

MARYLAND GAZETTE, AND POLITICAL INTELLIGENCER.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1815.

No. 121

State of Maryland
Declaratory Act
On application by petition of
Nicholson, executor of the late
statement of John Nicholson
of Anne Arundel county deceased
ordered that he give the notes
red by law for creditors to exhibit
claims against the said decedent
that the same be published
each week, in the Maryland
and Political Intelligencer.

John Gassaway, Reg. Wm.
A. A. County
This is to Give Notice
That the subscriber of Anne Arundel
county hath obtained from the
court of Anne Arundel county
Maryland, letters testamentary
personal estate of John Nicholson
late of Anne Arundel county deceased.
All persons having claims against
said decedent, are hereby warned to
present the same, with the vouchers
of, to the subscriber at or before
fourth day of April next, they
otherwise by law be excluded from
benefit of the said estate. Given
under my hand this 10th day of
1815. John Nicholson, Executor.

Notice is Hereby Given
That the Levy Court of Anne Arundel
county will meet at the city of
Annapolis on the third Monday in
next, for the purpose of settling
adjusting all claims against the
county for the year 1814, and also
settling and adjusting the accounts
of the supervisors of the public road
and the inspectors of tobacco, at
respective warehouses in the said
county.

Wm. S. Green, Clerk
February 18, 1815

NOTICE.
By virtue of an order from the
plains court of Anne Arundel
the subscriber will offer at public
sale, on Thursday the twenty
inst. all the personal estate of
Court, late of the county aforesaid
deceased, at his late dwelling house
Doctor Henry Hall's.
Consisting of a number of valuable
negroes, both men, women and
children; some stock, corn, fodder,
hay; also a variety of household
kitchen furniture, and some farm
utensils. The foregoing property will
be sold on a credit of six months,
all sums over twenty dollars, under
sum the cash to be paid; bond with
proved security will be required, and
interest from the day of sale. The
sale to commence at 11 o'clock, and
continue from day to day until the
whole is sold.

Richard J. Jones, Adm.
March 2, 1815.

NOTICE.
The subscriber having obtained from
the orphans court of Anne Arundel
county, letters of administration
N. on the personal estate of
Green, late of Anne Arundel county
deceased, all persons having claims
against said decedent are hereby
warned to bring them in, legally proved,
those who are indebted to the estate
make immediate payment, more
especially those who are indebted for
age on letters, &c.

Richard H. Harwood, Adm.
Feb. 24, 1815.

Public Sale.
By virtue of an order from the
court of Anne Arundel county,
subscriber will sell at public sale
Friday the 24th inst. on the premises,
the personal estate of
lard, late of said county, deceased.
Consisting of Negroes, Horses,
Cattle, Hogs, Household and Kitchen
furniture, plantation utensils, &c. Terms
of sale—for all sums over twenty
dollars, a credit of six months, the
cashier giving bond, with good and
sufficient security; under that sum
cash to be paid.

Henry Jones, Adm.
March 9, 1815.

Public Sale.
By virtue of a decree of the high
court of chancery, will be sold, on
the 27th day of March next, at
public sale, at Benedict, in
county.
A number of *mulatto* Hogs and
Cattle from 7 to 20 years of age. They
will be sold for life, or a term of years,
as to suit purchasers.
Terms of sale will be made known
on the day of sale.

Henry G. S. Key, Trustee
Feb. 23, 1815.

The editors of the Federal
can will insert this advertisement
in their country paper until the day of

**A LIST OF THE
AMERICAN NAVY,**
with
**STEEL'S LIST OF THE
BRITISH NAVY.**

For Sale at GEORGE SHAW'S
and at this Office.
Price 12 & 2 Cents.

Blank Bonds, Deeds,
Hons in Bond, Appraisals, Bonds,
Mortgages, Warrants, For sale at this
Office.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
JONAS GREEN,
GEORGE STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price—Three Dollars per Annum.

RICHMOND, March 8.
To the Editor,

Sir,
You will be so good, as to
send the enclosed letter a place in
your paper; you may also assure
me, Ritchie that many of his
readers in this district, would be glad
to find it in the Enquirer: in fact
that they all would be pleased. Such
liked not the letter, would be de-
lighted with his comments.

I am, sir, Respectfully,
A FREEHOLDER,

Of the Congressional District of
Charlotte, Buckingham,
Prince Edward &
Cumberland.

York Buildings, Jan. 7, 1815.

You will perceive by the enclosed
letter, in case the fact shall have
been reached to you through any
other channel, that the enemies whom
I have been my lot to make in the
discharge of the duties of the station
to which I had been called by the
public suffrage, seem unwilling to al-
low me even the repose of that re-
tirement to which, after many
efforts, they have succeeded in
depriving me. I shall not stop to
inquire how far such a proceeding
is honourable, or even politic, as it
regards the views of those who have
allowed themselves to adopt it; al-
though the people with whom it was
made my pride to be connected,
must have undergone some strange
metamorphosis, not less rapid and
astounding than that which our un-
happy country has experienced with-
in the same period of time, if there
is one among them that does not
see through the motives of those
who would entreat them to turn
their eyes from the general calamity
and shame, and the shameless au-
sors of them, to the faults and in-
juries, real or imputed, of an
dismissed public servant, whose
defence in the eyes of his accus-
ers, is, that, foreseeing mischief, he
sought to avert it. Nine years
have now elapsed since he raised
his voice against the commencement
of a system of measures, which,
though artfully disguised, were cal-
culated as he believed, to produce
what we have all seen and feared long
ago. Had they who derided what
they were then pleased to term his
mournful vaticinations, the reve-
lators of a heated and disordered im-
agination, confided less in their own
built theories and taken warning
in what too late, they might be
regretting on "the full tide of success-
ful experiment," instead of clinging
to their instinctive & convulsive grasp
of the wreck, which themselves have
made, of public credit, of national
peace, of peace, happiness and se-
curity, and of faith among men—
the very bonds not only of union
between these states but of society
itself are loosened, and we seem
poaching towards that awful dis-
tinction, the issue of which it is not
yet human foresight to scan." In
virtue of the moderation, the for-
bearance of the people is, (under God)
their last resource. Let them ever
keep in mind that from their present
situation there is no transition
to military despotism; and that
there is none more easy. Anarchy
the chrysalis state of despotism;
and that state have the measures
of this government long tended,
and the professions, such as we have
in France and seen the effects
of Liberty, Equality, Inviolability,
&c. None but the people who forge
their own chains, and to flatter
people and delude them by pro-
cesses never meant to be performed,
the state but successful practice
the demagogue, as of the seduc-
tive private life. "Give me only a
rod for my axe," said the woodman
the able, to the tall and stately
that spread their proud heads
above their unlopped arms to
the heaven. "Give me an
axe for the wily politician. It
will cut down the English—to main-
tenance."

Free Trade & Sailor's Rights"
and dazled by the "Pride, Pomp
and Circumstance of Glorious War"
heedless of the miseries that lurk
beneath its splendor, the people have
said Amen!—Of these the heavy
debts of grinding taxes that follow
in its train are perhaps the least.
Disease and vice, in new, unheard
of forms spread from the camp thro'
out society. Not a village, not a
neighbourhood, hardly a family es-
capes the infection. The searching
miseries of war penetrate even into
the novel of the shivering negro,
whose tattered blanket and short al-
lowance of salt bear witness to the
glories of that administration under
which his master is content to live.
His master, no doubt some "South-
ern Nabob" some "Haughty Gran-
dee of Virginia," the very idea of
whose existence disturbs the repose
of over-tender consciences, is revel-
ling in luxury, which the necessary
wants of his wretched bondsmen are
stinted to supply. Such is the stuff that
dreams are made of! That master con-
sumed by cares from which even the
miserable African is free, accustomed
to the decent comforts of life is
racking his brain for ways & means
to satisfy the demands of the tax-
gatherer. You see the struggle be-
tween his Pride and his necessity.
That ancient relic of better times,
on which he bends his vacant eye,
must go. It is itself the object of a
new tax. He can no longer afford to
keep it. Moreover he must find a
substitute for his youngest boy cal-
led into service. His eldest son has
perished in the tentless camp, the
bloodless but fatal fields of the fe-
ny country—and even for the cher-
ished resemblance of this favourite
child must pay tribute to Cæsar.
The tear that starts into his eye, as
he adds this item to the inventory
of exaction, would serve but to
excite a philosophic smile in the
"Grim" Idol of the Levee and its
heartless worshippers.

Such is the condition of the bet-
ter and more enviable classes of soci-
ety. There is more than one be-
neath it—a husband, the sole support
of a wife and helpless children; a
son, the only stay and comfort of a
widowed mother. You have the
outline—fill up the picture—for you
can do it with a master's hand. We
shall then see the patch-work of the
cradle and the party-coloured rags
of equal poverty fluttering amidst
the ensigns and standards which
some Gadet for military promotion
lays at the feet of our President's
lady, on his knees. If at the price
of all this suffering could be brought
back the tone of public sentiment
"that felt a stain like a wound" it
might be even cheaply purchased.
But Othello's occupation's gone.
War is now a business of calcula-
tion by which a bankrupt become con-
tractor may poison our yeomanry at
so much a head, and in two years
time subscribe as many hundred
thousand dollars to "the Loan"—
thus rivetting upon the survivors
of those whom he has murdered, a
clear perpetual annuity of twelve
thousand a year. This not all. The
professionals, to which, for the most
part, our finest young men had de-
voted themselves, having deserted
them, just as they were beginning
to get forward in life, and upon the
faith of their prospects had acquir-
ed families; they will have no other
resource but a commission in the
army. Their poverty but not their
will consents; and even this motive
will soon learn to assume the garb
of patriotism, of public spirit. In a
little while men of all parties will,
inseparably, alide into the support
of the cabal at Washington; will be
seen dangling in the antichamber of
the Secretary at War, dancing at-
tendance for a commission. They
whose opposition to the men in power
has been conspicuous, will, for a
while, feebly adhere to their old
principles; at the same time stud-
iously avoiding every occasion that
may call for the assertion of them.
But a few months will render them,
in the main, very good courtiers;
while the younger aspirants after
military fame, having no shackles
upon them, will be at once thorough
fanatics.

* See the diplomatic Baron's cor-
respondence.

We shall be divided into two great
but very unequal classes: those who
pay taxes and those who receive the
proceeds of them. Into the first of
these classes, I and mine and all
that I love, with a few exceptions,
must fall; you my good friend, a-
mong the rest. I was not born into
this order of things, and I never
will consent, voluntarily to become
the vassal of a privileged order of
military and modelled men, by whom,
as by a swarm of locusts, the pro-
duce of my land is to be devoured
and its possessor consigned to indig-
ence and scorn. He who will not
assert his place in society deserves
to be trampled under foot. "Will
you not then defend the country?"
Will I defend myself? it might as
well be asked. Yes, with my last
shilling, with my heart's blood.
But you know that this federal army
is so far from being raised for our
defence that we are obliged to de-
fend it—such portions of it at least,
as for decency's sake are permitted
to remain among us—and even to
march to the assistance of our de-
fenceless sister state of Maryland.
You know that its object is to pro-
voke in Canada retaliation on the
shores and waters of the Chesapeake
—that it is a great engine of patron-
age: that the entrance into the ru-
ins of the palace leads no longer
through the Department of State,
but through the avenues of the War
Office. No man admires more than
I do the gallantry displayed by our
officers and soldiers during the last
campaign in Upper Canada. But I
cannot consent, in my admiration of
individuals, some of whom are of
my personal and particular acquaint-
ance, to lose sight of those princi-
ples of civil liberty in which I was
bred and in which I mean to die.
Of the navy it is unnecessary to
speak. The simple record of its
deeds is its best eulogium—and its
most gallant exploits have been re-
corded with a modesty, that divides
our admiration of the valour by
which they have been achieved.

The course of measures, to which
during seven years I had opposed
myself in congress, drew, in the ses-
sion of 1811—12, to that catastrophe,
which I felt it to be my duty to ar-
rest by the best efforts of my un-
derstanding. In the exercise of this
high constitutional duty—at once a
duty and a right—I was arbitrarily
silenced on the floor of an assembly
calling itself deliberative, abusing
the once venerated name of an A-
merican congress. Then was the
time as I thought, and still do think,
for the members of the opposition to
have quitted their seats and to have
abandoned an infuriated conclave to
the misrule of their own mad pas-
sions; instead of lending by their
presence the countenance of delibera-
tion to an assembly, that had ceased
to be deliberative. Gentlemen, whose
opinions, I hold in the utmost de-
ference, thought otherwise. To re-
sign my commission into the hands
of those from whom I had received
it was the next step that occurred to
me. But I immediately perceived
that this act of political suicide
would at once gratify my oppressors
and injure my constituents, who
would be thereby deprived of a vote
on the great question of war, which
was soon to come before congress.
My part was taken—to remain at
my post and calmly await the conse-
quences; leaving the responsibility
to those, who had rushed in where
angels might fear to tread.

Had I been counsel to the mean-
est and vilest felon that ever disgrac-
ed humanity I had been heard, as
matter of right, before any court in
the union; but I was deputed by
more than two thousand freeholders
to vindicate their rights at the bar
of the House of Representatives. I
was silenced—not even on the state
plea of urgency, for there was no
business before the House—but by
the *sic volo* of one tyro on the floor
and the *sic jubeo* of another in the
chair—*stat pro ratione voluntas*. Can
we wonder at the depth of misery
and shame into which our country is
sunk—when such as these presume
to lay their hand upon the ark of
magnificent and awful ease? Such
as these! Yes, such as in compari-
son with whom, even these are
"Solomons in Council and Sampsons
in the field."

To my constituents I made my ap-
peal. The war was declared—the
election supervented and they dis-
avowed me. In that decision I ac-
quiesced, as it became me to do.
Good cause as I had to believe that
the small apparent majority which
had been obtained against me was
procured by unfair device, I moved
for no new trial. Without any af-
fected change of my manners, I ex-
posed none of the means practised by the
most honorable men to extend their
popularity. I was satisfied with
having stood an eight years siege
against the whole power and patron-
age of Government and the incessant
roar of the artillery of the press
exclusively devoted to administra-
tion. To fall in such a cause was
no mean glory. I well knew that it
was neither by the prowess nor by
the friends of mine adversary that I
had been beaten down. I returned
nothing to the superintendance
of my own affairs (too long neglected)
with a clear conscience and clean
hands. Business calling me to Prince
Edward July court, I was solicited
by a most respectable and numerous
body of freeholders of that enlighten-
ed county to become a candidate at
the ensuing election. Friends who
had supported me through the good
and evil report of fourteen stormy
years—towards whom my heart
yearned—to whom it was painful in
the extreme to deny any thing in my
power to grant. My answer was given
publicly that there might be no
room for misconception, or misrep-
resentation. By that answer I still
abide. It is not I am persuaded yet
forgotten. I wish it could have been
reduced to writing at the time—it
would have saved you the trouble of
this long and tedious piece of egotism.
But as I am the subject I know not
how to write upon it without men-
tion of myself. Misrepresentation
having gone abroad with respect to
subsequent declarations which have
been imputed to me, I address myself
to you as a freeholder of the district
possessing its general confidence and
particularly that of your native
county. The precautionary slanders
of those out of the district who have
so long taken us into their unwholy
keeping, would have led me to infer,
in the absence of more direct evi-
dence, the existence of a disposition
on the part of my late constituents to
renew the connexion which so long
subsisted between us and which was
dissolved by no act of mine. Since
I began this letter I have been re-
quested in writing by more than one
respectable freeholder to state ex-
plicitly whether or not "if the peo-
ple choose to elect me I will serve
them." At all times I should con-
ceive it my duty so to do; but in
the present situation of affairs noth-
ing short of imperious necessity
should withhold my services from
the country in any shape that they
might be tho' useful.

It were uncandid however not to
apprize you, that my capacity to be
of public service is materially im-
paired. I have heretofore trod the
path of public duty fearless of con-
sequences—secure of that confidence
which furnished at once the motive
and the means of exertion. Are
you not afraid that when I should
seize some state-felon by the throat
and drag him to the bar of public
justice, I shall be throwing many a
nostalgic look doubtful of your sup-
port? Respect for the opinions,
even for the prejudices, of my con-
stituents—a common interest, and
common feeling with them, are es-
sential to the character of a fit and
faithful representative of the people.
But none can be more unfit, and in
fact unfaithful, than he, who is ever
trembling for his influence at home,
and, in the general wreck of the
state, is alive only to the risk of his
own paltry popularity. And this
too, when there is not a single office
in the gift of government worth the
acceptance of any man of generous
ambition, or true pride of character.
Subject me to what imputations it
may, I deliberately assert, such to
be my opinion. To say nothing of
subalterns, the present incumbent
has rendered the presidential velvet
not worth the wearing. Alas! poor
man! 'tis laced with thorns for
him.

* Amidst all our mortifications and
distresses, we have one consolation
in the field.

left: That events to Europe, have
changed the character of this war;
that we are no longer spilling our
blood and pouring out our treasure
to rivet the chains of a foreign peo-
ple upon the christian common-
wealth.

We have another in the manner
in which the war has been waged by
our enemy, who envious of the glory
of Hull's proclamation and the bur-
ning of York and Newark has, in his
own person, furnished us with a
companion in disgrace. To you,
among others of my friends, I have
often expressed my regret, that the
father of political philosophy and
his illustrious pupil could not have
lived to see the salvation of Euro-
pe; rescued by the unerring fore-
sight of the one and the unshaken
constancy of the other from the vil-
est bondage ever yet imposed upon
mankind. I figured to myself this
awful political patriarch pouring
forth his ejaculations and chaunt-
ing his "Nunc dimittis," in a strain
far different from the reverend
Hugh Peters and his disciples of the
old Jewry. Short sighted creatures
that I am. I now rejoice, for his
sake, that he has not lived to see
England the soft champion of Jac-
obinism in Europe; to witness the
disgrace of her arms yet more in
victory than defeat. The laurels of
Trafalgar and Roncesvalles, surpass-
ing in renown the Paladins of
Charlemagne, have been tarnished
by men bearing British commissions,
and boasting that they were pupils
of Nelson and of Wellington.
What would that great man, "of
an ancient character and of a mod-
ern genius" say to the exploits of
his *vis-diant* companions in arms,
at Hampton and Craney Island and
Alexandria and Tappahannock. I can
figure to myself nothing so wound-
ing to the noble spirit of such a man
—(it is a nobility of which the pa-
rent is from God; as an unvarnished
tale of these and some other tran-
sactions of the British force, in the
Chesapeake. When I heard that
the fleet was passing up the Potow-
mac, the first thought that struck
me was that the enemy would land
at Mount Vernon, that they would
take the body of Washington (it is
public property and derelict, scarce-
ly covered by a sort of roof house
on the shore) and transport it to
Westminster Abbey.—That it
would be interred with Marlborough
and Chatham, and that a magnifi-
cent monument would announce to
future ages, that "There lay the
remains of the founder of the inde-
pendence of a nation, that had
neither valor to defend his ashes,
nor gratitude to afford them a tomb."
Little did I dream that the invaders
were more worthily employed in
diving into cellars and climbing into
garrets after a few hds. of inferior
tobacco and some barrels of sour
flour. I sincerely ask their pardon
for the gross mistake, which I com-
mitted respecting their character,
and rejoice that none of their sable
allies had apprised them, that be-
neath the outer shell of wood there
is a leaden coffin. The black cloth,
all that has not been stripped off by
pious pilgrims as evidence of their
devotion, is so decayed by damps as
not to tempt the cupidity even of
the colored friends of our invaders.
It is equally fortunate that it never
occurred to some Trinculo of the
fleet that the corpse of Washington,
like their own Nelson, "festering in
his shroud," might be turned to, as
good account in London as a
"painted fish"—and that "not a
holiday fool in England but would
give a piece of silver." It may not
be unnecessary to apprise these ac-
complished scholars, and even some
their superiors at home, that this is
not the language of an American
libel, but of a dramatic writer who
flourished under an English queen,
the glory of whose reign and the
sagacity of whose ministers we are
barbarous enough to think not eclipsed
by those of the prince Regent.
We must sometimes try to force a
smile through our griefs, and I con-
fess it does grieve me to the heart
to think that the demon who now
haunts the Isle of Elba may chuckle
in the success of our favorite part
* Nor the commander-in-chief at
Walcheren.