THE TAYLORS AGAIN!

Benno has denounced the people of the United States—and the constitution!—as the most stupid and abject in the world. And it is evident he is sincere in the opinion he has publicly expressed. It is vain to think that the people find out and blind, when he conceives that they cannot discern his *impudence* or his *folly*, when he affects to praise what he has condemned, when he expresses concern for what he has avowed his detestation—when he is alarmed for a constitution which he has labored to overthrow as the most inefficient and imperfect of any in the world! He must think the American people grievously stupid indeed, when he presumes that they can forget his denunciation of all our *civil, political, religious*, and literary institutions: But his mind must be inflated to the acme of absurdity, if he expects one man of sense to believe, that he who denounces the federal government as prepossessed with indications "*the sun of federalism is in full setting*," can be seriously suspected by any one feeling of affection or attachment to what he has so emphatically condemned in the face of the public!

Calumny would fain induce an opinion, hardiness, and not depravity, is the unfortunate source of all his follies—but upon either of these foundations must his "*warning strange*" letter of farewell, and the following *ravings* which appeared in his paper of Monday evening, be accounted for. We have noticed twice the ludicrous circumstances of the capture of several suits of *clothing, shirts*, &c. seized under presumption of a *plot!*—The nerves of this poor distracted lad are badly disordered by this truly *alarming affair*—and his he raves "about it—and about it"—

A circumstance more menacing than any that has yet arisen in this country, has been disclosed within the last forty-eight hours.

Through the active vigilance of the Mayor of this city, a discovery has been made which leads to the most alarming conclusions. A large quantity of military clothing, bearing the uniform and insignia of the French Republic has been seized, and the persons *more immediately* concerned in the *secret & clandestine* fabrication of it, have been committed to prison.

Providence has once more interfered to preserve us—once more is it placed within our power to rescue ourselves and our families from the gripe of an all-destroying monster. But not a day, an hour, or a moment should be lost in pursuing the only measure, which a regard to self-preservation, in this portentous crisis, admits

A memorial should instantly be addressed to the President of the United States, requesting an immediate and complete enforcement of the law which provides against the injuries that may be derived to the citizens of the United States by the agency of aliens within the same.

That there are men among ourselves equally criminal with those, who are thus concerned in preparing cloathing, forging arms, and practising all the preparatory steps to the overthrow of our government and the subjugation of our country, cannot be doubted; but the shield of citizenship, which they most unworthily bear, is interposed against the same summary process, which our safety requires, and the laws authorise towards aliens.

The present case is one which admits of no contradiction—and allows no delay.—The cloathing is French uniform—on the buttons of the coats and waistcoats is placed the French military insignia, with the legend *Republique Française*.

It cannot, therefore, even be said, as is already attempted, that this cloathing was intended for the troops in St. Domingo (which in itself would be a flagrant infraction of our laws)—No; the commander of that island is determined on independence; and he would not in such a moment, write "*French Republic*" on the buttons of his soldiers.

We should be safe in supposing that this infernal uniform is prepared for an army which is to *start* up among ourselves, completely distinguished, by its cloathing as by its designs and actions, from the citizens of the United States. An army, which at midnight, may realise the threat of a villain who is still tolerated among us, and who said, "*be hoped the day was not far distant when he should enter Philadelphia at the head of an armed force, and not leave one brick upon another.*"

Has not the LATE *French Consul Le Tombe*, granted his certificate of protection as *Consul General of the French Republic with the United States*, to the very fellow who his directed the clandestine fabrication of this cloathing, and who is now in prison? Have not Le Tombe's functions long since ceased? What does this mean? Has the infatuation, which has prostrated Europe, taken complete possession of our faculties too?

To strengthen the inferences so obviously to be drawn from this disclosure, that infamous morning print, called the *Aurora*, has already attempted to cover the transaction by way of ridicule.

Some other circumstances, of which we have been apprized, since writing the foregoing, tend to exhibit this discovery in a light still more important and alarming. The cloathing, it seems, had been distributed in small parcels at different places in different parts of the city: the person at whose house the first quantity was discovered, positively denied that he had any thing of the kind in his possession, and it became necessary to burst open the doors; when a quantity of uniform coats, together with shirts, overalls, &c. were immediately discovered and seized. The quantity taken at other places was far more considerable. Two considerations of the most serious nature, arise out of this very *remarkable fact*: That the cloathing must have been *distributed* not less for the purpose of eluding research, than for the more *sudden* and effectual perpetration of the obvious design; and that, in all probability, but a *small part* of the scheme and of the preparations for carrying it into effect, have been as yet brought to light.

[Here ends mad master Fenno.]

In America, says the elegant editor of the Wilpole Museum, the conductor of a paper is viewed as a mere fabulist in society; and with great justice, for he is generally, an illiterate, mercenary, blind, groundling, ignorant of the lowest elements of taste and science. In Europe, the case is entirely different. The editor of a paper holds a high rank, and claims and receives distinguished consideration. For he is, as he ever ought to be, a man of letters, and a gentleman. In France, under the old government, learned ecclesiastics, abbes, and characters from that class distinguished by the terms of "Gens au Robe," and "Gens des Lettres," had the guidance of the weekly or daily sheet. In Germany learned booksellers, professors in the universities, and eminent authors superintend the press, and in England and Scotland, men of the most shining talents, and of the most extensive erudition, are invariably employed by this arduous and responsible task. In short, an editor abroad is a qualified person, selected from the literary choir, and respected as a liberal scholar and a correct gentleman. An editor here, with the exception of a few, whose talents we ever have acknowledged, and always delight to honour, is an animal, who would be much more advantageously employed as a scavenger, a tinker or a nightman, than in filling four folio pages, with the spoils of his awkward thefts, or the lame effusions of his rickety brain.

Many of our American papers are not so valuable after being blackened and defiled by stupid printers and editors, as when immediately from the paper mill. Our domestic gazettes, when destitute of news, are not like European journals, replete with entertainment and found instruction. They are generally destitute of wit and originality. Indeed, a gross and slovenly system of plagiarism prevails throughout. One witted editor copies the nonsense of his ample brother; and false grammar, trivial remark, unimportant news, wire drawn poetry, and drowsy essays, pass from hand to hand, and dulness enjoys a kind of newspaper immortality. There are some respectable exceptions, but the majority of American newspapers fully deserve the severity of Mr. Fenno's reproof. He has described a large class with truth, accuracy and acumen. From a most painful experience of four years, the writer of this article can abundantly testify to the plagiarisms, mawkishness, dreariness, and gross folly of many of those weekly things, which profess to convey novelty and amusement to the gaping reader. The fact is, there are three or four papers published, upon which all the rest live. The great body corporate of our heavy newspapers is as mishapen and undiscerning, as the monster of the Roman poet,

"Cui humanum ademptum."

The *Farmer's Weekly Museum*, printed at Walpole, Connecticut, contains the above judicious and correct articles—in doing justice to the discernment and (as we have often done before) acknowledging that the Editor of that paper is only the third exception to the mongrel species of editors which he describes, in all the New England states, we have to lament that from a *certain period*, his paper departed too lowly from the gentlemanly character which it had deservedly sustained throughout the United States—We have regretted to see that paper prostituted to the unworthy purposes of perversion and misrepresentation—We have lamented to see the talents which that paper displayed—the genius which presided, and the taste that governed its varied and elegant literary effusions, suddenly debased and perverted from its natural consequence and dignity—and we expected, while we repined at the anticipation, that the time must come when the slow and silent but progressive operation of public sentiment would excite an emotion of regret in the bosom of the Editor, and that he would have to vent his anguish at a disappointment, which is only the necessary result of his departure from the lofty and independent character of the man of genius and literature—We are not therefore surprized to see him now desponding over the literature and enveighing against the ignorance of his unequal rivals—he must take to himself a share of the odium which falls upon our public literature—for he possesses qualifications to make himself respected and his country honored; but he has unfortunately abused them—and the *Fennos* and *Russels*, the *Browns* and *Snowdens*, are too stupid to be susceptible of his just maledictions.

Col. *Carrington* of Virginia, the *soi-disant* Secretary at War, is laboring hard for the *slippers* of Mr. *M'Henry*; he has been detected in a singular species of electioneering trick with a view to oust *John Clopton*; like a true son of *Machiavel*, and a worthy accession to the *Hamiltonian* school, having been called on to deny an article in his hand writing, he has *shrunk* from the ordeal, ashamed of what he was mean enough to write.

Mr. Editors,

Little Brown having observed a paragraph in a British paper, intimating that their fall had been conferred with much decorum—took the hint, and fat down to out do him—and did it too. The paragraph is short, and like most of his paragraph's excessively stupid; he says, our fall day was ordained.

As a *political* Sabbath *exclusively devoted* to the exercise of *religion*"—this elegant member cannot be too much admired—though I confess I do not clearly understand what a *political Sabbath* means; and much less can I see, how it could be *a political Sabbath* when it was *exclusively* devoted to *religious* exercises! If there, ever was or could be a political Sabbath, it would be one for political purposes, and political discussions. I should be willing to consider the fast day a political day, but Brown tells us it was *exclusively* devoted to the exercise of *religion*—exclusively of what? of politics? if so, let us again read this elegant member and try to fathom its depth "as a political Sabbath," that is, a Sabbath for political purposes, devoted to the exercise of religion, politics entirely excluded.—Here may be elegance—and sense; but it is difficult to find it: "*devoted*"—this term adds another beauty to the sentence, and displays a happy genius at composition; a man of common capacity would have said *set apart*—but a *devoted day* is truly classical;—it is one of those choice expressions which pluck the laurel from the brows of the ancients and adorn therewith our truely modern federal editors; but we must not rest here "In this city an extraordinary and laudable respect was paid to it." *Paid to what?* to the day—to keep ourselves holy on the Sabbath, is I presume not to honor *the day*—that would be idolatry, but we presume that we have that day set apart, that we may devote ourselves to the service of God—here the honor and respect was paid faith Brown, to the day—and Brown is an *intelligent lad!*—"the citizens *universally* abstained" I would rather he had said *generally*; but *Paddy Brown* is entitled to speak twice, he meant to say "universally with a great many exceptions"—which as Irish is very intelligible. In the different churches prayers adapted to the occasion were offered up to the most high, *succeeded* by sermons—how admirably does he follow the order of church devotion

"For prayers come first; they pacified away—
"Then sermons seized the vacant place."

—But these sermons which seized the place by succession, he describes in the most singular and happy manner "the piety, patriotism" I have read of the piety of a christian, the patriotism of Dr. Franklin; but a *pious* sermon, a sermon possessed of *patriotism*, is undoubtedly a *Brownism*.—"The American pulpit"—I have heard of many pulpits and many churches—*the* American pulpit however I do not know—perhaps he meant American pulpits; this appears to be a typographical error, and the whole sentence must have been written thus "in the different churches prayers adapted to the occasion were offered up to the most high, succeeded by sermons the *piety*, patriotism, and elegance of which are honorable proofs of the energy of the American *Porcupine*.—Brown can tell if my conjecture be right.

MENIPPUS.

Dr. *Romayne* of New-York who figured so conspicuously in the *Blount business*, has been handsomely exposed by a Mr. Blanchard of that city, by whose publication it appears that this "*man of modest stillness*"—had sold property which had been previously mortgaged for double its value—this Dr. *Romayne*, like our friend *Jozey Thomas*, was one of the most furious federalists,—Romayne was the intimate friend of Mr. *Liston*, and was to have been made a *deputy king* if the *Blount* conspiracy had completely succeeded—this fellow has talked of his *education* and his *honor*, and the *company* he kept, and turned States evidence against Blount to *save his neck*.

The tricks of British emissaries become so numerous and so naked, that the greatest service we can do the public is to give them circulation, take the following

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in London, to his friend in Charleston.

"The great nation are making, at present, more havoc among the American ships than they have ever yet done, and unless the American government can give, their commerce some protection to Europe, there will scarcely be a ship left to bring the produce to market. I am very certain that these last ten days, the privateers out of France, have captured ten millions of dollars, bona fide American property, bound to different ports in Europe."

The Fanny, Braine, arrived in the Clyde from New-York, brings American papers to the 10th December. The Fanny had a remarkable fine passage; she made land in 18, and Greenock in 26 days. Congress met at Philadelphia on the 3d of December. We understand that the prevalence of party spirit in America has given such alarm to that country, that governor Wentworth has received applications from no fewer than 200 families, for leave to remove their capital and industry into the British settlement of Nova Scotia; which permission he readily granted, as they are men likely to become most useful subjects of his majesty. This is a remarkable effect of the party spirit which rages in that best retreat of liberty: and we trust it will be the means of moderating the high language of the government, which, more perhaps than the intrigues of the French, have inflamed and exasperated the opposite party.

(London paper! ! !)

EXTRACT

From a letter written by General Nicholas of Kentucky

YOU say 28,000 persons have offered for commissions in the regular service. From the best calculation I can make, it would not take more than 500 officers for the corps of regulars: for that there were 56 applicants for each commission, which was to be disposed of: and 27,000 of those who did apply must have been disappointed. You do not say what became of those who were not happy enough to receive commissions. Did their zeal and enthusiasm, when they found they could not serve their country in the stations they would have preferred, cause them to enlist as privates, which no interest was necessary to procure them permission to do? I fear not. The American patriotism of the present day is not of the kind which makes the greater part of those under its influence ready to sacrifice life and fortune, and engage in the most disagreeable and unprofitable service, to serve their country. Office, lucrative office, is the point to which all their actions are carrying them. It is astonishing to hear of the immense number with you who expect to be provided for by the government; the labor of those who *do work* would not be sufficient to support those *who wish to live without it*. Brought up in idleness, they know not what to betake themselves to; labor they will not, and to beg they are ashamed: their whole dependance is therefore, on receiving provision from government. To give them some claim to it, each of them exceeds his fellow in his zeal for and clamor in support of all their acts, including those which are to be done; they are anxiously wishing to sell their birth rights for a mess of pottage. The more those measures have a tendency to increase the public burdens, and to impoverish the people, the better they are pleased with them; because they render the more officers necessary. They enlist, under the banners of the government party, all their friends and connections. Multiply the whole number of officers employed in every part of the government by 55, and then add to the total amount those who are interested in the public securities and banks; those whose mercantile interest cause them to support the present measures; those who expect to handle public money, and to get jobs under government; those who wish to see the republican principles contained in our government changed; and those who are always ready to enlist themselves under men in office; and you will readily account for the conduct of a great part of the supporters of the late measures of the general government. I only say "a great part," for I am convinced that many of our best citizens support those measures because they think that there is a necessity for doing so; although I cannot but be of opinion, that they have formed that opinion on mistaken grounds."

General Laveaux, a deputy from St Domingo, whose republicanism is above all suspicion, has offered to a member of the Directory to answer with his head for the fidelity of Toussaint Louverture. It is said, that this general is to be sent as commissioner to St. Domingo.

A letter from Ireland by a late arrival has reached this city by a private hand; besides some details interesting only to those who are acquainted with that country, the following particulars are mentioned in it.

Henry Grattan has been prevailed upon to accept a seat in the Irish parliament, under express stipulations with the patriotic party, that they shall oppose the further landing of a single English regiment or English soldier in that island;—this has become the basis of a patriotic compact to preserve the independence of that nation, and prevent what has been called an *union*.

Articles of Impeachment were about to be preferred against *Lord Castlereagh*, Secretary of State, for *bribery and corruption*, attempted on about *forty* members of parliament.

A corps of Yeomanry had entered into resolutions hostile to the proposed Union with England, had published them; the example was spreading through all those corps. Marquis Cornwallis, determined to disarm and dishonor the Yeomanry corps, by a covert manoeuvre. The corps was ordered on a tour of duty, and to be reviewed preparatory thereto, with blunt cartridge; having been drawn up in line a regiment of Scotch highlanders of 1200 strong was marched into the field suddenly and the Yeomanry corps were ordered to ground their arms. The corps had from the suspicious manner, in which the orders were dictated, and from some private intimations, deemed it expedient to be on their guard; they had accordingly pro vided *Ball*, instead of *blunt cartridge*; and when ordered to ground their arms came to a recover. The confusion was of consequence great, the highlanders were ordered to charge with the bayonet; a desparate contest ensued, in which the highlanders were obliged to retire, with the loss of 34 men, beside wounded; the Irish corps of about 670 strong, lost 17 men, and after maintaining the field, marched off the ground to their former quarters. The further issue of this serious business must be of the utmost importance, and may be expected by the first arrivals from that quarter.

From late London papers.

Lord CAMELFORD was yesterday morning discharged from the custody of the King's Messengers, the Lords of the Council before whom he was examined, having been fully satisfied that his intentions were such only as he had himself represented; all tending to the service of his country. His Majesty's pardon is to issue under the Great Seal, to discharge Lord Camelford from the penalties of the Statute of last Session which makes the mere act of embarking for France criminal, without reference to the motives with which it is done. This transaction can therefore have no trace of blame on his character, except that of not having acted with sufficient caution in the execution of plans framed for the most honorable purposes.

It is hardly necessary to add that nothing can be more groundless than the insinuation that has on this occasion been so improperly thrown out in some of the papers respecting Lord CAMELFORD.

The banker HALLER has offered to purchase the whole of the royal demesnes of Piedmont, and to pay twenty millions of livres in specie in part of the price.

BOSTON, APRIL 23.

Yesterday Mr. ABIJAH ADAMS was discharged from his imprisonment, after partaking of an *adequate proportion* of his "*terrible nights*," by a confinement of 30 days under the operation of the Common Law of England.

Mr. ADAMS returns his thanks to his numerous friends for their attention and kindness to him during his confinement, and assure them that the Liberties and Constitution of the country will ever be the objects contemplated in the prosecution of the Chronicle.

ABIJAH ADAMS during his confinement, was visited by the *proscribed* patriot SAMUEL ADAMS. This visit naturally excited strong emotions in the bosom of the American Cato.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 29.

Yesterday arrived the armed brig Integrity, in 32 days from Surinam.

A gentleman who came passenger in her, informs us, that four Spanish frigates with 600 German troops, (80 of whom died after their arrival,) in the service of Spain, had arrived at Surinam from Cadiz, and that a squadron of 3 Dutch frigates and a schooner, sailed from thence, their destination unknown.

The Integrity sailed in company with a large fleet of Americans, a number of them armed vessels, under convoy of the sloop of war Portsmouth.

NEW THEATRE.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF Mr MORRIS.

THIS EVENING, Mar 1.

Will be presented (never acted in America) a celebrated COMEDY, called

FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

[Written by the author of the West Indian, Jew, &c.—And performed at the theatre Covent Garden with distinguished applause]

SIR OLIVER MONTRATH—Mr WARREN.
ALGERNON—Mr. FOX.
SPUD—Mr BERNARD.
FARLING—Mr. WIGNELL
SIMON SINGLE—Mr MORRIS.
FARMER GAUDEY—Mr. DOWNIE.
ISAAC—Mr BLISSETT.
PETER—Mr. WARRELL, jun.
JACK—Master L'ESTRANGE.
FRANK—Mr. WARRELL.

LADY CYPRESS—Mrs. MORRIS.
EMILY FITZALLAN—Mrs. MERRY.
JENNY SEED—Mrs. FRANCIS
Mrs. BUCKRAM—Mrs. DOCTOR.
RACHEL WILLIAMS—Miss L'ESTRANGE.

End of the comedy (BY DESIRE) will be given a Musical Interlude, called

THE CATCH CLUB:
OR,
THE SONS OF ANACREON.

(With Characteristic Scenery, and Decorations)

President,—Mr. MARSHALL; Harmonics—Messrs DARLEY, GILLINGHAM, FRANCIS, WARREN, FOX, WARRELL, BLISSETT, & Mr. WARRELL, jun.; Senior Vice President,—Mr BERNARD; Junior Vice President—Mr HARDINGE.

1st. Song, (the Soldier's Return) Mr. MARSHALL; 2d. The Constitutional Glee, (by persons of the Members of the Philadelphia Catch Club); 3d Comic Song, (Dick Hunter; or, a Catalogue of Plays and Farces) Mr. BERNARD; 4th. Glee "Come all noble Souls;" 5th Comic Song, (Father M'Shane)—Mr. HARDINGE; 6th. Catch—Mill's a health to all good Lasses; 7th. Bacchanalian Song. "Women and Wine before us,"—Mr. DARLEY; 8th. Glee "Come live with me and be my Love." 9th. Song, "United Volunteers,"—Mr. FOX; 10th. Catch—Old Rose and burn the bellows—The Song, Catches and Glees accompanied on the Grand Piano Forte, by Mr. REINAGLE.

To which will be added, (not acted these two years) a COMEDY (in two acts) called

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

[Written by CHARLES MACKLIN, Esq.]

SIR THEODORE GOODWILD—Mr. DOWNIE.
SIR CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN, (with a Song) Mr HARDINGE.
SIR ARCHY M'SARCASM—Mr MORRIS.
SQUIRE GROOM—Mr. MARSHALL.
BEAU MORDECAI—Mr FRANCIS.
THE LADY—Miss L'ESTRANGE.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Morris, No. 76, South Fifth-Street, at H. & P. Rice's Book-Store, No. 16, South Second-street, at Carr's Music Repository, No. 26, South Second-Street, and at the Office adjoining the Theatre.

☞ Mrs. Bernard's and Mr. Doctor's Night will be on Friday next.

*** Mr. Well's (Box Office Keeper) Night will be on Saturday next.