æra of the revolution that followed it, had not refused the impious inference, by shewing that if man descends, it is not in his own proper motion; that it is with labor and with pain, and that he can continue to sink only, until by the force and pressure of the descent, the spring of his immortal faculties accuses that recuperative energy and effort that hurries him as many miles aloft. It is at that period, that the state seeks for shelter in the destruction of the press; it is in a period like that, that the tyrant prepares for the attack upon the people, by destroying the liberty of the press; by taking away that shield of wisdom and of virtue, behind which the people are invulnerable; in whose pure and polished convex ere the lifted blow has fallen, he beholds his image, and is turned into stone. It is at those periods that the honest man dares not speak, because truth is too dreadful to be told. It is then the proud man scorns to speak, but like a physician baffled by the wayward excesses of a dying patient, retires indignantly from the bed of an unhappy wretch whose ear is too fastidious to bear the sound of wholesome advice, whose palate is too debauched to bear the salutary bitter of the medicine that might redeem him, and therefore leaves him to the felonious piety of the slaves, that talk to him of life, and strip him before he is cold.

"Let me suppose that you had known the charge upon which Mr. Orr was apprehended, the charge of abjuring that bigotry which had torn and disgraced his country, of pledging himself to restore the people of his country to their place in the constitution, and of binding himself never to be the betrayer of his fellow-laborers in that enterprize; that you had seen him upon that charge removed from his industry, and confined in a goal, that through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months you had seen him confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common use of air and of his own limbs: that day after day you had marked the unhappy captive, cheered by no sound but the cries of his family, or the clinking of chains; that you had seen him at last brought to trial; that you had seen the vile and perjured informer deposing against his life; that you had seen the drunken, and worn out, and terrified jury give in a verdict of death, that you had seen the same jury, when their returning sobriety had brought back their consciences, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the bench, and pray that the mercy of the crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood. Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that contrite and honest recommendation transmitted to the seat, where mercy was presumed to dwell; that new, and before unheard of crimes, are discovered against the informer, that the royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner, that time is taken as the learned counsel for the crown has expressed it, to see whether mercy could be extended or not! that after that period of lingering deliberation is passed, a third reprieve is transmitted; that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family that he adored, to a character that he had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude, which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of eternal providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children. "Alas! no wife, nor children more shall he behold, no friends nor sacred home!" No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon and leads him forth to life and light, but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame; where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, either to secure or insult, or disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country. Let me now ask you, if any of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation? Would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaint? Would you have been mean enough? But I entreat your forgiveness. I do not think meanly of you; had I thought meanly of you I could not suffer my mind to commune with you as it has done; had I thought you that base and vile instrument, attuned by hope and by fear into discord and falsehood, from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of integrity or honor could speak, let me honestly tell you, I should have scorned to fling my hand across it; I should have left it to fitter minstrels; if I do not therefore grossly err in my opinion of you, I could use no language upon such a subject as this, but must not lag behind the rapidity of your feelings, and that would not disgrace those feelings, if it attempted to describe them.

"Gentlemen, I am not unconscious that the learned counsel for the crown seemed to address you with the confidence of a very different kind; he seemed to expect a kind of respectful sympathy from you with the feelings of the castle, and the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps, gentlemen, he may know you better than I do; if he does he has spoken as he ought; he has been right in telling you, that if the reprobation of this writer is weak, it is because his genius could not make it stronger; he has been right in telling you that his language has not been braided and festooned as elegant as it might; that he has not picked the miserable plants of his phraseology, nor placed his patches and feathers with that correctness of millenary, which become so exalted a person. If you agree with him, gentlemen of the jury, if you think that the man who at the hazard of his own life, to rescue from the deep the drowned honor of his country, must not presume upon the great familiarity, of plucking it up by the locks, I have no more to say; do a courteous thing. Upright and honest jurors, find a civil and obliging verdict against the printer! and when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow citizens to your own homes, and bear their looks as you pass along; retire to the bosom of your families and your children, and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell those infants who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by these precepts, and confirm these precepts by your own exmple; teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table,* or loyalty be foresworn in the jury box; and when you have done so, tell them the story of Orr; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his crimes, of his hopes, of his disappointment, of his courage, and of his death; and when you find your little hearers hanging from your lips, when you see their eyes overflowing with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them that you had the boldness and justice to stigmatize the monster—who had dared to publish the transaction.

"Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land? You may find him perhaps in a jail, the only place of security; I had almost said of habitation; you may see him flying from the flames of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet with these facts ringing in the ear and staring in the face of the prosecutor, you are called upon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist. You are called upon in defiance of shame, or truth, or honor, to deny the sufferings under which they groan, and to flatter the persecutor that tramples you under foot.

"I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day, during the course of his commission from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation to give the evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried, a man lies, till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up as a witness.

"Is this fancy or is is it fact? Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, make his appearance upon the table,* the living image of life and death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightening of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent; there was an antidote—a juror's oath—but even that adamantine chain that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror, consults his own safety, in the surrender of the victim.

> Et quæ sibi quisque timebat,
> Unius in miseri exitium conversa
> tulere."

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* In the Irish courts of justice, the witnesses stand on the table.

PARIS, July 4.

From the Official Journal, the Moniteur.

The Publiciste, in one of his late numbers, announces to Europe that great changes are about to take place in lower Italy; that the States of the Pope are about being dismembered; and that Cardinal Fesch is to take an active part in these events.

If France were to interfere in such changes, it is most likely it would be to dismember the territory of the Pope.

But who has made the Publiciste a confident of these great plans? A journalist of Augsburg; & from whom has that journalist received information? from an agent in the pay of England; and what is the aim of England? to alarm the Continent; to terrify the Holy father, to cause Europe to believe that it rests upon a volcano, and, that France wishes to overturn every thing in order to invade her. The English Agent performs his task; and the journalist of Augsburg gains money; but how comes it that the Publiciste, whose editor is a man of sense, and whose proprietors are praise worthy men, lends a hand to that political stock-jobbing? It is because the Editor trusts to an under clerk, and that the proprietors give themselves no trouble in reading the political articles that are inserted in their journal.

The same paper has also just apprised Europe that the King of Naples is about going to Sicily, and, that Mr. Acton, whom that Prince elightened upon the interests of government, and removed from office, is on the point of re-entering into his former functions with the support of a great power.

Who has made the Publiciste a confident? a convenient bulletin edited at Frankfort: and who has furnished that piece of news to the author of the Bulletin? an English agent; and what is the interest of that agent? It is to create a belief that France will get hold of Naples; to create a supposition that Europe concerns itself for that grert minister who has sacrificed the good of the country he governed, to the advantage of England; for that minister who, a Frenchman borne, is the most inveterate enemy of France; who sat at variance the court of Naples with that of Versailes; who was the reproach and has become the abhorrence of the people of the two Sicilies, and who would get into favor again in order only to bring the king of Naples to fall again into the same errors he committed in the years 5 and 6. But that government has levied neither soldiers nor subsidies. Of what importance is it to Mr. Action whose money is placed in the funds at London, what imports it the editor of the Bulletin which is written at Frankfort, provided that by disquieting Europe they serve England!

The Publiciste announced also several months ago that a treaty had been just entered into by which the Porte had ceded the Morea to France. From whence did the Journalist get this information? He had it from a Bulletin-maker at Harburgh or Brussels, who had it from an English agent.

Such puerile rhapsodies do not at first fix the attention, but their aim is, however, soon understood by the effects they produce. This is what has happened. The French papers were carefully laid before the eyes of the Porte, and gen. Brune had cause to be much surprised when the reis effendi shewed them to him, and told him that upon its being mentioned that the Morea had been ceded to France, it had been naturally concluded that France intended to take the Morea!

If persons interested in the conduct of journals wish them not to be the echo of English turbulence, they ought to pay a daily attention to the political department of their respective papers. If, on their part, the editors fear being suspected of something more than neglect, they ought to abstain themselves from taking French news out of the Augsburg Gazette, and out of the bulletins of convenience of Frankfort, Hamburg and Brussels. This is what we have endeavoured to prove by this article.

Official Journal.

THE KING OF MISERS.

Much has been said of the penurious disposition of Mr. Elwes; but a gentleman who died some few years since, leaves him at an immense distance. Daniel Dancer, esq. late of Pinner, Middlesex, was a man not more remarkable for his worldly riches, than for his having lived in an apparent state of extreme poverty. Such was the eccentricity of his character, that, though scarcely allowing himself the common necessaries of live, he left property to the amount of 3000l. a year to Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes. So perfectly penurious was he in his disposition, that rather than expend a penny, he frequently had recourse to the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen; of which he would swill so enormously as to be obliged to roll himself on the floor to sleep. He generally had his body girt by a hay band to keep together his tattered garments; and the stockings he usually wore had been so frequently darned and patched, that hardly any of the original could be seen. In cold and dirty weather, however, they were thickly covered with ropes of hay, which served as substitutes for boots. His whole garb, indeed, resembled that of a miserable mendicant. He had an old horse, but never would allow more than two shoes for his forefeet, deeming those for his hind feet an unnecessary expence. Mr. Dancer would never take snuff, conceiving such an indulgence to be extravagant, but always carried a snuff-box. This he would probably fill in the course of a month, by pinches obtained from others. When the the box was full, he would barter the contents for a farthing-candle which served him till he had time to fill the box again, as he never suffered any light in his house, except while he was going to bed. He seldom washed his face and hands; but when the sun shone forth he would repair to a neigbouring pool, and substitute sand for soap. When he had performed the operation of washing, he would lie on his back & dry himself with the solar beams; as he never used a towel because it would wear out, and when dirty, the washing would be expensive. Having come to London one day, for the purpose of investing 2000l. in the funds, a gentleman near the Royal Exchange observed him, and took him for a wretched beggar, humanely slipped a penny into his hands; which the old man received with a degree of surprise; but instantly recollecting that "every little helps," he pocketed the affront, and walked off. This parsimonious man never had more than one shirt at a time, which, being purchased at an old cloaths shop, seldom exceeded half-a-crown in price; nor did it ever, after falling into his possession, undergo the operation of either washing or mending, but was doomed to perpetual slavery, till it literaly dropt in peaces from his back. Hence, it may naturally be supposed, that though Mr. Dancer seldom associated with his neighbours, he was at all times attended by a numerous company, whose personal attachment rendered mankind extremely cautions of approaching him. In the purchase of an old shirt, he once supposed himself cheated by a woman of the vast sum of three-pence; in consequence of which, he commenced a suit against her in the court of conscience, and the poor old man was, however, nonsuited; and, besides the original debt of three-pence, he expended on the road from Pinner to London, and back again, three half-pence more. Lady Tempest was the only person who had the least influence on this unfortunate miser; and, though she knew that she should share the bulk of his fortune with Captain Holmes, she endeavoured to persuade him to enjoy the good things of this life, but in vain. Once, indeed, she prevailed upon him to purchase an old hat (having worn his own for thirteen years) from a Jew for a shilling; but to her great astonishment, when she called the next day, she beheld the old chapeau on his head. On enquiry, it appeared, that he had prevailed on old Griffiths, his servant to purchase the hat of him, at the advanced price of eighteen-pence, & congratulated himself on his dexterity in clearing six pence by the transaction. One day, Lady Tempest sent him a present of trout stewed in claret, of which he was extremely fond. It was frosty weather, and the whole, from being kept all night, was frozen almost into ice. Being much afflicted with tooth-ach, he could not touch it, and to light a fire he thought expensive; therefore, as he generally lay in bead to keep himself warm in cold weather, he caused the fish and sauce to be put between two pewter plates, on which he sat till the rich repast was tolerably warm. Of lawyers and physicians, he entertained a very unfavorable opinion. Sooner than have any connection with a lawyer, he said, he would deal with the devil, and to use his own expression, 'all the gentlemen of the faculty are medical tinkers, who, in endeavouring to patch up one blemish in the human frame, never fail to make ten.' He seemed to have had something of the leaven of predestenation in his composition; for while his sister lay upon her death bed, being importuned to call in medical assistance, he sternly replied, "why should I waste my money in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence?" Perhaps, the dread of expence operated more powerfully upon him than his religious tenets. During his last illness, Lady Tempest accidentally called upon him, and finding him lying up to the neck in an old sack, without even a shirt remonstrated against the impropriety of such a situation; when he replied, that "having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out of it in the same manner." She then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, when he immediately ordered his old servant Griffith, to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose. Mr. Dancer's house, which is now in the possession of Captain Holmes, is a most miserable building, and has not been repaired for half a century; though poor in external appearance, it has, however, been recently discovered to be very rich within; Captain Holmes having, at different times, found large bowls filled with guineas and half guineas, and parcels of banknotes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. This singular man died in October 1794. Since his death, large jugs of dollars and shillings have been found in the stable. At the dead of night he has been known to go to this place, but for what purpose, even old Griffiths could not tell. It now appears however, that he used to rob one jug to add to the bowl, which was since his death, found buried in the kitchen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Communication has been received, under the signature of N. P. the principal object of which is to prove that every stockholder in an unincorporated Bank is answerable, to the whole extent of his property, for demands on it. The avowed purpose of the writer is to repress subscriptions to the Potomack Bank. We some time since admitted a communication from the same writer on the same subject, under an impression of its importance, and confidence, that if the facts or reasoning of the piece were erroneous, a full discussion would expose them; and consequently a correct opinion be embraced by the public. As the subscriptions to the proposed Bank are to be opened on Wednesday next, it is evident that this last communication, if published, whatever errors it may contain, would not, in point of time, admit of an answer. This is our reason for declining its insertion *at present*. But as the writer appears to conduct the discussion with temperance and talent, it shall appear when this reason shall have ceased to exist.

We have received a request to republish from the Alexandria Advertiser, a piece signed *Mercator*. The paper, containing this article, having been received and destroyed before the request reached us, prevents our complying with it.

(By Authority.)

An act providing for the establishment of semi-annual fairs.

BE it enacted by the First and Second Chambers of the City Council of Washington, That two fairs be held in every year within the city of Washington for the sale of all kinds of cattle, goods, wares and merchandize, on the first Wednesdays of May and November, under such regulations as the mayor may prescribe, of which he shall make due notification.

SAMUEL H. SMITH,
President of the first chamber of the city council of Washington.
NICHOLAS KING,
President of the second chamber of the city council of Washington.
Approved, Aug. 25th, 1804.
ROBERT BRENT, Mayor.
Test THOMAS HERTY, Reg.

In the Case of Elizabeth Lewis an Insolvent debtor.

District of Columbia, Washington County, *to wit:*

ON the petition of Elizabeth Lewis an insolvent debtor confined in the prison of Washington county for debt it is ordered that notice be given to the creditors of the said Elizabeth Lewis that on the sixth day of September next at 9 o'clock A. M. at the court room in the Capitol the oath of an insolvent debtor will be administered to the said Elizabeth Lewis and a trustee appointed agreeably to the act for the relief of insolvent debtors within the district of Columbia unless sufficient cause be then and there shewn to the contrary.

It is also ordered that this notice be published in the National Intelligencer and Washington Federalist twice before that day:

By order of the hon: Wm. Cranch assistant Judge of the circuit court of the district of columbia.

URIAH FORREST, Clk.
Sep. 3—2t.

Notice to Subscribers.

SUBSCRIBERS to the National Intelligencer in arrears are requested to make immediate payment. It may be proper to remind subscribers, that the indispensable term of the Paper is the annual payment of Five Dollars in advance; and that unless the term be complied with, their papers will be discontinued.

ANCHOR TAVERN,

AND OYSTER HOUSE.

G. PITT impressed with every sense of duty, he owes to his friends and self; craves their attention to the following remarks.

1st. The duty to his friends is by keeping every necessary accommodation suitable for a tavern, such as good beds, wholesome diet; the choicest of liquors; and the best of attendance.

2d. The duty to himself is to take care of No. 1, to see that no body pays twice, as once is sufficient, to collect every dollar he can that is owing to him, and trust no more; for trusting is the ruin of many an honest man; and will be, if he goes on, the ruin of him.

As therefore the Oyster Season is nearly approaching, and cash with him very scarce, he earnestly entreats those who stand indebted to him, prior and subsequent to his opening the above tavern will pay their respective balances on or before the 15th day of September next, which will enable him to render that reception different to the last season, and treat them in that elegant and accommodating stile which it is his pride to support, and his ardent wish to maintain.

Georgetown, August 31—3t