

This, my Lords, is a monstrous tale which defies itself; it is not credible—it carries its own refutation along with it.—What! my Lords, are you to suppose that her Majesty voluntarily passed thro' a room where she must have been seen, when she might have gone another way where she would not have been seen. She knew, my Lords, that Majocchi slept in that room—she knew the disposition of his bed—she knew that there was a fire kept in the room;—knowing all this, she voluntarily passes through it, stopping in her way to look straight in the face of the witness. A robber naturally came to the bed where a lady slept, and looked in her eyes to see if she was asleep. If she was not, he could proceed no farther. It was therefore very prudent in the robber to take this precaution: but for a person going to commit adultery in the next room to look in the face of him whose mistress she was, and that person the Princess of Wales—when the very looking condemned, exposed, and convicted her—this was the most incredible, the most silly invention that could be made. But it was providentially and most happily ordained, for the detection of guilt and the defence of innocence, that such inventions were often carelessly put together; would not the single fact of having been seen in that room, under such circumstances, have exposed her? Would not the fact of being detected in looking in the face of Majocchi, have of itself condemned her? It is a most monstrous and incredible tale. What has happened here, has happened in other cases where innocence has been attacked by the perjured and remorseless witness, who involves himself in contradictions which it is impossible for him to explain, and relates tales which it is impossible for any one to believe. My Lords, I wish to call your recollection to what this witness has said on another point. He told you that Bergami began to dine at the table of the Princess at Genoa, but, my Lords, you have it from the other evidence, that Bergami never did dine at the table of Her Majesty, at Genoa. When this witness, Majocchi, speaks of the night scene, he told you, first, that he did not know of the courier, Rastelli; but, in a subsequent part of his evidence, he explains the reason of his recollecting a circumstance, by the fact of the arrival of the courier, Rastelli. Finding himself involved in a gross contradiction, he attempts to shift his ground; he recollects the circumstance, he says, because thieves attacked the house. My Lords, you recollect the account this witness gave of his leaving the service of her Majesty—an account which contains as much gross and deliberate falsehood as ever polluted the walls of a Court of Justice; and allow me here, my Lords, to observe that where you see one material part of a person's evidence grossly and palpably false, it is not necessary to go more into detail—the whole of his evidence must be discredited—nothing that falls from the lips of a perjured man ought to be entertained. My Lords, in giving you an account of his leaving the service of the Princess, he told you that he was not discharged, but that he left the service because he did not like the bad people by whom her royal highness was surrounded. He did this to raise his own credit, and to debase the Queen and these by whom she was surrounded. My Lords, this story is false—A question was put to him—“Did you not ask to go back?” “He did not recollect.” Here, my Lords, you see how he protects himself, for if he had answered No, he would have convicted himself at once. He was asked, “Did you not apply to Schiavini?” He says, “yes I did make application to Schiavini, but it was in joke—I made it in joke.” Well, this is possible; but if he did not make it in joke he has perjured himself; if he did make this application in joke, to what follows he must have answered no.—“Did you not make other applications of a similar kind to Hieronymus?” “Non mi ricordo.” My Lords, this is a gross and wilful perjury. He first states that he left the Queen to avoid the bad people by whom she was surrounded; and then he is obliged to admit that he made application to be admitted back, but he did so in joke. Thus you see, he makes use of one invention in order to support another. My Lords, you recollect the way in which he told you that he never wished to go back to his service; he said “I would rather eat grass than go back to that house.” Is this true or false? Do you believe, my Lords, that this man would eat grass before he would go back to the house of the Queen? He admits that he made an application to be restored to his place, but he made it in joke. My Lords, you must not forget that he made not one application—he made several applications to several persons. Are you to suppose that he was joking all the time? My Lords here, I say, is developed the mystery of the answer—“Non mi ricordo.” My Lords, I say that rank falsehood appears on the face of this part of the evidence, take it in one way or the other, I care not on which branch of the alternative it may rest. My Lords, I shall next call your attention to the well-paid swearers, the Master and Mate of the polacre. Any person at all acquainted with the Courts of Justice are aware, that witnesses of a certain kind are extremely flippant—extremely anxious to give explanations which they consider important. The mate of the polacre is a witness of this kind.—He was asked where the guns on the deck, and what was his answer? “To be sure they were; they were not in our pockets.” My Lords, this single answer shows you the demer-

nor of this witness. Important, I presume, this witness must have been considered, for he was the best paid witness.—He has been paid, my Lords, at the rate of £2,000 a year—£2,000 a year to the mate of a vessel trading in the Mediterranean, and fourth part owner!—My Lords, I will venture to say, that there is not one ship owner in Messina makes half this sum by all the ships he may possess; the thing is unknown. In that country a man of £400 a year is considered a rich man. £1,500 a year is a property possessed by none save the highest of the noblesse. The captain of the polacre has been paid a still higher sum than the mate; he has been paid £2,400 a year; he has been fed, lodged, maintained; every expence has been paid. My Lords, this was not by way of compensation for the loss of his profits, for his ship was not here; the ship remained in the Mediterranean. My Lords, this man, his mate, and 20 men, with his ship, had been hired for a sum of about one-fourth part less than he now receives for coming to swear against her Majesty. But this is not all. The witness has told you that when he attends on a Royal Person, he expects a great deal more than the sum named; he looks for much more than the certain sum; his expectations are not limited to what he now gets for coming here to swear against the Queen. He had been employed by the Royal Person against whom he now appears, and he told your Lordships that the ascertained compensation bore no proportion to the voluntary reward which he expected from her Majesty—how much less then, has he a right to limit the bounty of her illustrious husband, or of the servants of his Majesty, who had brought him here. My Lords, independent of the hope of reward, another motive must have operated powerfully on the mind of this witness; his testimony, my Lords, is bottomed on revenge; he has sworn that he has had a quarrel with Bergami, the Queen's servant, whose business it was to pay money and it appears that this witness complained in a memorial to his Ambassador, that Bergami refused to pay him a sum of £1,300 which he claimed; and my Lords, it was in this way, it was in consequence of this complaint, that the witness became acquainted with certain persons in this country. His minister, Count Ludolf, in answer to his memorial, told him that he knew nothing of the matter, but desired him to go to London and prefer his complaint for the £1,300. It was, then, on account of this claim on the English government, that he first came to be known to persons in this country. His existence—his very name was not known, until he made this complaint against the Queen and her Chamberlain for not paying him £1,300; and he came to London, amongst other reasons, for the purpose of following up that claim—I warrant you, my Lords, he is not likely to see his way less clearly in pursuing this claim, in consequence of the evidence which he has given. There are other matters in the evidence of the master and mate of the polacre deserving of your attention. I think, my Lords, that the Queen, on board a vessel, sitting with her arms entwined round her menial servant, and sometimes kissing him, was a circumstance not so insignificant as not to be likely to attract the particular attention of the master and the mate; and yet the accounts given by these two men, of this transaction, materially differ. The master says, the Queen was sitting on a gun, and Bergami was supporting her. The Captain says, the Queen was sitting near the mast, on Bergami's knee. The difference here is most important.—If a witness thinks fit to say, I will pledge my authority for accuracy and for truth on the details I give;—if he goes into details which he need not have gone into, he must do so at his peril. Well, he does so. The Captain swears that the Queen was sitting on Bergami's knee near the mast, and that Bergami and the Queen were kissing; the mate says the Queen was sitting on a gun, but not a word about kissing. And here, my Lords, let me say, that there can be no doubt but that both witnesses were swearing to a fact supposed to have been seen by them at the same time; for the captain expressly says, “the mate of the vessel saw it as well as myself.” The mate did not see it; he did not swear it; they did not dare to put the question to him. See, then, my Lords, the miserable consequences of not having witnesses completely drilled. The palpable difference in the story of each shows that the story cannot be true; and yet the Master represented himself as a man of such primitive manners, such antediluvian virtue—possessed of virtue such as reigned in Paradise before the fall, that when he saw a lady so near to a man—not to touch the mind—he immediately desires his mate to go away; for his mate was under him; he had the care of his morals; he was, besides, his distant relation; by the ties of blood, as well as of conscience, he was responsible for the purity of his mate, and therefore he would not allow this youth to remain for one moment near that part of the ship where the Queen and Bergami were. Observe, my Lords, he never said that the Queen desired him to go—there was no order to that effect from Bergami. No; the guilty persons did not desire him to retire; they did not care who saw them; but the provident and virtuous master would not allow his mate to remain for one moment in that part of the vessel which had the misfortune of having such a pair—a pair who came near each other, though they did not touch. My Lords, there may be those who may believe all

this, but if you do not believe it, then you must believe that what the Captain of the polacre swore was not true. Either then he told this story to color his motives, or he gave it as a gratuitous falsehood—he wished to earn his money in the best possible way; he wished to improve the case, an attempt in which in the opinion of some credulous persons, he has possibly succeeded.—He intended to do much, in order to make his services the foundation of his claim to that unascertained remuneration which he declares he expects from the bounty of royalty. He expects, my Lords, to improve his claim; for there is £1,300 which he came over to this country to seek amongst other things. My Lords, I shall trouble you with one statement more of those men: it will tend to show the advantage of being well drilled. No wonder, indeed, that the witnesses should have been well drilled, for they have been well paid; the skill of the party should, if possible, be in proportion to the price he receives. But, my Lords, there are limits to this art, if there were not, God pity the innocent against the attacks of the perjured. My Lords, these two witnesses were examined immediately after one another; one had no access to the recorded evidence of the other; and there they are on terms the most intimate, living together, supping and breakfasting together, living in all the habits of blood and kindred, in a manner that would do honour to near relations, and which it would be well if some relations, of much higher station, would have cultivated.—The Captain was asked, whether he had communicated with the Mate as to the evidence they had to give? and he answers, “I am not a man who would speak out of Court of any thing I might deliver there; it would not be decent nor fitting to say to any body the evidence that I might give.” He was then asked—“Did you and the mate ever communicate with each other?” His answers, “Oh! never, never.” Did you agree not to speak on the subject?” Yes, as it would have been improper for one to have mentioned to the other the evidence he had to give.” My Lords, this brings me to say one word as I pass. In a case so pregnant with every thing offensive to morals and to good taste, it is some comfort that one spot remains on the face of the earth uncontaminated by those details so odious, and so disgusting, which have become a subject of great alarm to those who felt for the morals of the country; it is, my Lords, a consolatory reflection, that never by any mischance, were those indecent details introduced into this select and sacred spot—and, strange to say, my Lords, this spot is Cotton-garden.—If, my Lords, you choose to believe this, far be it from me to destroy such a delusion, for it must be pleasing to your Lordships to figure to yourselves such a spot. Believe it, I say, in God's name. But if you do not believe it, you must believe something else, viz. that the witnesses in this depot are perjured again and again.

The course of his observations had now brought him to some personages, even of greater importance than the captain and mate, however pompously introduced by the Solicitor-General—he meant Demont and Sacchi. He trusted that he should be excused for coupling them, united as they seemed to be by the closest ties; and resembling each other as they did in some of the most material particulars of their history. Both had lived under the roof of the Queen—both had enjoyed her bounty—both had been reluctantly dismissed, and both had solicited to be taken back into place and favor. The bonds that originally united them had subsequently continued—they had lived in the greatest intimacy, not less in their native mountains of Switzerland, than in England; they had remained here nearly for the same period of time, above twelve months, and those months had been occupied by them in a manner best calculated to fit them for the service of their employers, in obtaining a knowledge of the classic writers of our island, through an accurate study of our language. Incidentally this gave them a great advantage—only incidentally—for, modestly, they did not brag of their proficiency, but availed themselves of the assistance of an interpreter, which gave them an opportunity of preparing an answer to the question they had understood, while the interpreter was furnishing them with a needless translation. The other points of resemblance were many, and he would not further dwell upon them in particular, because they would be illustrated as he proceeded. He wished in the first place, to remind your Lordships of what sort of person Made-moiselle Demont described herself to be, because it signified but very little what he should be able to prove her, compared with what she had proved herself. He could take her own account, and he could hardly wish for more, though she might well wish it less with the most ordinary regard for her own safety, not to mention the sanctity of truth. She was a person of a romantic disposition, naturally implanted, and certainly improved by her practice in the world. She was an enemy to marriage, as she stated in her letters, and did not like mankind in the abstract, whatever she might do in the particular—amica omnibus, quamlibet inimica, perhaps she might turn out to be in the end. However, she hated mankind in the abstract, only making an exception in favor of such a near friend as Sacchi, whom she dignified by the title of an Italian gentleman, though he, ungrateful man, would not return the compliment, by acknowledging her to be a countess. Marriage, she said, she did not like—she loved liberty, “the mountain nymph, sweet liberty,”—and in pursuit of her among her native hills, their Lordships

would not fail to see into what company she had fallen. Were there to be reckoned amongst the accomplishments of this lady? By no means: she was the most perfect specimen, the most finished model of a waiting maid, the world had ever seen; none of her own writers, and none of ours, whom, no doubt, she had studied, had given such a patron for imitation; Moliere, Le Sage, Congreve, and Cibber, had all fallen far short of this admirable original. He did not mean that all her qualifications had been developed at once, some of them had gradually made their appearance under the cross-examination of Mr. Williams, when she showed that her education had done honor to her natural abilities; she had shewn that she was gifted with great circumspection, that she possessed much readiness in adjusting one part of her evidence with another, and great skill, if the eternal laws of truth allowed it, in binding and deluding her hearers. She evinced not a little readiness in reconciling the story she had told with the contents of the letters produced, which letters she had not forgotten, although she did not know that they were still in existence to be produced against her. Had she been aware of their preservation, and had her patrons known their contents, their Lordships would never have heard of her; she would never have been produced as a witness, but would have been shipped off as many others had been like so much fresh meat or live lumber for their native country. But her constant mode was to deal in double entendres; Sacchi did the same; so that it was impossible to know what they really meant: to them indeed might be applied what formerly had been said of the Greeks—“Tribus illis litteras, do multarum artium disciplinam, non adimo sermonis leporem, ingeniorum, acumen, discendi optam; denique etiam, si qua sibi alia fumant, non repugno: testimoniorum religionem, et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit; totiusque hujusce rei quæsit vis, qua auctoritas, quod pondus ignorat.” But the candour of De Mont had been praised, and for why? Because she admitted that she was turned away for a story that proved to be false. He had heard her applauded for other things, especially where she said that she was sincere in some of the applause she bestowed upon the Queen, in the same way she had been asked “whether she had not been in want of money?—Never. Did you not write to your sister that you were in want of money?—That may be so, but if it were, it was not true.” This was called candour, and though in *rerum natura* there might be no connexion between truth and her statements, and though a thing's being false did not prevent her either from writing or speaking it, yet to his no small astonishment, he had heard her evidence praised for its fairness by persons of moderate abilities. He need hardly remind their Lordships, or indeed any man whose capacity was above that of the brute animals he abused by using, what utter nonsense those talked who applauded the evidence of this witness for its candour. De Mont asserted that she was insincere—she allowed that she had told numerous falsehoods; and what praise was due to that ingenuousness with which she told the House that she dealt wholesale in untruths, and that no dependence could be placed on a syllable that fell from her lips? Yet, in the opinion of some persons, so captivating, so seductive, a blandishment was this, that it blinded her judges to her faults, and opened their ears to all the tales of so accomplished and ingenious a liar. In anybody but a witness, candour might be approved; but here, “Pure, dear, innocent Swift! Shepherdess how ingenious thou art!” was the cry, and immediately all she uttered was to be believed. Certainly the strangest of all reasons for giving credit to a witness, was to cite her candour in admitting that in no respect she deferred it. Look at her letters, and at the explanations she had offered of them. He would not go through the details, but every man must be convinced that those explanations were impossible, they did not in any respect tally with what appeared in black and white—her gloss did not suit her text, they were wholly inconsistent, and the clear contents of the four corners of the document, showed that what she was stating was untrue. The letters wanted nothing to make them quite intelligible, and her key did not fit her cypher; the matter only became doubtful as she enveloped it in falsehood by the inventions of the moment, by her extempore endeavours to get rid of the indisputable meaning of her own hand writing. A plain honest witness would know how to deal with these things, and would not entangle himself in the miserable webs of this dirty-working creature. The sense of these letters are plain and obvious, and he prayed to God that their Lordships might believe it, and might not stand a solitary exception to the conviction of all the rest of mankind. He hoped they would believe that this woman was sincere in her praises of the Queen; that she spoke in her letters the language of her heart, and that her notions had only been changed as her mind became corrupted, when she fell into the hands of the conspirators against her illustrious mistress. Another feature of this lady's character he had nearly forgotten—her affection for her sisters. The principles of her conduct, if she were believed, had been anxiety on this account, yet how had she proceeded? She had done her utmost to secure one of those innocents, of the age of 17 or 18, in a house, which, if her story were now credited, instead of being called a palace, deserves only the name of a brothel. Yet she had been content herself to submit to the contamination because the mercenary Swiss described herself as setting the profits of her

place against its disgrace, as the Roman Emperor did the money he obtained from a filthy imposition. She allowed it was worse than an ordinary brothel, yet one of her sisters of 15, and the other of 17, whom she loved so dearly, were both to be introduced into it in credible and comfortable situations. Such was De Mont, by her own account; but who would believe her so bad? No woman could be so bad: yet she inflicted the was, because her own letters were produced against her. It was clear, however, that she had given her evidence in utter ignorance that her handwriting could be brought forward in contradiction. In referring to the evidence of Sacchi, there was one very pleasing symptom well deserving notice; it was connected with the reception it had obtained, and to the mode in which a false elimination had been endeavored to be given to it. It shewed how the age was not so much advanced above the times as we are accustomed to or any in the Country for large establishments. The house is very spacious and comfortable, the pleasure ground and garden extensive and well enclosed.

The course of Studies comprise, the Greek, Latin, French and English languages; Logic, Mathematics, History, Geography, Chronology, Writing, Arithmetick, Book keeping &c.

Music, Dancing and Drawing, are also taught at hours that do not interfere with the regular classes.

TERMS.

	£	s.	d.
Board & Tuition, per Annum	40	0	0
Day Scholars who learn Classics	14	0	0
Day Scholars who learn Writing and Arithmetic &c.	10	0	0

Montreal, October 4th, 1820.

N. B. Information may be had by reference to Smith Bartlet, Esq. Kingston, or to Mr. Thomas Dalton of the Kingston Brewery, each of whom has a son at the Montreal Academy. 43m3

WATCHES and CLOCKS

Repaired in the best manner, by
S. O. TAZEWELL,
[North side of the Market Place, Kingston.]
WHO most respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Kingston and its vicinity, that he has commenced the above business, and hopes, by paying strict attention to business, to give the utmost satisfaction to all those who may please to favour him with their employ.

Having had many years experience in London, is perfectly acquainted with the patent Lever, Horizontal and Duplex Scapements, Repeaters, &c. &c.

Kingston, May 13th, 1820. 20tf

Kingston Branch of the Montreal Bank.

ANY sum required may be obtained at the Office for good Bills, on Montreal, Quebec, Bills of Exchange on London, or for Specie.—Notes also will be discounted at thirty, sixty, and ninety days.

THOMAS MARKLAND,
Agent.
Kingston, 3d Nov. 1818. 23

NOTICE.

[Bank of Upper Canada.
Nov. 9th, 1820.]

WHEREAS the Agents of the Montreal Banks, have hitherto refused, and still continue to refuse, on presenting us the Bills of this Bank, to receive their own Bills in exchange. Therefore in order to prevent any false impression going forth to the public.—Notice is hereby given, that in future the Bills of this Bank will be paid when presented by the said Agents, only in the Bills of such Bank as he may be the reputed Agent for, when such Bills are on hand, and not having any of their Bills on hand, will be paid in Specie.

By order of the Directors,
S. BARTLET, Cashier.

A Meeting of the Stewards and leaders of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, held in Kingston this day.—It was resolved that a remonstrance be sent to the British Missionary Committee, against their late decision, relative to the withdrawing their Missionary from this place, and that the sense of the public be obtained by receiving Signatures to a petition for the continuance of a British Missionary here. This is on the presumption that misrepresentations have been made to the Committee, by the American Delegate. The particulars of which on their arrival will be laid before the public. As British Subjects, we are resolved to support a British Ministry. By order, N. M'LEOD, Sec'y. Kingston, 6th Nov. 1820. 45tf evidence in page 439. The Attorney General, very judiciously, seeing its consequences, did not pursue this inquiry; but some of their Lordships continued it; and thus a perfect picture was drawn of a shuffling witness, prevaricating and beating about the bush, to shelter himself from the consequences of an unlucky slip, by which the whole credit of his testimony was overthrown. The confusion, the embarrassment, the perplexity of Sacchi, on this occasion, could not have been forgotten. He was asked at what time he had changed his name? He answered—“Four or five days before I set out for England.” “When was that?”—In the month of July, last year.—“What was your motive for taking that name, at that time, at Paris? To shelter myself against any inconvenience that might happen. What could have taken place at that time, to induce you to change your name? I was warned that the witnesses against the Queen might run some risk, if they were known. Had you been informed that they had actually run any risk? They had not run any risk then.” An opportunity was now afforded, of which any honest witness would have availed himself, of explaining the whole fact, for his former question and answer upon this point were read over to him. Sacchi, however,