

**Remarks on the explanation, by Dr. Priestley, respecting the intercepted letters of his friend and disciple, John H. Stone. To which is added a certificate of civism for Joseph Priestley Jun / By Peter Porcupine [i.e. W. Cobbett].**

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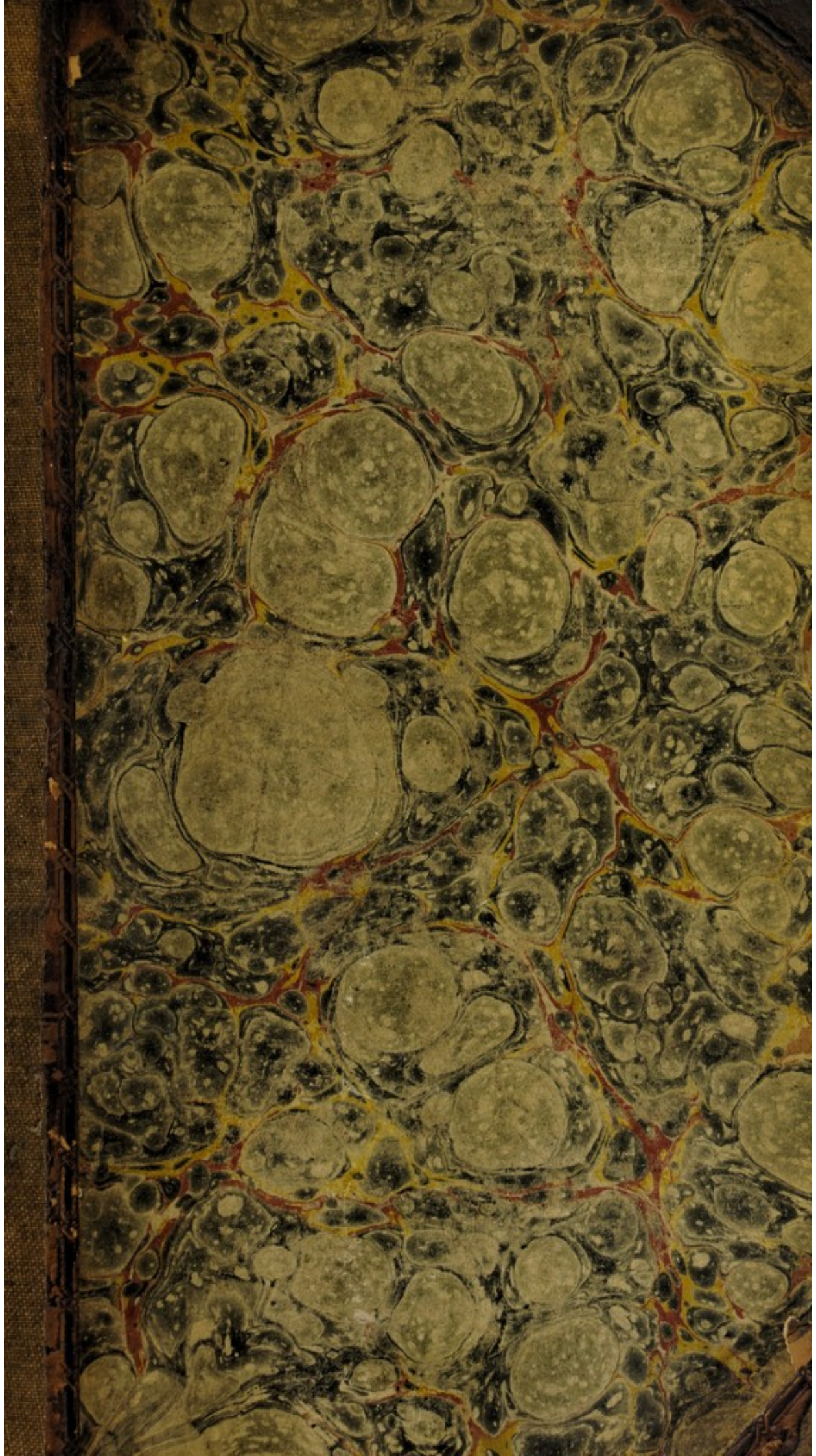
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COBBETT (WILLIAM)

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REMARKS  
ON THE  
EXPLANATION,

LATELY PUBLISHED BY

DR. PRIESTLEY,

RESPECTING THE

INTERCEPTED LETTERS OF HIS FRIEND AND  
DISCIPLE,

JOHN H. STONE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A CERTIFICATE OF CIVISM

FOR

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, JUN.

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BY PETER PORCUPINE.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, OPPOSITE OLD BOND STREET,  
PICCADILLY.

1799.





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# INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

TO

*THE PEOPLE OF BIRMINGHAM.*

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THE factious disposition of *Doctor Priestley*; the feuds he excited in England; the violence to which his insolence roused some misguided men, and the melancholy consequences of those violences, must all be remembered by the *People of Birmingham*.

As he, at last, left his country, in search, as he professed, only of security and repose, it might have been expected from a "*Saint*," that he would have forgotten the objects of his enmity. But oblivion of resentment is no article of the *Sectarian Creed*. No sooner had he set his foot on the shores of America, than he recommenced a series of calumnies against his former neighbours and government, which, either in the form of paragraphs, letters, or sermons, he has, till very lately, continued with little intermission.



Those calumnies, I, as an Englishman, felt it my duty to repel. Unlearned as I was, I had never before ventured to commit my thoughts to the press; but, fired with indignation, and knowing that I had truth on my side, I feared neither the shafts of ridicule, nor the dagger of malice. Success has attended my endeavours. In spite of the almost general prejudice which then existed against the British nation; in spite of the Doctor's experience in such warfare, and his vast superiority in point of abilities; in spite of myriads of virulent and lying newspapers and pamphlets, aided by the clamours of a numerous democratic faction; in spite of all these disadvantages, I have lived to see the truth of my statements, and the justice of my opinions respecting Priestley, fully and universally acknowledged. Assuredly the battle has not been unto the strong. The Goliath of Literature has fled from the sling of the shepherd's boy.

Since a desire to defend you, the People of Birmingham, against the malignant aspersions of Doctor Priestley, was, in some degree, the cause of my first attempting to write, I am persuaded you will not think it unnatural, that I address to you this pamphlet, the intent of which is to prove, that this *Apostle of Sedition*, go where he will, into whatever country, and under whatever government, still carries with him the same hostility to all lawful power; that he is still the admirer of the woeful revolution



of France; that he still entertains against Great Britain, and her institutions, a hatred which neither time, nor distance, nor a conviction of his errors, nor the advance of age, can remove, diminish, or mollify; that he still wishes her revolutionized and ruined, and still indulges the wicked, though delusive hope, of seeing his wishes accomplished.

WM. COBBETT.

*Philadelphia,*  
*January 30th, 1799.*



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## REMARKS,

&c.

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THE Intercepted Letters of Stone were received in America by the June Packet. Their appearance, first in my Gazette, and successively in all the public papers in the United States, except those notoriously devoted to the cause of France, is a fact too well known to be mentioned here with any other view than that of introducing the following *Note, Explanation, and Remarks.*

‘ *To Mr. COBBETT, Philadelphia.*

‘ Doctor Priestley hopes Mr. Cobbett will do him the justice to insert the enclosed in his newspaper.

‘ *Northumberland, Sept. 4, 1798.*

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‘ SIR,

‘ I beg leave, through the channel of your paper, to give what satisfaction I can to many persons



‘ in this country, who seem to be alarmed at the  
 ‘ publication of an intercepted letter, addressed to  
 ‘ me by Mr. J. Stone at Paris, and inclosing ano-  
 ‘ ther, which I was to transmit to M. B. P. (which  
 ‘ means a member of the British Parliament) at  
 ‘ Kennebeck. They were first printed in England,  
 ‘ *with a view to render me obnoxious here.* Whe-  
 ‘ ther they ought to have this effect, let any impar-  
 ‘ tial person judge from the following circum-  
 ‘ stances.

‘ Mr. John Stone *was a member of my congre-*  
 ‘ *gation at Hackney, and a zealous friend of the*  
 ‘ *American and French revolutions, which suffi-*  
 ‘ *ciently accounts for his corresponding with me.*  
 ‘ But *I am not answerable for what he, or any*  
 ‘ *other person, may think proper to write to me.*

‘ The letter inclosed to me is for Mr. BENJAMIN  
 ‘ VAUGHAN, formerly a *pupil of mine*, and son to  
 ‘ Mr. Samuel Vaughan, who some time ago resided  
 ‘ in Philadelphia. He, like me, *thought it neces-*  
 ‘ *sary to leave England*, and for some time is said  
 ‘ to have assumed a feigned name. This he does  
 ‘ not do here, and he is a man that any country  
 ‘ may be proud to possess; having, for ability,  
 ‘ knowledge of almost every kind, and the most  
 ‘ approved integrity, very few equals. He is *well*  
 ‘ *known* to, and probably *corresponds with*, the  
 ‘ PRESIDENT, who will smile at the surmises that  
 ‘ have been thrown out on the subject. He has



‘ fixed his residence at Kennebeck, because his  
 ‘ family has large property there. If he or I had  
 ‘ been a spy in the interest of France, we have  
 ‘ made a very strange choice of situations in which  
 ‘ to do mischief.

———“ But trifles light as air,  
 “ Are to the jealous confirmations strong,  
 “ As proofs of holy writ.”—

‘ I am, &c.

‘ JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.’

This *Explanation* was received at my house in Philadelphia on the 13th of September last, while I was in the country, on account of the yellow fever, which at that time desolated the city. It was, indeed, sent to me in the course of a few days after its receipt; but, being at a distance from many books and papers, to which I found it would be necessary to refer, I deferred making any reply ’till my return home; and since then I have been so pressed with business of every kind, that it is with the utmost difficulty I have been able to steal time enough from the regular and indispensable labours of the day, to throw together the Remarks which are here submitted to the public. While, however, I think it necessary thus to make an apology for the delay, I must not forget to caution the reader against ascribing it to any respect which I entertain for Doctor Priestley, for whom I thus early take occa-



sion to avow my most unqualified contempt; and this I do, lest, by inadvertence, I should let fall any thing resembling that affected civility, which has lessened the force of too many well-meant publications, and which partakes too much of the cool, placid, Priestlean cant, to find an imitator in me, or in any man who feels a becoming zeal in the cause of his country, and who scorns to make a cowardly compromise with malice and with treason\*.

The Doctor begins his Explanation by allowing, that the publicity of the Intercepted Letters has "*alarmed*" many persons in America. He afterwards admits that he is suspected as "a spy in the service of France;" and, in consequence of this, he very obligingly comes forward, a volunteer, to give what satisfaction he can on the subject; or, more properly speaking, he endeavours to remove the dangerous impression against himself, which he perceives the discovery has produced.

In what degree the people of the United States are *alarmed*, or ought, in any case, to be alarmed,

- \* " I love the bold uncompromising mind,
- " Whose principles are fix'd, whose views defin'd ;
- " Who owns, when traitors feel th' avenging rod,
- " Just retribution, and the hand of God :
- " Who hears the groans through *Olmütz* roofs, that ring,
- " Of him who chain'd, and who betray'd his king."

ANTI-JACOBIN, No. 36.



at the suspected treachery of a miserable though perverse old man, I shall not pretend to determine ; but, if the reader will lend me his patience through a few pages, I pledge myself to prove, that whatever suspicion or alarms the Intercepted Letters were, in themselves, calculated to excite, it ought by no means to be diminished by the "*satisfaction*" which the Doctor has vainly attempted to give.

But, before I enter on the explanation itself, I shall bestow a minute or two on an insinuation, with which the cunning Sectary has thought proper to preface it, respecting the *motives* from which the letters were made public. His words are these : " They [the Letters of Stone] were " first published in England, *with a view to render* " *me obnoxious* HERE."

No great degree of sagacity is requisite to enable us to discover the object of this despicable complaint. The *authenticity* of the Intercepted Letters was too well established to be shaken by any denial of his : no equivocation, no subterfuge, would, on this score, have answered the least purpose ; and he therefore was driven to avail himself of a misrepresentation of the views from which they were made public. Unable to contradict the fact, to deny the truth of the testimony against him, he endeavours to deaden its effect by complaining of the hard-heartedness of his accuser : consci-



ous that the justice of the public must condemn him, he has the meanness to appeal to their compassion.

That this complaint is, however, wholly groundless, that the Letters of Stone were not published in England with a view to render him odious, here or any where else, is very evident from the *Preface* and the *Notes* of the English publisher; in which, those parts of the Letters relative to America, though peculiarly inviting to the Commentator, are suffered to pass almost entirely unnoticed: and as to himself, he is mentioned but once, when he is thought worthy of nothing more than a sneer of contempt.

The fact is, the Doctor has too high an opinion of his own merits. He imagines himself a much more dangerous and dreaded pest than he really is. The people of England, if I have any knowledge of their sentiments, care nothing about him or his plots. They know, indeed, that he is a political viper; but they also know, that, with regard to them and their country, he is a viper without a sting: and, as to what mischief he may do here or elsewhere, it cannot be believed but they must be extremely indifferent. If America is destined to suffer from his machinations, on the Americans will lie all the blame. During many, many years, previous to his emigration, every art was made use of by individuals, by societies, and even by several of



the legislatures, to gather together on these shores all the discontented from under every government in Europe. When the hospitable host is betrayed by the stranger, whom, without any views of interest, he has received under his roof, and seated at his table, every noble feeling of the heart is roused in his cause; but, very different indeed is the effect, when we hear a people complain of the treachery of those, whom they have *invited*, nay *inveigled*, not to say *seduced*, from their *duty* and their *homes*.

But, to return to the Doctor's complaint; allowing the publishers of the Intercepted Letters to have been aware, that the publication of them would render him obnoxious in America; and even allowing these publishers to be, as he hints, the British government: Yet, what reason has he to complain? The British government is the guardian of the interest and honour of the British Nation, and is, whatever he and his traiterous correspondent may say to the contrary, the organ by which the people express their sentiments on every national concern. And whence, pray, does the Doctor presume that *he*, above all men living, ought to expect favour at the hands of that people? What has he done to merit their commiseration or their mercy? What truth, injurious to their reputation, did he ever suppress? And when did he miss an oppor-



tunity of endeavouring to render them the hate and the scorn of the universe?

That his whole political life has been a continued series of hostile attempts against the tranquillity, happiness, and national character of Britons, need not, at this day, be asserted. It was the notoriety of this fact, which procured him the "*affectionate farewell*" of those sons of brutality and treason, the *United Irishmen*, and the "*affectionate welcome*" of the no less brutal and perfidious *Democrats of America*. As, however, it is possible that these remarks may fall into the hands of some persons, who are not acquainted with all the divers stages of his seditious career, I shall introduce an instance or two of the implacable malice, which he has discovered against the British nation, since his emigration to America; and, for doing this, my being myself a Briton, will, I am sure, be a sufficient apology.

The Preface to his farewell Hackney Sermon, which was evidently intended as an appeal from the people of England to the people of America (or rather from the impartial judgment of the former to the prejudices of the latter), and which he took good care to publish, and distribute in great profusion, immediately upon his arrival at Philadelphia, is a most malignant libel on the whole British nation. The king is represented as a despot; their legislators as corrupt; their clergy as ido-



latrons, bigoted, and persecuting; their judges as unmerciful and partial; their juries as perjured; and the people at large, as ignorant, profligate, base, and cruel.

His letter to a friend in England, which was published there in all the manufacturing towns, and which was evidently intended to be so published, in order to induce people to emigrate; that letter, of which every sentence, and every member of a sentence, is an abominable falsehood; that letter, which says, "here we have *no poor*," and which was written at the very time that the writer was preaching "charity sermons," for the relief "of *poor Emigrants*," many of whom he, in his sermon, says, if not so relieved "*must perish*;" that letter I shall pass over at present, because I look upon it as a duty I owe to my countrymen to give it a separate and ample reply.

Neither shall I stop to remark on his echo to the calumnies contained in the New-York addresses; because, though abundantly wicked, it was in some measure drawn from him by the only persons from whom he ever received a cordial reception on this side of the Atlantic. But, the same excuse (if, indeed, it ought to be admitted as one) cannot be offered in defence of his *malicious* "*Charity Sermon for the relief of poor Emigrants*." In this Sermon, as it is called, which is at once the most nonsensical and nefarious production that was ever



snuffled forth from the tub of a conventicle, he calls on the Americans to remember that their forefathers, if not they themselves, were PERSECUTED BY GREAT BRITAIN; he reminds them of their victorious endeavours in their LATE HARD STRUGGLE AGAINST that nation: he tells them the poor Emigrants, though at a distance, PRAYED for their success, and CONTRIBUTED TOWARDS IT IN VARIOUS OTHER WAYS; and finally he tells them, that these poor Emigrants ARE NOW PERSECUTED AND DRIVEN FROM GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND FOR HAVING BEEN FRIENDS TO THE AMERICAN CAUSE, and that even wishing well to the LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICA IS A CRIME THAT GREAT BRITAIN WILL NEVER FORGIVE.

Attrociously false as this statement is, its falsehood is lost in its poisonous malignity.\* It is im-

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\* When I say the Doctor's *statement is false*, I only mean, as far as it relates to the conduct and disposition of Great Britain. That the Doctor and his brethren contributed as far as lay in their power towards the success of the American revolt, I have not the temerity to deny, or the stupidity to doubt. Yes, the whole SECT; whether doctors of law, physick, or divinity; whether poets, historians, or criticks, were all hearty in the cause. One *Smith*, of Philadelphia, some time ago, attempted a regular republication of the *Monthly Review Enlarged*. In order to induce people to subscribe to his work, he stated in his proposals, that this *Review* was decidedly opposed to the *British system in church and state*, that it was



possible to form a conception of any thing more expressive of a black and rancorous heart, than this attempt to revive the ill-grounded and disgraceful hatred, too long entertained by the Americans, against a nation from whom they are descended; from whom they derive their language, and whatsoever else they possess of excellence in their manners, their customs, their laws, and their religion; to whom they owe the foundation of their prosperity and their greatness; to whose glorious deeds they are indebted for their present tranquility and safety, and on whose fate (in spite of the suggestions of fools and traitors) their freedom and independence must finally depend. To revive and perpetuate animosities between millions of men, whose happiness, on a national scale, entirely depends on their mutual friendship, must, from whatever motive arising, and by whatever means attempted, be regarded as supremely wicked and detestable: where, then, shall we find language to express our abhorrence of the vindictive, unnatural, and hypocritical wretch, who makes the satan-like attempt from hatred to his native country, and

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conducted by *republicans*, and had *eminently contributed towards the success of the American revolution*. I gave *Smith's* republication a slight *Kick*, and down it went. This very attempt is forgotten; but it is not amiss that we remember his *encomiums* on the *Monthly Review*.



who profanes the tender and sacred name of *Charity*, by using it as a cover to his cool and premeditated revenge?

Though justice, even towards such a man, ought to be tempered with mercy; and, though *real* charity ought to induce us to forgive him, as we pray to be forgiven; yet, I presume, from no consideration whatsoever, ought we to condescend to regard his character, tranquility, and happiness, as more precious than the character, tranquility, and happiness of ourselves, and our country. It is, however, precisely this degree of condescension, which he, after all the proofs of his malignity towards them, has the modesty to exact at the hands of the British nation! This nation, whom he had so laboured to injure and defame, seized on a certain traitorous correspondence, which was eminently calculated to expose the impious principles and destructive projects of their internal and external enemies. Interest, duty, even self-preservation, called on them to publish this correspondence to the world; but this forcible call they were totally to disregard, because the Intercepted Letters happened to be addressed to *him*!!!—To the *authenticity* of the Letters he has not a word to oppose: the only objectionable circumstance, is, they were calculated to render *him* obnoxious, and, on that account alone, he has the assurance to insinuate,



that they *ought to have been suppressed!* The British nation (for I persist in looking upon government and people as one) were not only to wink at detected treason, but were to become traitors to themselves, their posterity, and their God; and all this, rather than run the mighty risk of rendering *him* obnoxious; *Him!* who for these twenty years past, has even sacrificed his interest, his peace, and his reputation, to the pleasure of injuring, insulting, and reviling them; and who, to this very hour, and at this distance, pursues them with all the craft of a sectary joined to the hatred and malice of a fiend!

So much for the Doctor's *complaint*. I shall now examine the "*circumstances*," which he seems to think ought to prevent the Intercepted Letters from rendering him obnoxious *here*.

The first of these circumstances relate to Stone. "*He was,*" says Priestley, "*a member of my congregation at Hackney, and a zealous friend of the American and French Revolution, WHICH SUFFICIENTLY ACCOUNTS FOR HIS CORRESPONDING WITH ME.*"

Granted, Doctor. I not only allow, that *Stone's being a member of your congregation* sufficiently accounts for his holding a traiterous correspondence with you; but I also allow, that it accounts in the most satisfactory manner, *for his becoming a traitor*. This "*circumstance*" must convince the few who



yet doubt on the subject, that your conventicle at Hackney was a most convenient and successful school for treason ; but how it can possibly tend to remove the suspicion of *your* being a spy or a traitor, or both, I cannot conceive. It is the duty of teachers to walk according to precepts which they give to others ; and, it cannot be believed, that such a *conscientious* man as you have forsaken the path, though rugged and dark, in which you conducted your flock, and through which Citizen Stone has arrived at the nethermost hell of Democracy.

But, besides Stone's being one of the Doctor's congregation, he was a zealous friend of the American and French revolutions, and this is, it seems, another circumstance, which accounts for his corresponding with the Doctor.—Poor, silly reason! Reader, do you not know hundreds and thousands of persons, who, like yourself, are enemies to the French revolution; Yes ; and yet I dare engage, that that circumstance never led you into a correspondence with any one them. Indeed, this excuse is so very puerile and absurd, that I should have thought it unworthy of notice, had I not thought it necessary to remark on it in another point of view.

The circumstance was not intended as *an excuse for the correspondence*. It was dragged in as one of those little baits for popularity, which are in con-



stant use amongst all the renegadoes from Great Britain and Ireland ; a base method of paying their court to the people of America, and one to which every man, who has a drop of true blood in his heart, scorns to have recourse. In stating this circumstance, the Doctor indirectly reminds the Americans of *his own merits* as one of those, who secretly aided their cause during the contest between them and the Mother country ; which, while it proves him to have been unfaithful to his native country, will not, I assure him, serve as a set-off to his correspondence with Stone. If the public papers and the arts of land-jobbers have invited traitors to the country, the people have, on their arrival, uniformly treated them with every mark of abhorrence ; and it is a well known truth, that, of the vast horde who have fled hither since the beginning of the French revolution, not one has met with confidence or encouragement. \*

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\* *Reynolds*, the seditious united Irishman, who was obliged to fly from Ireland to save his neck, now stands prosecuted for a libel on the American Secretary of State. Go where he will, still he must be a malcontent. He is, however, now reduced so low, that no one will associate with him, except he be of the very dregs of the mob. He called himself Doctor for some time ; but the title has been laid aside, as of no use. This wretch, in his passage to America, guillotined the king in effigy.

*Archibald Hamilton Rowan* makes spruce beer, and drives it about for sale in a wheel-barrow. He lives in the borough of Wilmington.



I shall stop here to make an observation, the subject of which has, I dare say, often occurred to the Doctor on his pillow, and which ought to be very well attended to by the whole of the British Nation: and that is, that all the revolutionists, while they are endeavouring to excite the people of Great Britain and Ireland to revolt against the government, profess great fidelity to their country and *loyalty to their king*. They pretend to have nothing in view but “the good, the honour, the permanent

*Daniel Isaac Eaton*, of hog's-wash memory, was quite bold on his first arrival. He advertised pamphlets for sale by “*Daniel Isaac Eaton, six times tried for sedition;*” but the *Alien law* soon made him withdraw both his advertisement and himself from the notice of the public. He some time ago lived in a log-hut over Schuylkill, where he cohabited with an Indian squaw. The proprietor of the hut, finding what gentry he had got for tenants, turned them out bag and baggage. I happened to be going out on a shooting party, when the miscreant and his yellowed hided frow were coming into Camp-town, tramping through the dirt. “And is that,” thought I, “the PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY, THE PEOPLE!”—He has brought his *hogs* to a fine market!

*Citizen Lee* first attempted a magazine, then a book, and then he tried what could be got by travelling, and he is at last comfortably lodged in *New York jail*.

*Poor Merry* (whom, however, I do not class with such villains as the above) died about three months ago, just as he was about to finish a treatise on the justice of the *Agrarian system*. He was never noticed in A . . . He pined away in obscurity. The people here have, thank Heaven, no taste for the Della Cruscan poetry or politics.



glory of the Empire." They propose "to amend and not *destroy*;" to make the people *truly happy*, and "His *Gracious Majesty truly great*." With cant like this Priestley played his part during the American war. Never did he tell the people, that he wished to see thirteen flourishing colonies lopped off from the king's dominions; but now, behold, he not only acknowledges that he wished to see this, but he boasts of those wishes, and calls upon the Americans to reward him and his associates for the *prayers*, and various other *assistance* which they lent them during their struggle for *independence*! So *Reynolds* and the *United Irishmen*: their modest desires extended no further than *Catholic Emancipation* and *Parliamentary Reform*. You cannot dip into their proceedings without meeting with a solemn declaration of their having "no design to change the form or nature of the government," and a solemn protestation of their "affection for the person of his *Gracious Majesty* and his illustrious family." But, what is their language on this side of the sea? Having gathered together their branded and scattered crew, the first thing they require of each, is, to declare that "His *Gracious Majesty*" is a tyrant; that Ireland ought to shake off his yoke, and become an independent republic, and in this they swear to do all in their power to assist her! Just such, too, are the views of the *Whig Club* and *Corresponding Society*.



Their stalking-horse is *Reform*, but their real object is the overthrow of the monarchy; a scramble for power and riches: and this intention, should they succeed, they will boast of with as unblushing a front as Lauderdale's friend, Brissot, and his gang, after they had made the exciting of the insurrection of the 10th of August one of the crimes for which they put their Sovereign to death, *boasted of having excited the insurrection themselves!* This is one of the blackest deeds in the annals of republican France; but, let the people of Great Britain be assured, that, instead of abhorrence, it has served to awaken emulation in the minds of the degraded and desperate faction, who have still the hypocrisy to bellow for *Reform*.

From this digression I return to the Doctor's explanation, and to the unconcern with which he dismisses his friend Stone. Notwithstanding this vile miscreant was one of his flock (or rather *herd*) at Hackney; notwithstanding his revolutionary turn of mind was a merit quite sufficient to recommend him to the Doctor as a correspondent; and notwithstanding he writes as to a brother in iniquity; the Doctor has the effrontery to say;—“*But I am not answerable for what he, or any other person, may think proper to write to me.*”

Very true, most learned Jesuit; it is obvious enough, that you could not prevent Stone, though your friend and penitent, from writing treason to



you. We know very well, that the letters are not sufficient to hang you. But, because such a defence would save your neck before a judge, administering justice according to laws, which are so tender of the life of even the most murderous of villains, do you imagine that it will save, or that it ought to save your reputation before the tribunal of the public?

I cannot help remarking here on the strict resemblance between the Doctor's explanation, and the Vindication of Randolph, on an occasion somewhat similar. Randolph began by a complaint against General Washington, for not keeping Fauchet's Intercepted Letters a secret from all the world, and this he followed up, like the Doctor, with asserting, with a great deal of truth, that *he could not help what Citizen Fauchet chose to write.* To this *Mifflin* and *Dallas* cried, *Amen!*

But what said the public to this laconic exculpation? They said, that *there must be something of truth in what the Frenchman had written*, for that mere invention never could have furnished him with a chain of facts so probable and so connected; and they now say, with respect to the letters of the traitor Stone, that they never would have been addressed to one, whose sentiments the writer was not well assured were in perfect unison with those he expressed, whose secrecy he could not depend on, and, in short, whose treasonable disposition he was not



thoroughly convinced was every way equal to his own.

When traitors feel a call to congregate (whether at Hackney or any where else), though they know each other to be such, neither of them does, all at once, open his mind to another. They begin by dark hints, equivocal expressions, and half jokes, 'till, by degrees, they come to an explicit avowal of their hellish principles and designs; then they throw off all reserve. They speak and write to each other in the true traitor stile; and in that stile it is that Stone writes to Priestley. His manner is as free as his sentiments are foul: the former proves that the Doctor possesses his confidence, and the latter proves him to be worthy of it.

Nor is it true, in an unqualified sense, that Priestley is *not answerable* for the contents of these letters. It is, indeed, true, that he could not help Stone's addressing his wicked sentiments to him; for the wretch might have addressed them to me, or to any of my friends; but, though I could not have prevented his doing this, and, of course, should not have looked upon myself as answerable for it; yet I should certainly have been answerable for his sentiments, unless I had used my utmost exertions to expose them, if the letter had come to hand; or (if they had been intercepted and published) unless I had publicly disclaimed the villain's friendship,



and disavowed his sentiments, which Priestley has been very careful not to do.

Had he been the inoffensive man he wishes to appear; had he not approved of the sentiments of his miscreant correspondent, I appeal to any honest man, whether, instead of taking shelter under a miserable subterfuge, he would not have come forward with a declaration something like this:—" 'Tis  
 " true, Stone and I have lived in habits of intimacy,  
 " and even friendship, for many years, which sufficiently accounts for his writing to me; but, as  
 " to the profligate and detestable sentiments contained in his Intercepted Letter, and particularly  
 " those relative to America, I not only disavow,  
 " but I most unequivocally express my abhorrence  
 " of them; and I am astonished that the villain  
 " should dare, in such an unreserved manner, to  
 " communicate them to me, who had assuredly  
 " never given him the least encouragement to make  
 " me the confidant of his profligacy or his treason."

Confident, as every one must be, that such a declaration would have gone very far towards removing the suspicions, which the Intercepted Letters had excited respecting the Doctor, it may, to some persons, seem matter of wonder, that he did not, though it would have been a falsehood, make use of it: and, I am aware that many will be ready to conclude, that, if this act of self-denial does not prove his innocence as to the charge of being a



spy, it, at least, proves his *inviolable attachment to truth*; since he scorns to disclaim his connections, or belie his sentiments, even when reputation and every thing else are at stake.

There is something in inflexible consistency, which, even in traitors, men are apt to admire; but those who ascribe this inflexibility to the Doctor in the present instance, forget, or are totally ignorant of, the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed.

Amongst the innumerable horde of mal-contents, whom a covetous and short-sighted policy has encouraged to crowd to these States, no one ever experienced disappointment equal to this ambitious Sectary. He expected to be hailed from afar, to be met with acclamations of joy, to be led from caress to caress; to be revered, consulted, and obeyed; in short, to be loaded with favours and with honours, without measure, and without end. Alas! how soon he was undeceived! *Welcomed*, indeed, he was; but, he was not so far blinded by his self-conceit, as not to perceive that his *welcomers* consisted of no more than two or three clubs, the members of which were, if possible, more despicable than the British and Irish conspirators, whose "affectionate farewell" had served him as a passport of civism to these shores of liberty.



There were, amongst the American clergy, men whose sentiments perfectly agreed with those of the Doctor; but they dared not show him the countenance he expected. He found all the pulpits barred against him, with as much caution as they could have been against Satan himself; and, when he was at last seen haranguing from the tottering stage in that shabby-looking shell, called the Universalists' Church, he had the mortification to reflect, that he was only permitted to hold forth, as mountebanks and other diverting mendicants are, on condition of giving up a share of the pence which he was able to draw out of the pockets of his hearers.

He did not, as he pretended, *retire* to Northumberland. The swamps and rocks which he calls *land*, and the shed which he dignifies with the name of *house*, were not a voluntary retreat from the fatiguing attention and applause of the city, but a *refuge* from its almost unanimous contempt.

Thus fallen to a state from which he must look upward with inexpressible shame and anguish, it was not to be expected that so restless a spirit would remain in contentment. Accordingly, every part of his conduct, every thing we see or hear of him, tends to prove, that he waits with the utmost impatience, for an opportunity of exchanging this embarrassed and degraded situation for one better adapted to his necessities, and more gratifying to



his ambition ; that he regards this country as a temporary resting place, and that, for patrons, and for a home, for future consequence, and future subsistence, he looks to the republic of France \*

If, then, he be thus circumstanced (as I think nobody in America will deny he is), his forbearing to justify himself, by expressing his abhorrence of the sentiments of Stone, and of the conduct of his despotic employers, can no longer appear wonderful. Instead of ascribing his forbearance to *candour, consistency*, or an *unshaken adherence to truth*, we ought to ascribe it, first, to a well-grounded fear of offending the *humane* and *enlightened* patrons, on whom he depends as the only remaining anchor of his shattered fortune and fame ; and, secondly, to an apprehension of rousing the resentment of the

\* His son *Joseph*, but a few days ago, told a gentleman in this city, that his father thought of leaving the country in a very little time. He said he *did not like it ; it was not fit for him to live in.*

The Doctor, is, on all occasions, the defender of the French revolution. A gentleman told him, a little while ago, that, “ *to defend that event, after having been a witness of its consequences, he must either be a FOOL or a KNAVE.*” I think he is *both* ; and I think very little can be said in defence of those who admit him into the circle of their acquaintance.

In all Priestley's writings, he takes special care to let people know, that he is a *Citizen of France*. Though he wrangles like a dog with *Volney*, he tells him, he is glad to be able to embrace him cordially as a *fellow Citizen of France*. He might, I believe, have embraced him with full as much propriety as a *brother spy*.



rancorous traitor Stone, who, by way of revenge for his pusillanimous defection, would undoubtedly have produced *other parts of the correspondence* between him and his ghostly confessor, which might, perhaps, have changed *presumptive* into *positive* proof.

From these weighty considerations, and not from his aversion to falsehood, he has evaded all attempt at justification on this head, under the pitiful, though plausible pretext, that he is NOT ANSWERABLE *for what Stone or any other person may think proper to write to him*, choosing rather to run the risk of being still regarded as a “spy in the interest of France,” than to incur the certain displeasure of his patrons at Paris, and the no less certain vengeance of his friend and disciple.

As the Doctor *could not help Stone's writing treason to him*, it follows of course, that he could not help his enclosing a letter for Citizen M. B. P.

These three letters, the Doctor confesses, were made use of by Stone to designate a person, whom he speaks of as *his*, the *Doctor's*, and *Talleyrand's* friend, and whom he understood to be, at the time of his writing, “*secreted at Kennebeck.*” I might here stop to observe, that this way of speaking in initials, proves, that the Doctor must have received letters from Stone before on the same subject. As Othello says, “it notes a foregone conclusion;” but, since he *could not help* Stone's writing an ill-



fated letter that was intercepted, it is obvious that he could not help his writing others that were not intercepted.

The mysterious hints concerning M. B. P. the circumstance of his being *secreted*, and his connection with *Talleyrand*, were well calculated to excite a suspicion of his being a spy, or, at least, a mischievous agent of some sort, in the service of France; and we have now to examine whether this suspicion ought to be weakened by the Doctor's explanation of the matter.

This *secreted* person to whom Stone refers Priestley as a counsellor, respecting the time when he shall leave America, the Doctor tells us, is "Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, son of Mr. Samuel Vaughan, who sometime ago resided at Philadelphia." I shall leave his eulogium on this skulking correspondent of Stone and Talleyrand to be commented upon by the reader, and shall enquire a little further into his pedigree than his eulogist seems to wish to go. If, in this inquiry, any thing should arise disagreeable to the Vaughans, they must attribute it to their officious friend, by whom it was provoked.

The Doctor says true, I believe, that Benjamin Vaughan is the son of Samuel Vaughan, formerly an emigrant from England to Philadelphia, where he some time resided. But, Doctor, could you not have told us a little more about this worthy progenitor of the secreted M. B. P. who *thought it neces-*



*fury* to leave England, and to *assume a feigned name*? Could you, I say, have related no honourable anecdote about the reverend old Samuel, that might have heightened our esteem for him? Since you have not done it, I will.

In the year 1765, this very Samuel Vaughan attempted to bribe the Duke of Grafton, in order to obtain a lucrative post for this "most excellent" son. He was repulsed by the Duke, threatened with a prosecution, and immediately (as it were by interest) commenced his career as a *Patriot*, a *Bill-of-Rights-Man*, a *Whig*, and a *Parliamentary Reformer*.

At the close of the American War, this immaculate gentleman came to Philadelphia, where he was guilty of an act of impious buffoonery, which the general delirium of the times, and the contemptibleness of the actor, tended to bury in oblivion, but, which always ought to be revived, when any one is impudent enough to speak of him with respect.

It was on a day of parade of some kind; GENERAL WASHINGTON was passing through the street on horse-back, followed by an immense crowd, when Vaughan happened to set eyes upon him for the first time. The moment the General approached the place where he stood, Vaughan, totally regardless of the crowd by which he was surrounded, fell upon his knees, and, lifting



up his hands and eyes toward Heaven, exclaimed with a loud voice, in the words of the holy Simeon; "*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!*" This salvation of the Lord was neither more nor less than a man, who had been the chief instrument in cutting off the right arm of the nation, in which the sham prophet was born, to which he still owed allegiance, and the *good* of which he had constantly pretended was the sole object of his political pursuits!

The remainder of this man's history is short. He expected, like Priestley, that proclaiming himself "a friend to the American revolution" would insure him respect and reward; like Priestley he was disappointed, neglected, and despised; and he at last left the country in dudgeon, just as Priestley will, the moment he can do it with a prospect of living elsewhere in safety and in ease.

So much for the ancestor of M. B. P. who, if this letter should ever fall into his hands, will certainly not thank the Doctor for dragging him forth from obscurity. Let us now return to the son, whose great abilities, knowledge, and *integrity*, the Doctor boasts of, and whom, he says, "any country may be proud to possess."

By Priestley's manner of expressing himself one might be led to suppose Vaughan a member of the British parliament, *at this time*: this is not, how-



ever, the case. He *was* a member of that assembly previous to the last general election. And the Doctor should have told us, *how he gained admittance there*. It was not, he well knows, by the free voice of *any part of the people* of Great Britain. He was not chosen by the free men of a county, of a city, or of an open independent borough; but was thrust in by the influence of the Marquis of Lansdown, under whose roof the Doctor and his Hackney predecessor were lodged and fed. He owed his seat to one of those very patronized boroughs, about which *he* and Priestley, and Price, and Stone, and Fox, and Paine, and Grey, and the Sheares's, and the O'Connors have kept up such a loud and incessant clamour! His acceptance of such a seat was an act of patriotism very little inferior to that of his patriotic father, who, in his zeal for the public good, in his eagerness to apply the great abilities and integrity of his son to the service of his dear country, nobly threw aside every selfish consideration, and—*tendered a bribe to the minister of state!*

There must be something extremely pliant and commodious in the conscience of a *sectarian reformer*. *TITHES* were an abominable grievance, but the Doctor had no objection to their being still exacted, *provided he were admitted to participate*. Bribery, and corruption, and rotten boroughs were all execrable with his *pupil* Vaughan; but they were



quite proper, as the means of obtaining him a sinecure and a seat in parliament. Hudibras's puritan 'Squire (who, by the bye, would have made a charming preacher at Hackney) has very logically proved that *whores* and *dice* are the exclusive property of the *Saints*, and are (he should have said, *in part*,) unjustly detained from them by the wicked. This is the prototype of the Unitarian creed. Every thing, of which they can (no matter how) engross the possession or the controul, is allowable, and praise-worthy, and excellent. The oppression of tythes is done away by their reception; from their lips perjury is a pious fraud; when they conspire against the state, it is a proof of their fidelity; a bible becomes purified by passing through their hallowed fingers, and a rotten seat in parliament is made as sound as heart of oak, by coming in contact with their sanctified fancies.

Never was the Doctor more hampered than in framing an explanation of these unfortunately Intercepted Letters. His talents at equivocation are such as reflect infinite honour on his sect; but to such a dilemma was he reduced, that it was impossible to advance any thing in his vindication, which must not, upon examination, make against him. Some excuse he was compelled to give, for the unlimited confidence reposed in him by Stone and Vaughan, other than the mere relationship between them as brother traitors to Great Britain,



which he well knew, would, *just at this moment*, have been rather unpopular; and, therefore, to carry the origin of his connection as far back as possible, he tells us that the former was one of his *flock*, and the latter was one of his *pupils*. But, in saying this, he was not aware that he communicated a very valuable fact to the public, who will be able, from the sentiments, connections, and conduct of these men, to form a very correct opinion of the political, moral, and religious principles, inculcated in the conventicle and seminary at Hackney; and the Doctor will have the honour of being known and acknowledged as the *preceptor* of a secreted renegado passing under a feigned name, and as the *pastor* of the most execrable traitor, and most infamous miscreant, of even this base, treacherous, and impious age.

From the “parentage and education” (to speak in the Tyburn style) of his *secreted pupil*, M. B. P. *alias* Benjamin Vaughan, I now come to his *Emigration* from England. The Doctor says, “He, like me, THOUGHT IT NECESSARY to leave England.” This sentence I, for my own part, perfectly understand; but, as it was intended for the public at large, he should have subjoined its various significations. “*Thought it necessary to leave England*, means, *was forced to leave*, or *fled from*, or *ran away from*, or *escaped from* England. It was in this sense that Rowan, Tandy, Reynolds and Cary “*thought it necessary to leave*” Ireland,



and that citizen Lee, who, like a true *fans-cullotte*, slipped out of Newgate in petticoats; and Candler, who eloped from the catchpoles, "*thought it necessary* to leave England;" but, I do not know, that even any of these ever thought it necessary to *secrete* themselves in America, or to assume a *feigned name*.

If, in the place of this paltry attempt to disguise the truth, he had honestly told the public, *when*, and on what account, his pupil "*thought it necessary* to leave England," he would have saved me the trouble of writing a paragraph or two on a very villanous subject.

"He, *like me*, thought it necessary to leave England."

What does this mean? From it are we not to infer, that he and the Doctor left England under similar circumstances, and from similar motives? Is not this the natural inference? Did the writer not wish by this sentence to make the people believe, that Vaughan was an oppressed and persecuted man, and that, like Priestley, he fled to *America*, as to an asylum "*from the rude arm of violence, from the rod of lawless power: from barbarian fury* that put even life itself in danger?" Did he not wish, I say, to cause this lying cant of his democratic addresses to be revived, and applied to the Emigration of his friend and pupil? Most certainly he did; his words cannot



possibly admit of any other construction. Now, then, Doctor, listen to a true, unsophisticated tale; and when you have heard to the end, hide your head for ever; go to Kennebeck, assume a feigned name, and take shelter under the same roof with your secreted pupil.

John H. Stone, the writer of the infamous Intercepted Letters, went to *France* at an early period of the revolution. He had a brother named William, a coal-merchant in London. On the 29th of January, 1796, this brother William was tried for *High Treason* before Lord Kenyon, in Westminster Hall, and the following is the substance of the printed report of that trial.

‘ The prisoner, WILLIAM STONE, was charged  
 ‘ with two species of treason; the first, with com-  
 ‘ passing and imagining the king’s death; and the  
 ‘ second, with conspiring with JOHN H. STONE,  
 ‘ his brother, and with a person named WILLIAM  
 ‘ JACKSON. It was given in evidence, that the  
 ‘ French government had employed John H.  
 ‘ Stone and Jackson, to gain such intelligence of  
 ‘ the situation of Great Britain and Ireland as  
 ‘ might enable them to judge of the expediency  
 ‘ of an invasion. The connection between these  
 ‘ two persons and William Stone, the prisoner,  
 ‘ was placed beyond the possibility of a doubt.  
 ‘ The former was his brother, already become a  
 ‘ domiciliated Frenchman, and whom he knew to  
 ‘ be in the confidence and interest of the French



‘ government ; the latter had been, to the know-  
 ‘ ledge of the prisoner, sent over to England by  
 ‘ John H. Stone, for the purpose of acquiring  
 ‘ intelligence ; and, notwithstanding the prisoner  
 ‘ was fully aware of Jackson’s mission, he never-  
 ‘ theless, though a British subject, had held cor-  
 ‘ respondence with, and assisted him in making  
 ‘ enquiry how the kingdom might most success-  
 ‘ fully be invaded, or if it would be for the interest  
 ‘ of the French government to make any invasion  
 ‘ whatever.—In the course of their correspon-  
 ‘ dence, it appeared, that a great deal was said  
 ‘ concerning a certain family at Shields ; all which,  
 ‘ though seemingly innocent, was an ingenious  
 ‘ invention to convey a double meaning, and,  
 ‘ under these symbols and allegories, the real bu-  
 ‘ siness was mysteriously concealed.—It appeared  
 ‘ too, that John H. Stone had repeatedly recom-  
 ‘ mended Jackson to his brother, the prisoner, as  
 ‘ his confidential friend, consequently an immedi-  
 ‘ ate connection and correspondence took place  
 ‘ between Jackson and the prisoner, and the for-  
 ‘ mer was furnished by the latter with money to  
 ‘ effect his purposes. Their correspondence was  
 ‘ carried on under *feigned names*. John H. Stone’s  
 ‘ letters were signed *Benjamin Beresford* ; Jack-  
 ‘ son’s were signed *Thomas Popkins*, and William  
 ‘ Stone’s were signed by his own name reversed,  
 ‘ *William Enots*.—In the beginning of the year



‘ 1794 fifteen ships were lost to the country, in  
 ‘ consequence of intelligence, supposed to have  
 ‘ been conveyed through this channel to the ene-  
 ‘ my.—Jackson, during this correspondence, was  
 ‘ in Ireland, whither he went to execute his part  
 ‘ of the traitorous plan, which was, to procure  
 ‘ such intelligence of the situation of Ireland, and  
 ‘ of the disposition of the people, as would best  
 ‘ enable the French government the more effec-  
 ‘ tually to plan the invasion and reduction of that  
 ‘ country. Jackson (previous to the trial of Stone)  
 ‘ was tried, in Ireland, for High Treason, and *con-*  
 ‘ *victed*; but he poisoned himself before sentence  
 ‘ was pronounced on him.—In the course of the  
 ‘ trial *certain papers* were produced in evidence.

[Now for Monsieur M. B. P.]

“ One of the papers read was written by  
 “ BENJAMIN VAUGHAN, member of Par-  
 “ liament for CALNE, and had been given by him  
 “ to the prisoner. It appeared to be written with  
 “ a view to describe the temper and opinions of  
 “ the people of Great Britain, respecting the  
 “ threatened invasion of the French, and purported  
 “ to show the improbability there was of any such  
 “ measure succeeding, at that time, from a variety  
 “ of causes; and that, from the disposition of  
 “ the people, which had been clearly indicated in  
 “ several instances, there was every reason to  
 “ apprehend, that such an attempt would prove



“ abortive. The paper concluded with observing, that it would be EXPEDIENT for the French  
 “ TO HOLD OUT FAIR AND MODERATE TERMS  
 “ OF PEACE.”

It was after this rascal, William Stone, was seized, and Vaughan's paper along with him, that the latter “ thought it necessary to leave England.” W. Stone told a tough story, and brought in Smith, Sheridan, Lauderdale, with some three or four sectarian priests, to corroborate what he said; in consequence of which a deceived Jury brought in a verdict NOT GUILTY. It was said, that, though John H. Stone was clearly proved to be a traitor, his brother might not be one. He, it was said, as well as *Vaughan*, were (poor innocent souls!) only endeavouring to *persuade* the French not to injure Great Britain!!! But what must have been the vexation of the duped Jury, when they found, soon after, that both these good creatures were safely arrived at Paris!

Had M. B. *P. alias* Benjamin Vaughan, remained calmly in England, after the seizure of his papers, or had he “ thought it necessary to leave England” for America, we might have supposed it possible that he was innocent, and that the intelligence, found in his hand-writing, and destined for the use of the French, was obtained from him by deception: we might, in short, have thought



him the dupe, rather than the accomplice, of Jackson and the two miscreant brothers. But, when we know that he went from England to *Paris*; when we behold him seeking safety in the bosom of that enemy, against whom it was pretended he wished to defend his country; when we see him in the closest connection with the traitor Stone, the spy Gallois, and the minister Talleyrand; when all these indubitable, concurrent, and striking facts stare us in the face, we are not, like a Westminster Jury, to be cozened out of our conviction by a miserable Unitarian subterfuge.

Having thus traced the Hackney pupil to his home, the Republic of France, where he was so happily situated, under the mild and benignant government of Barras, and in the society of his 'dear friend' Stone, and the virtuous Citoyenne Williams; seeing him thus placed amidst the charms of liberty and equality, literature, philosophy, and love, I trust we ought not to be accused of impertinent curiosity, if we ask, What could induce him to think it necessary to leave France, and why should we not still regard him as a spy in her service?

Why did he assume a *feigned name*? Was this ever done but from some base or wicked motive? The word *alias* is frequently heard in courts of justice; highwaymen, pickpockets, deserters, traitors, and spies, often coin themselves a variety of



names, as well as of occupations; but is this ever done by the honest man? Is it ever done by the innocent traveller? and, above all, is it ever done by a gentleman coming to sit peaceably down in his favourite country?

It has, I find, been said by the French faction, that Vaughan assumed a feigned name in order to avoid being claimed by the British government, under the XXVIII article of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce, and not for any purpose hostile to the United States. But, the absurdity of this apology will at once be perceived, when it is recollected, that the treaty does not stipulate for the surrender of traitors (as it ought to have done), but for that of forgers and murderers only. No reason, therefore, existed for his disguising himself on this account, nor on any other than that of fear of detection by the people of America, and to fear such detection strongly argues the intention of committing some crime against the state; and when to this suspicious circumstance of the feigned name we add the cause of his emigration to France, and his subsequent connection with Gallois, Talleyrand, and the traitor Stone, who writes so despitefully of the American government, what is there, I pray, in Priestley's explanation to induce us to abandon the persuasion of his being an agent in the service of France?

Fully aware of the effect of so dark-looking a circumstance as that of a feigned name, the Doctor



has gone as far as he could to invalidate the fact. He says of his pupil: "for some time, he is said to have assumed a feigned name; this he does not do *here*."—What a crafty, though simple-looking shift! It neither avows nor denies the fact of his having gone by a feigned name, previous to the publication of the Intercepted Letters, and yet it would leave the ignorant to believe, that he never did assume a feigned name in America. It is a true sectarian subterfuge; a lie in the words of truth, and is exactly of a piece with the cautious, placid, meek-sounding cant, that has ever been the distinguishing trait in the writings of the subtle hypocrite who now makes use of it.

What, in the name of all that is impudent, does he mean by telling the people, that, '*it is said*' that Vaughan went under a feigned name? Do we not *know* it? Does not Stone tell us so? And does not this villain address a letter to Priestley, in which he speaks of Vaughan under a feigned name? If he had not assumed a feigned name, why did not Stone call him by his real name? And, as to his not going by a feigned name *here*; if it was not *here*, where was it?—in Great Britain?—For what?—In France, where he was amongst his dear friends, Talleyrand, &c.?—It is nonsense to suppose such a thing. No, it is clear, it is certain, that he assumed a feigned name, that he assumed it *here*, and though it be impossible to determine exactly for



*what purpose* it was assumed, no one will hesitate a moment to acknowledge, that *that purpose must be known to Priestley*; for, had he not known the meaning of M. B. P. he never could have explained that meaning to the public; and it is very improbable, indeed, that he should be in the secret of Vaughan's assuming a feigned name, without being well acquainted with the reasons for his doing it, and, of course, without being an accomplice in all his designs.

I do not pretend to point out (it is not necessary that I should point out) the precise nature of these designs; but when all the circumstances are considered, the flight of Vaughan for England, his connections at Paris, the sentiments contained in Stone's letter, and, above all, the feigned name, it is impossible not to believe, that the intentions of the parties concerned were dishonourable, if not hostile to the internal peace and safety of the United States.

Priestley plainly perceived, that the publishing of the Intercepted Letters must produce this persuasion in every mind, and he seems to have been pretty certain, that his subterfuges would not be sufficient to do it away: he concludes, therefore, with telling us, that Vaughan is '*well known to, and probably corresponds with, the PRESIDENT, who will smile at the surmises that have been thrown out.*' Matchless impudence! and it is the more provoking, from being accompanied with such seeming tranquility and ease.



But, supposing for a moment, the fact to be true ; supposing that Benjamin Vaughan, who gave intelligence respecting the state of his country to an agent of the enemy, and who went afterwards to Paris and joined a knot of execrable English traitors, avowedly in the service of France ; allowing that the ‘ dear friend’ of Talleyrand, Gallois, Stone, and Priestley ; allowing that the *secreted* M. B. P. who has assumed a feigned name, to be ‘ *well known* to,’ and even allowing that he ‘ *corresponds with*, the PRESIDENT,’ what does that make in justification of his designs in America ? The PRESIDENT of the United States *associating* and *corresponding* with such a man, must, indeed, give great pain to his friends, and pleasure to his enemies ; must fix the mark of folly on the character of his constituents, and that of imbecility on his own. But, it is false ; false as the heart of its inventor. No man who is acquainted with the PRESIDENT, or with his sentiments, will ever believe it. He entertains too hearty an abhorrence of Jacobinism to take one of its apostles by the hand. If, however, the disgraceful and alarming fact were founded in truth, it would be no proof of the *innocent intentions* of the person who had the address to insinuate himself into the confidence of the PRESIDENT ; on the contrary, it would be a strong corroboration of our suspicions ; it would tend to prove that he understood his business, and had succeeded in his mission ; for



how could a *spy* obtain more or better information than by *conversing and corresponding with him, whose breast is the repository of the designs and the secrets of the nation?*

Thus I put an end to my remarks on this string of miserable excuses, which, instead of white-washing the characters of the preceptor and his pupil, have certainly added to the darkness of their former dye. In supporting our suspicion respecting the conduct or intentions of any one, it is not to be expected that we should be able to point out precisely what crime he has committed, or is going to commit; for this would no longer be *suspicion*; it would be *proof*. When we say we *suspect* men of evil deeds or intentions, all that is required of us is, that we bring forward, and establish the truth of facts, sufficient to warrant our suspicion. That such facts with respect to the evil intentions of Vaughan and his confidential friend Priestley, were brought forward and established by the publication of Stone's treasonable letters, Priestley himself allows, when he says that the publication has excited an *alarm*, &c. and, that the impression, which those facts were calculated to produce, ought not to be effaced by any thing contained in his paltry, shuffling explanation, I think will be granted by every American, whose mind is unperturbed by the rancour of *whiggism*, and uncorrupted by the base and despicable principles of the Priestlean school.



# CERTIFICATE OF CIVISM

FOR

*JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, JUN.*

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ON the 13th instant I learnt that Doctor Priestley's son, *Joseph*, was arrived at Philadelphia, in order to depart for England. I was somewhat surprized at the intelligence, and still more astonished at the impudence of the re-emigrant. Upon inquiry, I found he was actually upon the wing, and, knowing his merits, I was resolved that he should not go off without a CERTIFICATE OF CIVISM, which I look upon as abundantly furnished in the following extract from PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE.

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*Philadelphia, Jan. 15th, 1799.*

YOUNG PRIESTLEY.

*Joseph Priestley*, the son of the Doctor, is now in this City of Philadelphia, preparing to take ship for England. I asked, the other day, how he could think of a return to that country of "*slavery*." Since that time, I have heard of two facts ref-  
e-  
e-



ing him, which, without further ceremony, I shall proceed to relate.

This *Joseph Priestley, jun.* came to Philadelphia in the year 1793. Soon after his arrival, being in discourse with a gentleman of the City on the subject of politics, he exultingly remarked, that *the Monarchy of Great Britain would be overthrown in a very little while.* The gentleman replied: “not these *seven* years.”—“Yes,” returned Priestley, “in less than *five*, and I’ll bet you a hundred dollars of it.”—“Done.”—“Done.”—That the young political soothsayer has lost, we all know. He has been reminded of it, since he came to town, and has promised to pay the amount of the bet.—I am not sure, that I am quite correct as to the *sum* (which is of no consequence), but for the truth of all the other circumstances I pledge my veracity; and I could have stated the *sum* with equal confidence, but I did not like to apply for information to the gentleman with whom the wager was laid.

This fact proves, that the Priestleans counted with great confidence upon *a revolution in Great Britain*; that they enjoyed by anticipation the dethroning of their good, their great, and glorious old King, and of seeing him brought to an ignominious death! The man, who could feel pleasure at a prospect like this, well merits the title of *a modern philanthropist*.

The other fact will furnish a pretty fair specimen of Priestlean *morality* and patriotism.—Most of my



readers will recollect, that, during the Session of Congress of the year 1794, a proposition was brought forward in the House of Representatives, *for sequestrating, and holding at the command of government, all the debts due to British subjects.* The injustice, the tyranny, the dishonesty of this measure, was manifest to all the world. It excited horror in the mind of every man of integrity in the country. Hundreds of American Merchants and Traders were heard to declare, that no law, no fine, no punishment, should induce them to give up their books, or to lend their aid in defrauding their generous creditors, the Merchants and Manufacturers of Great Britain. The measure was, however, seen in a very different light by the younger *Joseph*, the pious son of the "*patriot, saint, and sage.*" He was in the House while the question was agitated. *Sequestration*, villanous as it seemed to a great majority of the people of America, and rejected with disdain as it finally was by Congress, did not appear villanous enough to merit the approbation of the young *Hackney Saint*, who, stepping up to a New-England member, said: "Why do you stand debating about *sequestration*! "Why don't you *seize* at once?"—"What, Sir," replied the indignant American, "Do you take us "for a set of *rascals and thieves*?"

I shall make no comment on these facts. I know that Priestley is about to leave what his father has called the "*land of equal liberty,*" for that which



he has called the “ land of *ignorance, bigotry, persecution, corruption, and tyranny;*” and I think it right to give him a fair opportunity of putting in his contradiction, before his departure. For any thing, no matter what, that he may judge proper to publish in reply to my statement, my paper shall be open to him.

*Feb. 5th.*

The pious Priestley's pious son is gone to England; he is departed, and without publishing a single word in contradiction to my statements of the 15th of January. That he would have contradicted them, if he could, no one will doubt. They must, therefore, be regarded as truth by every candid man; and the person to whom they relate, must be regarded as a most rancorous and unprincipled wretch.

WM. COBBETT.

N. B. The person, with whom Priestley laid the wager, was Mr. DOBSON, the Bookseller. The amount was the price of a set of Dobson's Encyclopedia; about 100 dollars.

COL. WADSWORTH was the Member of Congress, whom the young “*Saint*” rebuked for not seizing the British debts.



