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FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

FEDERAL CAUCUS
On the state of the nation.

General Thunder took the chair.

Mr. Timid, asked if it would not be best to appoint a chairman by ballot.

General Thunder. Damn *ballots*. I'll be chairman without, gentlemen, giving you that trouble—*Loud applause.*

General Thunder. Order, gentlemen, order. Our time is precious; our object important. We are assembled, not to save the republic, that political monster, which has risen with such gigantic strength; but to save ourselves. We have had our day of glory; but we have sunk from our lofty eminence.—Shall it be said we have sunk never to rise again? Forbid it federalism—forbid it every spark of heroism that flows in our breasts. We have tongues, pens, and swords. On these are our reliance. We can talk—

[Aye, that we can, said Senator—I have spoken seven hours in Congress without having any thing to say; and if occasion prompts, I can speak fourteen.] *Boisterous laugh.* We can write.

[Camillus—Yes, I can write essays of any length upon any subject; but the difficulty is to get readers.]—*Evident chagrin.*—

And we can fight—Our swords have no feeling, no sympathy, no humanity. When the enemies of our country are *our* enemies, we can draw the sword against them; and when that country regardless of the services we have rendered dares to govern itself without our permission, and thereby becomes our enemy, we are ready for the issue. In that event we shall be prepared not only to draw our swords, but to throw away their scabbards. If our country will not give us peace upon *honorable terms*, my voice is for war.—[Loud and reiterated plaudits.]

Mr. Caution *rose.* I congratulate this assembly on the animated applause bestowed on the patriotic sentiments (pardon the word, which the poverty of language compels me to use) of our distinguished President; who having been nurtured in the old school properly appreciates the importance of power and the insignificance of right. It is true that those who are powerful are always right.—[*applause*] I congratulate this assembly on the applause they bestow on this sentiment, because it shows their readiness, at a proper crisis, to resort if necessary, to the *ultima ratio regum.*

But though this be *our* purpose, and *our true* interest, let us, my honorable friends, pause, and seriously reflect on our proper course, ere we take that step which once taken, can never be retraced. Our strength, though mighty once, is now small; our numbers few, scattered and dismayed; and small as they are, every day lessens them. However, therefore the proud spirit of our Chief may prompt, however our hearts may desire the shortest road to power, that road is full of perils; nay is ambushed with destruction. In the open field of battle, even in the days of our boasted strength, we have been fairly vanquished. *Here* I may speak the truth, without injury to our cause. In other circumstances I know too well my duty. Why then, my friends, pursue measures that will and must be fatal? Has life lost its charm that we are so regardless of it? Has despair taken its endless abode in our hearts?

No, my friends, let us act with wisdom—let us profit by our mournful experience. When the government was ours, what availed our mighty armaments? Notwithstanding the thunder of our cannon, and the menaces of our legions, the nation put them down. The voice of the people—that cursed voice! struck a panic into the stoutest hearts, and the *sunshine* soldier shrunk without a struggle into the paltry citizen. An appeal to force, then, in our present exhausted state, will never do. No—

"Our better part remains,
"To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
"What force effected not; that he no less
"At length from us may find, who overcomes
"By force, hath overcome but half his foes."

During the harangue of *Caution*, attention hung upon his words, which appeared to give general satisfaction.

He resumed—My friends, I have thought deeply on the crisis of affairs. I will not deceive *you* with hopes which I do not myself entertain. It is for us again to triumph, that triumph cannot come soon. Our enemies possess the confidence of the people. Their characters are fair, their measures wise; and unless some extraordinary event occur, that confidence must increase. I cannot too highly extol the policy of our friends in the Senate and the other House, who seizing the fleeting moment, strove by every human art to hurry the nation into war. Judging of this by every other nation; they had reason to hope that the same stratagem that has subverted the liberties of the one would have destroyed those of the other. But events have proved the temerity of their hopes, and have sunk us lower in the public esteem than we stood before. This stratagem permit me to say, has lost its efficacy, unless to injure its best friends; and the less we say about it the better.

But we have other resources. However pure the character of our opponents, and however wise their measures, what are purity and wisdom unaccompanied by public esteem? They are mere dross, chimeras of childish brain, unworthy of a manly or vigorous understanding. It is true that public esteem now attends them. Our only chance springs from destroying it. This cannot be done by a coup-de-main; but it may be effected by gradual and insidious means. As to the measures of the government they cannot so easily be misrepresented. They are fully known, and their effects are felt. Yet, let us not, on that account refrain from the use of every politic mean to defame them. Let us call the love of peace cowardice, the regard for economy miserable parsimony; the cautious and sparing exercise of power a hatred of good government; and the repealing odious taxes a mere catch for popularity. These are, doubtless, daring reproaches, but by being often urged, by being exhibited in every shape, they will gain some credit.

This, however, is a subordinate artifice, and from it much cannot be expected. There is, fortunately, another resource. The characters of our opponents must be prostrated: their *private* as well as *public* characters. Once induce the people to doubt the *motives* of their rulers, and you may soon render their *measures* unpopular. This, too, will instil suspicion, that demon of confidence.—I have said we must prostrate *private* character. Here, thank God, the field is all our own. There is a conscious dignity in innocence that disdains to answer the tale of slander. Let, then, that tale be told. Let it be circulated in whispers, in convivial companies, on the floor of Congress, from the bench of justice, or in the public prints, as circumstances may recommend. What, though the peace of families may be invaded by the malicious tale, is not the end in view great, and ought not all minor considerations to give way? Let, then, any thing and every thing be said. The more false, the less notice will be taken of them by those they injure, and the stronger will be their impression on the ignorant and uninformed. We have a majority of the newspapers on our side. Let them be filled with traduction. Their editors need not be afraid; the administration is too magnanimous to appeal to law for redress.

Let the same measure be dealt out to their public characters. Deny all the good they have done, and ascribe it to hypocritical motives. Above all things, never abandon one ground. Endeavour to convince the people that they are miserable; and that the national character is the scorn of the world. This is *my* advice.

The President. Gentlemen, you have heard the advice of our honourable friend. To me it appears profound and politic. Do you approve it?

Many voices. We all approve it.

President. Swear, then, to practise it with zeal yourselves, and to recommend it to others.

Many voices. *We swear.*

FROM THE BOSTON CHRONICLE.

ON DEMOCRACY.

Government is necessary to the happiness and security of the human race; but the only question has been, what form of government is most conducive to this great and valuable end? Our governments are elective democracies; but we have the principles of those governments dressed up in so many horrible images, that some of us are induced to turn our backs on them with distrust and jealousy.

The enemies of our republics may deny the assertion, with all the boldness they can collect, but I do assert, and will maintain, that there is more security, more happiness, more dignity, and consequently more ease and comfort, under the forms of these governments, than under any other which has been established upon the face of the earth.

When a numerous, a learned, an enlightened, and virtuous people, have fought and bled for principles of government, as essential to their happiness and safety; when their wisdom has, with with great deliberation, compiled those principles into forms, and established them as constitutions, there is, certainly, so much respect due to them, as that they should not be overthrown or subverted, until they have had a fair experiment.

The objection now in vogue against our governments, is, that there is not energy enough in them, to maintain them against intestine, civil commotions, and against the invasions of a foreign enemy. This may be the case, for though the principle upon which they rest is as old as the world, yet the form we have thrown it into is altogether new; and we have been very lately boasting that our experiment would give peace and glory to the world. What has happened to destroy our sanguine expectations of deriving political and civil happiness from our exertions? We have had one insurrection in Massachusetts; there has been another in Pennsylvania; both have been subdued by the exertions of the people, without the aid of Monarchy and without the aid of a standing army. Our governments stand firm and secure against commotions, or the least apprehensions of commotions from the Yeomanry, or that part of the community which the federal writers call the democrats. Our flag is, and has ever been, as much respected on the ocean, as that of any nation on the globe; our ships are in India, China, Asia, Africa and Europe. Our commerce is known to all nations, while the vigour of it strikes out new tracks on the sea and opens new sources of wealth. Our vessels are abundantly increased, and our merchants are the envy of other nations. While they are wasting their blood and treasure, to gratify the ambition of their better sort, of their well-born, we, like brethren, in the true spirit of equality, are improving our own vines and fruit trees. Our Ambassadors have been honorably received by all the Sovereigns, either Monarchical, Aristocratical or Republican, in Europe; all have been ready to form treaties with us, and to remain our friends.

Shall we now take, in a concise manner a view of our internal situation?—Every man in America has the same right to gain wealth, obtain honors, and live securely. Our lives are as safe as the laws of a well regulated society can render them. Our property is as secure as the best systems of jurisprudence, administered impartially, promptly and without corruption, can render it.—Who is there in our country, that has been injured, and has failed of indemnity by any defect of our laws, or by corruption in our civil tribunals? Who is there that now doubts of the legal protection of his person, his property, his rights of a citizen? Are not these our invaluable blessings? Why then is he stigmatized and pointed at with contempt, who loves these constitutions? And why is the name of a democrat, under these democratical constitutions, used as a term of reproach? He who loves and will maintain these systems, which render so many millions of the human race secure and happy, ought to be esteemed and beloved by the people who enjoy them.

We will now take a view of the nations of Europe, and enquire, in a concise manner, whether there is one of them whom we ought to imitate or envy.

Spain lays on the point of the European peninsula. She was, not long since, the most respectable kingdom in Europe, but her monarchy has grown more despotic. The sovereign once had a dependence on the people, to support him against the nobles; but those arrogant opposers of their king have become voluptuous, debauched, indolent and ineffective; so that the monarch does not want the aid of the people to quell their civil wars; and he therefore has the multitudes as his property. The priests have wrapt the whole nation in the darkness of gross ignorance; a darkness that truly may be felt. The soil is the sovereign's, the nobles possess it as feudatories; the body of the people are miserable; peasants living in the hovel with their mules, their cattle and hogs; they sow and reap for others to eat; the army is their task-masters, the priests the insatiable pilferers of their earning, and bribery, fraud and corruption the seats of their magistrates and judges. These are the blessed effects of monarchy, in a country once the garden of Europe, and the dread of other nations.

France stands next on the peninsula, dividing Spain from ancient Rome. This country has been a monarchy for the term of nine hundred years, under the Capet family. There have been more civil wars in that country, under their monarchs than in all Europe besides. We need go no further back than the extent of the memory of men now alive, in viewing the disgraceful miseries of twenty millions of people, seated on what is naturally the pleasantest part of Europe. The *wooden shoes*, the *soup maugre*, the *broth of frogs*, and other strong figures indicative of poverty and wretchedness in France, have been in the mouths of the English, and Americans in our own day. They have always been unprotected by standing laws; the will of the sovereign has been the only law; the will of the king the wisdom of the judge. Without trial by jury, their judges and magistrates have been openly corrupt and partial; the poor men had no claim to justice, the people had no rights.—The exercise of conscience, in matters of religion, has always been a capital offence; the having an opinion in politics, the crime of treason. The Bastile has been the grave of the living, and altars of religion have been stained with human blood, by the persecutions of the priests. The kings have wasted the treasures of the kingdom upon mistresses and their favorites. The princes, princesses, nobles, and families of high quality, have been openly lewd and grossly debauched. Chastity has been, among them, a term of reproach, and morality a disgrace to politeness. He who has ever read, knows this to be a true picture of that nation. Why should we wonder that when such a people, oppressed till they could endure no longer, should, when they had overthrown the tyranny, brake the galling chains of the corrupted church, and feel their right as men to freedom, conduct with a wild ferocity, and be guilty of acts of extreme cruelty? Tacitus says, there is no rule or measure for the conduct of civil war, nature can afford none.

But how strange is it, that while Americans melt in tears over the hearse of Louis, sigh and weep over the unfortunate Charlotte, number and estimate the scattered stones of the Bastile, they have no recollection of the sufferings of so many millions of the human race, who have been the victims of royal cruelty, the wretched vassals of a haughty nobility, and the starving labourers for an avaritious and insatiable clergy.

Germany, and the petty sovereigns who compose that empire, are not so licentious and so debauched in their manners as the French monarchy has been. A silent, frowning, gloomy aspect spreads its wide domain over the whole land. The corruptions of Christianity entangle the multitude, while the sovereigns, the nobles and the priests guard the cob-web nets, by which the multitude, hungry and wretched, are held in ignorance and vassalage. While there was animation enough, or knowledge sufficient, to contend for the rights of human nature, they had intestine wars and civil commotions; but their state is now rendered tolerable only by the loss of sensibility; they cannot suffer, because they cannot enjoy.

Poland, wasted by the incessant wars of her nobles, has received the shackles of Russia and Prussia, that she may repose in sloth and wretchedness, under the banners of those two conquering despots. Generations born in slavery, feel their fetters as the gift of nature, and love them.

Sweden and Denmark, recline in the regions of ice, without any rights but those of slaves; that is, the inextinguishable right of enduring hunger and nakedness, whilst they toil for the nobles, who hold the soil, and who defend the backs of the peasant from the lash of the sovereign, that their own might not be interrupted.

Russia carries the chain of slavery to the north pole. Her twenty millions of vassals, spread themselves from the land where snow never melts, to the banks of the Mamora—where the wretchedness of the Turks, gives them an alleviation of the sufferings, merely by shewing them that slaves in a despotism, professing christianity, are not so miserable as they are under the Mahometan usurpation. But one million and a half of people, without property, but themselves the property of half a million, who are all the property of one despot. Such a multitude, without science, without learning, without ideas of the rights of man, without hope, as rational creatures, without other happiness than merely the absence of misery, deserves the sober reflections of Americans. What hope is there, that the condition of this multitude can ever be in any manner ameliorated? The monarch and nobles have an union of interest in their wretchedness. The priests hold an estate for the church in their ignorance. And the rays of mental light are shut out for ever.

The United Provinces, called Holland or the Netherlands, exhibit a strong instance of the miseries of aristocracy. A few years ago they were vassals of Spain; when the renowned William Tell gave them a taste for freedom. But his mind did not glance upon the scheme of an *elective republic*; and if it had, the body of the people were not in a habit to exercise it. The dread of despotism, under a single tyrant, urged them, from a sense of their past sufferings, to repose in the arms of many tyrants, who constituted their States General. Here their miseries have accumulated for more than a century;—squeezed on all sides, dependent on one power and tributary to another, they have been made the seat of war, the sink of calamities, and the sport of contending nations. Let who will lose, they are destined to make good the loss—let who will call they must pay the reckoning.

Rome, including Portugal, Naples, and all the Italian states, the ancient seat of Roman Empire, remains to finish the plan of the European Continent.

A learned writer observes, that the history of the Romans is the history of mankind; whether this is true or not, there is much to be learned from the history of that extraordinary nation.—They were, undoubtedly, a colony from Greece, which was a colony from Egypt; but their origin is wrapt in the robe of secrecy, and the commencement of their history as given by their poets, is fabulous. In their origin their government was a military exercise of power, which lasted, as Tacitus informs us, under seven successive kings, two hundred and forty years; and ended with the expulsion of Tarquin, the Republic lasted about five hundred years, under that form of government, the senators, consuls, and magistrates were elective. The people assembled in the field of Mars, and gave their suffrages. Under this democratical form of government, the state became the wonder, and conqueror of the world. All nations bowed to the splendid dignity of the Roman name. The arts flourished, science and eloquence were there seated for the benefit of mankind, while language was urged to an unknown height of richness, in order to express the idea of the Roman glory.

But Servius Tullius, the sixth king, and next preceding Tarquin who was expelled to make way for the Republic, had, as we are told by Montesquieu, in imitation of Solon of Athens, divided the people into centuries, and formed four classes; composing one of the wealthy citizens; thus introducing a principle of aristocracy into the state; giving undistinguished rank of pre-eminence to riches; which ended in producing a senate to the succeeding Republic, which held it by their jarring influence, in civil war, until their conflicts, and prosperities, were closed after the death of Augustus, who claimed only to be prince of the senate, or the chief among the senators, by Tiberius being made Emperor. To use the words of Tacitus: "The senate still continuing with prostrate servility, to press their suit to Tiberius; the right of electing magistrates by the public suffrage in the field of Mars, was now, for the first time, taken from the people at large, and vested in the senate." After the battle of Actium, "when to close the scene of civil distractions, all power, and authority were surrendered to a single ruler—the historic character disappeared, genius died by the same blow that ended public liberty; truth was reduced to its last gasp; various circumstances conspired against her. A new constitution took place, undefined, and little understood; men resigned their rights, and lived like aliens in their own country."

We know, that under the tyranny, which succeeded to the democracy of Rome, civil wars were continued, the Roman power declined; the sciences and arts took refuge elsewhere, the provinces revolted; and a conquest of Rome by barbarians, put an end to the poor remains of the Roman name.

The states of Italy upon a luxurious soil, in a temperate climate, have neither dignity, force, wealth, or character.—Content in effeminacy, to be the ignorant dupes of a fraudful, swindling clergy, they have not now even the name of a nation on the earth. This history is sacredly true, and can any American realize it and be ashamed of democracy, or be willing to yield his dear bought liberty to tyrants, who pant to overturn the American constitutions? and for their own aggrandizement wish for a new form of government? We here finish the picture of Europe, with the British Empire; that form of government idolized by so many Americans.