

THE EXAMINER.

No. 709. SUNDAY, AUG. 5, 1821.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. POPE.

No. 695.

PROPOSED ROYAL ACADEMY OF LITERATURE.

DIVERS announcements have been made, but very little remarked, of a certain Royal Academy of Literature, which is to be, or has been instituted, under the patronage of the King. We believe it has been, and that somebody has already written for a prize in it, and got one. But the public at large know little or nothing about the matter; and this, we will undertake to say, is an omen of its assured destiny. They know little, because they care little.

It is too late in the day for such a thing as royal inspiration. It is too late in England; it is too late all over Europe. Ballad-writing Lords, or a clever hireling here and there, may chuse to think it a fine business; the KOTZEBUES and metaphysical wits of Germany might sophisticate themselves into an apparent compromise with such a thing; but there is an instinct all over the world, that Legitimacy and Literature have nothing in common; and if kings would have a little wisdom put into them, they would see, that whether literary men appear to make common cause with them or not, the inevitable progress of knowledge is counter to their pretensions. In fact, the whole secret lies here;—things of real, and things of false importance, cannot in the long run go together. That literature should have its merits acknowledged by kings, may appear flattering enough to some understandings, or even desirable to a mistaken patriotism: but as the pretensions of kings are essentially legitimate, and do not proceed on grounds of merit, so, if no other epithet will do, we must say, that the pretensions of literature are essentially levelling and jacobinical, and can acknowledge no other superiority than merit. The desirableness of royal patronage in these matters is a school-boy commonplace, which our good-nature suffers to remain upon us too long when we grow up. It goes upon the assumption, that kings themselves can be taught wisdom like other men, and love it like other men for its own sake. The world is sick of this fallacy. Kings, both in the old and revived sense of the word, are ready made haters of knowledge; spoilt children by virtue of their office; persons educated to think that a sufficiency for this and that thing is hereditary; and prepared to make up for the conscious want of it, by a proportionate inveteracy of pretension. One king, feeling his head deficient, will clap upon it a dozen yards of buckram, and fancy that he can supply dignity in that manner. Another will be as plain as a quaker, and out of the same principle of pride: he thinks he can dispense with all ornament, being in himself so perfect. The Emperor of AUSTRIA, a man whom you would not exchange twenty words with in a coffee-house, for any purpose of information, plainly tells the world, that every thing old is best, and that they have nothing to do with new-fangled opinions. He would have said so a thousand years back, in the person of a Gothic heathen;

and he would say so a thousand years hence, if he could, in the teeth of all which intended Academicians shall have done for mankind.

Academies have never done any thing for the world, as Academies; unless indeed one circumstance be taken as an exception which we shall mention at the end of our paper. The principle of political exclusion or incompatibility with which they set out, gradually encourages other jealousies and intolerance. Public bodies are said to have no conscience, because it is shifted from one to the other, till nobody is responsible. This is eminently the case, where the interest of the body is opposed to that of individuals not belonging to it; or its passions go counter to the abstract idea of merit, on which it is founded. At last the mere fact of belonging to the Academy is set up for a merit; and here commences that height of absurdity, from which all men and things that reign upon any ground but a proper and useful one look so immensely lofty, foolish, and satisfied. With this difference however,—that where any thing like merit is requisite to the filling up of vacancies, the body is liable to fall to pieces for want of the supply of clever men, or to become a joke to itself from the accession of stupid ones; while a body that undertakes to proceed upon no grounds of personal merit at all, and yet by a natural consequence assumes a great deal, becomes equally dull and incorrigible. Thus according to the Emperor of AUSTRIA, Kings and Holy Allies never mend. "Old things are best." Thy ancestor was a fool, and reigned: therefore we might as well all be fools, and reign to all eternity.

The very greatest men, with the exception of VOLT-AIRE, have had nothing to do with Academies; and the plague which they and the court gave him is well known. Besides, he arose out of the corruptions of a sophisticated and academic age, and was destined to work the downfall of the house he was born in. Academies are like criticism; they have always followed the great ages of literature, and have done their best to prevent new ones. Their natural spirit is insolent, formal, and assuming; and a great age when it does come shatters them to pieces, or turns them against themselves. There were Academies in Greece, of a certain kind; not indeed like ours, with foolish distinctions of R. A.'s at the end of their name, which is as absurd as if a man were to write himself WALTER SCOTT, Man of Merit, or THOMAS LAWRENCE, Ingenious Gentleman; but still bad enough to have some of the vices of public bodies. But what was the consequence in that great country? Every clever man set up an Academy for himself, and thus the main injury came to nothing. Academies became nothing more than the reflection of so many individual opinions. PLATO founded his school; ARISTIPPUS his; ARISTOTLE his; and so on, of fifty others. SOCRATES, who gave rise to them, was of no school at all. DANTE, PLUTARCH, and BOCCACCIO, had nothing to do with Academies; neither had ARIOSTO, RAPHAEL, MICHAEL ANGELO, or TITIAN. TASSO and the modern painters had, and much the worse they were for it. The poet, not being a member, was tormented by the critical societies newly brought up; and the modern painters, being members, were but the tame, critical reflectors.

tion of the ancient. All that Academies have done for Italy is to write criticism, prevent painting and poetry, and set hundreds of affected gentlemen upon taking Greek names and calling themselves "Arcadians." The great English precursors of modern philosophy were of no Academy. BACON was of none; HOBBS and LOCKE were of none; NEWTON made the Royal Society, not the Society him; and a very royal and well behaved body it has been ever since. The moment it was constituted it fell a trifling, and was ridiculed by BUTLER and the other wits, who saw into the real secret of such aristocratical inventions.

For when they're cast into a lump,
Their talents equally must jump;
As metals mixt, the rich and base
Do both at equal values pass.

To think of SHAKESPEARE and an Academy together, is to laugh. Neither MILTON, nor SPENSER, nor CHAUCER, nor RALEIGH, nor BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, nor BEN JONSON, nor any of our great old dramatists, nor DRYDEN and POPE, nor STEELE and ADDISON, nor in short, one single great name in England has risen out of Societies and Academies. SWIFT, who had a dictatorial spirit, was for founding an Academy for "Settling the English Tongue,"—an ominous proposition. He forgot, in his imperial haste, that the dictatorship would soon be taken out of his hands by persons more legitimately imperial; or perhaps the danger struck him upon second thoughts; for the design was dropped. We have luckily never had a poetical Academy. Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS helped to found a pictorial one, as Sir ISAAC NEWTON did a philosophical; but it had as little hand in making him. It was scarcely set up, when our earliest historical painter began quarrelling with it and was ejected. His temper doubtless was in extremes, but so was the natural corruption of the other. They were made to quarrel and be at daggers drawn; and they were. The greatest painter, who has succeeded him in the same line, has always been at enmity with them too; not indeed out of the same resolution to be independent of all aristocratical establishments, but from a similar feeling as far as his professional knowledge carries him. He sees that genius and academies have nothing in common.

If this new aristocratical attempt to level genius with itself, should go on, we all know well enough who are likely to be members of the Royal Literary Academy, and who not. Mr. GIFFORD, Mr. CROKER, and the other hirelings of the *Quarterly* will most assuredly be members;—some of the writers in the *Edinburgh Review* will most assuredly be not. The Reverend Mr. MALTHUS, who says that the unbeneficed and unparked must not "increase and multiply," will be a member: so will not Mr. GODWIN and the other modern philosophers, who venture to think any other scriptural maxim inapplicable. The Reverend Mr. MILNER, who petrifieth court-book-sellers with his poetry, will surely be one of its hymners: so will not the irreverend THOMAS MOORE, who scorneth Legitimacy. Mr. WORDSWORTH will be a member, if he says no more of MILTON; and Freedom will see him put on the livery with a sigh. But his tendency to talk of these old freemen, as if they were on a level with the "great of the earth," will never make him heartily welcome; and will also serve to shew how incompatible these things are in the long run. Lord BYRON may be a member, if he pleases, because he is a lord; so may Lord HOLLAND; and so may fifty other lords who have none of their attainments. Mr. SOUTHEY, Poet Laureat, and Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, who has turned his back on all the old independence, and kissed the hands he ridiculed, will be an eminent member; but Mr. SHELLEY, who can neither see nor feel, and who certainly will never turn his back upon us, will never be among them, though they long for him, inasmuch as he is the son of a

Baronet. JEREMY BENTHAM may have honours poured upon him for his legislation from all the new constitutions in the world; but those will be only so many additional reasons why the new academy will have nothing to do with him. Mr. HOBHOUSE, though an F.R.S., would stand a poor chance. Mr. ROSCOE's admission would be doubtful; but Mr. CANNING will be a genuine and Right Honourable Member. Suppose MILTON were alive, and pitted against him; which of the two would be black-balled? As to Mr. HAZLITT, his very name would make them all ready to jump out of window;—and from COBBET! They would not mind a fourth story. Even with regard to ladies, the royal kissing would go eminently by favour. Miss BAILLIE is of political harmlessness, and might be admitted to a chaste salute. So might Miss HANNAH MORE, though a sort of heterodoxy. But Mrs. BARBAULD, who has spoken well of America, need not apply, even if she were inclined; which of course she would not be. Miss EDGEWORTH would be thought hardly devout enough to be loving; and as to Lady MORGAN, the Quarterly Reviewers would struggle for the honourable office of kicking her down stairs.

But let the Academy flourish as it might in a certain way, and seem to do all the good expected of it, it would fail at last. The greatest understandings are not apt to be the most servile; and they can neither be left out nor admitted into these institutions with impunity. The French Academy became a spectacle to all Europe for its courtliness and time-serving; and yet at last, with all its personal condescension towards mere rank and title, it was found to have been set up on a false speculation. The very pains which the court took to make its opinions respected, were turned against the court itself. The members, uniting a kind of official power with their own, and flattering the court into security, propagated their opinions with more and more boldness, till they grew into the formidable shape of the Encyclopædia; and it is one of the oldest and loudest cries of Anti-Jacobinism, that out of the bosom of this very body of men, with VOLTAIRE, "Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber," at their head, issued the French Revolution.

What say you, Gentlemen of the Bedchamber in ordinary?

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION.

[The following Letter, addressed to the Editor of an Edinburgh Paper, is understood to be from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. Our opinion of the Coronation has been given. We don't mean to affirm that we are without our biases; but it must not be forgotten, that the able writer before us is a Ministerialist, and has been (most deservedly we admit) made a Baronet by the King, whose Coronation has so highly delighted him.]

SIR,—I refer you to the daily Papers for the details of the great national assembly which we witnessed yesterday, and will hold my promise absolved by sending a few general remarks upon what I saw, with surprise, amounting to astonishment, and which I shall never forget. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive a ceremony more august and imposing in all its parts, and more calculated to make the deepest impression both on the eye and on the feelings. The most minute attention must have been bestowed to arrange all the subordinate parts in harmony with the rest; so that, amongst so much antiquated ceremonial, imposing singular dresses, duties, and characters upon persons accustomed to move in the ordinary routine of society, nothing occurred either awkward or ludicrous, which could mar the general effect of the solemnity. Considering that it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, I own I consider it as surprising that the whole ceremonial of the day should have passed away without the slightest circumstance which could derange the general tone of solemn feeling which was suited to the occasion.

You must have heard a full account of the only disagreeable event of the day. I mean the attempt of the misguided Lady, who has lately furnished so many topics of discussion, to intrude

herself upon a ceremonial, where, not being in her proper place, to be present in any other must have been voluntary degradation. That matter is a fire of straw which has now burned to the very embers, and those who try to blow it into life again will only blacken their hands and noses, like mischievous children dabbling among the ashes of a bonfire. It seems singular, that being determined to be present at all hazards, this unfortunate Personage should not have procured a Peer's ticket, which I presume, would have insured her admittance. I willingly pass to pleasanter matters.

The effect of the scene in the Abbey was beyond measure magnificent. Imagine long galleries stretched among the aisles of that venerable and august pile—those which rise above the altar pealing back their echoes to a full and magnificent choir of music—those which occupied the sides filled even to crowding with all that Britain has of beautiful and distinguished, and the cross-gallery most appropriately occupied by the Westminster school-boys, in their white surplices, many of whom might on that day receive impressions never to be lost during the rest of their lives. Imagine this, I say, and then add the spectacle upon the floor—the altars surrounded by the Fathers of the Church—the King encircled by the Nobility of the land and the Counsellors of his throne, and by warriors wearing the honoured marks of distinction, bought by many a glorious danger—add to this the rich spectacle of the aisles, crowded with waving plumage, and coronets, and caps of honour, and the sun, which brightened and saddened as if on purpose, now beaming in full lustre on the rich and varied assemblage, and now darting a solitary ray, which caught, as it passed, the glittering folds of a banner, or the edge of a groupe of battle-axes or partisans, and then rested full on some fair form, “the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes,” whose circlet of diamonds glistened under its influence. Imagine all this, and then tell me if I have made my journey of four hundred miles to little purpose. I do not love your *cui-bono* men, and therefore I will not be pleased if you ask me, in the damping tone of sullen philosophy, what good all this has done the spectators? If we restrict life to its real animal wants and necessities, we shall indeed be satisfied with “food, clothes, and fire;” but Divine Providence, who widened our sources of enjoyment beyond those of the animal creation, never meant that we should bound our wishes within such narrow limits; and I shrewdly suspect that those *non est tanti* gentlefolks only depreciate the natural and unaffected pleasure which men like me receive from sights of splendour and sounds of harmony, either because they would seem wiser than their simple neighbours at the expence of being less happy, or because the mere pleasure of the sight and sound is connected with associations of a deeper kind, to which they are unwilling to yield themselves.

Leaving these gentlemen to enjoy their own wisdom, I still more pity those, if there be any, who (being unable to detect a peg on which to hang a laugh,) sneer coldly at this solemn festival, and are rather disposed to dwell on the expence which attends it, than on the generous feelings which it ought to awaken. The expence, so far as it is national, has gone directly and instantly to the encouragement of the British manufacturer and mechanic; and so far as it is personal, to the persons of rank attendant upon the Coronation, it operates as a tax upon wealth, and consideration for the benefit of poverty and industry; a tax willingly paid by the one class, and not the less acceptable to the other, because it adds a happy holiday to the monotony of a life of labour.

But there were better things to reward my pilgrimage than the mere pleasures of the eye and the ear; for it was impossible, without the deepest veneration, to behold the voluntary and solemn interchange of vows betwixt the King and his assembled people, whilst he, on the one hand, called God Almighty to witness his resolution to maintain their laws and privileges, while they called, at the same moment, on the Divine Being, to bear witness that they accepted him for their liege Sovereign, and pledged to him their love and their duty. I cannot describe to you the effect produced by the solemn, yet strange mixture of the words of Scripture, with the shouts and acclamations of the assembled multitude, as they answered to the voice of the Prelate who demanded of them whether they acknowledged as their Monarch the Prince who claimed the sovereignty in their presence. It was peculiarly delightful to see the King receive from the Royal Brethren, but in particular from the Duke of York, the fraternal kiss, in which they acknowledged their Sovereign. There was an honest tenderness, an affectionate and sincere reverence in the embrace interchanged between the Duke of York and his Majesty that approached almost to a caress, and impressed all present with the electrical conviction, that the nearest to the throne in blood was the nearest also in affection. I never heard plaudits given more from the heart than those that were thundered upon the Royal Brethren when they were

thus pressed to each other's bosoms—it was the emotion of natural kindness, which, bursting out amidst ceremonial grandeur, found an answer in every British bosom. The King seemed much affected at this and one or two other parts of the ceremonial, even so much so as to excite some alarm among those who saw him as nearly as I did. He completely recovered himself, however, and bore, generally speaking, the fatigue of the day very well. I learn, from one near his person, that he roused himself with great energy, even when most oppressed with heat and fatigue, when any of the more interesting parts of the ceremony were to be performed, or when any thing occurred which excited his personal and immediate attention. When presiding at the banquet, amid the long line of his Nobles, he looked “every inch a King;” and nothing could exceed the grace with which he accepted and returned the various acts of homage rendered to him in the course of that long day.

It was also a very gratifying spectacle to those who think like me, to behold the Duke of Devonshire and most of the distinguished Whig Nobility assembled round the throne on this occasion; giving an open testimony that the differences of political opinions are only skin deep wounds, which assume at times an angry appearance, but have no real effect on the wholesome Constitution of the country.

If you ask me to distinguish who bore him best, and appeared most to sustain the character we annex to the assistants in such a solemnity, I have no hesitation to name Lord Londonderry, who, in the magnificent robes of the Garter, with the cap and high plume of the Order, walked alone, and, by his fine face and majestic person, formed an adequate representative of the Order of Edward III., the costume of which was worn by his Lordship only. The Duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and looked deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The Marquis of Anglesea showed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he lost at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life and I am rather a judge of “noble horsemanship.” Lord Howard's horse was worse bitted than those of the two former Noblemen, but not so much so as to derange the ceremony of retiring back out of the Hall.

The Champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden-knight to be the challenger of the world in a King's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of Knights and Squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste, but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round *rondache*, or highland target, a defensive weapon, which it would have been impossible to use on horseback, instead of being a three-cornered, or *heater-shield*, which in time of the tilt was suspended round the neck. Pardon this antiquarian scruple, which, you may believe, occurred to few but myself. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the Champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*. And yet the young Lord of Scrivelsbaye looked and behaved extremely well.

Returning to the subject of costume, I could not but admire what I had previously been disposed much to criticise—I mean the fancy dress of the Privy Councillors, which was of white and blue satin, with trunk hose and mantles, after the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's time. Separately, so gay a garb had an odd effect on the persons of elderly or ill-made men; but when the whole was thrown into one general body, all these discrepancies disappeared, and you no more observed the particular manner or appearance of an individual, than you do that of a soldier in the battalion which marches past you. The whole was so completely harmonised in actual colouring, as well as in association with the general mass of gay, and gorgeous, and antique dress, which floated before the eye, that it was next to impossible to attend to the effect of individual figures. Yet a Scotsman will detect a Scotsman amongst the most crowded assemblage, and I must say, that the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland showed to as great advantage in his robes of Privy Councillor, as any by whom that splendid dress was worn on this great occasion. The common court dress, used by the Privy Councillors at the last Coronation, must have had a poor effect in comparison of the present, which formed a gradation in the scale of gorgeous ornament, from the unwieldy splendor of the Heralds, who glowed like huge-masses of cloth and gold and silver, to the more chastened robes and ermine of the Peers. I must not forget the effect produced by the Peers placing their coronets on their heads, which was really august.

The box assigned to the foreign Ambassadors presented a most brilliant effect, and was perfectly in a blaze with diamonds. When the sunshine lighted on Prince Esterhazy, in particular,

he glimmered like a galaxy. I cannot learn positively if he had on that renowned coat which has visited all the Courts of Europe, save ours, and is said to be worth 100,000*l.* or some such trifle, and which costs the Prince 100*l.* or 200*l.* every time he puts it on, as he is sure to lose pearls to that amount. This was a hussar dress, but splendid in the last degree, perhaps too fine for good taste, at least it would have appeared so any where else.—Beside the Prince sat a good-humoured lass, who seemed all eyes and ears (his daughter-in-law, I believe,) who wore as many diamonds as if they had been Bristol stones. An honest Persian was also a remarkable figure, from the dogged and imperturbable gravity with which he looked on the whole scene, without ever moving a limb or a muscle during the space of four hours. Like Sir Wilful Witwoud, I cannot find that your Persian is orthodox; for if he scorned every thing else, there was a Mahometan paradise extended on his right hand along the seats which were occupied by the Peereses and their daughters, which the Prophet himself might have looked on with emotion. I have seldom seen so many elegant and beautiful girls as sat mingled among the noble matronage of the land; and the waving plumage of feathers, which made the universal head-dress, had the most appropriate effect in setting off their charms.

I must not omit that the foreigners, who are apt to consider us as a nation *en frac*, and without the usual ceremonials of dress and distinction, were utterly astonished and delighted to see the revival of feudal dresses and feudal grandeur when the occasion demanded it, and that in a degree of splendour which they averred they had never seen paralleled in Europe.

The duties of service at the banquet, and of attendance in general, was performed by pages drest very elegantly in Henri Quatre coats of scarlet, with gold lace, blue sashes, white silk hose, and white rosettes. There were also Marshal's men for keeping order, who wore a similar dress, but of blue, and having white sashes. Both departments were filled up almost entirely by young gentlemen, many of them of the very first condition, who took these menial characters to gain admission to the show. When I saw many of my young acquaintance thus attending upon their fathers and kinsmen, the Peers, Knights, and so forth, I could not help thinking of Crabbe's lines, with a little alteration—

"'Twas schooling pride to see the menial wait,

"Smile on his father, and receive his plate."

It must be owned, however, that they proved but indifferent valets, and were very apt, like the clown in the pantomime, to eat the cheer they should have handed to their masters, and to play other *tours de page*, which reminded me of the caution of our proverb, "not to man yourself with your kin." The Peers, for example, had only a cold collation, while the Aldermen of London feasted on venison and turtle; and such similar errors necessarily befel others in the confusion of the evening. But these slight mistakes, which indeed were not known till afterwards, had not the slightest effect on the general grandeur of the scene.

I did not see the procession between the Abbey and Hall. In the morning a few voices called, "Queen, Queen," as Lord Londonderry passed, and even when the Sovereign appeared. But these were only signals for the loud and reiterated acclamations, in which these tones of discontent were completely drowned. In the return, no one dissonant voice intimated the least dissent from the shouts of gratulation which poured from every quarter; and certainly never Monarch received a more general welcome from his assembled subjects.

You will have from others full accounts of the variety of entertainments provided for John Bull in the Parks, the River, in the Theatres, and elsewhere. Nothing was to be seen or heard but sounds of pleasure and festivity; and whoever saw the scene at any one spot was convinced that the whole population was assembled there, while others found a similar concourse of revellers in every different point. It is computed that about 500,000 people shared in the festival in one way or another; and you may imagine the excellent disposition by which the people were animated, when I tell you that, excepting a few windows broken by a small body guard of ragamuffins, who were in immediate attendance on the Great Lady in the morning, not the slightest political violence occurred to disturb the general harmony, and that the assembled populace seemed to be universally actuated by the spirit of the day, namely, loyalty, and good humour. Nothing occurred to damp those happy dispositions; the weather was most propitious, and the arrangements so perfect, that no accident of any kind is reported as having taken place. And so concluded the Coronation of George IV. whom God long preserve. Those who witnessed it have seen a scene calculated to raise the country in their opinion, and to throw into the shade all scenes of similar magnificence, from the Field of the Cloth of Gold down to the present day.

AN EYE WITNESS.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

GERMANY.

VIENNA, JULY 17.—The young Duke of Reichstadt (young Bonaparte) has not yet put on mourning for the death of his father. When he learnt the news by the Empress, who took great care to open it to him by degrees, the young Prince, who is very lively and very amiable, was much afflicted and shed tears. It is said that there will be celebrated a funeral service for Bonaparte, at Schoenbrunn, at which his son will be present. He passes the whole of the day with their Majesties, who are exceedingly attached to him. His grandfather accompanied him to-day in his promenade in the gardens of Schoenbrunn.—*Private Letter.*

JULY 19.—Accounts just received from Petersburg state, that the Emperor of Russia had given a categorical answer in the complaints of the Ottoman Porte against the Baron de Strogonoff, and had demanded complete satisfaction for the insults offered to his Ambassador, to be given within eight days, otherwise the Ambassador was to quit Constantinople, and the Russian troops were to enter Moldavia. It is added, that all the Russian Generals had received sealed orders, which they were to open on a specified day.

TURKEY.

The insurrection in Walachia is now said to be wholly suppressed. Advices had been received at Constantinople on the 2d July, announcing that Ypsilanti was wandering as a fugitive among the mountains on the frontier of Transylvania.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.

- J. Nutman, West Drayton, Middlesex, vintner. Attornies, Messrs. Kenney and Spurr, Bishopsgate-within.
- J. Hart, Edwardstone, Suffolk, maltster. Attorney, Mr. Hayward, Essex-court, Temple.
- I. and T. Bullman, Milnthorp, Westmorland, mercers. Attorney, Mr. Beverley, Garden-court, Temple.
- H. Clarke, Buckden, Huntingdonshire, grocer. Attornies, Messrs. Egan and Waterman, Essex-street, Strand.
- W. Banks, Clapham, Yorkshire, woollen-draper. Attornies, Messrs. Stocker, Dawson, and Herringham, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn.
- R. Williams, Llangefni, Anglesea, draper. Attornies, Messrs. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row.
- J. Webster, Derby, tailor. Attornies, Messrs. King and Lukin, Gray's-inn-square.
- J. Heague, Chalford, Gloucestershire, linen-draper. Attornies, Messrs. Hurd and Johnson, Temple.
- J. Smith, Bedwardine, Worcestershire, dealer in hops. Attornies, Messrs. Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.
- T. and J. Scarrow, Carlisle, wine-merchants. Attorney, Mr. Clennell, Staple's-inn.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.

- J. White, Tarporley, Cheshire, innkeeper. Attornies, Messrs. Milne and Parry, Temple.
- S. Garton, Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer. Attornies, Messrs. Fisher and Munday, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.
- W. Welsh, Liverpool, drysalter. Attornies, Messrs. Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
- T. Stabb, J. Preston, Torquay, Devonshire, and J. S. Prowse, Botolph-lane, merchants. Attornies, Messrs. Wainwright and Smith, Furnival's-inn.

A first rate line-of-battle ship, built upon a beautiful model, is nearly ready to be launched at Chatham. The name originally intended was the Prince Regent, but it is to be changed to George the Fourth. The head and quarter galleries are a fine specimen of marine architecture. She is to carry 110 guns.

When Milton was blind, he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colours (replied Milton), and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Cent. Red. 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 per Cent. Cons. 75 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Abstract of Mr. GODWIN's valuable work will be inserted next week.

Our friend at Margate will see his contributions to our "Newspaper-Chat" in our next number.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, AUGUST 5.

THE news from Turkey daily increases in interest, though not much in accuracy. Prince YPSILANTI and the northern Greeks are said to have been totally defeated and dispersed, owing to the cowardice of the Arnaut and Walachian auxiliaries; on the other hand, the Insurgents retain their superiority in the Morea, and their important naval victory at Mytilene is confirmed. The bickerings between the Court of St. Petersburg and the Ottoman Porte do not appear to be much changed; and can therefore hardly fail to end in war. The Hamburgh Papers give an answer of the REIS EFFENDI to the remonstrances of "all the great European Powers" respecting the treatment of the Greeks; in which the savage outrages lately detailed in the foreign journals are denied, and the execution of the Greek Patriarch justified by denouncing him as a traitor, his letters to the Greek Insurgents having, it is alleged, been intercepted. His Turkish Excellency betrays a little consciousness, however, that his proofs would not bear out his assertions, by the sweeping defence with which he covers all awkward facts. The SULTAN, he declares, is "responsible to God alone" for his actions. What a silencer for the Holy Alliance! This Turk must surely understand the Laybach diplomacy.

In the same document it is asserted on the part of the Porte, that it has done every thing to avoid a war with Russia, being sensible, from its incapacity to put down the Greek insurrection, that it cannot contend with Russia alone, and that in the actual state of Europe, it cannot hope for auxiliaries against her. This is a candid and politic avowal; and it will throw some additional difficulty in the way of ALEXANDER's ambition, with other Powers. By the way, the Greeks or their friends have resorted to the public press of England in aid of their call for foreign interference to rescue them from a return to slavery. Two slight pamphlets have been issued by Mr. RIDGWAY, written in the spirit of partizans; one indeed purports to be translated from the German. They succeed, in our opinion, in proving, that the true interest of England is to assist the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and to establish the Greeks in the independent possession of their former dominions. The policy of hindering Russia from getting possession of Constantinople, —involving as that would, a most important opening into the Mediterranean,—is admitted, and to a certain extent acted upon by the British Government. The question remains, which is the preferable course, in order to bring about the desired result? One of the pamphlet-writers answers,—the only lasting mode is to make the Greeks an independent nation. To aid the Turks, would only be to prop up for a while their tottering Monarchy, and to sanction its dreadful oppressions; disunited as are its component parts, resting as it does upon the mine of Greek discontent, it could only last till the first moment that the West of Europe was embroiled, and then fall an easy prey to Russian watchful-

ness. This we think perfectly sound. The same writer's picture of the extreme facility of expelling the fanatic Mahometans from Europe, is rather exaggerated; but a great deal might doubtless be done against them by private enterprise, if set free by the Ministry. "The Spirit of Chivalry," we are told, "is not extinct." Not quite, perhaps.

Manchester has afforded us a fresh specimen of PITT's Clerical Magistrates. One of the primitive Methodists has been imprisoned for preaching in the streets of Ashton-under-Lyne to an audience of one or two hundred persons, under the wretched pretence that such a collection of persons was a "common nuisance," and an "obstruction of the king's highway." What a craving after all occasions to abridge the liberty of the subject! There may be all sorts of obstructions of the highway, which may be moreover common nuisances to the majority of the spectators, but which, provided the purpose be "loyal" or anti-liberal, shall go scot-free, and no "obstruction" or "nuisance" shall be ever dreamt of. "The court papers," as the Traveller smartly observes, "are continually telling us of the crowds drawn together to witness the arrival of the company at Mrs. A.'s, or the Countess of B.'s—little suspecting that if the said company assembled for the purposes of religious worship, instead of yawning and looking foolish, they might all be sent to the House of Correction. The fanatics of loyalty, who, on late occasions, roared their songs through the streets of country towns, were only protected from Bridewell by the fact that their adoration was paid only to a fleshly divinity, and that they were not engaged in the exercise of any constitutional right as Englishmen, or the expression of any religious feeling as Christians. If the law of nuisances is interpreted according to Mr. HAY's exposition, it will soon be itself the greatest of nuisances. It really makes one's blood boil, because a constable swore that but for this assembly of simple people, engaged in inoffensive worship, a hearse might perhaps have gone through one street instead of another, or because a fellow "*thout it reather hawkard*" to hear psalms sung to tunes he was not used to, that the teacher of this innocent assembly should be committed to the House of Correction."

The Reverend Mr. HAY,—already so notorious for his active participation in the bloody horrors of 1819,—seems determined to make himself eminent as an expounder of orthodox law. Yet even Mr. HAY, we should think, must have "*thout it reather hawkard*" to have all those texts quoted at him about preaching in the open air. What a situation for a priest! A Christian Minister, surrounded with all the circumstance of authority, sitting in judgment on an humble follower of the teacher of humbleness! A professed disciple of the Gospel denouncing and sending a man to prison for obeying literally the "divine commands" of their common Saviour! Mr. HAY did not venture a word upon this tender part of the subject; he could make no answer to the scripture texts, so he retreated into the legal part of his double-faced character, and talked of the "nuisance" like a bad lawyer, as Mr. COURTNEY had sufficiently shewed. To what an artificial and scandalous state must the established church have brought itself by its corruptions, when one of its Members is actually put on the defensive by those texts of scripture specially relating to the clerical office, and has not a word to say for himself!—Seeing this eloquent contrast, and seeing this silent confession, it would seem

marvellous that the established should seek occasion thus to expose their weakness; but nothing is so vindictive and petty as corruption in power. Hence the edifying style in which the Reverend Doctor vents himself in the Magistrate.

There's nothing hides so tame, so fierce a beast,
As the smooth cassock of a venal priest.

We are driven to these motives in order to account for so much folly. Here is the Establishment crying out about its enemies, and yet, for the sake of indulging a poor malice against a sectarian, does it openly insult the whole body of Dissenters, and make a most egregious display of its own practical departure from the simple maxima it professes. This case of Mr. WALLER is altogether instructive. There is a little passage in the evidence on the trial, which affords the best commentary in the world on the intolerance which thus blindly undermines its own existence. The constable who interfered with the *real* Christian, said, that the Methodists assembled in double numbers since their leader was apprehended! Is not that demonstration? The American Republicans early saw in its true light the unnatural mixture of the persecuting with the religious spirit; they abolished it, and the consequence is, they are one of the most sincerely religious people in the world. An established church never can be so devoted to its professed purposes, for the very simple reason, that it has so many others of an anomalous kind. The vice is therefore inherent; but it need not be aggravated by the offensive displays of churchmen like Mr. HAY.

HER MAJESTY'S ILLNESS.

The QUEEN has been in imminent danger of her life: we say "has been," because the accounts of yesterday evening enable us to trust, that the danger is almost past.

We need hardly say, how much greater and deeper a sensation would be excited by her MAJESTY'S dissolution, than by the ordinary run of royal deaths. The impression in fact would be in the inverse ratio of that usually made by the latter:—on those occasions it is confined to the merely outward and visible signs of a court-mourning: on this, it would hardly occasion a formality *at court*, but it would create a real sorrow in the people at large, who have been so long battling in defence of an ill-used woman, that they could not see her taken from them by one of Nature's indiscriminate visitations, while still suffering unmerited wrongs from her insolent oppressors, without feeling it as a blow and a deprivation.

In a subsequent column we have given all the accounts that had transpired up to yesterday evening. The Queen's state altered but little during the evening. She enjoyed a tranquil sleep with little intermission, and with a good pulse. At a quarter to five, any immediate crisis was so little apprehended, that only one physician remained with her Majesty. Mr. Alderman Woon paid the most unremitting attention.

We stop the press to state, that up to a late hour last night, nothing had occurred calculated to alter the impression of the foregoing information.

The capture of Lima is positively asserted in the New York papers of July 3, received yesterday morning.

THE WHIGS.—We shall next week take some notice of the extraordinary and hitherto undenied statement of the *Durham Chronicle*,—that the government was twice offered to Earl Grey, at the commencement and in the middle of the proceedings against the Queen, on condition that he would carry on those proceedings.

In Dublin, various are the preparations for the King's reception. Those on the part of the Corporation, &c. may be easily imagined, as well as how they will be graced by the presence of

— — — the king's much-conspired-against-stationer King,
The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who sendeth his Majesty whiskey;
And the Members of Orange Clubs all, anti-Irish shillalahs;
And a heav'nly assemblage of Parsons, some lately expectant.

"A New Vision" by Rob. Southey—SLAP AT SLOP.

There have been some meetings of the leading Catholics and Protestants, to concert "Conciliation Dinners," and other pieces of mock-harmony. How cordial all this must be, just after the Emancipation Bill has been thrown out, without the least sign of favour from his Majesty!

When the Magistrates of Newcastle, on the Coronation day, drank his Majesty's health publicly on the Sand-hill, some hissed, and others laughed, but the great body of the people remained stubbornly silent; nor was there a single cry heard of "the King" from any individual amongst the many thousands that crowded the streets. It is the more necessary to notice this circumstance, as the Newcastle newspapers have passed it over in silence, for it is by suppressing such truths that evil councillors are enabled to deceive Kings until some sudden and terrible convulsion ensues. The Mayor of Newcastle, we hear, had to endure the mortification of *seventy* disappointments at the Mansion-house grand Coronation dinner.—*Durham Chronicle*.

CUPAR.—In no town in Great Britain, perhaps, was more of the exterior of joy exhibited on the Coronation-day, than in the borough of Cupar. Over the door of the Tontine, stood a colossal and well-stuffed figure of the King, crowned, sceptered, and clad with the royal mantle, resplendent with those delicate natural tints which even the Coronation finery could only imitate. The *false face*, indeed, wanted the noble whiskers and jolly fulness of his Majesty's countenance; but to atone for this, the head was taught to bow with a gracious condescension, which charmed all beholders, the more especially as some "barren spectators," ignorant of the figure's sex, believed that it was the Queen.—*Dundee and Cupar Paper*.

MINISTERIAL ECONOMY.—The Ordnance Department at Sheerness is broken up. All the officers, even those of but a few years' service, are to be put on half pay, whilst the greater part of the men, after a whole life spent in the service, are turned off without consideration: and it has been particularly observed that every man who gave evidence in the late inquiry on the conduct of the storekeeper and other officers respecting the peculation of public coals, wood, &c., have been selected and punished in that way!

We understand that the reduction in the Army is now settled, and will amount to about thirteen thousand men (notwithstanding Ministers opposed every motion for reduction this Session), and we believe it has now received the King's approbation. We have not yet heard what that of the Navy is to be, but we presume considerable, as well as reductions in the Ordnance; some of the latter have already been proceeded on.—*Morning Chronicle*.

We understand, that the Special Jurymen in the case of Miss Carlile, though he found none of the other Special Jurymen agree with him, was joined by three of the talemens, who wished for an absolute acquittal, and by the three others, in wishing for a special verdict of "guilty of publishing only." So that the majority of the Jury were in favour of a virtual acquittal, and no very small minority in favour of an absolute one.—*Traveller*.

SPAIN.—The ruinous exactions of the Church in Spain under the old order of things, were greater than even the Spanish clergy had credit for. The clerical body, as proved by official documents, possessing one-half of the territorial riches of the country, and they numerically being in the proportion of 1 to 60, compared with the rest of the population, it followed that each Priest in Spain was 60 times richer than the private individual.

We have inserted in a subsequent column an affecting and able appeal on the part of the London Jury at the Old Bailey to the Common Sergeant, whose duty it certainly was to receive it, not only from motives of humanity as administering justice in mercy, but in conformity with the common right and usage of Juries to make appeals through the Court to the clemency of the Crown. The fact of the Jury in this instance having extended their recommendation to mercy for *all* instead of for *one or two* of the convicted prisoners, as has heretofore been the practice, does not affect the right a jot. We take much pleasure in recording this useful and humane proceeding of the London Jury, and the earnest and temperate effort of Mr. S. Curtis, the Foreman; because they did not limit their appeal to a mere recommendation, but feelingly and philosophically assigned their reasons for so doing. The wish of the country is indeed almost unanimous for the abolition of the horrid punishment of death, except for murder. Experience is added to theory, when we see, that in the Republic of North America, where that offence alone is thus signally punished, crime is greatly lessened by this mild practice. We do not envy the Common Sergeant his feelings; and his manner of expressing them was the manner of a rude official upstart. It was but the other day, that this same "learned" personage made another display at the Old Bailey, equally marked by a want of the decorum (to say the least of it) which a man invested with so much authority over the lives of his fellow-creatures should scrupulously attend to:—A young man had been convicted of a street robbery, attended with some violence to the person who resisted the attempt to pick his pocket; and when the verdict was pronounced, the prosecutor prayed that his expenses might be allowed. The Common Sergeant said, with an *emphasis of satisfaction*, that he had much *pleasure* in allowing them in so aggravated a case; and as the young man was retiring from the bar, he called out to the officers to "bring him back;" told him he had *no mercy* to expect, and *forthwith* passed sentence of death, thus singling out the unfortunate pick-pocket from the herd of offenders, who, according to custom, were sentenced altogether on the last day of the Sessions.

It is reported that the resignation of the old Lord Chancellor may be expected at no very distant period, and that the Noble and Learned Earl would be succeeded by Sir John Leach.

The Sheriffs have addressed letters to the Constables of the various districts in Middlesex, enjoining them to make more complete and accurate returns of the persons qualified to serve on Special Juries, and threatening to enforce the legal penalties, in case of future neglect.

CITY.—After frequent debates, the Common Council decided on Monday last, that London-bridge is to be repaired at an estimated expense of 92,000 pounds, in preference to being re-built at a cost which could not fall short of a million.

Madame Catalani has left town for Brighton to benefit for three or four weeks, from the sea-bathing. She intends to give concerts in an extensive tour in England and Scotland during the summer.

The Royal Academicians have tardily determined to form a collection of the finest works of the old masters, which are to be placed in the painting room of the Royal Academy for the improvement of the students.

Itinerant preaching does not seem to prosper in France: certain preachers who visited Arreau, in the Upper Pyrenees, were treated with so much annoyance and derision that they were obliged to quit the place.

LONDON.—The great increase of the Metropolis is really surprising. In every direction—east, west, north, and south, new buildings are annually rising; and though they are inhabited almost as soon as finished, we scarcely see an empty house in the whole city. Large bodies are naturally attractive; that which has much, shall have more; and if, as seems to be the case by the returns already published, the population of England is really on the increase, there can be little doubt that all the villages round London will in a few years be joined in one compact body with the "great city."—The author who was condemned by the Emperor of all the Russias to eat his own quarto volume (an historical fact) began to suspect there was some truth in the assertion, that a great book was a great evil; and so many think of a huge city. God, says Cooper, made the country, and man the town; and it is not to be disputed, that as far as health and morals are concerned, London is not the choicest place of abode.—Still, considering the immense assemblage of people and of houses—the variety of unwholesome pursuits carried on, the narrowness of the streets, and lanes, and unaired courts, and blind alleys—the portentous cloud of smoke eternally suspended, like a huge blanket, over the whole metropolis—and, last though not least, the "compound of villainous smells" so often complained of by persons of delicate organs—still, notwithstanding all this, London, for grown persons, whose lungs are strong enough to bear the smoke, is now a healthy place.—Before the great fire, it was frequently afflicted with contagious malignant fevers. At that time, all the waste waters and filth remained above ground; and the people, as Erasmus complained, were very inattentive to keeping their houses clean. The wooden houses projected so much over the narrow streets, that the air became almost stagnant, and must have been loaded with putrid effluvia. Before the city was rebuilt, Sir Christopher Wren planned and built the common sewers, as they continue to this day; and they are a lasting monument of his judgment and attention to the health and comfort of the inhabitants. These, together with the removal of signs and signposts, new paving and cleansing the streets, have been attended with the most happy effects; and thus the immediate great calamity of a fire became in the end a singular blessing.—*Traveller.*

ANECDOTES FOR ANTIQUARIANS.—Pine, the engraver and herald, used to relate the following anecdote of Dr. Stukely:—"As the Doctor and some other curious, among whom was Mr. Pine, were visiting certain antiquities in Hertfordshire, they came to a place called Cæsar's Stile, situated on the brow of an eminence. No sooner was the place named, than the Doctor stopped all of a sudden, and after an attentive survey of the neighbouring ground, pronounced it to be directly the site of a fortified pass, which Cæsar had left behind him in his march from Cavey-Stakes to Verulam. Some of the company demurring against this opinion, a debate arose, and an aged man, a labourer, coming up, the Doctor asked him, with great confidence, 'whether that was not called Cæsar's stile?' 'Aye, master,' said the old man, 'that it is, I have good reason to know it, for many a day did I work upon it for old Bob Cæsar, rest his soul; he lived in yonder farm, and a sad road it was before he made this stile.'

We are requested to state, that Mr. H. Coveney, the Proprietor of the King of Prussia Tavern, Wych-street, Drury-lane, is not the Mr. Coveney who was the plaintiff in the action "Coveney v. Yerston."

The residence of Cowper, the poet, at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, has long been uninhabited, and is now in a state of considerable dilapidation. Some of the neighbours, however, on the day of the Coronation, procured boughs and flowers from Cowper's favourite walk, at Weston-under-Wood, and decorated the outside of the house with oak, laurel, and wreaths of flowers, to his memory.

ILCHESTER GAOL.—In a letter to the *Bath Journal*, dated Ilchester Bastile, July 27, Mr. Hunt says,—“The Committee of Magistrates have made their report to the Adjourned Quarter Sessions, held here this morning for that purpose, relative to the inquiry that they made into the conduct of the gaoler, upon charges preferred before them by me. The Magistrates assembled at the Adjourned Quarter Sessions have come to a determination that Bridle has rendered himself unworthy to fill the office of gaoler, and he is to be discharged accordingly. I am authorised to make this communication by the High Sheriff, who has this moment conveyed me the information.”

NICE DISCRIMINATION.—A culprit was not long since brought before a Country Magistrate, charged with a misdemeanor, and on his conviction, the Learned Magistrate addressed him as follows:—“By the Act of Parliament I see that this offence is punished with six months’ imprisonment, on conviction before two Magistrates. Now you may think yourself a lucky fellow; if my Brother Magistrate had been here, you should have had the whole six months, but as I am alone, I can of course only send you to gaol for three months. Make out his *mittimus*.”

The “Act of Grace” which many people expected has dwindled to a release of persons confined under the Revenue laws who may have been confined, or when they shall have been confined for six months. And where the sum is under 100 pounds, three months is to be substituted.

Mr. Green made a second ascent in his balloon on Wednesday last at the Belvidere tea-gardens, Pentonville. The balloon was loosed about half-past three in the presence of a considerable number of spectators within the gardens, and soon became visible to thousands outside. It took a north-easterly direction, and was soon hid from view by the clouds. It descended at Barking, within half an hour after its ascent. No accident happened either to Mr. Green or his aerial vehicle. In the early part of the day an accident occurred by the giving way of some iron railings in the neighbourhood of the Belvidere-tavern, to which a great crowd of young persons had held. Several were severely hurt, and one infant in its mother’s arms so badly wounded in the head that it was not expected to live an hour.

The following Petition has been presented to the Chamber of Deputies, praying that the remains of Bonaparte might be conveyed to France:—

“TO MESSIEURS THE MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

“MESSIEURS,—Napoleon is no more! we claim his remains. The honour of France requires this restitution, and what the honour of France requires will be accomplished. She cannot endure, that he who was her Chief,—that he whom she saluted with the designation of Great, and the title of Emperor, should remain as a trophy in the hands of foreigners; and that every Englishman may say, on showing an insolent monument, ‘Here is the Emperor of the French.’—We have the honour to be, with the most profound respect, Messieurs, your very humble and very obedient servants,

“The Baron GOURGAUD, Ex-Aid-de-Camp of Napoleon.

“The Colonel FAEVIER.

“The Count ARMAND DE BRIQUEVILLE.

“FRANCOIS CASSIN (de Nantes).

“HENRY HARTMAN, Manufacturer.

“Paris, July 14, 1821.”

ALARMING ILLNESS OF THE QUEEN.

[From the Times of Saturday, Aug. 4.]

The knowledge of her Majesty’s serious indisposition excited, as might be expected, the most anxious and painful interest throughout the metropolis yesterday. At a very early hour the number of inquiries at Cambridge-house was very considerable. At 12 o’clock the following bulletin was issued from her Majesty’s residence, South Audley-street:—

“The Queen has passed a tolerably quiet night; but the

symptoms of her Majesty’s illness remain nearly the same as yesterday evening.

“W. G. MATON.

“PELHAM WARREN.

“HENRY HOLLAND.

“Brandenburgh-house, Aug. 3, nine o’clock, A.M.”

This very naturally served rather to heighten than allay the fears of the public, and throughout the day the number of persons who came to inquire respecting her Majesty continued to increase every hour. During the whole of yesterday evening there was a crowd round Cambridge-house, watching with the utmost anxiety for the arrival of some fresh intelligence from Brandenburgh-house. At this latter place many persons of rank left their names in the course of the day. The interest excited in Hammer-smith and its vicinity was intense beyond description, and every person who walked in the direction from Brandenburgh-house towards the metropolis was eagerly questioned as to the state of her Majesty.

On Thursday afternoon her Majesty underwent the operation of bleeding, from which she experienced a temporary relief. The remainder of that day and the whole of the night her Majesty passed comparatively free from pain; but (as the bulletin stated) the symptoms of her disorder continued the same throughout the whole of yesterday, and up to five o’clock. Between five and six o’clock a warm-bath was ordered, in which her Majesty remained for about a quarter of an hour. This produced some cessation of suffering, but we regret to state that it had not the effect of reducing the general symptoms of her disorder. After coming from the bath, and up to half-past nine, her Majesty was unable to retain any thing on her stomach for more than a few minutes; and on this account the medicines administered failed of producing the desired effect. In the course of the evening, Dr. Ainslie was sent for. Drs. Maton, Warren, and Holland have been in constant attendance since the first dangerous symptoms of her Majesty’s complaint appeared. Yesterday evening Messrs. Brougham and Denman, Dr. Lushington and Mr. Wilde, were in attendance. Messrs. Brougham, Denman, and Wilde, had prepared to set off for their respective circuits, when intelligence of her Majesty’s precarious situation reached them. They continued at Brandenburgh-house up to a late hour last night.

At ten o’clock the following bulletin was issued:—

“There is no improvement in her Majesty’s symptoms since the morning.

“H. AINSLIE.

“W. G. MATON.

“PELHAM WARREN.

“HENRY HOLLAND.

“Brandenburgh-house, Aug. 3.”

The Queen was aware of her danger yesterday afternoon, but on this as on every other trying occasion she behaved nobly. With the utmost patience she submitted to every proposed means of relief, at the same time calmly and firmly saying that she believed it was useless. She observed, and spoke in her usual firm manner, that she must have had a strong constitution to have gone safely through so many fatigues and anxieties; but she apprehended this would be the last trial. Her calmness and fortitude made a deep impression on all who were in attendance. When Dr. Holland endeavoured to express a hope: “No, my dear Sir,” her Majesty exclaimed, “I fear your kind hopes will be disappointed.”

Lord Sidmouth, we understand, has left town for Portsmouth: but official notice of the Queen’s illness and danger has been sent to the Home-office, and was officially acknowledged: but, with the spirit that has marked the conduct of her Majesty’s enemies from the beginning, no official Message was sent to inquire after her Majesty’s health!

Alderman Wood has been unremitting in his attention. He remained up nearly the whole of Thursday night, and last night, and when he retired for a short time to rest, he did not undress. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the whole of her Majesty’s household are deeply afflicted at the situation of their Royal Mistress.

BULLETIN OF YESTERDAY MORNING.

"Her Majesty has passed an indifferent night, but has had some tranquil sleep this morning; the general symptoms remain nearly the same as yesterday.

"H. AINSLIE,
"W. G. MATON,
"PELHAM WARREN,
"HENRY HOLLAND.

"Brandenburgh-house, Aug. 4, 1821, 9 o'clock A.M."

Her Majesty slept nearly all the morning, since the Bulletin was issued at nine o'clock. She took a little gruel, which remained upon her stomach. Her Majesty was then apparently free from pain. She took gruel again about half-past one o'clock, and the persons in attendance thought her better, and free from inflammatory symptoms.

BULLETIN OF YESTERDAY NOON.

"Her Majesty has been in a sound sleep since six o'clock this morning, and still remains so. All the symptoms are as before.

(Signed as before.)

"Brandenburgh House, Aug. 4, Saturday, twelve o'clock.

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

THE KING'S VISIT TO IRELAND.—Tuesday morning, about half-past eleven o'clock, his Majesty left his palace in Pall-Mall on his way to Ireland. He went in his plain dark travelling carriage, attended by Lord Graves, escorted by a party of the 14th Light Dragoons. His Majesty embarked and dined on board the royal yacht.

The rapturous astonishment of the poor Irish at the intended visit of royalty is strikingly expressed in the following letter:—Extract of a private letter, dated Dublin, July 30:—"We expect the King this day week; there are great preparations making for him. Every seat in the theatre is engaged. It is reported his Majesty will go four times to it during his stay here. His Majesty's coachman attracts great notice here. He is considered the largest man in this city."

The Queen on Monday visited Drury-lane theatre; and was received with rather more decorum on the part of the managers than heretofore. Messrs. Elliston and Russell conducted her Majesty to a stage-box, walking before her with wax lights. The reception of her Majesty by the audience was as affectionate and enthusiastic as ever; and even out of doors, in spite of the heavy rain, there was a crowd assembled to welcome her both on her arrival and return.

"THE SLAP AT SLOP."

Mr. HONE has published an excellent squib on the Bridge-street Association and its foster-father, which every one who has a shilling should buy. It is, which is saying a great deal, the richest of all his productions. It appears in the very novel and amusing form of a Newspaper; three pages of which are devoted to various parodies of the matter usually contained in the "Slop-pail." The fourth page is taken up with a history of the life of a person who has been extremely virulent in his abuse of Mr. HONE, (and who cannot complain that he is paid in his own coin); and with what is still more interesting, an account of the private origin of the Mock Constitutional Association. The advertisements are so many minor hits at all sorts of sore places in Church and State; and are mostly illustrated by wood-cuts from the practised hand of Mr. CRUIKSHANK. These latter are full of the most ludicrous images, and some, we are sure, will be felt sufficiently stinging in the proper quarters. If a whole month's daily newspapers at 7d. each, contained as much fun as this one at a shilling, this country might speedily regain the title of "Merry Old England." Mr. HONE deprecates criticism on the anomaly of mixing serious with comic sketches in the same publication, which was obviously unavoidable in what was intended to be a characteristic "slap" at a crew, whose personal contemptibility is only "food for powder," while their odious designs against the liberty of their countrymen, can only be regarded with indignation. But Mr. HONE need fear no criticism while he takes such means to make all critics

laugh; and he has distributed the salts and bitters in due quantities. We present our readers with the following specimen of the latter. It is a part of the narrative of the origin of the conspiracy, which bears every mark of accuracy, and which is very instructive. It is curious to find this association taking its origin from a society for vilifying the QUEEN, by means of caricatures and a parson's dog-grel:—

"Pending the prosecution of the QUEEN, the Rev. SOLOMON PIGGOTT, Curate of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and St. Antholin's, Watling-street, a man of weak and restless mind, conceived the idea of publishing CARICATURES in ridicule of HER MAJESTY and her supporters by PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION! He communicated this design to Dr. SLOP, who entered heartily into the plan. Subscribers were advertised for, and were formed into a Body called "the LOYAL Association," and Mr. CHARLES BICKNELL, of No. 3, Spring Garden Terrace, the Solicitor to the Admiralty, was the Treasurer. PIGGOTT wrote maudlin prose and wretched verse, and illustrated his unintellectual labours with Coloured Caricatures. These were issued to the world through a PUBLISHER OF OBSCENITY, while they were powerfully puffed by SLOP in his SLOP-PAIL, and PIGGOTT himself cringed his way TO COURT, and presented the talentless trash to HIS MAJESTY in person, who received it most graciously; and, as an encouragement to his labours, subscribed for forty sets of one of his works at a guinea each. But the public judgment refused the rinsings of the sycophant parson's brain; and the united efforts of "the LOYAL Association" being inadequate to produce a single article of ability from the press, they turned their thoughts towards an attack upon THE PRESS itself. They were deplorably "poor in the spirits and minds of men," but, "their purses, and counters, and ledgers," were productive, and at one of their Meetings they abandoned the Project of a Series of PUBLICATIONS, and determined to commence a Series of PROSECUTIONS.—The notorious JOHN REEVES, a plentifully-endowed placeman, who had thrown the country into a state of alarm by a LOYAL Association in 1793, entered into these views; but as the term LOYAL had acquired an unfavourable odour, they changed their name from "the LOYAL Association," to "the CONSTITUTIONAL Association." PIGGOTT's Treasurer, Mr. BICKNELL, with JOHN REEVES (both lawyers,) got Sir JOHN SEWELL (also a lawyer,) a pensioner in the Red Book, to become the President of the Confederacy. They appointed CHARLES MURRAY (another lawyer,) their Honorary Secretary, a very acceptable post to a hungry attorney, who had quartered part of his family in public situations."

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 446.

DRURY-LANE.

A New Comedy introductory of the Coronation! Having "kept the word of promise to the eye" of the public something longer than was becoming, there seemed two modes only, at the option of the Lessee of this theatre, of surprising either half of that same public,—keeping or violating the said promise. He has cleverly hit on a medium to do, as it were, both,—he has kept his word by halves. The New Comedy consumes not the ink, black or red, of Mr. J. TABBY, and is, if ever intended to appear, seemingly to be reckoned only among "the things that were to be." How the author (always presumed to have existed) may relish this, our experience has no means of ascertaining, but as even to have been fairly damned is something, we should deem this species of still-birth rather an aggravation of the travail to which the spirit of authors is heir to. A minor surprise, a sort of supplementary one, awaited indeed the uninitiated, and that is to be found in the fruition of the humble promise of Mr. ELLISTON, which, all are ready to confess, goes far beyond a tantamount expectation. But we are old stagers, and are not to be so beguiled. We saw pride chuckling behind the newly assumed veil; peeping from beneath this ultra-modest petticoat, we perceived the splendidly bedizened foot of pomp. We knew that the Dutch, in proud humility, designated Amsterdam as a pretty village, (angry enough to be sure at your quiet assent),—in short we knew that extremes border, that things at the worst must mend, and that "the force of puffing could no further go." The reverse of wrong is nevertheless not always right. Mr. ELLISTON, like hot water soonest freezing,

becomes treacherously subdued in his tone, and only affects that virtue which he had hitherto derided and set at naught. Instead of the *New Comedy*, we were (through a strange oversight of the play of *The Critic*, wherein the proprietor might have played the part of *Puff* with unexceptionable verisimilitude) obliged to witness the performance of *The Dramatist*, of which crude production the representative of *Vapid* seems as fond as though he had written it himself. But *finis coronat opus*—we must hasten to the object of our present article, the fac-simile itself.

“As far as the stage limits will allow” were the words of our old friends those “promisers of bliss” the play-bills. But we presume that at least the prime mover of this gaud knew well enough his intention to invade the territory of the pit. Here, from the middle door, extends a platform to the stage, doubtless upon the principle “divide and govern.” The space thus occupied is, we hear, estimated at 20*l.* a night. We hope he will eventually be no loser by the loss. Of this high road to favour, this *point d'appui*, quite independent of the stage limits, the announcements were as we have implied, emphatically silent. Here it was that the ruling representative of royalty, the proprietor himself, (who but he!) received testimonies of satisfaction in the spectators, we should deem to his heart's content. With conscious pride he strode over the “critics row” and seemed to triumph over the oft-times yawning gulf below, as he received the cheers of the pitiies who were fortunate enough to be brushed by the hem of his garment. He bowed right and left, but whether as a gratified manager, or as in keeping with his assumed exalted character—or as both—it was not easy to discriminate. We had been already left to conjecture as to the intention of his rebuke to the train-bearers, but incline to think it was a touch of the mimic art.

We have no hesitation in ascribing the plaudits which greeted the representative of Lord LONDONDERRY, to a recognition of the nicety with which the swaggering air of defiance that characterized the Marquess in his progress to the Abbey, was portrayed by the actor.

The performance occupied an hour and a half, and truly, as far as limited numbers will admit, was an accurate representation of the procession, the coronation, and the banquet in Westminster Hall. This last scene may indeed be designated as *imposing*: the splendour of the assembly, the excellence of the scenery, and brilliancy of illumination, form a *coup d'œil*, which cannot fail to delight and impress the mind with a sense of reality. The whole is incomparably superior to the shew at the other house. The costume is throughout most rigidly preserved, and the theatrical wardrobe obtains a stock of gorgeous attire which will last (we should suppose) till a similar occasion requires a new supply. The *entré* of the Champion, which by the by, was upon the solemnity itself mere stage effect at best, was marked with loud applause—too loud we thought for even the well accustomed ears of the noble animals who played a conspicuous part in the pageant. At one time we had some fears that the jest would turn out serious, that the horses would overstep the bounds prescribed, to the utter confusion and dismay of the pit. We should, however, observe that since the first night they have become reconciled to their situation, and back out in an exemplary courtier-like style, keeping always, as in duty bound, an eye to “the fountain of honour” and profit.

The music was ill conducted. We never heard more discord in so short a time. But we here take occasion to correct a misrepresentation of the critic in the *Times*. That writer has doubtless read of “the soul dancing on a jig to heaven,” but he was wrong in saying the bishop-marched to a jig tune. It is a covert libel on that venerable body, and on the orchestra to boot. Now, if we ever heard it in our lives, they entered when the band played the air known as *Pleyel's German Hymn*. It was indeed a painful pleasure to observe the precision with which the representatives of the churchmen maintained the staid dig-

nity and dignified staidness (what more is necessary) of their archetypes in that liberal profession. Mr. GATTIE, for one, looked truly pastoral; his aspect perhaps somewhat too kind and tolerant, but still a very nice bishop. There is, however, (and we must say it) a jesting with things serious not altogether inoffensive: their very wigs—an important adjunct—have not escaped the perspicacity of the theatrical *perruquier*. They were too close (not, we mean, to the wearers' heads, that seldom happens, but) to the originals. But all wig-makers—confound 'em!—are alike, so there's no redress. The mischief we fear is, that people may think (unthinkingly of course) that they have seen as good bishops on the stage as they have heard of off it.

Previous to the banquet scene, our eyes were relieved (at the expense of our ears) by a dramatic sketch. This was stuffed, *ad nauseam*, with *loyalty*. Fustian so coarse as to look like burlesque rather than an intention of doing honour to the occasion. Could we believe Messrs. KNIGHT, RUSSELL, and T. COOKE, we might doubt the existence of taxes—of our public debt to the amount of the fee-simple of the country—of the self-constituted *anti-constitutional Society* and the five Acts—of Game Laws and Poor's-rates—of Spies well paid and Special Juries—in short, of every thing which would have made our ancestors start with indignation, although we may not. There is much virtue in a song, and we had three. A stanza of that sung by KNIGHT (not written, we are assured, by the Poet Laureat) will not escape from our mind: here it is—

May the scepter'd hand

Be closed against abuses,

But open *and expand*

To charitable uses.

LICEUM.

On Monday last a new musical piece was produced at this house under the title of *The Witch of Dorncleugh*, a name which will at once point out its derivation. It is in fact another theatrical version of the concluding scenes in the novel of *Guy Mannering*, in somewhat more of a melo-dramatic style than the former, and with a variation in the choice of situations. The merit in the present instance, consists in the accomplishment of this task with the preservation of a due degree of interest. Our readers, however, must not be led by this assurance, to expect anything in the *Witch of Dorncleugh*, of artful plot or spirited and characteristic dialogue, but if they have read the novel, they will witness a tolerable representation of scenes and conceptive sketches rendered classical by genius, most of which are excellently adapted for stage effect—the great modern attraction. To those who have not perused *Guy Mannering* (a body of people whom we would recommend to keep their own secret) both this and the former opera would be equally unintelligible. This observation might be conclusive, were the drama to be judged upon ancient principles; but every body knows that such a mode of judging is out of date, and who would be wiser than every body? Old JOHN DENNIS, were he to rise from the dead, might characteristically enough attack the present laxity of the British drama. We are not so persevering, but have made up our mind to be elevated and surprised—as BAYES says—after the manner of coronation times.

The chief novelty in the present drama is supplied by the greater interest and prominency afforded to the character of *Dirk Hatteraick*, one of those creations of the novelist which exhibit his high capability the most decidedly. This sea ruffian was admirably performed by T. P. COOKE—so performed, indeed, as to aid the imagination even of those who are most familiar with the original. The scene in which the reckless smuggler is brought before *Glossia*, and threatens, reproaches, and bullies him, was truly excellent. We never beheld wily and serpentine villainy, more forcibly contrasted with the want of principle, that is attended with the extreme of animal courage, and the energetic decision which lifts vice from the ground, and preserves it from contempt, even in the midst of horror, fear, and hatred. We are not in the

habit of romantic encomium, but the ease, freedom, and spirit of the representation of this strongly conceived character, must in our opinion advance Mr. COOKE in his profession.

The *Meg Merrilies* of Miss KELLY was all that her physical endowments will allow it to be. She cannot altogether fail in anything, and in the present instance succeeded whenever the energy of the character was so softened by pathos as to bring it within the scope of her voice and appearance. Her song over the expiring ruffian in the cave; her dark, mystic, and mournful allusions; and her dying scene, were extremely touching. Where she appeared to least advantage, was in the energetic and commanding; the effort was necessarily too visible and exhausting.—Of the rest of the dramatis personæ we have little to observe. SALTER and WILKINSON as *Dandie Diamond* and *Dominie Sampson* did the little given them to do respectably. PEARMAN as *Harry Bertram* acted very well and sung tolerably; but in truth, with the exception of the chorusses, the selection for this opera is not very fortunate. Its musical attraction, indeed, is but inconsiderable.

There was some taking bustle and good scenery; the burning of the Custom House, in particular, told well. No wonder, the burning of Custom Houses is certainly not an unpopular application of fire. This piece will have a run, and as times go, has a claim to it. But we cannot but protest against the alarming progress of an exclusive taste for mere stage effect and melo-drama. Whatever goes between the various scenes which may be termed imposing—no allusion to Westminster Hall—passes for nothing. All the world wishes the intervening dialogue over, “thinking the prattle to be tedious,” and so it is to mere eyes and ears, and what is still worse, Managers finding this the case, with great consistency, supply such prattle as may be very properly disregarded. We fear, however, that this evil has had a source in higher quarters. Criticism has been a little *Pococurantish* of late years, and has sacrificed every thing to a relish for tit-bits. The organs of spiritual as well as of animal taste may become vitiated and squeamish to the disadvantage of a due mental digestion, and the neglect of a regular and healthy bill of fare. *Verbum sap.* Q.

FINE ARTS.

THOSE who have read the novel of *Kenilworth* (and who have not?) will derive much pleasure from the *Illustrations* just published by Messrs. HURST and Co. For our parts, we have never seen a set of book Prints that, upon the whole, gave us more delight. The designs are all by Mr. LESLIE, the painter of the so-much admired picture of *May-day* in the last Royal Academy Exhibition; and his fine powers seem to increase with the exercise of them. He has done ample justice to the accomplished author of the tale.—The luckless Countess appears before us, “in flower of youth and beauty’s pride,”—fresh from the hands of her assiduous waiting-maid, Janet—looking as one

“Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes.”

The meeting of Leicester and the Countess at Kenilworth is also full of merit: the Earl is as remarkable for manly elegance as his impassioned bride is for grace and loveliness.—The gallantry of Raleigh, in spreading his cloak under the haughty feet of Elizabeth, is well represented; but the principal figures in this print would have been seen to much better effect, had the attendants been kept more in the back-ground.—The Entry of Queen Elizabeth into the Castle is admirably managed; and the engraver (ENGLEHEART) has been eminently successful in the tone and delicacy of his work. It is perhaps the best engraving of the seven, though they all possess considerable merit. Mr. CHARLES HEATH’S contrasts are in general too sudden: in labouring to give effect, he sacrifices higher things. Does he not admire the nice gradations and mel-

low tones in ENGLEHEART’S print just alluded to? If not, we shall not vouch for his taste.—Mr. ROLLS has talent; but he should be more correct in the play of his line.—ROMNEY is somewhat metallic.—These are the only engravings we have seen after Mr. LESLIE, and we believe they are the first,—at least of this narrative kind,—that have been published. He has only to put forth a few more such elegant specimens, to take a high rank in the department he has selected for the display of his various powers. He is doubtless aware, that the only way to be great in Art, is never to lose sight of Nature.

NEWSPAPER CHAT.

“Here various News is found of love and strife;
“Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life;
“Of loss and gain, of famine and of store;
“Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore;
“Of prodigies and portents seen in air;
“Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair;
“Of turns of fortune, changes in the State;
“The falls of favourites,—projects of the Great.”—POPE.

By some undiscovered phenomenon, the lofty mountain at the foot of which the Loire derives its source, has entirely disappeared, and nothing presents itself on the situation which it occupied but a mass of water. The shock which its disappearance caused was felt for five leagues round; and the terrific noise by which the phenomenon was preceded lasted for about six minutes, and was heard at a like distance.

A child eighteen months old, having two tongues, has been presented to a physician in Niort.

At Thiew, in Russia, a shower of hailstones has fallen, which killed a flock of two hundred sheep.

Some wonder is expressed that Mr. Banks has not been raised to the Peerage, as was expected, by the title of Baron Piddle, of Little Piddle, in the County of Dorset.

The Roman bridge, which was discovered in Holland, in 1818, is now wholly cleared from the turf with which it was surrounded. It is three miles long, and 12 feet broad. It was laid by the fifteenth cohort of Germanicus, over the marshes, in which deep beds of turf have since been formed, and, in all probability, gradually sunk into the marsh by its own weight. The resinous particles which are in the marshy soil have probably contributed to preserve the bridge, which is entirely of wood. Every six feet there were posts to support the railing, as may be judged by the holes in which they were fixed. This great work, which consists of a judicious number of beams, appears to have been wrought with very large axes; the workmanship is admirable.

The managers of the Plymouth theatre have lately been twice within a week under the necessity of dismissing the audience, not having sufficient to pay the lights in a house that will contain 2000.

DERIVATION OF PONY.—A few days ago, one of the literati was puzzling his brains about the derivation of pony, when a by-stander quaintly observed, “Sir, I am astonished you don’t know what a pony is derived from.” “Why?” said the man of learning. “Because,” said the other, “every body knows that a pony is derived from a little horse and a little mare.”—*Traveler.*

ERRATUM.—Beneath the word *Finis*, at the end of a very stupid book, a wit added the following couplet:—

“Finis! an error, or a lie, my friend!
“In writing foolish books there is no end.”

The number of English Barons is 624. Of these, 11 have acquired their titles by diplomatic services—52 by naval—56 by military—20 by civil—2 by legal—14 by medical—20 by civic—10 as courtiers—12 by marriage—and 392 chiefly on account of their wealth. Eighty-three Baronets pretend to trace their paternal ancestry to the conquest.

In a refuge for lunatics in the department of Nièvre, France, a patient evinced a strong desire to get rid of his life; and requested a man who laboured under an incurable kind of insanity to become his murderer. The request was complied with. The parties descended to the kitchen; when the one coolly undressed himself, and laid his head upon a wooden horse, which the other with a single blow cut off with a kitchen-chopper.

One of the French papers calls the poet, Thomas Moore, *Sir Thomas Moore*. We are ready to allow that Mr. Moore, both on the score of talents and high character, has a better claim to such a title than many a name in the catalogue of knights; but we believe there is a staunch inflexibility about his principles

which has no very natural tendency to such an honour, unless Apollo were to institute an order of knighthood, and then he would be a Grand Cross.—*Times*.

We have seen several notices in the papers lately of the existence of very aged people. The case of Michael Brennan, who lives near Ballyragget, is, perhaps, as remarkable as any recorded in recent times. He was born at Capponelow, in 1708, and is consequently 113 years of age, having lived in the reign of Queen Anne and of the four Georges. In 1730 he left Ireland, as servant to a Gentleman named Blakeney; travelled all Europe, went to the East Indies, to Palestine and the Holy Land, to the North Seas, and to America, where Blakeney died. On his return, he was shipwrecked on the Rocks of Scilly. His father lived 117 years, his mother 109, and his wife was aged 105 when she died, a few years ago.—He had 15 children, who are all dead. He is now nursing his great grand daughter's daughter. He is in perfect health, and able to travel sixteen miles a day.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

About ten or fifteen years ago, a neutral salt, advertised under the name of "Brazil Salts" and much recommended as a pleasant, mild, and efficacious aperient, by the late Dr. Hunter, of York, was in considerable demand. This salt we find to be the acetate of soda. It is of a brown colour in consequence of being made with vinegar. The salt made with the pure pyrolignic acid and soda, is white and in small crystals, and of a peculiarly pleasant sweetish taste. It is grateful to the stomach, and operates very mildly on the intestines, never occasioning griping pains. It powerfully allays thirst, abates fever, and improves the digestive organs. The dose is from two to four drachms, dissolved in two or four ounces of water. It is also slightly diuretic. It is a very excellent aperient during warm weather.—*Gazette of Health*.

His late Majesty many years ago is said to have composed an air, which he gave to one of his attendants of the name of Bernard, who, on Bickerstaff's transformation of *The Village Opera to Love in a Village*, introduced it in the character of *Rosetta*, with appropriate words, viz.:—"In love should there meet a fond pair."

Whittingdon is a village on the road from Chesterfield to Sheffield, on the edge of Scarsdale, in Derbyshire. "In a parlour, called the 'plotting parlour,' belonging to an ale-house in this village, called the Cock and Magpie," says Noble, in his continuation of Grainger, "was laid a scheme which dethroned James and established freedom." Here the Revolution of 1688 was concerted, and

"Cavendish, Booth, and Osborne sat."

These reminiscences, however, are at present extremely unfashionable.—*Traveller*.

Miss Chester, who made so successful a first appearance at Drury-lane Theatre, is now the tragic heroine of the York stage.

A congregation of Independent Dissenters in a town in Devonshire have lately discharged their pastor, on a charge of being inebriated at the Coronation dinner.

It is said his Majesty used between twenty and thirty pocket-handkerchiefs in the Abbey at the Coronation. He was repeatedly observed to give a handkerchief to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who put them in the crown of his hat.

When Mr. Keppel Craven the Queen's Chamberlain was on his travels in Naples, he encountered a ludicrous adventure. The abbess and nuns of Our Lady of the Angels at Brindisi mistook him for the Prince Royal of Bavaria who had been expected in that quarter; and insisted upon treating him with the honours due to his rank. It was in vain he protested that he was an Englishman. They smiled with incredulous humility, and at last fairly told him that his efforts were to no purpose. His ancestors had been benefactors to the nunnery, and their descendant must be honoured. The pensionaries crowded about him, to the number of thirty, presenting him with flowers, and squabbling for precedence in the honour of kissing his princely hand. Two natives who were with him, begged him to humour the joke as the easiest mode of getting through it; but he did not like it. The nuns however, singing a Latin hymn of exultation, conducted him to the belfry, where he was startled with a sudden explosion of all the bells set a ringing. He was then led, or worshipfully hustled, into the kitchen, the refectory, the dormitory, the Abbess's apartment, the garden, and lastly the sacristy, where he was desired to rest. "I looked round," says Mr. Craven, "to implore the aid and compassion of my followers, when I found myself sitting in a huge crimson velvet chair, richly gilt, and surmounted with a royal crown." Still protesting and disclaiming, he was then shewn the relics and church valuables, the latter of which were all offered, in turn, as presents. The old vicar enters, and joins in the chorus of eulogies; after which his mouth (looking, he says, very sulky) is crammed with coffee, cakes, and liqueurs; and his pockets with

oranges and lemons, including a delicate, surreptitious gift of one pair of cotton stockings and two ditto of woollen gloves.—After a trial of an hour's duration, he was allowed to depart, amidst the blessings of the community;—but his royalty was not over with him yet. The *Benedictine* nuns were under the special protection of the vicar, and would, he was assured, die of jealousy and mortification, if he denied them the same honour which he had conferred on those of Our Lady of the Angels. Mr. Craven got through this new assault a little better, as the Benedictines were poorer and less ceremonious. On leaving them, he congratulated himself on breathing freely, and began to anticipate the pleasure of a cool evening ride, when the commandant of the town in the midst of a crowd of about 500 persons addressed him in a loud and solemn speech. It was to say, that he had hitherto spared the feelings of their Illustrious Visitor, and controuled his own, by avoiding to intrude upon his privacy; but that at the moment of departure it was impossible to contain any longer. The harangue concluded with informing him, that a telegraphic account had been given to the commandant of the district, and a similar notification was now about to be sent to the commander-in-chief, to whom the speaker trusted he would express satisfaction at his conduct. At these words, the commandant kneeled down, and imprinted a respectful kiss on his hand, while Mr. Craven hastily mounted his horse "to hurry from this scene of ludicrous torment." It was not done with however yet; for on looking about him at the town-gate, he perceived his host and the Sub-Intendant sitting on horseback upon each side of him, and determined to accompany him as far as Mesagne, "thereby to leave no honour unperformed which they could bestow on his exalted rank." He remonstrated once more; but his host, who had been liberally participating in the liqueurs, merely repeated "Your Highness, it is in vain;"—and the cavalcade set off. Finding however one of the escort, who was unused to horsemanship, very pale and ill, Mr. Craven at length judiciously accepted the rank so long offered him, and ordered him for his health's sake to depart, which the man did with profound acknowledgments; and the other cavalier, being ill also with drink, was shortly got rid of on the road.

In the *Quarterly Review* published last April, there is an account of the Works and Life of the Rev. Wm. Huntingdon, Sinner Saved, of Providence Chapel, the Antinomian Preacher. It is of considerable length, occupying 50 closely printed pages; but it is done with so much spirit, and contains so many entertaining and singular facts and opinions, that the interest never flags. It is clear from this account, that though the natural powers of the deceased Preacher were considerable, yet he owed his advancement in life chiefly to his consummate assurance, and total want of self-respect. But neither "his confident brow, nor the throng of words that came with such more than impudent sauciness from him," have thrust the Reviewer from a "level consideration" of his merits and demerits:—for the Saved Sinner was not a political opponent and has therefore met with fair treatment from the *Quarterly Review*. Wm. Huntingdon, it seems, had an entire abhorrence of most other sects and sectarians. "Of the two," he forcibly says, "I would rather be a Deist than an Arminian; for an established Deist sears his own conscience, so that he goes to hell in the easy chair of insensibility: but the Arminian, who wages war with open eyes against the sovereignty of God, fights most of his battles in the very fears and horrors of hell." Nor did the Preachers escape his denunciations:—

"The great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once and zany of the age,"—

Rowland Hill,—came in for a fair proportion of that torrent of abuse, which never ceased to flow from the Antinomian's brazen reservoir. Rowland, it is asserted, once took up one of his soft-speaking Saint's books with a pair of tongs, ordering the servant to take it down stairs, tongs and all, and light the fire with it. The Surrey Chapel Divine also inveighed against the "Saved Sinner" from his pulpit. The sturdy Antinomian replied with his usual bitterness, "that he had no desire to take one sheep out of 'Brother Rowland's fold, nor one he goat out of his stall;" adding his desire and prayer, that the Reverend Assailant might "discover less pepper and more purity, less heat and more holiness."—He quarrelled too with a brother of Dr. Priestley, (Timothy) who was a Calvinist, and treated him with still less ceremony. Timothy's productions, he declared, were a composition of insanity and intoxication;—and he facetiously maintained, that "Satan was no more hid under the gown and wig of Timothy Priestley, than he was under the petticoat of the Witch of Endor."

Richardson, though a man almost always up to the elbows in business, occupied with pica and long-primer, at his printing office in Salisbury-square, had romance enough in him to do

light in the *Fairy Queen*. "I don't wonder," he writes to Miss Highmore, "that you are in such raptures with Spenser! What an imagination! What an invention! What painting! What colouring displayed throughout the works of that admirable author! What honour do you do to our worthy friend Mr. Edwards, when you say you think he could equal Spenser! I have a very high opinion of the genius of that valuable friend, but no man that ever yet was born could equal Spenser in his own way; and I wish none but Mr. Edwards would attempt his style and his manner, and be only in Sonnets: for there he may undoubtedly, I think, rival that Prince of English Poets. But in description, no man will ever come up to Spenser."—This was the opinion of the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*; and yet we have heard persons, not altogether insensible to the charms of poetry, attempt to depreciate this delicious writer.—Richardson was a tradesman, and it was doubtless on that account that Lady Wortley Montagu spoke of him in the slighting way she did. "The doors of the Great (she observed) were never opened to him." "If the doors of the Great (says Mrs. Barbauld) were never opened to a genius whom every Englishman ought to have been proud of,—if they were either tasteless of his merit, or so selfishly appreciated it as to be content to be entertained and instructed by his writings in their closet, and to suffer the man to want that notice and regard which is the proper and deserved reward of distinguished talent,—upon *them* let the disgrace rest, and not upon Richardson. And I believe it is true (adds this amiable and accomplished authoress) that in England genius and learning obtain less personal notice than in most other parts of Europe, and that men are classed here more by similarity of fortune than by any other circumstance."—In person, Richardson was below the middle stature, and inclined to corpulency; of a round rather than oval face, with a fair ruddy complexion. His features bore the stamp of good nature, and were characteristic of his placid and amiable disposition. He was slow in speech, and to strangers spoke with reserve and deliberation; but in his manners was affable, courteous, and engaging. He gives the following interesting portrait of himself in a letter to Lady Bradshagh, written when he was in his sixtieth year, before they had seen one another. She was to find him out by it (as she did) as he walked in the Park:—Short, rather plump; about five feet five inches; fair wig; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremors or dizziness; of a light brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; looking directly foreright, as passengers would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; a regular even pace, stealing away ground rather than seeming to rid it; a grey eye, too often overclouded by mistiness from the head, by chance lively, very lively if he sees any he loves; if he approaches a lady, his eye is never fixed first on her face, but on her feet, and rears it up by degrees, seeming to set her down as so or so."—This original and powerful writer, though severely afflicted with nervous disorders, lived to the age of 72. He was buried in St. Bride's Church.

In this country, the practice is yet too common, both at school and at home of punishing children with the degrading lash. In America, they do not even use the whip in breaking in their horses, and a master would be dismissed a public seminary who resorted to such means. The Messrs. Longman have just published "Views of Society and Manners in America, by an Englishman,"—a book which we recommend to the perusal of our readers. Whether the writer be brown or fair,—young, or old, or middle aged,—joined in holy wedlock, or in a state of single blessedness,—every letter of her work assures us that she is a sensible, a liberal, and "a charming woman." It is by far the best work of the kind we have ever read on America.—"It is a pretty thing (says the fair traveller) to see a horse broke in this country; it is done entirely by gentleness. A skilful rider, after much previous coaxing and leading, mounts the wild creature without whip or spur, and soothes him with the hand and the voice, or allows him to spend himself in the race, and brings him at last to obey the check of the rein, or the note of the voice, with the readiness of the steed of the Bedouin. The lesson thus learned is never forgotten; a word or a whistle sets the horse to his full speed, whether in the carriage, the dearborne, or the stage. In travelling, I remember but once to have seen a driver who ever did more than crack his whip in the air. This exception too was a European."

When the French Royal Academy of Literature refused to elect Piron a member, he wrote himself the following epitaph:—
Cy git Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Academicien.
Piron lies here. What was he, pray?
Nothing; not even an R. A.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

I saw a Pauper once, when I was young,
Borne to his shallow grave: the bearers trod
Smiling to where the death-bell heavily rung,
And soon his bones were laid beneath the sod:
On the rough boards the earth was gaily flung:
Methought the prayer which gave him to his God
Was coldly said:—then all, passing away,
Left the scarce-coffin'd wretch to quick decay.

It was an autumn evening, and the rain
Had ceas'd awhile; but the loud winds did shriek
And call'd the deluging tempest back again;
The flagstaff on the churchyard tower did creak,
And through the black clouds ran a lightning vein,
And then the flapping raven came to seek
Its home: its flight was heavy, and its wing
Seem'd weary with a long day's wandering.

BARRY CORNWALL.

CLEOPATRA.

At last came one whom none could ere mistake
Amidst a million,—Egypt's dark-eyed Queen,—
The love, the spell, the bane of Antony.
O Cleopatra! who shall speak of thee?
Gaily, but like the Empress of a land,
She mov'd, and light as a wood-nymph in her prime,
And crown'd with costly gems, whose single price
Might buy a kingdom; yet how dim they shone
Beneath the magic of her eye, whose beam
Flash'd love and languishment. Of varying humours
She seem'd, yet subtle in her wildest mood,
As guile were to her passions ministrant.
At last she sank as dead. A noxious worm
Fed on those blue and wandering veins that laced
Her rising bosom: aye, did sleep upon
The pillow of Antony, and left behind,
In dark requital for its banquet,—Death!

BARRY CORNWALL.

SPECIAL JURIES IN LONDON.

The Report of the Common Council Committee appointed to inquire into the state of the Jury Lists, &c. has been published, and contains some very important matter. It is necessary to explain to the reader, that the Book containing the names of persons eligible to serve on Special Juries is filled in the Office of the Secondary (or Sheriff's deputy in the city) from returns made by the different wards; that it ought to be kept in the Secondary's Office, taken down to the Master of the Crown Office only when a jury is to be struck, and brought back by the officer who took it. Now with regard even to this matter of form, the Report exposes a disgraceful abuse: the Book it appears has been left with the Master for weeks together, thus giving him the opportunity of learning the politics of the persons whose names it contains, and "of making a selection destructive of the purity of Trial by Jury."

Further, the system is poisoned at its very source, by the practice adopted without authority by the Secondary, of placing in and removing from the Special Jury Book, such names as he thinks proper!! The Committee have made a very instructive calculation of the results of this shocking abuse upon the Book. The persons qualified to serve on Special Juries in the City, according to the statutes, are all resident householders, possessing property of any kind worth 100*l.* Yet though there is this immense body of qualified persons, there are actually only 485 persons named in the Book, and of those, 226 are not resident householders, and consequently not qualified! Out of the remaining 259, there are only 88 "merchants." During the sittings after several terms, and for the trial of 114 causes, only 274 Jurors were summoned by the Master of the Crown Office (48 are summoned in each case), and consequently several Jurymen served 30, 40, and 50 times each on those causes,—while 87 served but once, and 28 but twice! The mass of business was done by less than 100.

The Committee mention a fact reflecting great discredit on Mr. Collingridge, the present Secondary of London,

They had obtained information from a Mr. David Walker, of an application made by the Crown Solicitor to Mr. C. regarding the politics of a Jury. Mr. Collingridge had at first denied all knowledge of this communication; but was at last compelled to admit a recollection of "some letter or letters" on the subject, though he could not recollect further particulars!—*Non mi ricordo* is far from being exclusively Italian.

LAW.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Monday, July 30.

COX AND CO. v. TIERNEY AND CO.

A bill for 938 pounds at 61 days had been drawn by Messrs. Roche, of Cork, upon Messrs. Tierney, Roberts, and Co. and had come by endorsements into the hands of the present plaintiffs. On the 24th of May, 1820, the plaintiffs received the bill, and left it with Messrs. Tierney, Roberts, and Co. for acceptance. It was fetched on the 27th in due course; but in the mean time, Messrs. Tierney and Co. had received intelligence of the bankruptcy of the drawers, and had endeavoured to erase the acceptance. Witnesses were called for the plaintiffs to prove, that the words by which the bill was accepted and made payable at Curtis' banking-house, were discernible in spite of the erasure; and it was contended, on the authority of some former decisions, that an acceptance was an act which a party could not rescind, and that therefore the defendants were liable.—For the defence, it was maintained, that the acceptance was not complete till the bill had been delivered by the acceptors; for if the mere act of writing "accepted" were sufficient, then in case a clerk wrote it upon a bill by mistake, such acceptance would be valid.

A verdict was taken for the plaintiffs upon the fact of the writing of the acceptance; but the point of law, whether delivery made a part or not of the acceptance, was left open by consent.

EXTENSIVE FORGERY.—BIRCH v. THE REV. MR. CREWE.

This was an action brought by the bankers of Stafford to recover 8000 pounds, the amount of 19 bills of exchange on which the defendant's name was endorsed. The circumstances were these:—A cheesemonger and maltster at Stafford, named Berks, was in the habit of getting the plaintiffs to discount his bills. He began by some bills drawn by the Reverend Defendant, and afterwards took his own, drawn upon some person in London. The plaintiffs hesitated at these latter, but agreed to discount them, if Berks could get the indorsement of the defendant, who was known to be a man of property. The bills were brought back with the defendant's name on them; the plaintiffs discounted them; and the discounts upon this plan were increased in amount and carried on for a long time. At length some of the bills were dishonoured, Berks fled to America, leaving 8000*l.* worth outstanding; and the defendant, being applied to, declared that he knew nothing of them, his signature being forged.

For the plaintiffs, witnesses were called who deposed to some inconsistencies in the defendant's conversations in regard to his connection with Berks. It was also urged, that he did not take so early notice as he might of the plaintiff's application, after the dishonouring, which strengthened the suspicion of privity.

For the defence, evidence was adduced, which completely proved the forgery; and Mr. Scarlett appealed to the Jury upon the improbability of a gentleman of the defendant's character and reputation, having lent himself, without a shadow of apparent motive, to such a fraud.—Verdict for the defendant. [The bankers at Nantwich and elsewhere are in a similar situation to the plaintiffs, having discounted the bills of Berks. The whole amount of the bills with the forged name of the Rev. Mr. Crewe is 40,000*l.*]

Wednesday, Aug. 1.

ADULTERY.—COVENEY v. YORSTON.

The plaintiff (according to his Counsel's statement) had been formerly in the wine-trade in Warwick-court, Holborn, and at the age of 30, married a Miss Johnson, aged 22. He then became the keeper of a tavern near Drury-lane called "the O. P. and P. S." which was much frequented by the performers at the winter theatres. Here Mr. Coveney and his wife lived happily together, and had two children. Mr. Yorston, the defendant, was a law-stationer of some property, and was married. He got acquainted with Mr. Kean and Mr. Oxberry, and in their company was first introduced to the O. P. Tavern. A great intimacy grew between the plaintiff and his wife, and the defendant. Mrs. Coveney and Mrs. Yorston mutually visited. In 1819, Mrs. Coveney went to Whitstable without her husband to visit rela-

tions. She returned in a fortnight; but after that time appeared uneasy, ill-tempered, and careless of her domestic duties. These visits were repeated, and the same effect seemed to follow. In the mean time, the distraction occasioned by conjugal disputes was fatal to Mr. Coveney's business; it gradually fell off, and he was thrown into prison. All this while, Mr. Yorston was his confident and apparent friend. By his aid and advice, the plaintiff contrived to get into an eating-house in Salisbury-court, Fleet-street; but the same cause of failure attended him, and he was a second time arrested. The defendant then deserted them in their need, and Mrs. Coveney confessed to her husband, that Mr. Yorston had violated their bed.

The witnesses called to prove the happy life of the plaintiff and his wife, were sharply cross-examined. They denied having seen any frequenters of the O. P. Tavern take liberties with the hostess, except that Mr. Yorston had once kissed her at the bar. It was admitted too, that a Capt. Smith, had taken out Mrs. Coveney twice in his barouche, and might have done so oftener. Plaintiff abused his wife sometimes when he was drunk, which was not twice a week.

The only witness called to prove the adultery was *Mary Norman*, chambermaid at an inn at Crayford. She deposed, that two persons came to the inn in 1819, calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Golding—the lady first by the coach—the gentleman afterwards in a gig. They slept together the two nights they stayed. Subsequently, witness was taken by Mr. Coveney to Walworth, when he pointed out a house, to which by his direction, she went by herself. She knocked, and asking for Mrs. Coveney, was shown the lady she had seen at Crayford. The gentleman under the name of Mr. Golding witness knew to be Mr. Yorston.

This being all the evidence for the plaintiff, the Chief-Justice dismissed the case, without going into the defence, for want of proof of the identity of Mrs. Coveney.

SALFORD SESSIONS.

BEFORE THE REV. MR. HAY AND A BENCH OF MAGISTRATES.

On the 23rd ult. *Samuel Waller*, one of the primitive Methodists, was indicted for preaching to a multitude in the streets of Ashton-under-Lyne, on Sunday the 17th of June last,—which preaching was charged in the indictment to be a common nuisance, and an obstruction of the King's highway.

It appeared from the statement of the Counsel for the prosecution, that when the defendant was interrupted in the act of preaching, and desired to desist, he refused, saying Christ and his disciples did so, and he had a right to do it: that he was a licensed preacher, and considered it his duty to continue the service.

Samuel Newton, deputy-constable of Ashton, proved the fact of the preaching, which took place within 20 yards of the church-door. The defendant and his auditors made a great noise, singing merry tunes, such as were sang by the factory boys. While they were there, a hearse came with a funeral: it did not go the usual way, witness supposed on account of the mob. The noise disturbed the funeral. Since defendant had been taken up, the *Methodists had been twice as numerous*: witness supposed they did it out of opposition.

James Ogden said there was much noise and rabble, laughing and singing. The street was crowded up: witness "*thought it reather hawkard.*" It was a great nuisance. Two or three hundred persons were assembled.

Mr. COURTNEY addressed the Jury for the defendant with great ability. There was no statute, he observed, on which the present indictment could be founded; and therefore it must rest on the common or unwritten law. Now the common law being that whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, it followed that a nuisance at common law could be no new nuisance; it must have been such at all times. But notwithstanding the great increase of field preaching within the last century, there was no instance of an indictment such as the present for 150 years. With respect to the obstruction of the highway—he would ask, whether assembling in the streets was on all occasions, to be deemed a public nuisance. By way of illustration, he would state a case: On Thursday last the King's highway was obstructed, not by hundreds, but by tens of thousands; the passage of numerous carriages was, not supposedly but actually, prevented. There was shouting and singing; and on that occasion the Magistrates on the Bench were present, and in those obstructions they bore a part. But who could doubt that if those Magistrates had been indicted for a nuisance in celebrating the day of coronation, the Jury would have expressed their abhorrence and detestation at it? And would they say, that for Christians to assemble to praise God, under that canopy of heaven which God himself had spread, was a nuisance? Could they say that it was no nuisance to celebrate the coronation of George the Fourth, but was one to celebrate the praises of their Maker? Mr. Courtney here quoted Matthew, chapter x. verse

27.—xxii. 9.—Mark, ii. 2.—xvi. 15.—Luke, ix. 5. What construction, he would ask, could be put upon these passages, but that of preaching to people in the highways? He asked them as Christians, upon their oaths, and it was only as Christians that even their oaths were binding, was that a nuisance? Did our Saviour encourage and promote nuisances? He called upon the Jury, therefore, to reflect, how that which our Saviour sanctioned by his example, and enforced by his commands, could be a nuisance at common law, of which the greatest legal authorities had declared Christianity to be part and parcel. Why a question so important to the rights of Protestant Dissenters should have been brought to trial in that Court, he was at a loss to consider.

The Rev. W. R. HAY said, this case had nothing whatever to do with the rights of Protestant Dissenters. Every person might assemble in a private decent manner, either to preach, or to hear others. But he put it to the Jury to say, whether 200 or 300 persons standing in the public street, was or was not a nuisance.

The Jury, having deliberated about fifty minutes, returned a verdict of guilty of obstructing the King's highway.

The Chairman then asked whether any compromise could be made with regard to the sentence. Mr. Waller rose and said, he asked for no mitigation, conscious of no wrong. The Counsel for the prosecution pressed for a punishment.

The Magistrates retired; and on returning, sentenced Mr. Waller to three months' imprisonment, and to give securities, himself in 50*l.* and two sureties in 25*l.* each, to be "of good behaviour" for two years.—[The first two nights after his conviction, Mr. Waller was put into a double-bedded cell, with two convicted misdemeanants, who (we mention it to their honour) voluntarily slept together, that he might have a bed to himself. On Wednesday, through the interposition of some of his friends, Mr. Waller's situation was ameliorated; but on Friday afternoon he still continued ill in bed, from anxiety and suffering caused by his previous confinement. We are informed from good authority, that neither the churchwardens nor constables of Ashton-under-Lyne sanctioned the prosecution of Mr. Waller; and that, even before his trial, they refused Newton's application to be allowed his expenses.]—*Manchester Guardian.*

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, DUBLIN.

Wednesday, July 25.

CAILA V. MACNAMARA.—BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

This case had been previously before a Jury, and a verdict had been found for the plaintiff with 2000*l.* damages; but that verdict had been set aside upon some legal flaw, and this was the new trial granted. The damages were laid at 5000*l.*

Mr. DOHERTY stated the plaintiff's case. In 1806, when very young, the plaintiff married Mr. Peter Caila, who died in 1809. They had lived in George-street, Bryanstone-square, London. At the death of her husband, Mrs. Caila was possessed of 300*l.* a year, and 5000*l.* were settled on her child. In 1811, the defendant, then a Lieutenant or Captain in the Tower Hamlets Militia, was introduced to Mrs. Caila by a gentleman who came to purchase some furniture; and from that moment Mr. Macnamara followed her like a shadow. At first the plaintiff gave her servants directions to be denied to him; but assiduities overcame all obstacles.

"She listened, she believed, she fell!"

By vows, attestations, and promises of immediate marriage, he at length succeeded in obtaining possession of her person. For five years their intimacy continued, during which time Mrs. Caila entirely supported the defendant, and treated him with the warmest affection of a wife. She attended him in his illness, and never took the clothes off her back for three weeks; she clung to him faithfully; she loved, honoured, and obeyed him in sickness and in health; and when he had recovered, and was leaving her, she equipped him, and supplied him with the means of proceeding on his journey to Ireland. The Learned Counsel read extracts from various letters of the defendant, with a view to shew his poverty, and his confidence in her bounty and kindness. In one of his letters from Bath, in 1813, directed Mrs. Macnamara, he says, that he is "obliged to quit Bath, being unable to buy mourning." In another, he told her, that "there was a breeches of his in pledge for nine shillings, and begged of her to have them secured, as the 18th would be the last day." (*Loughtr.*) In a third, he said that "he had not one shilling;" and "he got eighteen francs (fifteen shillings English) for some pears that he sold, being some of the fruit which grew in the garden." The Learned Counsel concluded by an animated reply to the paltry defence set up on the former trial, which consisted in a depreciation of the affectionate plaintiff—in calling her a strumpet, and a kept mistress, &c. "The defendant," said Mr. Doherty, "was a beggar in circumstances; and if his Counsel say Mrs. Caila was his kept mistress, shall I not fling back the

accusation, and tell this beggar that he who could not keep himself could not keep another?" In 1817, the plaintiff discovered, that the defendant had married a widow with 1200*l.* a year, and for this act, which put it out of her power to obtain other reparation, compensation in damages was now sought by the plaintiff.

Caroline Exton, Mrs. Caila's maid-servant, was the chief witness. She confirmed fully all that the Learned Counsel had stated, in regard to the affectionate conduct of her mistress towards Captain Macnamara, particularly her devoted attention to him when ill. Her mistress attended on him night and day, and hardly took off her clothes for nearly two months; he was ordered to take nothing but port wine, burnt brandy, new-laid eggs, and chocolate: her mistress paid all the expenses of attendance and nourishment: she also purchased stockings and flannel waistcoats for him, and when he recovered gave him 10*l.* in money on his setting out: her mistress paid 60*l.* for his expenses when he was alone in France; her mistress went five times to France with him; witness heard him tell two or three of his friends that her mistress saved his life, and that he never could have recovered only for her; when he was in difficulties at another time her mistress took 70*l.* to assist him. Witness denied that she had ever represented herself as a relation of Mrs. Caila.

A written promise with the defendant's signature, either to marry Mrs. Caila or to pay 5000*l.* was proved. Caroline Exton stated it was voluntarily given by the defendant to the plaintiff.

The cause was adjourned to the next day—(Thursday)—when the defence was opened, and to support it, was called

John Bryant, Esq. surgeon, of the Edgeware-road, London; who deposed, that he delivered Caroline Exton of a female child in Mrs. Caila's house, on the 30th of October, 1817; that Mrs. Caila paid him for his attendance, and said that Caroline Exton, was her niece.

Other persons connected with the Tower Hamlets Militia stated, that they had considered Mrs. Caila was a kept mistress.

The Jury retired for half an hour, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 2000*l.*—costs 6*d.* [The defendant has fled, and left his wife.]

CRIMINAL LAWS.

When the trials had been gone through at the Old Bailey, the foreman of the London Jury stated, that as it appeared probable their attendance might not be required again, he was directed by his co-Jurymen to address a few words to the Court in favour of the capital convicts, which, with permission, he would read from a paper which he held in his hand.

The COMMON-SERJEANT said, that he could not permit the Jury to address him on the subject of capital punishments.

The Juryman replied, that it was an application for mercy to the convicts of the present Session, and requested the Court to indulge him with its patience. He then proceeded to read, but after a few minutes was interrupted.

COMMON-SERJEANT—I can hear no more: the Jury are usurping that which does not belong to them.

Juryman.—My Lord, the Jury think it important to ———

COMMON-SERJEANT.—I cannot listen to any thing more; it is not the province of a Jury to arraign the laws of the country.

Juryman.—This is an appeal from the Jury to ———

COMMON-SERJEANT.—I cannot listen to it: you have nothing to do with the punishment the law awards.

Juryman.—My Lord, I must be allowed to differ with the Court on that point.

COMMON-SERJEANT.—The Jury are usurping more than belongs to them, and I will not hear it.

Juryman.—My Lord, the Jury could not mean to offend. I have only a few words to offer.

COMMON-SERJEANT.—Sir, if you offer any more words, I will commit you for contempt of Court. Go out of Court.

Juryman.—My Lord, I am not aware of having said any thing offensive; and had I so considered this application for mercy, I certainly would not have undertaken it. As it is, I must submit.

(Signed by ten Jurors.)

The London Jury cannot separate without making an anxious appeal to the Court in behalf of the prisoners who have been capitally convicted. By a conscientious discharge of the duties imposed on them, they have been compelled to commit the lives of individuals into the hands of their fellow men, for offences varying in character and degree; and it behoves them to state their feelings of deep regret that the absence of marked atrocity should not ensure an exemption from the dreadful sentence of death. Notwithstanding the high degree of confidence they would place in the merciful discrimination of those who are in-

vested with the final disposal of lives forfeited to the law, the painful apprehension caused by the uncertainty of remission deprives them of the satisfaction which should follow their own verdict. Reason and humanity dictate the hope that the embarrassing difficulties attending the office of Juror may be speedily removed; constrained as they now are by their oath to award a punishment so manifestly excessive as to demand the constant interposition of higher authority to prevent its being carried into effect. It is their humble desire, therefore, to communicate to his Majesty's Council, through the humane offices of the Court, that the London Jury respectfully disclaim the extreme penalty which their verdicts would seem to invoke on the criminals they have had in charge, and earnestly solicit their deliverance from death.

Approved, STEPHEN CURTIS, Well-street, Cripplegate.
SAMUEL POPE, ditto.

GEORGE BARNARD, Nicolls-square.

GEORGE THOMSON, Castle-street.

BENJAMIN LYON COXHEAD, Cannon-street.

H. W. JACKSON, Eastcheap.

BENJAMIN CLARKE, Well-street.

ROBERT HARRILD, Great Eastcheap.

THOMAS BEILBY, Nicolls-square.

GEORGE DOWNING, Falcon-square.

HENRY OERTEL, Martin's-lane, Cannon-st.

JOSEPH CLASH, Cannon-street.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

Monday night an inquest was held at the Wellington Arms, Kent-road, on the body of William Rose, carter to Mr. Richard Edmead, market-gardener, of New-cross, Deptford. It appeared that on the Saturday morning previous, as his waggon was passing along the Kent-road; the deceased, who was fast asleep on the fore-ladder, fell under the near fore wheel and had his head crushed to pieces.—Verdict, Accidental Death, and 5*l.* deodand on the wheel.

An inquest was held on Tuesday at the Middlesex Hospital, on the body of William Board, a lad, only 16 years of age, who boarded and lodged at a house in John-street, Tottenham-court-road. It appeared that the unfortunate youth was desperately in love with the servant maid, of whom he at length became jealous; he threatened to go away, where none of his friends would ever hear of him. The object of his affections and another woman strove to reason him from his purpose; he shewed symptoms of a deranged mind, and threatened to kill them; he then went down stairs, and locked himself in the kitchen, where they were alarmed at the report of a pistol; they broke open the door, and found him weltering in blood, having shot himself in the side. He was carried to the hospital, where he died.—Verdict, Temporary Derangement.

The bodies of a man and a woman, tied together with a silk handkerchief, and the one reclining on the other's shoulder, have been found in the Clyde. It is supposed that the man had attempted to swim the river with the woman on his back, and to have failed in his attempt.

HYDROPHOBIA.—In February last, as a charity boy was picking sugar off a cask in Thames-street, a strange dog came up, and bit him on the right hand so severely, as to lay the bones nearly bare to a great extent. The populace killed the dog, but not before he had bit two other persons. The dog was opened and examined by several Surgeons, but they were unable to discover the usual marks of canine madness, and it was not, therefore, deemed advisable to amputate the boy's hand. The bitten parts were excised, and caustic applied.—In the beginning of last week (between four and five months from the bite,) he was attacked with evident symptoms of hydrophobia, of which he soon died: the dread of fluids, and the convulsive state any attempts to swallow them produced, were particularly evident in this case.—Of the other two persons who had been bitten, one was taken to an hospital and had the part cut out, but has since died of hydrophobia; the other went into the country to place himself under a course of remedy, but he also died of hydrophobia.

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday, the 1st inst. at the New Church, St. Mary-le-bone, Mr. John Pearce, of King-street, Bryanston square, to Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Harford Gage, of Crawford-street, Portman-square.

On the 24th ult., at St. Pancras, Alfred Lermitt, Esq. of the East India Company's Service, to Maria Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Baker, of Euston Crescent.

DEATHS.

On Wednesday last, at the Boarding House, Kensington, Mrs. Inchbald. She was about 65 years of age.

On the 1st inst., Lord Suffield, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square. His Lordship dying without issue, he is succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother, the Hon. Edward Harbord.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

TO-MORROW, AUGUST 6, will be performed **WAYS AND MEANS;** with the **CORONATION.**

On **TUESDAY, THE POINT OF HONOUR;** with the **CORONATION.**

On **WEDNESDAY, THE JEW;** with the **CORONATION.**

On **THURSDAY, A CHEQUE ON MY BANKER;** with the **CORONATION.**

The Play of **DEAF AND DUMB,** in three Acts, is in preparation, in which Madame **VESTRIS** will perform the part of **Julio.**

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, STRAND.

TO-MORROW, AUGUST 6, will be presented, (7th time), a

Musical Drama, in 3 Acts, called **THE WITCH OF DERNCLEUGH.** After which, **NO SONG, NO SUPPER:** Margareta by Mrs. **BALLS,** from the Theatre Royal, York, being her first appearance at this Theatre.

On **TUESDAY, FREE AND EASY,** with **LOVE'S DREAM,** and a New Comic Piece, in One Act, called **TWO WIVES,** or a **HINT to HUSBANDS.**

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

TO-MORROW, AUGUST 6th, TUESDAY, 7th, WEDNES-

DAY, 8th, FRIDAY, 10th, and SATURDAY, 11th, will be performed, the highly popular Melo-drama of **THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN:** Madge Wildfire, Mrs. **EGERTON.** After which, a Comic Song by Mr. **LANCASTER.** To conclude with a New Grand Aquatic Spectacle, called **THE CHIEFTAIN'S OATH,** or **THE RIVAL CLANS.**

The New Melo-drama, founded on the Novel of Guy Mannering, called the Gipsy of Darnclough, in which Mrs. **EGERTON** will perform the principal character, will be produced as speedily as possible.

MISS TAYLOR'S NIGHT.—SURREY THEATRE.

TO-MORROW EVENING, AUGUST 6, will be presented

(not acted these eight years) the Grand Serious Melodrame, in three Acts, called **OSMOND,** or **THE SPECTRE OF THE CASTLE:** Osmond, by Mr. **HUNTLEY,** and the part of Angela by Miss **TAYLOR** (being her first appearance in that character). After which a Farical Burletta, called **SPOILED CHILDREN.** The whole to conclude with the new and popular Piece, called **THE TORRENT OF THE VALLEY,** or **THE SPEECH OF THE DUMB RESTORED.** Myrtillo (a dumb orphan), by Miss **TAYLOR.**

Tickets and places for the Boxes may be had of Miss Taylor, 23, Great Charlotte-street.

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On the same day will be published, the **TRIAL** and **DEFENCE** of Miss **CARLILE,** for a supposed **BLASPHEMOUS LIBEL** contained in the Appendix to the **Theological Works** of **THOMAS PAINE.** On this "Trial," which was at the instance of the Society for the Promulgation of Vice, Miss **CARLILE** was pronounced "Guilty," without being heard in Defence!

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