Victor Marie DuPont to Pierre Samuel DuPont de Nemours New York, 26 July 1788 (excerpt)

My very dear Papa.

. . . I am very uneasy regarding your present situation, and still more so regarding your health. Our gazettes are filled with extracts of English accounts that suppose the Kingdom in confusion, but we know that the English love to embroider upon this subject, and the people here who follow the English in everything even surpass them when it comes to subjecting us to ridicule or humiliating us. Does this not suit them well? There is an imbecile of a printer who this morning has put an article in his gazette on the subject of these accounts and has titled it in large type *Revolution in the French government* and *Rebellion in France*. It supposed us at the point where America was when she was enduring her despotic yoke, and asserted that this country would populate itself like Ireland and England from the large number of persons *of distinction* who would abandon everything to flee a country governed *by the arbitrary will of a despotic sovereign*. When no one takes the trouble to bestow a hundred blows of the stick on a scoundrel such as this one (who is tolerated in a land of liberty), what one had better do is remain silent, and that is what you do. Nevertheless, I so forgot myself this morning in a circle of arguing politicians that I wished them nothing for their good in this matter but that their *New* aristocratic *constitution* should last as long without trouble and yield as good results as our *despotic* monarchy, and that I thought that they would do well not to count on the emigration *of people of distinction* to America which that will cause.

We had a federal procession here in honor of the adoption by ten States. It cost a great deal of money that could have been much better employed than by dragging a small vessel on 4 wheels through the streets and giving a dinner to 4 thousand people in an open field, the congress presiding in a body under a small shelter. You will see a description of all this in a few days. The playthings of this people, yet so young, who always have the word "Roman" on their lips, and who compare these parades to the public games of that great people, are all sometimes very amusing to a dispassionate observer, as I endeavor to be, although I have a strong penchant for falling into plans opposed to those of my predecessors, who were without enthusiasm.

The city of New York did that as a good federal city, but the state assembly at Pokeepsy did not want to listen to reason, and it has paid the violins without dancing at the feast. It is claimed that Governor Clinton is going to place himself at the head of all the antifederalists, as Washington has at the head of the Whigs, and promote a civil war. It is very possible, it is more probable, that the federalists, who are the strongest, will apprehend the governor and some others, coat them with tar, then roll them in feathers, and finally promenade them through the streets.

That would amuse me highly. This is a charming English custom that sheds no blood, that does no harm to anyone, and that very strongly directs the eyes toward reason. You would perform marvels by employing it against the most obstinate of your parlement. It would produce a charming effect, in addition to which it is in the French humor. . . .

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