

THE WHIG.

"GIVE US BUT LIGHT."

BALTIMORE:
SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1810.

We omit much matter of inferior value to-day, in order to finish the speech of Mr. Sampson, with which our readers must be highly gratified.

SUMMARY.

The English prints complain, that the brunt of the contest and the principal part of the danger were borne by the British at Fort Matagorda:—An American captain recently arrived here from Cadiz, says he saw a boat with 14 of 16 Englishmen on board, sunk by a single shell which fell upon it.—A British officer gives a black picture of Portuguese morality: assassination, he says, is very frequent,—many English seamen had been murdered by them, and the offenders never detected or punished. In anticipation of defeat on the frontiers, the adherents of Britain, &c. were preparing to migrate, either to England or the Brazils.

Parties in parliament are divided by a writer in the London Statesman into nine squads; the ninth, he states is "perfectly independent, and supports the cause of the true constitution with great steadiness and abilities;" among these the principal is Sir F. Bouverie. In the same paper we find a very spirited and elegant letter addressed to Lord Milton, urging the benefit and necessity of reform.—"Some change," says the writer, "must come. Fearful too is the alternative; for when a mighty machine is put in motion, I know the difficulty of regulating its operations, and the peril of its slightest eccentricities. When argument has been sneered out of fashion by a jest, and reason put to rout by a regiment, I can ill complain of those who in the turbulent hour of summary justice" resort to other weapons.—"The people are acquitted: the Parliament stands condemned.—The sword fell but last week from King Charles's statue: this would be an omen to the superstitious; nor is it unnatural that ministers who scorn arguments, should place truth in portents."

The French emperor says a London paper of May 23, (received at this office,) in fact acknowledges his incapacity to conquer Spain! The French force south of the Douro on the 13th of May, was said to be only 37,000 in all; which is inferior to the army of Lord Wellington. Ney had advanced from Salamanca towards Ciudad Rodrigo with 20,000 men; Junot had 13,000 at Astorga. Lord Wellington's head-quarters were at Celorico. The Duke of Abrantes, (Junot) had worsted the Spaniards in several skirmishes near Astorga. Lord Wellington, says the *Moniteur* of May 15, remains with the English army a spectator of these events—he does not move from his camp; he hears the sound of the cannon of Astorga, of Bajoz, of Cadiz, but contents himself with fomenting insurrections, and furnishing arms and clothing.

A most interesting debate had occurred in the house of commons, on Mr. Brand's motion for a parliamentary reform. In answer to those members who desired that the borough system should be swept away, Lord Milton said, that Old S. rum, Hellestone, &c. had sent some of the best ornaments of that house, who had aided in framing their wisest laws. "He agreed that the plan of his hon. friend was fair to behold; that it was well proportioned; but, was his hon. friend so ill acquainted with the disappointments which framers of constitutions had to encounter, as to suppose that he might expect to frame in his committee something better than the present constitution of this country? He knew that in another country (AMERICA) a constitution had been formed which was perfectly smooth, and had nothing in it to offend the eye;—but was it found on experience to be so well calculated for the good of the inhabitants? No; by no means—it has completely failed." [Such is the reproach which the 10th & 11th congresses have drawn upon us. We will take the first opportunity to lay this debate or part of it, before our readers.]

Buonaparte had reached Brussels May 15, on his return to Paris. In debate, in the house of commons May 22, Mr. Hoar remarked on the immense quantity of foreign shipping employed in the English trade, to the loss of the country; that Buonaparte was pursuing plans similar to those of Oliver Cromwell, which were meant to destroy the navigation of England. Mr. Perceval in reply, proved that the tonnage and trade of England had increased within the last year; what was lost in other quarters, was gained by the trade now opened with South America, &c.

Mr. Rose said, that it was a principle never departed from by the Board of Trade, not to suffer neutrals to carry British manufactures, where British ships were allowed to go. The necessity of resorting to neutrals had arisen from the decrees of the enemy, prohibiting the admission of British ships into the ports of the North. If we were to have had the trade at all, we must have employed foreign ships. Yet the British shipping had greatly increased of late, as would be obvious from the circumstance that a British ship, which three years ago cost £2700, has recently been sold for £6000.

Mr. Alexander Baring admitted that the trade must be carried on in neutral ships, if it could not be carried on by British vessels. But he condemned the outcry raised some time

since against American shipping, which brought on those measures that led to the situation in which we at present stood in relation to America. The effect of these measures had been to transfer the carrying trade from the American neutral, under whose flag many British ships might have been covered in the ports of the North, to the Northern neutral, that is in fact to the enemy. This experiment, however, might perhaps be worth a trial; but he greatly feared, that when the proposed tax should be in operation, it would greatly increase the price of timber, which was, at present, enormous high.

Mr. Prendergast having introduced the subject of the export trade of the East-Indies which he wished to encourage, Mr. P. Moore hoped that a full and fair report respecting India might be before the country, prior to the time that any steps should be taken for a renewal of their charter. [It expires in 1814.] That great and rich country had been so badly managed by the Company, as to be of hardly any service to the mother country, whereas it ought to furnish considerable aid.

An attentive friend has favoured the editor of the Whig with a great variety of English papers from which we have sketched the foregoing summary. We shall give from time to time, whatever we find worthy of being read; together with select toasts on the 4th of July, a better index to public opinion than the disgusting trash called debates of congress. A keen anti-ministerial paper, entitled "The Alfred," has been recently established in London, by the late editor of the Statesman. It promised to be a masterly publication.

Is it true, that the president of the Washington Society objected to the reading of the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July; and that it was afterwards read, to save appearances?

Two pick-pockets, we understand, were detected yesterday, at Cheapside, and committed to prison. It is supposed these fellows have performed many tricks oflegerdemain in Baltimore.

From the Belfast Commercial Chronicle.

SONG FROM THE IRISH.

THE TRUGH WELCOME.

Shall a son of O'Donnell be cheerless and cold;
While M'Kenna's wide hearth has a faggot to spare;
While O'Donnell is poor shall M'Kenna have gold,
Or, be cloth'd while a limb of O'Donnell is bare?
While sickness and hunger thy sinews assail,
Shall M'Kenna unmov'd quaff his madder of mead;
On the haunch of a deer shall M'Kenna regale,
While a chief of Tyrconnel is fainting for bread?
No! enter my dwelling, my feast thou shalt share;
On my pillow of rushes shall recline:
And bold is the heart and the hand that will dare
To harm but one hair of a ringlet of thine
Then come to my home, 'tis the home of a friend,
In the green woods of Trugh thou'rt safe from thy foes;
Six sons of M'Kenna thy steps shall attend,
And their six sheathless spears shall protect thy repose. Z. X.

MR. SAMPSON'S REPLY.

On the trial of James Cheetham for a libel on Mrs. Margaret Brazier Bonnevillle.

[CONCLUDED.]

I do not say that reformation may not light upon the vilest sinner. And we are told there is more joy in heaven for one sinner that repents, than ninety nine that never went astray. Be it so. But true contrition is marked with meekness and humility. Has this been so? If he now repents, 'tis like an angry wolf that stands at bay grinding his teeth, and who repents of nothing but that he is caught. The words his counsel opened with this day, were they like penitence, when he threatened deep shame and ruin to his lady and her friends? to make the color fade upon her cheek? regretted that her own son was not then present to stuprate his own mother, and hope she might be then in court to hear him say so? Was it repentance, to have first pursued her into the privacy of modest life, and at the shrine of blessed hospitality, before the house hold gods of her protectors, like a sanguinary savage assailed her with his club, but even within this hour, here in the sanctuary of the law, once more lifted his worse than homicidal arm, and aimed another dagger at her breast? Is this that true repentance in sackcloth and in ashes, that moves man's pity and heaven's mercy?

There was a monastery where deadly crimes were expiated called La Trappe; when sinners entered it they made a terrible vow of everlasting silence, and from that awful moment never uttered a word and daily with their nails dug their own graves. When the midnight bell tolled them to pray, they left their solitary cells, and moved with noiseless step through gloomy cloisters and whispering aisles, with downcast look, turning their rosaries, but never spoke. Such is the penitence, such the everlasting silence that would become the ruthless slanderer of woman's honor. But he who acts the bully and the bravo, and calls himself the

champion of high heaven, what words can paint the horror he inspires! Then let us leave him.

My duty calls me now to recapitulate the testimony of all his witnesses. The last and principal is Mr. Carver. He, with uplifted hand, affirmed, by the everliving God, the truth of what he testified—and what was that? His letter tells us all—That he and Paine had a dispute for money; & in their correspondence you may find the crimes of baseness reciprocally urged against each other. Mr. Carver, whose vulgar scurrilous letter makes the chief buttress of this man's defence, the more to spite his adversaries, flings out sour calumny against the lady. Carver himself admits, that when she got a sight of it she threatened to prosecute him for that letter. Yet on no better ground has this audacious libeller defamed her reputation.

From the same source springs the infernal hint that little Thomas Bonnevillle had the countenance and features of Tom Paine. In his little nose no doubt the historian could discern, by learned inspection the germs of future blossoms, and germs that in due course of nature should come to this world's light.

Carver gives evidence of what he heard from Paine of Mrs. Bonnevillle, and he himself retailed to Cheetham; and Cheetham, rather than such sublime history should not shine forth to save poor sinners' souls, becomes historian for the love of God, and gives them to the world as history. This is the history of this his toian, and his history!

Now gentlemen, supported thus, Mr. Cheetham, the historian, had such faith in atheists that he would rather presume their slanders true than any women virtuous. Still the story of Mrs. Bonnevillle's never having been the wife of Bonnevillle which Carver writes that Paine did say in speaking harshly of her, which is evidence before you now of this man's malice, being in his history; this I say, he could have believed, because it came from Paine, of whom both he and Carver write that he never did speak a word of truth. See what a strange dilemma he is in. First he states that Mr. Paine seduced her from her husband, and then he shews you in another page she never had a husband. How beautiful and uniform is truth! How multifarious and intricate is falsehood! How like the spider's flimsy web! How like the coiling of the scaly serpent are the windings of the guilty!

My eye just glanced upon some words where there is mention made of Paine's last will. That is the key to this mysterious league of apostolic slanders, mortified expectants and disappointed speculators.

Perhaps the lady's greatest crime was that which did not come to light until Paine was "in the dark and narrow house," that in return for the compassion her husband had bestowed upon him in his days of tribulation, he constituted his benefactor's wife and children his legatees. Hence too, the strong resemblance grew more strong between the godson and god father. It is a blessed thing that whensoever wickedness and nearness most rise, the worst of skeletons find at his elbow an historian that will give body and duration to the troubled passions of his soul, who will not even wait till they are brought to him but go a bout to look for them like beggars that pray for broken meat and offals at your kitchen doors.

In this godly history Madame Bonnevillle is charged not only with adulterous prostitution, but with swindling; and it is said she offered Paine a bond to sign, pretending it was an order for some clothing for her children. For this, too, Mr. Carver is the author; although this day he swears he never saw that bond, nor is there one in life ever did. It is a slanderous tale, that ought to choke the utterer, and stands at best upon Carver's report of what Paine said, which Paine, (Carver and Cheetham their historian, both say) never told truth. But can he be believed who came this morning to protest, and swagger, and maintain this truth, and now has no defence but that the same is false, though not malicious? If he be not malicious, tigers are gentle, and serpents very harmless.

I cross-examined Mr. Carver, and asked him whether his evidence had not been rejected in courts of justice by reason of his infidelity. I did not this from any canting motive of self arrogated piety, for that is odious, but to show that the main prop of all this godliness and of this proud defeat of atheists and deists, was himself an atheist, and perhaps the only one this country ever saw.

I asked him, then, if Mr. Griffin, his present counsel, who this day bestowed upon this lady the sharpness of the bitterest invective that tongue could utter, but who not long ago had gained the palm of eloquence by painting his now client as the vilest monster that disturbed the walks of men; I asked Carver whether he too had not objected to him. Again he parried. I stated to him the question and his own answer—"Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments?" "I once did not, but since I recanted those opinions; for seeing that kings commit so many crimes, and that there was no power to punish them, and lawyers never think themselves enough rewarded in this life, I came to the conclusion that there must be some future state when kings would meet their punishment and lawyers get their last reward." Gentlemen, such as Mr. Carver may seem to you, at best a witty profligate, yet I would rather trust him still, than the defendant who seeks to throw his crimes upon his head. He that professes open deism, or even atheism, which is a mere equivocation and

abuse of words, as that there is a power greater than man none ever truly doubted—he still is less obnoxious in my sight, than one who without any spark of faith or charity, professes outwardly to be a christian.

Mr. Carver adds, it was about two years and a half or three years since that through these meditations upon kings and lawyers he became a convert; till then, he swears with his uplifted hand, he was an atheist; but now he is a firm believing deist, and in such quality can furnish matter to any christian book maker who is disposed to write down woman, the fairest of God's creation, for the love of God.

I pushed him further and he stated that he and his wife had often gone to Mr. Purdy's on the farm to visit Mrs. Bonnevillle. Then it was, that seeing the toils in which his honesty and decency had fallen, he tapered off by saying, he never had seen the slightest indication of any meretricious or illicit commerce between Paine and Mrs. Bonnevillle, that they never were alone together—and that all the three children, the little godson Tom and all, were alike the objects of Paine's care. Yet upon this authority did the defendant say, in terrible menace, to the surrounding and astonished crowd, not that he was mistaken and sorry for what he had done, but that he would prove it true, and prove much worse, and other things more shocking and more cruel than ever till that hour had fallen from the tongue of honorable counsel or good men against a woman's honor.

Mrs. Ryder, whom he has dared to vouch among his compurgators, damns him deeper still. Paine lived with her, and Mrs. Bonnevillle often came to visit him. She never saw but decency with Mrs. Bonnevillle. She never said there but one night, when Paine was very sick. And when the historian came to make inquiries as an historian, he never asked her any questions, but inquired only of her husband. Why not ask of her? Women, however amiable, are keen observers of each other. But he knew perhaps, that she would tell him what she now swears here, that this lady's character and demeanor were decent and respectable; and such accounts would have been to this historian, even as is the taste of manna and bitter herbs; for scandal and slander alone could suit his appetite.

But Mrs. Rider often told Mr. Paine the child was like him. Did she so? And is every innocent saying of a merry wife, who tries to force a smile upon the furrowed cheek of tottering age; every playful joke that fondling mothers use and gossips prattle, to be distilled in the alembic of the prisoner to make up his deadly potions.

Then Mrs. Dean was called to prove the lying story of the bond. She tells you, on her oath, she never told him of it, as he states she did. She tells him to his beard she never saw his face, before, nor spoke to him of that, or any thing. In this disgrace he calls upon his mentor, his demi-god—Carver, the atheist (or, if you will, the deist) to belie the honest gentlewoman, and prove by the scrupulous virtue of his uplifted hand, that she, the defendant's other witness, was a perjurer; adding to the crime of Mrs. Bonnevillle's wrongs an insult to another virtuous woman.

Next came the reverend Mr. Foster. To reverend men great reverence be given. He has a claim against Paine's estate for the tuition of the little Bonnevilles. It is disputed, I believe in law. He was called to justify the historian on his own authority, for having written that Mr. Paine seduced her from her husband. What does he say? He says that "Mrs. Bonnevillle might possibly have said as much as that but for Paine she would not have come here;" and that Paine was under special obligations to provide for her children. In this Mr. Foster has proved the defendant more guilty than he was before; because the words, if true, could never warrant him or the historian, unless they both were fools, to say that Mr. Paine was Mrs. Bonnevillle's paramour. The thing was plain enough, when malice did not warp it. Her husband had been kind to Paine in Paris. He promised gratitude and mutual succor, if ever terror or disastrous fortune should banish the family of Mr. Bonnevillle from their native country. One child he had adopted, he was his godson; the others he had promised to protect. Who but a fiend would have inferred from this, who but a slanderer would have published in a history, that this old man had seduced that lady from her husband's bed? If historians are thus allowed to write down character, it were better to have that lion's mouth which once belonged to the inquisitorial government of Venice, where every vile informer or denouncer might throw in what he pleased, and ruin whom he chose.

Doctor Manly said, she wished Paine dead, and Mr. Cheetham had that news from him; but whether it was from feeling and compassion of his sufferings or other motives, he could not tell. These qualifications being in the work, we are contented to give up that count, and I shall make but this remark, that if there was not malice, it was worse than useless to introduce that fact into the history. And let me just observe, that Dr. Manly had also a dispute touching his bill, which was objected to as being unreasonable, and reduced.

And now for Peter Underhill. A few days since the defendant postponed his trial, by swearing to the court that Peter Underhill was a material witness, without the benefit of whose testimony he could not, as advised by counsel, and as he verily believed, proceed to trial.

What does this ask? Peter swear to day?

That he (this Peter Underhill) one day told Mrs. Bonnevillle, that her child resembled Paine, and Mrs. Bonnevillle said it was Paine's child. If Mr. Underhill said this in any other way than innocent mirth: he proves himself unmannerly and insolent, for having so insulted any lady. If Mrs. Bonnevillle answered as he says, it must have been out of good nature, and that gaiety the characteristic of her country women, that plays around them like a lambent light even in their sorrows, which none but a sour and ignorant boor will construe into guilt. Did Mr. Underhill, or the historian who promulgated his slander for the love of God, believe that any woman, would, and apropos of nothing, without inducement or motive whatsoever, seriously hold up her infant and say to him, I am Paine's whore, and this my infant is his bastard? To the character of this material witness we called two witnesses. The first was Mr. Pelton, who knew something particular of him that was wrong, but scrupled to declare his general character; at the same time told you that Mrs. Bonnevillle was a modest woman, and an acquaintance of his own wife, and that her children were all alike the objects of Paine's care.

Judge Somerville, of Westchester county, supplied what was wanting in the testimony of Mr. Pelton, for he said that in one single transaction he could say good of him, but that his general character was bad. But as to Mrs. Bonnevillle, judge Somerville said, that he often saw her, and never heard the slightest word to her disadvantage; and that Paine always spoke of her with respect.

Here ends the black conspiracy and conjuration for the love of God. And now the sickened soul revives, and a bright scene appears—A group of matrons, led by those hands which holy wedlock had joined to theirs forever—Heads of families, beloved distinguished, full of respect and honour; in form so bright, in innocence so lovely; so pure in unsuspected truth, so proud in conscious worth and dignity; who never till that hour had crossed the threshold of a court of justice, or been where discord reigns; whose lips had never uttered other oaths than those which bound them by the willing ties of constancy and love; who, when the seraph voice of pity called them down, first glided from their spheres upon the wings of heaven-born charity, and, having done their mission, disappeared. But, oh! it was a holy sacrament, that wife and husband twined their oaths together with such solemnity, such beaming truth, as when they made before the altar of their God that vow so full at once of joy and awe that linked their future destiny together and made them ever one. They would have told you of this lady's sorrows and her resignation, of her spotless conduct, of her merit; how they entrusted to her care and tutelage the jewels of their souls, the children of their hearts; with what reproachless truth, what anxious duty she answered to the trust; had not the rules of evidence and technical formalities of law cut short their story. Her general character was all they were allowed to testify. Their words were few, but like so many messages of grace or high commands from heaven.

Then, as the day dispels the shades of night, the ugly goblins fled. Then, the menaced and trembling victim, delivered from their spells, came forth arrayed in the white robe of innocence—Then, Lucifer was forced to bow in homage to the truth. Then all his conjurations vanished like frightful dreams, leaving no vestige to the waking senses, but that vague horror that lingers like sulphureous odours after extinguished fires; and the same tongues that within one short hour had spoken such words as never honest men before (and honest men I still must think they are) had launched against the honour of a woman, then they too changed their tune, and he who last addressed you with palsied tongue, and eloquence subdued, too good to persevere in spite of Heaven, cried out *heaveave*. True, we had sinned, said he, true we have written lies and calumnies, but we are innocent; for what we wrote, we were set on to write. We were historians, and Carver told it to us, it was in Carver's letter, his scurrilous letter to his friend and inmate, and touching the companion of his wife, how could we doubt that it was pure and faithful? and Carver was both atheist and deist; what motive could we then suppose in him, but that which prompts us, the love of Christ, whose militant we are!!!

And further say his counsel, the lady should have brought a civil action; but if we brought such an action and sought damages, then they would have cried, see how this lady prefers her private interest to public justice, how she makes merchandize of her reputation. They say we should have prosecuted Carver, and Mr. Cheetham would have been our witness to prove him guilty. I will not answer to such mockery. We scorn the testimony of approvers and parties in the suit, much more of principals. However bad Carver may be, he is better still than Cheetham. He was an atheist, he is a deist, but he tells you boldly what he is; and in that there is more honesty than if he did profess himself a christian and was not one. A deist may be honest, many are so, and between this publican and pharisee, he will go justified rather than the other.

They say that less will justify an indictment than a civil action, which I deny; the reason is written in the law, which says that no man shall disturb the peace by uttering reproachful, malicious and provoking sayings, however true.—