than in the other, until in man it is enlightened by experience, reflection, education and civil and political institutions, which are at first produced, and constantly supported and improved by a few; that is, by the nobility. The wolf, in the fable, who preferred running in the forests, lean and hungry, to the sleek, plump, and round sides of the dog, because he found the latter was sometimes restrained, had more love of liberty than most men. Numbers of men, in all ages, have prefered ease, slumber and good cheer to liberty, when they have been in competition. We must not then depend alone upon the love of liberty in the soul of man, for its preservation. Some political institutions must be prepared to assist this love against its enemies. Without these, the struggle will ever end only in a change of impostors. When the people, who have no property, feel the power in their own hands to determine all questions by a majority, they ever attack those who have property, till the injured men of property lose all patience, and recur to finesse, trick and stratagem to out-wit those who have too much strength, because they have too many hands, to be resisted any other way. Let us be impartial then, and speak the whole truth. Till we do we shall never discover all the true principles that are necessary. The multitude, therefore, as well as the nobles, must have a check. This is one principle.

"Were the people of England free, after they had obliged king John to concede to them their ancient rights?" The people never did this. There was no people who pretend to any thing. It was the nobles alone. The people pretended to nothing but to be villains, vassals and retainers to the king, or the nobles. The nobles, I agree, were not free, because all was determined by a majority of their votes, or by arms, not by law. Their feudes deposed their "Henrys, Edwards, and Richards," to gratify lordly ambition, patrician rivalry, and "family pride." But, if they had not been deposed, those kings would have become despots, because the people would not and could not join the nobles, in any regular and constitutional opposition to them.—They would have become despots, I repeat it, and that by means of the villains, vassals and retainers aforesaid. It is not family pride, my friend, but family popularity, that does the great mischief, as well as the great good. Pride, in the heart of man is an evil fruit, and concomitant of every advantage; of riches, of knowledge, of genius, of talents, of beauty of strength, of virtue, and even piety. It is sometimes ridiculous, and often pernicious: but it is even sometimes, and in some degree, useful. But the pride of families would be always and only ridiculous, if it had family popularity to work with. The attachment and devotion of the people to some families, inspires them with pride. As long as gratitude or interest, ambition or avarice, love, hope or fear, shall be human motives of action, so long will numbers attach themselves to particular families.—When the people will, in spite of all that can be said or done, cry a man or a family up to the skies, exaggerate all his talents and virtue, not hear a word of his weakness or faults, follow implicitly his advice, detest every man he hates, adore every man he loves, and knock down all, who will not swim down the stream with them, where is your remedy? When a man or family are thus popular, how can you prevent them from being proud? You and I know of instances, in which popularity has been a wind, a tide, a whirlwind. The history of all ages, and nations is full of such examples.

Popularity, that has great fortune to dazzle; splendid largesses to excite warm gratitude; sublime, beautiful, and uncommon genius or talents, that produce deep admiration; or any thing to support high hopes and strong fears, will be proud; and its power will be employed to mortify enemies, gratify friends, procure votes, emoluments, and power.—Such family popularity ever did and ever will govern, in every nation, in every climate, hot and cold, wet and dry, among civilzied and savage people, christians and Mahometans, Jews and heathens. Declamation against family pride is a pretty juvenile exercise, but unworthy of statesmen. They know the evil and is too serious to be sported with. The only way, God knows, is to put these families into a hole by themselves and set two watches upon them, a superior to them all on one side and the people on the other.

There are a few popular families in Massachusetts, my friend, who have, I fear, less honor, sincerity and virtue, than they ought to have. These, if they are not guarded against, may do another mischief. They may excite a party spirit, a mobbish spirit, instead of the spirit of liberty, and produce another Wat Tyler's rebellion. They can do no more. But I really think their party language ought not to be countenanced, nor their shibboleths pronounced. The *eugeneis* of the Greeks, the *bien ness* of the French, the *gewelige-hornen* of the Germans and Dutch, the *beloved families* of the Creeks, are but a few samples of national expressions of the same thing, for which every nation on earth has a similar expression. One would think that our scriblars were all the sons of redemptioners or transported convicts. They think with Tarquin, "In novo populo, ubi omnius repentina atque ex virtue nobilitassit, futurum locum sorti ac-strenuo viro."

Let us be impartial; there is not more of family pride on one side than of vulgar malignity and popular envy on the other. Popularity in one family raises envy in others. But the popularity of the least deserving will triumph over envy and malignity, while that which is acquired by real merit will very often be overborne and oppressed by it.

Let us do justice to the people, and to the nobles, for nobles there are, as I have before proved, in Boston as well as Madrid. But to do justice to both you must establish an arbitrator between them: this is another principle.

It is time that you and I should have some sweet communion together. I do not believe, that we who have preserved for more than thirty years an unterupted friendship, and have so long thought and acted harmoniously together, in the worst of times, are now so far asunder in sentiment as some people pretend; in full confidence of which I have used this freedom, being ever

Your warm friend,

JOHN ADAMS.

His honor Samuel Adams, Esq.
Lieut. Gov. of Massachusets.

From the Boston Chronicle.

No. I.

To JOHN ADAMS, Esquire.

Sir,

It is the duty of every citizen to examine impartially the opinions of public men. The duty arises from the reverence paid to authorities, and the pernicious consequences attendant on erroneous opinions, when advocated by those who, in my lord Bacon's phraseology, hold the vantage ground of society. The voice of popular applause is generally guided by a sense of respect, founded on actions which have accomplished great benefit, or on talents which have assumed extraordinary lustre. This applause may be, and often is, misdirected. Designing men learn well to appreciate this power of misdirection, and too often control with success the springs of inflammatory zeal. A patriotic exertion kindles the national spirit; a brilliant exploit throws a glory round the individual, which hides his failings and exaggerates his virtues; and the very errors of great minds lose their force, when talents, grandeur and gratitude have sanctioned the general character. On these grounds, sir, I have ventured to address you, without designating you as that great, eloquent and patriotic character; without asserting you as that lofty genius, who might direct the national sentiment; without advocating for you that high ambition or daring profligacy which would lead the march to power, through blood, villainy or treason; it is sufficient for my purpose, that your country has formerly given you, when your character was little understood, her first honors; and that there are still living many honest, though weak men, who place confidence in your political sagacity. Yes, it has been unfortunately true, that your country had avowed towards you a credulity which had well nigh completed her ruin; and a confidence, which though not openly betrayed, has not been too imposing for violation and abuse. This is not singular—the time has been, when Henry was thought a statesman, and Pulteney a patriot. Time has disclosed the corruption of the one, and the folly of the other. The weakness of Fleury was condemned and forgiven, after his death—the corruption of Pulteney was abhorred in his life-time. The finger of living scorn stigmatised him, and his reputation rotted in "the hospital of invalids," the house of lords. It is not my design to draw odious comparisons. It is of little consequence to the world, and less to me, whether you possess those qualities united, or a single one; whether you are weak and corrupt, or simply weak. In either case, the public have been deceived, though the triumph has been momentary. If the edifice be fallen into disgraceful ruin, it is of little importance to inquire, whether it fell by the feebleness of its structure, or the rottness of its materials. It is not my design to write a history of your administration, much less of your life; no temptation would induce me to so unfruitful a task. If it were written, it could only shew dangers which are past; if it were read, little interest could be excited. The characters it would develope, are fast passing into obscurity; an attempt to rescue them from an eternal sleep, would be useless, if it were practicable, and impracticable if it were useful. Some writers gain immortality from their subject, others bestow immortality on it; hardy indeed must be his resolution, who chooses a subject which offers neither the one nor the other. Even Sallust has been blamed for wasting his talents in delineating the villainy of Cataline; and Johnson has merited censure for giving a momentary elevation to characters who could only be degraded by public notice. Few can aspire to the reputation of Sallust or Johnson, but humbler writers should not imitate their errors. Their conduct shall be a lesson to me; I have some sense of personal dignity, and should be unwilling to prostrate it in the delineation of a character which would be at least strongly marked with inconsistency, with error, and with perversions of principles. My design therefore is simply to shew that you are in action and principle, in direct, though concealed, hostility against the constitution of the United States; and of this, a late letter published by you, independent of all parole declarations attributed to you, and of all illustrations too numerous in your conduct, affords the most plenary and incontrovertible evidence.

I confess myself to have been among those who have admired Mr. Adams.—His revolutionary services, his vigilance in the public councils, and his diplomatic success, seemed worthy of national honor and approbation. At that time I thought I saw in him, the inflexible supporter of political right, the intrepid advocate of liberty, and the steady denouncer of tyranny. It was natural, it was almost inevitable, to forgive, in favor of all these qualifications, those obscure, those semi-acknowledged preferences of monarchy and aristocracy, so deeply written on every page of the "Defence of the American Constitutions,"—a work, than which nothing can be more insidious; where the advocate of prerogative may find his triumph secured, and the votary of freedom his cause compromitted by the perfidy of a defence. I then believed that tergiversation would not disgrace the wisdom of former years; that hypocrisy would not pollute the presence of freedom; that apostacy would not blot the fair fame, which a life devoted to patriotic exertion had justly earned. Political corruption seemed to have been annihilated during the struggle for independence. In the first moments of peace the vigor of national gratitude ought not to have been repressed by jealousies and suspicions; the principle was noble, but the consequences have been dangerous. It was forgotton, that inordinate ambition had ever waged warfare with liberty and republicanism, and would be gratified by popular applause only; as it extended the power of projecting higher schemes of aggrandisement—it was forgotten, that "family pride" would lead to a restless hatred of plebeian rights and a bold assumption of patrician honors—it was forgotton, that the "blushing garter," the star and the diadem were irresistible inducements in certain minds to an abandonment of virtue, principle and independence. All these things were forgotton, and Mr. Adams was conducted to the chair of the union.

Judge then, sir, what must have been the surprise, the indignation, and resentment of every real patriot, on reading your letter to the venerable Samuel Adams; written too only one year after the constitution of the U. States came into operation. Were I hostile to your character and person, with what vindictive delight might I ponder over its pages. Never could an occasion have arisen more desirable for your adversary, or more disgraceful to yourself. It seems as if the "finger of Heaven" had marked you out in these latter days, as an instance of infatuation for power, regardless of consequences; of that imprudence which blasts the purpose of conspiracy, and betrays the schemes of imposture. I might here take occasion to remind you of the bitter sarcasms of Hamilton, which have been hitherto denounced as falsehoods, but now seem awfully verified. It is an original merit of this singular man, to subserve the cause of freedom by his efforts to destroy it. His sagacity unfolds the designs of all who are "climbing ambition's ladder," and his zeal, with all the strength of prophecy, chissels out their profligate characteristics. Dangerous by his influence and talents, his ingenuousness, renders them harmless.—Aspiring and haughty, he suffers no rival to impede his views, and keenly investigates the claims of his competitors. He can neither be wholly respected nor despised; he frequently vindicates right from policy, and never wrong from cowardice. His zeal hurries him to action, and his vehemence is too rapid for cunning. Had he more principle he would be a statesman; had he less ambition he might be a patriot. In the love of power he matures his schemes; in the fury of defence he abandons them to his adversary. With a keen sense of right, he is alive to the imputation of wrong at the very moment of commission; with an impatience of accusation, he wants the subtlety to conceal his faults, or the audacity to confront them. From him, therefore, we have often precious confessions, that at once alarm the country and ensure its safety. Yes, sir, though Hamilton has accused you "of the unfortunate foibles of a vanity without bounds, and a jealousy capable of discoloring every object," "of a disgusting egotism, a distempered jealousy, and an ungovernable indiscretion;" though he holds you up to public ridicule as one "who is capable of being alienated from a system to which he had been attached, because it is upheld by men whom he hates."—These are but inferior and private evils, which may be subjects of pity or contempt, but never of invective. I should disdain to retail the disgusting anecdotes of this vanity, this jealousy, this indiscretion. It may suit the purposes of a partisan, but it hardly merits the notice of a patriot. With the contest between you and Hamilton, I have nothing to do; your mutual accusations of weak and profligate conduct, are reports of high and transcendent record. But one thing they assert and prove, that you have gone hand and hand with him in those dangerous and impolitic measures which compromitted the honor and almost the existence of our republic. They prove that you have abandoned those principles, which elevated you to glory; and that your rival was not wrong when he arraigned your imagination "as propitious neither to the regular display of sound judgment, nor to steady perseverance in a systematic plan of conduct." Your letter to your venerable friend has taken a still wider range. It proves you hostile to our present constitution, and of course guilty in the forum of conscience, of political dishonesty, hypocrisy and apostacy. These are high accusations, and ought to be substantiated.

It is not my design to travel through your letter, and to examine sentence by sentence, to establish my positions. The crafty obscurity of some, the indistinct allusions of others, and the timid qualifications of the whole, are designed to shield your opinions from animadversion. Yet by a most unfortunate, though not uncommon effect, these very attempts to disguise completely unmask you.

I shall not dwell on verbal criticism or the force of particular expressions; but from the collective sense of the whole, I do unhesitatingly pronounce you as the AVOWED ADVOCATE OF A NOBILITY with exclusive privileges—of a president for life, with compulsive prerogative—and as the COVERT SUPPORTER of a devolution of this executive magistracy into an hereditary channel. With these impressions, I repeat that you are guilty of dishonesty, because you have sworn to support the constitution—of hypocrisy, because you have been a pretended admirer of its democratic features—of apostacy, because you once were a true, real and active patriot. Whether your "vanity," your "jealousy," your "indiscretion," or your embassy to England, have wrought these changes, I pretend not to determine. If I substantiate the charges from your own words, then will the public frown on you with holy indignation—if I fail, I am willing to be silenced as a gross calumniator.

MUTIUS SCÆVOLA.

THE TORY LAMENTATION.

We, the *well-born*, and ever thy most faithful friends, most solemnly *lament*, O King!—there ever was such a thing in the world as a *democrat*. We *lament* there ever was a *Hancock*, *Samuel Adams*, *Franklin*, or a *Washington*, to traitorously step forward against thee our beloved king; and in destruction of thy just power over this country. We *lament*, moreover, from our souls, that there ever was a Jefferson to draw up that most *detestable* instrument of writing called "*The Declaration of Independence*." We *lament*, that thou hadst not *more* loyal and dutiful subjects in America, in the time of need; to *aid*, *abet* and *support*, as did our brethren, the refugees, thy most *merciful*, *humane* and *christian* armies, in the *extirpation* of our brothers, fathers, and mothers, who dared to oppose thy *lenient* and *just* measures. We *lament* there was national wisdom enough found in thy united and ungrateful provinces, O king! to *see* and *feel* their own *debasement* and *humiliated* condition under thy *blessed yoke*. We *lament*, jointly, with our souls full of *sorrow*, for the cursed *Mania* for *equal* liberty which made its appearance, and raged on the 4th day of July, 1776. We *lament* for the *ill* and *untimely fate* of thy triumphant armies under lord *Cornwallis*, and his *defeat* and *capture* by the sons of *democracy*. We *lament we* have never had it in our powers since, by *all* our *secret schemes* and *stratagems* to bring us back under thy fatherly *protection* and mild government—"*the most stupendous fabric of human invention*." We *lament* the absence of our *dearly beloved*, and *well chosen* brothers and companions in the cause of *subjugation* of America to thee—Peter Porcupine, Joe Thomas, Dr. Romaine, and Billy Blount, of *daring memory*. We *lament* above all, most *glorious sovereign*, the success of the democrats in the year 1799, in Pennsylvania, in the election of thy *firm*, *fixed* and *eternal* enemy, Thomas M'Kean, governor. We *lament* the election of Thomas Jefferson, in 1800, the *constant* and *steady friend* of the people, as president of the United States. We *lament*, that under them, all our brothey Harper's *clues* and *tales of tubs*, *&c.* have been found to be nothing but *empty sounds*, *Listonian bubbles*. We *lament* the loss of our "*up to the hub*" governor of Pittsburg, with thy *midnight* president; and most heartily *deprecate* the election of Jefferson the poor man's friend and benefactor. We *lament* that under the *republican* administration of *Jefferson and M'Kean*, we have lost all the *blessings* of thy most *pure* and *precious* government—such as enormous *public debts*, *standing armies*, *stamp acts*, *direct taxes*, *speculations on the public funds*; and above all, that we did not plunder the "*Swinish Multitude*" more, before the triumph of republicanism. And finally, we, a small remnant of thy most *faithful friends* and *children*, O king! now *lament*, and ever shall, the *decline* and *downfall of thee* and *thine*, in this beautiful and vastly fine country—and that it is now too *late*, and thy *cause* too well understood by all the "*beggars* and *knaves*" in America, who have "uniformly opposed it," ever to succeed in the establishment of *our* desirable *object*—thy most gracious cause.

E. PLURIBUS UNUM.

FEDERAL MISREPRESENTATION
DETECTED.

No. XXIV.

From the Bee.

Yesterday was *freemen's meeting* or *election* in the state of Connecticut. As customary, a few days previous to this election, a number of *horrible stories* and *wonderful tales* were propagated by the federalists, to influence the freemen till the voting was over, when any one should be welcome to refute them. Callender's foolish story of Sally was circulated thro' the state very carefully, but was not thought sufficient. Accordingly it was reported in Hartford last week by the hon. Mr. Daggett, who said he had it from gen. Hamilton, as follows: "That some time ago a man by the name of Walker, a neighbour to Mr. Jefferson, went to Europe and left his family under the care of Mr. Jefferson; that during his absence Mr. J. attempted to seduce his lady, and when he conceived himself sufficiently ingratiated into her favour he made an attack on her virtue, but was resisted by Mrs. W. and repulsed by her with a pair of scissars; that on Mr. Walker's return he called on Mr. Jefferson for satisfaction, when Mr. J. begged his pardon, and wrote him a letter confessing and apologising for his criminal intentions; and that this said letter was in the hands of Mr. Coleman, editor of the *Evening Post* (gener. Hamilton's paper) who had possessed it a considerable time."

This story, thus substantiated by reference to known authority, it was supposed would have full effect, and could not be invalidated till after the election, when its purposes would be accomplished.—Unfortunately, however, for the credit of Mr. Daggett, gen. Hamilton, &c. and the propagators of the fabrication, Mr. Marshall, of Virginia, brother to the chief justice of the United States, happened to be in Hartford at the time this federal slander started. This gentleman with an honorable candor declared, "that the account *must be, and was utterly groundless and untrue*; that however he differed from Mr. Jefferson in politics, he conceived it his duty to contradict the report, as he was perfectly well acquainted with Mr. Walker, who lived on terms of the strictest intimacy with Mr. Jefferson, had long maintained a hearty and uninterupted esteem for him, and was at present so strongly attached to him that in fact he *adored* him; that Mr. Marshall was therefore convinced of the absolute falsehood of this story, which he had heard hinted at in Washington, reported in New York, and thus passed current and well established in Connecticut."

This foul calumny was doubly circulated with the utmost speed and assiduity through Connecticut, by the federal electioneering worthies, the lovers of religion and truth; while its refutation was left to find its way after it as well as it could, *after the election*. A pretty history of these electioneering tricks, annually played off upon the *enlightened* people of that state by their spiritual and political leaders, might be given. *Abraham Bishop* should hold these parts in remembrance—they would furnish matter for *another pamphlet* from him, which the federal party so vauntingly pretend so much to desire.

The federalists say that Mr. Gallatin has sold the bank shares belonging to the United States. It is admitted on all sides, if the shares have been sold, that the price was high enough (100 pr. 147)—But it is alledged, that Mr. Gallatin had no authority to dispose of them. Do the federalists suppose this to be true? No, they do not suppose it. Mr. Gallatin is secretary of the treasury, and has full authority by law to do what he has done. It was necessary to remit one or two millions of dollars to Holland to pay the instalments on the Dutch debt, and it was not deemed safe to depend upon private bills for so large an amount. Mr. Gallatin has conducted in this business with the greatest circumspection and prudence, and we doubt not it will so appear whenever we have "a view of the whole ground." [*Salem Register.*]

Easton Races.

ON Wednesday the 3d of November next, will be run for over a handsome course, near this place, the Eastern Shore of Maryland Jockey Club Purse of *two hundred and fifty dollars*; the second day a Colts Purse of *one hundred and fifty dollars*; the third day a Town Purse the sum not yet ascertained, free for any horse, mare or gelding carrying weight and subject to the direction of the Club.

Per order of the President,

EDWARD N. HAMBLETON, Sec'ry

September 28, 1802. tf