mitigation of the public, and general feelings. For this purpose he laid the multi-charge back their attention to the melancholy period of 1793. It was at that period that the defendant, from an obscure individual, started into notice and consequence. It is in the history of an illustrious family, that high powers and magnificent prodigies are generally to be met being manufactured. The late *John Hevey* was equally pre-destined with his name, and his

family, to be in the list of public benefactors, he became, at once invested with all the real powers, of the most absolute authority. The life and the liberty of every man seemed to be given up to his disposal. With this gentleman's extraordinary elevation began the work of the suffering and ruin of the plaintiff. It ceases a man of the name of *McGarry* was prosecuted for some offence against the state. *McGarry* the plaintiff by accident was in court; he was then a citizen of wealth and credit, a brewer in the first line of that business. Unfortunately for him he had heretofore employed the witness for the prosecution, and found him a man of infamous character. Unfortunately for himself, he mentioned this circumstance in court. The counsel for the prisoner insisted on his being sworn; he was so. The jury were convinced that no credit was due to the witness for the crown; and the prisoner was accordingly acquitted. In a day or two after, *major Sirr* met the plaintiff in the street, asked how he dared to interfere in his business, and swore by God he would teach him how to meddle with "his people." Gentlemen, said *Mr. Curran*, there are two forms of prophets, one that derive their source from real or fancied inspiration, and who are sometimes mistaken. But there is another class, who prophesy what they are determined to bring about themselves. Of this second, and by far the most authentic class, was the *major*, for heaven you know has no monopoly of prediction. On the following evening, *poor Hevey* was dragged in the dark into some lone house alley; there he was seized he knew not by whom, nor by what authority; and became in a moment, to himself, to his family, and his friends, as if he had never been. He was carried away in equal ignorance of his crime, and of his destiny; whether to be tortured, or hanged, or transported. His crime he soon learned; it was the treason which he had committed against the majesty of *major Sirr*. He was immediately conducted to a new place of imprisonment in the Gaol-yard, called the provost. Of this mansion of misery, of which you have since heard so much, *major Sandys* was, and I believe yet is the keeper; a gentleman of whom I know how dangerous it is to speak, and of whom every prudent man will think and talk with all due reverence. He seemed a twin star of the defendant, equal in honor, in confidence; equal also, (for who could be superior!) in probity and humanity. To this gentleman was my client assigned, and in his custody he remained about seven weeks, unthought of by the world, as if he had never existed. The oblivion of the buried, is as profound as the oblivion of the dead; his family may have mourned his absence, or his probable death; but why should I mention to paltry a circumstance! The fears or the fetters of the wretched, give no interruption to the general progress of things. The sun rose, and the sun set, just as it did before; the business of the government; the business of the cattle, of the seat, or the tortures, went on with their usual exactness and tranquility. At last *Mr. Hevey* was discovered among the sweepings of the prison; and was at last to be disposed of. He was at last honored with the personal notice of *major Sandys*. *Hevey* (says the *major*) I have seen you ride I think a smart fore of mare; you can't use her here; you had better give me an order for her. The plaintiff you may well suppose, by this time had a tolerable idea of his situation; he thought he might have much to fear from a refusal, and something to hope from compliance; as all events, he saw it would be a means of appeasing his family, that he was no dead; he instantly gave the order required. The *major* graciously accepted my laying your country will not cost you much. You are to be sent to you to Kilkenny to be tried for your life. You will most certainly be hanged; and you can scarcely think that your journey to the other world will be performed on horseback. The business and horrors of *major* was equally proper with his name, and his

placard on the wall, that he was of this prison; at this point of the late time, and was dismissed to *major* of Kilkenny; then the head quarters of *Sir Charles* were to be tried by a court martial for such crime as might chance, to be alleged against him. In any other country, the scene that took place on that occasion might excite a little horror, and astonishment; but with us, these lamentations are become extinguished by frequency of repetition. I am assured that a proclamation was sent forth, offering a reward to any man, who would come forward, and give any evidence against the traitor *Hevey*. An unhappy wretch who had been shortly before condemned to die, and was then lying ready for execution, was allured by the proposal. His integrity was not firm enough to hesitate long between the alternative proffered, pardon, favor, and reward, with perjury, on one side; the rope and the gibbet on the other. His loyalty decided the question against his own soul. He was examined, and *Hevey* was appointed by the sentence of a military, and no-doubt enlightened court-martial to take the place of the witness, and succeed to the vacant halberd. *Hevey* will not suppose (continued *Mr. Curran*) now thought his labours at an end; but he was mistaken; his trait was never done. You are probably, gentlemen, by your lord-are accounting for his escape by the fortunate recollection of some early circumstance, that might have smote upon the feebility of *Sir Charles*, and made him believe, that he was in debt to providence for the life of one innocent, though convicted villain. But it was not so; his escape was purely accidental. The proceedings upon his trial, happened to meet the eye of lord Cornwallis. The freaks of fortune are not always cruel in the bitterness of her peculiarity, you see the capricious mercy of power, and rank, and wealth; but her playfulness is not always inhuman; she will sometimes in her gambols, fling oil upon the wounds of the sufferer; she will sometimes save the captive from the dungeon and the grave, were it only, that she might afterwards reconform him to his destiny, by the reprisal of aspicuous cruelty upon fanciful commiseration. Lord Cornwallis read the transcripts of *Hevey's* condemnation; his heart recoiled from the detail of stupidity and barbarity. He dashed his pen across the ill-used record, and ordered that *Hevey* should be forthwith liberated. I cannot but highly honor him for his conduct in this instance; nor, when I recollect his peculiar situation at that disastrous period, can I much blame him for not having acted towards that court with the same vigour and indignation, when he has since shewn with respect to those accountable jurisdictions, *Hevey* was now a man again; he shook the dust of his feet against his prison gate; his heart beat the response to the anticipated embrace of his family; and his friends, and he returned to Dublin. On his arrival here, one of the first persons he met was his old friend, *major Sandys*. In the eye of poor *Hevey*, justice and humanity had shined the major of his beams; he no longer regarded him with respect or terror. He demanded his mare; observing that though he might have travelled to heaven on foot, he thought it more comfortable to perform his earthly journeys on horseback. I am grateful villain, said the *major*; is this the gratitude you shew to his mercy and to me, for your clemency to you? You must get possession of the mare, which you have forfeited by your treason; you can't suppose, that a noble animal, that had been honored with conveying the weight of duty and allegiance, could condescend to load her loyal limbs with the vile burden of a convicted traitor. As to the mare, said *Mr. Curran*, I am satisfied that she is the same; and she is the same. He was no doubt allured by the innocency and beauty of riding the mare; but he was not so much allured by the prospect of being a free man, as he was by the prospect of his own liberty. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind, of the influence of the sense of duty, and the sense of honor, upon the conduct of man, is to be seen in the conduct of the late *John Hevey*. He was a man of great talents, and of great industry. He was a man of great industry, and of great talents. He was a man of great industry, and of great talents.