

## THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

### POLICY OF ENGLAND WITH REGARD TO SPAIN AND THE BOURBONS.

TOMORROW Mr. CANNING is to lay on the table of the House of Commons the diplomatic papers which will explain the nature of the secret negotiations of our Government in opposition to the threatened invasion of Spain by the French BOURBONS. Of the precise tenor of these documents we are of course quite ignorant, and almost as careless. We are morally certain that they will disclose a pitiful, pettifogging line of policy, utterly unworthy of the character and situation of England. The *secrecy* that has been observed—the talk of “accommodating the differences between France and Spain”—the coaxing of the Opposition into silence by vague and mysterious hints of hopes and fears—very soon convinced us of what our diplomatists were doing. The employment of Mr WILLIAM A’COURT at Madrid, amounted to a moral evidence, that the “accommodation” aimed at by our Ministers consisted more in persuading the Spaniards to abandon their undoubted rights than in energetically opposing the impudent interference of the BOURBONS. In short, we did not suppose Mr. CANNING so ignorant of the temper of the French Ultras, or of the power of public opinion, as wilfully to forego the advantage that the united and unanimous voice of the Government, Parliament, and People of England, would have given him, if he really intended to denounce and resist the monstrous assumptions and atrocious violence of the BOURBONS. We never believed Mr. CANNING so poor a politician as to renounce so obvious a source of power;—and therefore, as he did not avail himself of it, we unavoidably concluded that he did not mean to pursue the manly and decisive course. One alternative only remained—the *temporising* policy, the attempt to “accommodate” matters (good word “*accommodate*,” as *Daridolph* says) between the aggressors and the defenders, the oppressors and the oppressed, the right and the wrong. The promised documents will show whether we are just in our suspicions. In the mean time it will be useful to revert to certain declarations of our Ministers, and certain facts connected with the situation of Europe and the power of England. The invasion of Spain, though now apparently on the very point of taking place, has neither been a long contemplated, nor (till lately) by any means a certain thing. The Spanish Revolution took place in the beginning of the year 1820. Two years elapsed without the slightest threat or demonstration of violent interference on the part of foreign tyrants with Spanish affairs. In the mean time the Revolution of Portugal happened, which has never even been publicly impugned by the Ultras of France or the court-scribes of Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin, although both in manner and spirit it was a counterpart to that of Spain. Naples and Piedmont were also revolutionized, and the Spanish Constitution established in the two principal divisions of Italy. But Legitimacy, frightened into desperation by seeing its bulwarks giving way one after another, at this rate, made a violent effort, and recovered the ground that had been most recently rescued from its blighting dominion. Till this time, no thought was entertained of interference with Spain,—or if entertained, it was confined to the day-dreams of a few sanguine Ultras. The Revolution had triumphed bloodlessly—it was hastening to quiet consolidation. The “Coxcomb Czar” indeed undertook to lecture the Cortes at first on their institutions in a style

very appropriate from a king of serfs to the chosen Deputies of a free people; but the latter had returned him an answer which made him sneak into silence. The “Constitutional King” was formally acknowledged by all the Courts of Europe; and Spain seemed to have no greater enemies to dread than the corruptionists to whom its regeneration was obnoxious.

The storm at present hanging over the Peninsula appears then to have been produced by two circumstances:—the elation of the Legitimates after their successful atrocity in Italy; and the increasing uneasiness which the freedom and example of the Spaniards gave to the faction who lord it over 30 millions of Frenchmen. The establishment of the *Cordon Sanitaire* was the first symptom of their nefarious designs; but the actual existence of the yellow fever gave a colour to that measure which disguised its real object. The conspiracy of the 7th July however, the revolt of FERDINAND’S Guards, the appearance of the Army of the Faith, the change of the *Cordon Sanitaire* into an Army of Observation, betrayed the active machinations of the leagued Ultras and Serviles. The instigation of the Royalist Insurgents by French intrigues, and their support by French gold, soon became too extensive and notorious to be concealed; and when the Bourbon preparations at the Pyrenees were in a state of forwardness, the Ultra Ministers began to avow and make a merit of that share in the Spanish disorder, of which, when before accused of, they had protested their innocence, had put solemn disclaimers into the mouth of King LOUIS, and had abused the accusers as malignant falsifiers!

But we are not going through a detail of all the falsehoods, prevarications, and intrigues of the French Court and the “*Chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche*,” who now direct its councils. We recal to mind the principal stages of their hostile proceedings simply in order to shew—that foreign interference with Spain was not the consequence of its Revolution, or even thought of till two years afterwards; that it was chiefly occasioned by the success of a similar interference with Italy; that far from being suddenly resolved upon, or openly attempted, all sorts of intrigues were commenced to pave the way and furnish the infamous pretext; that the BOURBONS felt their way cautiously at first; that the partial and temporary success of the Army of the Faith excited hopes which urged them on; that nevertheless they were aware of the danger they were running into, and did not venture to begin, until a Congress or Committee of Royal Safety had been held at Verona, and the frightened Despots had mutually raised each other’s courage; and that even after this the councils of the French Ultras were divided, perplexed, irresolute, their military preparation lethargic and inadequate. They evidently enter on the war more in fear of the contempt and even danger of retracting at this point, than with hopes of attaining the conquest that baffled NAPOLEON.

We have seen then, that in the several stages of this legitimate proceeding, the balance has frequently trembled between war and peace. The slightest weight thrown in would have turned the scale. This brings us to the point as regards the British Government. Lord LIVERPOOL declared in Parliament, that the invasion of Spain was an act of “unjustifiable aggression:” Mr. CANNING said the same thing at Harwich, Mr. HUSKISSON at Liverpool. On the other hand, we need quote no declarations in particular about British power and influence in the affairs of Europe, our “commanding attitude,” &c. which were dunned into our ears, “without mitigation or remorse of voice,” by all the Boroughmongering echoes throughout the land. The question then resolves itself into this: either England cannot go to war to protect Spanish Independ-



deace, or having the ability, it wants the inclination. The former Ministers strenuously deny; and indeed can hardly do otherwise consistently with their other pretensions. The nation can go to war, they say, but it would be highly injurious, and must be avoided in any case, except where its own honour and interests would be compromised by remaining at peace. That war would be a grievous thing in the present state of this country, is admitted on all hands. How far our honour and interests would be compromised by the success of the BOURBONS in Spain, is another matter. We heartily agree with Sir FRANCIS BURDETT in thinking that both honour and policy are imperative on this subject, and that the consideration of risk should yield to those of character and duty. We know that the independence and liberal institutions of Spain are of vital importance to our commerce; that under the despotism everything was done to oppose English and favour French interests, while, on the contrary, the Constitutional Government would gladly give England exclusive advantages in return for sympathy and succour. As to honour, we conceive few things are more dishonourable, whether in an individual or a nation, than to stand by the passive spectator of wrong and oppression: we are sure it would be a lasting stain in our history, that England witnessed the subjugation of an Ally for having asserted that right of reforming its own institutions, by which she had herself acquired her reputation and power.

But what need is there for elaborate argument to prove to our present Administration the necessity of protecting Spain,—since that Administration, if not composed entirely of the same men, at least professes to adhere implicitly to the same principles as the one which has once already lavished the nation's blood and treasure to shield it, and against French aggression? We were used to be told at that time, that Spain and Portugal were the "outworks of England;"—are they less so now? How much more so indeed, in reference to the spirit of the aggression! NAPOLEON made war from ambition; and it was evident, before the English had interfered, that Spain must ever be a source of weakness instead of strength to a foreign military conqueror. The BOURBONS however make war, not for conquest and power, but against principles common alike to England and Spain—against the principle, that kings are made for the people, not people for kings. They in a manner excommunicate all governments not purely despotic, and put them beyond the pale of legitimacy, to be abolished as soon as possible. LOUIS' Speech is as much a denunciation of the British as the Spanish Constitution: Mr. MACDONALD said with equal truth and eloquence, that by this Royal Manifesto "the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement were declared invalid; the BRUNSWICK dynasty were declared usurpers; and the shores of this kingdom, according to this doctrine, might at any time be polluted by the foot of some Cossack questioner of the Revolution."

Taking the Ministers at their word, therefore, we maintain, that as it seems we can go to war if necessary, that necessity exists in the case of Spain, in regard both to policy and character. But is it necessary, that in order to protect Spain, we should declare war against France? There is no such necessity. The threat of war would have been sufficient:—employed at a proper time, it would have done all that actual war would now or will shortly. A proper public remonstrance against the first French intrigues in Spain would have stopped them. A decided veto from our Representative at Verona (and we had no business with an Ambassador at that Conclave of Despots, except to oppose their machinations) would have compelled the BOURBONS to retract. Nay, on five or six occasions since the Congress, since even the French King's Speech to the Chambers, it would have had the same effect. It has been obvious to the humblest politician, that the Ultras have hesitated, and hesitated, and had great misgivings, throughout the business—that the probability has wavered

again and again between war and peace—and the scale been so nicely balanced, that the smallest thing would have turned it to the side of peace. Was however the threat of war from England a small thing? Could it be doubtful, that if the BOURBONS hardly mustered courage to undertake it against Spain, they would ever of dreamt of it against Spain and England together? No: the proposition is a self-evident truth, that if the English Government had only made common cause with Spain in defence of the latter's independence, the attempts of the BOURBONS would never have been begun, or if commenced, must have been utterly abandoned.

The English Ministers can never get out of this dilemma:—they have permitted the BOURBON Family, which they seated on the throne of France, to commit an act by themselves denounced as an "unjustifiable aggression," and decidedly injurious to English interests and honour,—when, by a single resolute word, they might have entirely baffled the nefarious design. A conduct at once more disgraceful and contemptible was never pursued by any Administration that has guided British councils. A large portion of the odium doubtless belongs to Lord CASTLEREAGH, who, we have not the least doubt, was an active instead of a passive agent in the wicked conspiracy to plunge Spain into civil war. But his death, which the hypocrites made so much moan about, was in time to afford a glorious opportunity to his successor of redeeming the almost ruined character of England. The Congress of Verona had not assembled. The Duke of WELLINGTON was proceeding slowly on his road thither. The new Minister's instructions reached him before he arrived; and Mr. CANNING must be held accountable why they did not direct the most express and decisive opposition to the principle of interference with national rights. Divisions in the Cabinet—the semi-liberality of CANNING and his friends being neutralised by the inveterate bigotry of the PEEL faction, may be put forward as excuses for this conduct; but they are really none. Mr. CANNING should have scorned to accept office on the slavish and dishonourable condition of following in the disgraceful track of CASTLEREAGH: he should have resigned it, if, with better intentions, he found himself thwarted by his colleagues, and placed in the odious position of being the ostensible director of a policy he condemned.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Flood of Thessaly, the Girl of Provence, and other Poems.*  
By Barry Cornwall.

It is quite unnecessary at this time of day to enter into the general character and merits of the Muse of Mr. Barry Cornwall, we shall therefore advance at once to our subject, by observing that the present volume, while it contains quite enough to identify the author, is upon the whole more severe in its beauty, and more aspiring in its general composition. "The Flood of Thessaly," in particular, is an effort that relies almost altogether upon a single source of pathos and description; and one which, from the difficulty of varying the general idea, aspires after the simple grandeur which belongs to unity alone. We scarcely need observe, that this leading poem in the volume is founded on the mythological fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha. The composition is in blank verse, in the construction of which the author has evidently felt the laudable inspiration of Milton. We will quote a brace of passages: the first is descriptive of the completion of the Deluge:—

"Mankind was dead:  
And birds whose active wings once cut the air,  
And beasts that spurned the waters,—all were dead:  
And every reptile of the woods had died,  
Which crawled or stung, and every curling worm:—  
The untamed tiger in his den, the mole  
In his dark home—were choked: the darting ounce,  
And the blind adder and the stork felt down  
Dead, and the stified mammoth, a vast bulk,  
Was washed far out amongst the populous foam:  
And there the serpent, which few hours ago  
Could crack the panther in his scaly arms,  
Lay lifeless, like a weed, beside his prey.  
And now, all o'er the deeps corpses were strewn,



Wide-floating millions, like the rubbish flung  
Forth when a plague prevails; the rest down-sucked,  
Sank, buried in the world-destroying seas.—

“Confusion raged and ruled. At last, up-grew  
A mingling of Earth, Sea, and Heaven and Air;  
All one they looked, impenetrable, black  
As Chaos, when the salient atoms flew  
Around the abyss and made all space a Hell.  
Nature lay drowned and dead. Fens, moors, and bogs,  
And pleasant vallies and aspiring hills,  
Rivers and trees were lost, mountains and lakes:  
Even Heaven eternal, whom no cloud before  
Utterly barred, thro’ its serene domain  
Kept captive all the Gods and lucid stars,  
Mercurius and Apollo and the rest;  
And hid their beauty from the fainting world.  
—A mass like the great ocean when all winds  
Blow and lay bare its hollows, and shake forth  
The century-sleeping sands, until the foam  
Grows thick and dark, rolled over sea and land.”

The following description of the Grecian Heaven is very finely  
conceived:—

“O Muse! no longer loiter in thy way;  
For thou, ere thou hast done thy toil, must scale  
The empyrean with undrooping wings,  
And look upon the bright haunts of the Gods.

“High in that middle region, where, it seems,  
Olympus and his hundred heads are lost  
In air—(tho’ clouds hang round and make the place  
Holy, cerulean vapours rare and fine,  
'Tis storied Jove’s Saturnian palace sprung.  
—It was a mighty dome, whose blue arch shone  
With a thousand constellated lights that rained  
Rich, endless day, and gentlest warmth like spring.  
The present and the past were there,—the Signs  
Scorpion and Cancer and Aquarius,  
And all who belt the sky, and all the throng  
That flame along the tropics, or like gems  
Live in the foreheads of the hemispheres,  
Sirius and Taurus and the starry twain,  
(Leda’s) and fierce Orion, who, between  
Phoenix and Hydra, on the nights of May  
Shakes over southern seas his watery beams;  
And northwards shone Canopus, and the lights  
Cassiopeia, and the great fix’d star  
Arcturus, and Andromeda, long chained  
And haunted on the cold and sea-beat rock.  
Others were there, since known. Below, withdrawn,  
And seen us thro’ a vista clear and wide,  
Gleam’d squares and arches, streets, range after range,  
Temples and towers and alabaster spires,  
Which ran up to infinitude, and pierced  
With sharp and glittering points the highest air,  
And terraces crown’d with pavilions, which  
Outshone the sun, and with their light made base  
All that of old Nebuchadnezzar hung  
Towering above his Babylonian halls,  
Making great wonder dumb. Nearer, all round  
That lustrous dome colossal figures stood,  
Like pillars, with vast sinewy arms outspread,  
And golden shapes between, with finer care  
Wrought than e’er Phidias us’d, whose carved thoughts  
Threw beauty o’er the years of Pericles.

“Typhon was there—(his spirit, the corpor’al mould  
Lay under Etna crush’d,) and Atlas huge,  
Phorcys, and Briareus, tho’ spared from toil,  
And prone Enceladus, whom Pluto trod  
Down with his chariot wheels, when thro’ the heart  
Of groaning earth he wound his dusky way,  
And raped Proserpina: and all the rest,  
Titans, and giants, and amphibious things,  
Whose hate grew strong when Saturn ceased his reign.  
Fixed on their pedestals of glowing gold  
(Figured with all the actions of the sky)  
They stood,—prond perfect works, and thro’ their veins  
Transparent the ethereal fluids ran:  
While in each space curtains of trembling mist  
And azure-woven air came flowing down,  
O’er-showered with stars,—between whose waving folds  
The delicate Zephyrs with their odorous loads  
Passed in and out, and girls, like Flora fair,  
Sprinkled the veined floor with amaranth blooms.  
—And there the laughing Hours flew round and round  
In airy circles, while outspread below  
The wood-nymphs lay and Fauns, whose haunts were now  
Flooded, and at their head the sylvan Pan,

Married to Echo, who received his words  
As wisdom, and to all the listening Earth  
Told the deep secrets of his springs and caves.  
And Jupiter, eternal Spirit, was there,  
Like a divinity beyond the rest  
Enthroned:—Apart, and as imperial kings  
Sit reigning compassed by their pomp and arms,  
So, amid clouds and amethystine fires,  
He ruled; not fierce as when thro’ heaven he chased  
Saturn, but milder than the first born Love.  
And near him stood Apollo,—Cybele,  
Juno, and zoned Aprodité crown’d  
With flowering myrtles, and the palest maid  
Of heaven,—Diana; and bright numbers more.”

If called upon to criticise “The Flood of Thessaly,” we should say that its chief defect is a paucity of human interest, which is almost uniformly the case when mythology forms the ground-work: the fiction of re-peopleing the world by throwing stones is irremediably cold. The vision of Deucalion, however the general idea may have been gathered from that in which Adam beholds his posterity, being judiciously confined to an anticipation of Grecian futurity, affords scope for much learned and beautiful allusion. In a word, this is a powerful sketch, for so the author modestly entitles it, he having intended it in the first instance for a much more elaborate poem.

“The Girl of Provence” is a poem of quite another class, although, so deeply imbued is the author with the Grecian inspiration and forms of beauty, they even abound in a tale, the locality of which might be presumed altogether to exclude them. The junction however will not appear very extraordinary, when it is known to be founded on an affecting incident related in Collinson’s Essay on Lunacy—the fable of Pygmalion reversed; or in other words, the love, or rather madness, engendered in a young girl of Provence, who fell in love with the statue of the Apollo of Belvidere in the national museum of Paris. A German lady, who happened to witness the first fatal interview, thus narrates the sequel:—

“At length I met with one of the attendants, who, I recollected, had observed her with the same attentive curiosity which I had felt; and I enquired after her. ‘Poor Girl!’ said the old man, ‘that was a sad visit for her. She came afterwards every day to look at the statue, and she would sit still, with her hands folded in her lap, staring at the image, and when her friends forced her away, it was always with tears that she left the Hall. In the middle of May she brought, whenever she came, a basket of flowers and placed it on the Mosaic steps. One morning early she contrived to get into the room before the usual hour of opening it, and we found her within the grate, sitting within the steps almost fainting, exhausted with weeping. The whole Hall was scented with the perfume of flowers, and she had elegantly thrown over the statue a large veil of India muslin, with a golden fringe. We pitied the deplorable condition of the lovely girl, and let no one into the Hall until her friends came and carried her home. She struggled and resisted exceedingly when forced away; and declared in her frenzy that the god had that night chosen her to be his priestess, and that she must serve him. We have never seen her since, but have heard that an opiate was given her, and she was taken into the country!’ I made further enquiries concerning her history, and learned that she died raving.”—*Related by Madame de Haster, a German Lady.*

The Poet imagines this unhappy girl to have been the highly gifted but pensive and neglected daughter of a gentleman of Provence, who, in her comparative isolation, had imbibed a secret love for the high-wrought fable of Greece, which so engrosses her spirit, that a vision ensues, which lays the foundation of her mystic attachment. The description of this dream is beautifully wild and fantastic, but too long for extract. The awakening will sufficiently describe the form of versification and narrative:—

“The morning broke, and she was Phœbus’ bride:  
And evening fell:—But did the god return?—  
He came not,—he came never to her side;  
But her bright DREAM (for ’twas a dream) did burn  
Madness upon her, and the world did spurn  
Her story for a folly:—yet she believed;  
And o’er her widow’d passion meekly grieved.”

The incident at the National Museum, which we have already related, is then very finely versified. Recognising the Apollo of her dream, after mutely pausing, she exclaims—

“‘Apollo! king Apollo!—art thou here  
Art thou indeed returned?’—and then her eyes  
Outwept her joy, and hope and passionate fear  
Seized on her heart, as tow’rds the dazzling prize  
She moved, like one who sees a shape that flies,  
And stood entranced before the marble dream,  
Which made the Greek immortal, like his theme.”

The genuine catastrophe is strictly preserved:—

“She died, mad as the winds,—mad as the sea  
Which rages for the beauty of the moon—  
Mad as the poet is whose fancies flee  
Up to the stars to claim some boundless boon—



Mad as the forest when the tempests tune  
Their breath to song and shake its leafy pride,  
Yet trembling like its shadows:—So she died."

We have only left ourselves space to mention a part of the remaining contents of this volume, the most devious and lofty of which is "The Fall of Saturn," too darkly and mythologically allusive, we fear, for "the general reader," but a cup of nectar for the *Eleusinians*. We are least pleased with a fragmental piece of humour, intitled "The Genealogists," the wandering quaintness of which, like "vaulting ambition," o'erleaps itself, and comes down on the other side; in a word, the *Juanish* excursive license is carried too far, not to mention that it is long without a finish. The volume concludes with some minor poems, among which is a War Song for the Greeks. To be a poet, and not feel the glorious Cause of Greece, is clearly impossible: we would almost answer for the Laureat, bemeshed as he is by Quarterly Review politics. There is Gifford, to be sure—but if we recollect aright, Apollo would not acknowledge him a parlour guest. As to Mr. Cornwall, notwithstanding the Levant Trade, the present book proves all his associations to be anti-Turkish. But we must conclude, which we do with one faint demur alone, and that is to the habit Mr. Cornwall has of leaving some of his happiest efforts imperfect or unfinished. This will pass occasionally, but it is in many respects a just bar to popularity; and will always convey a suspicion that the due energy and perseverance are wanting, which are necessary to overcome difficulties when they arise, and to prevent an inauspicious flight from one object to another the moment they present themselves. Q.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

ARMY OF THE PYRENEES.—ORDER OF THE DAY.

"Soldiers!—I arrive among you! I have been satisfied with the good dispositions which animate you, and with your constancy in supporting the fatigues of a long march during the inclemency of the season. It will be by the splendour of every military virtue, that you will soon manifest your devotion to the King and to your Country. Fidelity, honour, discipline, these will always be the device of the white flag, under which we are going to fight. I shall watch over all your wants.

(Signed) "LOUIS ANTOINE.

"Head-quarters, Bayonne, March 30, 1823."

"By order of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief of the Army.  
"The Major-General Count GUILLEMINOT."

PROCLAMATION.

THE DUKE D'ANGOULEME, GENERAL IN CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE PYRENEES, TO THE SPANIARDS.

"The King of France, by recalling his Ambassador from Madrid, hoped that the Spanish Government, warned of its dangers, would return to more moderate sentiments, and would cease to be deaf to the counsels of benevolence and reason. Two months and a half have passed away, and his Majesty has in vain expected the establishment in Spain of an order of things compatible with the safety of neighbouring States.

"The French Government has for two entire years endured, with a forbearance without example, the most numerous provocations. The revolutionary faction which has destroyed the Royal authority in your country—which holds your King captive—which calls for his dethronement—which menaces his life and that of his family, has carried beyond your frontiers its guilty efforts. It has tried all means to corrupt the army of his Most Christian Majesty, and to excite troubles in France, in the same manner as it had succeeded by the contagion of its doctrines and of its example to produce the insurrection of Naples and Piedmont. Deceived in its expectations, it has invited traitors, condemned by our tribunals, to consummate under the protection of triumphant rebellion the plots which they had formed against their country. It is time to put a stop to the anarchy which tears Spain in pieces, which takes from it the power of settling its colonial disputes, which separates it from Europe, which has broken all its relations with the august Sovereigns whom the same intentions and the same views unite with his Most Christian Majesty, and which compromises the repose and interests of France.

"Spaniards! France is not at war with your country. Sprung from the same blood as your kings, I can have no wish but for your independence, your happiness, your glory. I am going to cross the Pyrenees at the head of 100,000 Frenchmen; but it is in order to unite myself to the Spaniards, friends of order and of the laws, to assist them in setting free their captive King, in raising again the altar and the throne, in rescuing priests from proscriptions, men of property from spoliation, and the whole people from the domination of an ambitious few, who, while they proclaim liberty, are preparing only the slavery and ruin of Spain.

"Spaniards! Every thing will be done for you and with you. The French are not, and wish not to be, any thing but your auxiliaries. Your standard alone shall float over your cities: the provinces traversed by our soldiers shall be administered in the name of Ferdinand by Spanish authorities; the severest discipline shall be observed; every thing necessary for the service of the army shall be paid for with scrupulous punctuality; we do not pretend either to impose laws on you, or to occupy your country;

we wish nothing but your deliverance; as soon as we shall have obtained it, we will return to our country, happy to have preserved a generous people from the miseries produced by revolution, and which experience has taught us but too well to appreciate. "LOUIS ANTOINE.

"Head-quarters at Bayonne, April 2, 1823.

"By his Royal Highness the Prince General in Chief, the Counsellor of State, Civil Commissioner of his Most Christian Majesty,  
"MARTIGNAC."

PARIS, APRIL 7.—The Duke de Belluno arrived at Paris early this morning. He reached Bayonne on the 30th, some hours before the Duke d'Angouleme. He had immediately an interview with Guilleminot, the Major-General of the army, whom he came to supersede. Guilleminot still retained his post, notwithstanding the Royal Ordinance in the *Moniteur* appointing Belluno to fill it. His Royal Highness arrived some hours afterwards. He was immediately waited upon by Guilleminot. The Prince desired him to continue in his appointment: his Royal Highness added, that the mission of the Minister of War, and the dismissal of the Major-General, whom he had himself selected, was the result of an intrigue, which he would take care to defeat. The Prince refused to have any communication with Belluno. On the following morning, the order of the day to the army astonished the public by coming out countersigned by Guilleminot, who had been superseded. The Ex-Minister resolved to return to Paris, covered with ridicule instead of laurels.—*Private Letter*.—[The *Journal des Debats* denies that the Duke has returned to Paris, though his arrival was formally announced in most of the papers. The *Journal* says he was to cross the Bidassoa with the army, and then to return to Perpignan, to inspect the troops in that quarter.]

APRIL 8.—Yesterday the army passed the Bidassoa.—The telegraphic line established between Bayonne and Paris transmits intelligence from one town to the other in two hours and a quarter. The distance is about 200 leagues, in consequence of the land in some parts necessitating a circuitous conveyance.

The *Etoile* publishes a Royal Ordinance, conferring on the Duc d'Angouleme, as Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Pyrenees, authority, first, to fill up all vacancies and make all promotions; secondly, to bestow the Orders of St. Louis, Military Merit, and the Legion of Honour, and to award such recompenses in general as he shall think fit.

BAYONNE, MARCH 31.—Alarm was for a moment spread last night. The report of the cannon, and the beating of the *general*, called the troops of the garrison under arms. The fire had communicated to the clothing magazines. Within two hours the conflagration was suppressed. This morning, two captains, four sub-officers, and several soldiers of different corps, were arrested, and brought before the Governor. The two captains are accused of being the perpetrators of this deed.

ST. JEAN DE LUZ, APRIL 7.—The army marches in three divisions—one upon Toloso, direct for Madrid; one upon Pampeluna; and another upon St. Sebastian. The regiment Alexander, in garrison at Irun, evacuated that town on the approach of the French.

PARIS, APRIL 10.—The Duke of Angouleme was to sleep on the 8th at Irun; on the 9th he will advance three or four leagues, and will proceed by short marches to Toloso, where he will arrive on the 12th. He will stop there some days, to wait a little the effect of his entry into Spain. The slowness of his march is said to be owing to the necessity of allowing time for all the *materiel* of the army to join.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, APRIL 10.

The Minister for the War Department ascended the Tribune; and after a brief preface, stating that the negotiations with Spain had failed, and that the Army had crossed the Bidassoa,—read the first dispatch from the Major-General:—

"Head-quarters, St. Jean de Luz, April 7,  
"Half-past 3 in the morning.

"MONSIEUR.—I have the honour to report to your Excellency, that yesterday a troop of French and Italian Refugees made their appearance on the Bidassoa, and endeavoured, by songs and seditious cries, to instigate the soldiers of his Majesty to desert. At the sight of a piece of artillery, these wretches cried 'Vive l'artillerie Française!' General Wallis replied by another cry, thus—'Yes, Vive l'artillerie, but Vive le Roi! Fire!' At this very instant, a company of the 9th Light Infantry, which had been masked, debouched, and completed the dispersion of those whom the grape-shot had spared. Thus the troops have manifested their love for the King by something more expressive than their habitual acclamations. Your Excellency will find annexed the summary of the examination of wounded men who have been picked up: it will give a just idea of the pitiable auxiliaries whom the Spanish Revolutionists have chosen, and whom the Imperial Regiment Alexander, in garrison at Irun, have in a manner delivered up to slaughter, as they withdrew their posts before the arrival of the refugees on the banks of the river. A few moments after their flight, all the inhabitants of both sexes assembled together, and the communications between the two kingdoms was immediately established. The Alcade of Irun has even informed us, that the Imperial Alexander regiment has evacuated that city, and that the Band of Firmin has abandoned Fontarabia. In the number of this day's victims, who are killed and 4 severely wounded, are recognized the persons named Malin and Delamot, already implicated in several conspiracies.—I am, &c.

"Count GUILLEMINOT, Major-General."

The reading of this dispatch was received with great marks of emotion in the Chamber.



## SPAIN.

Accounts from Barcelona mention the surprise and capture of the fortress of Murviedro (anciently Seguntum) by the rebel Ulman's band. The troops of the garrison were sent out to meet him. Ulman avoided the force sent against him, and presented himself before the fort, where only a weak guard had been left. In consequence either of cowardice or treachery, the place was given up to him. As soon as the news was known throughout the province (Valencia) columns marched from Alicante and other points on Murviedro. Ulman put a garrison in the fortress, and took the field. He took care not to be shut up in the place, as it is not provisioned. On this account it is expected that it will soon be retaken by the Constitutionals.—[Subsequent letters from Perpignan, indeed, quoted in the *Constitutionnel* Paris paper of April 10, state, that Murviedro had been retaken by the Constitutionals.]

The Madrid Papers contain daily accounts of the journey of the King and Court, which are transmitted by the Minister of the Interior, Gasco, from each resting-place at night. The enthusiasm in all the towns on the road is very great: the houses are illuminated, and the inhabitants make a sort of jubilee, shouting *vivas* for the "Constitutional King," and all the favourite generals.

## TURKEY.

A letter from Semlin, dated March 21st, states that a terrible conflagration has ravaged Constantinople and its suburbs. Turks arrived at Semlin report, that the number of houses destroyed is between 30,000 and 40,000, and that the two great establishments of the cannon foundry and marine arsenal, at Tersana and Tophana, are both consumed.—*Paris Papers*.

## MEXICO.

Letters from Havana contain accounts of the downfall of Iturbide, in Mexico. Seeing himself pressed on all sides, and knowing that the indignation of the whole provinces was ready to burst forth, and that, moreover, the treasure he had robbed for the payment of his troops and supporters was expended, he deemed it most prudent quietly to lay down the imperial purple and diadem, and withdraw to his own house as a private individual. On the 2nd of February a Convention was signed between the leaders of the Imperialist and Republican troops for carrying into effect the declarations of Iguala and Cordova, and for establishing the form of government best adapted to the country. A clause is introduced for securing the Ex-Emperor against personal molestation.

## UNITED PARLIAMENT.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Thursday, April 10.

In answer to a question from Colonel Davies,—Mr. CANNING said, that on Monday, after laying on the table the papers respecting the negotiations with France and Spain, he should deliver "a plain unvarnished tale" descriptive of the policy pursued by Government. It was not the usual course to produce diplomatic papers, unless the negotiations terminated in a declaration of war, or some public act; but the practice would be departed from in this case. Colonel DAVIES thought the papers alone should be produced on Monday, in order that the Opposition might have time to read them, before they had to discuss the policy of Government. Mr. CANNING however observed, that in what he should state he would not anticipate any contested question, or call for any premature approbation of the conduct of Ministers. He should leave that quite open, and put Members at once in possession of the fullest explanation of the policy that had been pursued.

## FIRST FRUITS IN IRELAND.

Sir JOHN NEWPORT moved Resolutions respecting the revenue arising from the *annates*, or first year's produce of all ecclesiastical benefices in Ireland: At the Reformation, the first fruits were annexed to the revenues of the Crown. They continued to be so taken till the reign of Queen Anne, when she granted them to the Church of Ireland for the purpose of building glebe houses, and augmenting the poor livings. These first fruits being taken at the valuation made in the reign of Henry VIII. did not produce more than 290l. a year; whereas, if properly rated, he contended that they would produce from 30,000l. to 40,000l. a year. That amount would be adequate to accomplish the purpose of Queen Anne's grant; and while such a source of revenue existed, Parliament was indefensible in making annual grants out of the taxes for the building of glebe houses and the poor clergy. The Resolutions moved by the Hon. Bart. recommended that a new valuation should be made by the Commissioners of First Fruits.

Mr. GOULBURN said the real question was, whether a tax was to be inflicted on the Irish clergy of 30 or 40,000l. a year? A new valuation would be contrary to all law and custom. Several acts of Parliament (which the Rt. Hon. Gent. quoted) declared that the payment should be according to the original valuation, and no more. The Hon. Mover went even beyond the claim of the Pope, who never took more than half the first year's produce of benefices. Mr. Goulburn concluded by moving the previous question, which was carried by 48 to 39.

## CROWN DEBTORS AND PRISONERS FOR CONTEMPT.

Mr. HUME, in moving for returns of the number of persons imprisoned for debts to the Crown and contempt of Court, expressed his disapproval of the law regarding these unfortunate persons. He saw no reason why

persons indebted to the Crown should not have the same relief open to them as private debtors. It would be infinitely better, if the liberation of Crown debtors was to rest solely within the will of Government, that the scale of punishment should be definitely declared, and that it should be fully understood, when a man was sentenced to a fine, for how much of imprisonment that fine might be commuted. The power of committal for contempt was a power unfit to be held by the Lord Chancellor, or any judge. No less than 20 persons had died within a few years under sentence for contempt, after fourteen, twenty, and some thirty years' imprisonment. No doubt offences against the authority of a Court ought to be punished; but not by imprisonment for thirty years or for life.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL observed, that persons who remained in prison for contempts of Court, were commonly persons who refused to do some act within their power which the Court ordered them to do. To deprive the Court of the power to imprison, was in effect to nullify its jurisdiction; and surely the party suffering had no right to complain of a confinement which he sought of his own will, and to which he could put an end when he thought proper. As for Crown debtors, the practice of the Treasury was most lenient; but to enable by law such persons to get their liberation under the insolvent act, would absolutely destroy the revenue of the country. Every man of desperate fortune would at once strike into the illicit trade; sure of enormous gains if he escaped detection: and quit at the worst for a term of three months' imprisonment.

Mr. RICARDO objected to the imposition of a fine by a judge, afterwards to be remitted by a Secretary of State. It would be as well for a Judge to pass but one sentence—say death—for all crimes, and afterwards leave the Government to inflict what quantity of chastisement it thought fit. The Judge who tried the cause was the fit person to decide what penalty the offender should endure; and a Judge was bound to consider deeply, before he imposed a fine, the means which a defendant might have of discharging it.

The returns were ordered.

Friday, April 11.

## IRISH ORANGE FACTION.

A Petition was presented from the Dublin Grand Jury, complaining that Mr. PLUNKET had imputed to them corrupt motives in rejecting the Bills of Indictment preferred against the assaulters of the Lord-Lieutenant. Mr. PLUNKET denied that he had made such imputation. He was now prepared to admit, however, that the conduct of the Grand Jury had great weight with him in filing the *ex-officio* informations; and he hinted, that there were some other facts respecting their conduct which, as they treated himself with so much hostility and unfairness, he should no longer feel bound to suppress.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY PENSIONS BILL.

A considerable debate arose on this subject, which has been so repeatedly discussed on former occasions. It was brought on by the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the committal of the Bill to sanction the contract with the Bank, by which that Company agreed to pay the Half-pay and Pensions for five years, in consideration of an Annuity of 585,740l. for 44 years. The Right Hon. Gentleman said he calculated the advances the Bank would have to make by instalments in the five years, would be equivalent to an immediate advance of 11,883,194l.; consequently the interest would be 4l. 2s. 1d. per cent. Mr. P. GRENFELL objected to the whole scheme, which could only be considered as a loan by annuity of 44 years. The Bank of course made a profit by the transaction: now if the Sinking-Fund Commissioners had taken the contract instead, the public would have saved exactly the amount of that profit. He opposed the arrangement for another reason: it made the Bank jobbers and speculators in public securities, with power to raise or depress the funds at pleasure; contrary to the spirit of all former Parliamentary provisions. The Hon. Member moved, as an Amendment, that the Bill should be committed this day six months. Mr. HUME demonstrated that the scheme would have the effect of robbing the public of 12 millions of money. The Government might borrow the sum wanted by granting a perpetual annuity in the Three per Cents. at their present value for 440,000l. while by the bargain in question, we had to pay 585,740l. a-year. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and Mr. HUSKISSON contended, that the particular contract was not more than equitable towards the Bank; and they declined defending the principle of the measure now, Parliament having settled that by its vote of last session!—The Amendment was negatived by 55 to 44.

## IRISH ESTIMATES—CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT—FIRST FRUITS.

A number of votes were passed for charges in Ireland, to many of which Mr. Hume and others objected, as useless or corrupt. One of 7,000l. for the Dublin Society was particularly opposed. Mr. Goulburn supported it as patronizing Literature and the Fine Arts. Mr. Hume censured the voting public funds for such purposes, while the expenditure of Ireland exceeded its revenue by more than 2,000,000l. Those who attended the lectures of the Society should support it. He also ridiculed the sending out students in the Fine Arts to Rome to prosecute their studies: there were already in Ireland more artists than could find employment; and it would be as reasonable to send out young men from London to Rome. The vote was however carried.

On a vote of 9,230l. for building churches and glebe houses in Ireland,—Lord A. HAMILTON opposed the principle of the grant. Whether the Commissioners of first fruits (see last night's debate) had power, or not, to make a new valuation, might be matter of opinion. But the ground on which he opposed the vote was—that the Church of Ireland was already overpaid—that it was remunerated more largely, in comparison with the country, and the duties performed, than the church of any na-



tion in Europe. Sorry, also, he was to say, that the church service was worse performed in Ireland than in any other country in Europe. (*Hear, Hear!*)

Mr. GOULBURN said, that until the Noble Lord could satisfy him that the clergy both here and in Ireland were bound to build glebe houses and repair churches out of their own pockets and without this aid, he must persevere in proposing the present vote.

Sir JOHN NEWPORT opposed the vote, first, because it augmented the funds of the higher orders of the clergy of Ireland, who were already greatly overpaid, and who, if not bound by law, were yet bound in honour to defray those expenses incidental to the performance of their duties. (*Hear!*) Would the world believe that the three principal personages of the Irish Episcopacy, who had died within the last 15 years, had bequeathed to their families upwards of 700,000*l.* every shilling of which enormous property they had acquired by their sees in Ireland? (*Hear!*) Such a fact ought to bring down shame upon the Episcopal order when the members of it called for Parliamentary aid to repair their glebes? (*Hear!*) His second objection was, that by the statutes of Geo. I. and Geo. II. every clergyman possessed of a benefice exceeding 100*l.* a-year in value, was obliged within three years to build a glebe-house; yet, he knew instances in which glebes containing 1,500 and 2,000 acres of land were held for seven and ten years, and no glebe-house ever built upon them. It was too hard upon the Catholic population to be taxed in this manner for building Protestant churches, while the Protestant clergy derived such enormous revenues for the performance of such inadequate services. (*Hear!*) That a wretched and impoverished Catholic peasantry should be oppressed by cesses levied for such a purpose, was a disgrace to the established church. (*Hear!*)

Mr. WM. SMITH said, that were he a Bishop, he would look upon the proposer of such grants as these, as the worst friend of the established church. (*Hear!*) In consequence of the present system, the Catholic population was increasing, while the Protestants regularly decreased in number.

For the vote, 43--Against it, 19--Majority, 24. Adjourned to Monday

### FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Tuesday, April 8.

#### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Stephens, Oxford, liquor-merchant.  
J. Basting, Pine-apple-bar, Edgeware-road, carpenter.

#### BANKRUPTS.

T. Huntingdon, Gilsland, Cumberland, innkeeper. Solicitor, Mr. Addison, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn.  
H. P. Evans, Birmingham, broker. Solicitor, Mr. Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
J. Morriss, Whistones, Worcestershire, carpenter. Solicitor, Mr. Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn.  
Q. Levitt, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Scholefield, Hull.  
T. Smallwood, Drayton in Hales, Shropshire, banker. Solicitors, Messrs. Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings.  
I. Isaacs, Chatham, slopseller. Solicitor, Mr. Isaacs, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe.  
W. Crowther, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, coach-maker. Solicitor, Mr. Mayhew, Chancery-lane.

Saturday, April 12.

#### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

G. L. Whatley, Cheltenham, money-scrivener.  
T. R. Gregg, Deal, Kent, apothecary.

#### BANKRUPTS.

W. Mitchell, Wanstead, Essex, butcher. Solicitors, Messrs. Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street.  
W. Bignell, Colchester-street, wine-merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Pasmore, Warrford-court.  
W. and D. Gunston, St. John-street, Clerkenwell, cheesemongers. Solicitors, Messrs. Holme and Co. New-inn.  
W. H. Tucker, High Holborn, window-glass-cutter. Solicitor, Mr. Howell, Hatton-garden.  
J. W. Hayward, Bread-street, coal-merchant. Solicitors, Messrs. Grimaldi and Co. Copthall-court.  
S. Darbon, Mary-la-bonne-street, wine-cooper. Solicitor, Mr. Walls, Thornhaugh-street.  
M. A. Shirreff, Duke-street, St. James's, dress-maker. Solicitor, Mr. Rice, Jermyn-street.  
R. Bedford, St. Martin's-le-Grand, plumber. Solicitors, Messrs. Young and Co. Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.  
S. Taberner, City-road, linen-draper. Solicitor, Mr. Green, Pope's-Head-alley, Cornhill.

**THE FUNDS.**—A considerable rise in Consols has taken place within these two days, owing to a similar rise in the French Rentes. The exaltation of the latter, it is thought, has been mainly produced by the very friendly and pacific policy of our own Cabinet in respect to Ultra objects, it being now quite clear that we leave Spain entirely to French mercy. What is singular enough, Spanish Bonds are at the same time rising, owing doubtless to a conviction, that a rapid decision of the great ques-

tion of Spanish independence either way will operate to establish them. We supply the latest quotation, which will show the advance.

Consols, 77	New Fours, 97
Reduced, 76½	Consols for Account, 77½
Four per Cents, 94	Ditto at 4 o'clock, 77½
FOREIGN SECURITIES.	
Chilian, 66½ 67½	Russian of 1822, 73½ 75½ 76 75½
Colombian, 59½ 60 60½ 61 60½ 61½	Prussian of 1818, 82½
Neapolitan, 72	Ditto of 1822, 81 60½ 81½
Spanish of 1821, 29½ 30½ 31½ 30½ 31 30½	French, 84
	Exchange, 25 <i>l.</i> 6 <i>s.</i>

## THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, APRIL 13.

THE French troops appear at length to have actually entered the Spanish territory, with a leader certainly worthy of so infamous a cause, and we hope with feelings such as ought to animate an intelligent body of men forced by their rulers on such an expedition. The Duc d'ANGOULEME has issued no less than three proclamations since his arrival at Bayonne,—a Declaration to the Spaniards on the invasion, and two "Orders of the Day." The former and one of the latter we have copied under our foreign head: the other was nearly a copy of its predecessor. In his addresses to his soldiers, the BOURBON evidently apes the pithy eloquence of NAPOLEON (such is the involuntary tribute of imbecility to genius!) but he gives us the brevity without the spirit: nothing can be more cold, laboured, and heartless. We do not know, however, that the Prince is accountable for the effect of this disadvantageous comparison. NAPOLEON could remind his troops of former triumphs; but how can a BOURBON dare to allude to past military annals, which must revive associations fatal to his object,—recollections of the glory acquired under the Imperial Conqueror, and of the degradation which his own family had brought upon themselves and France? The Proclamation to the Spaniards is equally tainted by the innate badness of the cause. The principal ground of invasion stated in it, is the protection afforded by Spain to French Refugees who have endeavoured to stir up an insurrection in France,—a modest complaint truly in the mouths of the men who have hired, clothed, and armed the bands of "the Faith" in the Peninsula! If we wanted any proof how utterly destitute the BOURBONS are of any decent pretext for this infamous invasion, the eagerness displayed to lay hold of the proceedings of a handful of French exiles, would supply it. This is altogether an after-thought. The Spanish proceeding is purely a retaliation, not an aggression. Long before the French refugees were heard of at the Pyrenees, the Ultras had prepared for the invasion of Spain, and had exhausted every means of intrigue and bribery, to stir up a civil war among the Spaniards. Nothing can equal the grossness and impudence of this pretext, except its inconsistency with former pretences. Granting even that the reception in Spain of a score or two of French revolutionists were a real ground of offence, what does it amount to, as an excuse for an attack like that now commenced? And with what face can the BOURBONS allege as a reason for war, the attempts of a few exiles to overthrow *their* dynasty, at the very moment when they are sending, not only a body of mercenary traitors, but a grand army in addition, to overthrow the Spanish Constitution, and tear from the Spanish People the government of their choice?

It appears from the latest intelligence, that hostilities were actually commenced on the part of the French by an affair with a small body of those same refugees about whom the Duc d'ANGOULEME utters so much conscious falsehood in his Proclamation. General GUILLEMINOT's account of it in his first dispatch would make the attempt of the exiles upon the fidelity of his troops appear very contemptible; but that the General thinks himself bound to do, we suppose, in any case. By the way, the employment of this officer, who is really a man of talent and experience, is the only prudent



thing the Ultras have done in the course of this desperate undertaking; particularly as his principles are reckoned very liberal. If it be true too, that Marshal VICTOR was sent to supersede him, but that the Duc d'ANGOULEME insisted on his keeping his post, it would indicate more sense than we could suppose that Captain Bobadil possessed. The French army, it seems, divides itself into 3 bodies: one turns to the right towards St. Sebastian; another to the left towards Pampeluna; while the main division marches direct to Madrid, with no great rapidity however, being obliged to wait for the conveyance of its materiel. The Spanish plan of campaign is obviously to avoid a pitched battle at first: Irun was evacuated on the approach of the French, and no attempt will be made to protect Madrid, the capital not being a military position of any importance. The first battle on a large scale will probably not take place, till the Portuguese army can face the common enemy. The PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR at Paris is said to have demanded his passports as soon as the news came of the passage of the Bidassoa, according to the previous instructions of his Government.

The next accounts will be extremely interesting. The Bourbon irruption was accompanied by an ominous disaster: the clothing-magazine at Bayonne was destroyed by incendiaries; and some officers were arrested on suspicion of being concerned in it.

A letter from Paris, dated April 10, says,—“It is stated with confidence, that the members of the Holy Alliance are about to issue a Manifesto, declaring that 150,000 men will be marched to the frontiers of France, and put at the disposal of the French Government, unless the English Cabinet will make a distinct and unequivocal avowal of neutrality.”

Amidst the melancholy forebodings for the issue of the war, the following has been sent us:—The two ships that went to Bayonne with Mr. Rothschild's dollars, were called *The George IV.* and *the Sir William Curtis*, and, after their arrival was first announced, the rumour spread, that not the ships, but the august persons whose name they bore, had come there together to settle the affairs of Spain.—*Globe and Traveller.*

FRENCH FREEDOM.—Frenchmen cannot circulate freely, as it is technically called, in their own country, without a permit from the Minister. So perfect is the system of social order in France, that before a man can visit a father or brother in a different town, the King's Government must know whether he is tall or short, his hair brown or black, his mouth large or small, and, what would be a very great hardship, if ladies be subject to this sort of survey, the travellers' age must be set forth. A Frenchman cannot get a passport without some days' premonition. The Police examine their private muster roll of characters and offences; reports and supplementary reports are made upon his moral and political qualities; and if any grounds of suspicion attach to him, a secret mark is put upon his passport, which indicates to the penetrating eye of every functionary in the country, whether the individual is to be freely indulged with the privilege of locomotion, or sharply looked after. Every man in France is thus a sort of prisoner within the rules. Business is obstructed, and thousands of individuals are exposed to daily vexation and loss of time; but then some little thing is done to secure the throne of the Bourbons against insurrection among a people who are devoted, as the Ultras say, to the white flag! —*Scotsman.*

SIR CHARLES BAMFYLDE.—The following very unfavourable bulletin was issued yesterday:—

“Sir Charles Bamfylde has had more pain during the last night than hitherto, and is not in quite so favourable a state as he has been for the last three days.

“ J. HEAVISIDE.  
“ G. J. GUTHRIE.  
“ P. MACGREGOR.”

The ball is not yet extracted.

The Police is actively employed in searching out the murderer of Mrs. Richards. One Philip Steffel is in custody on suspicion, and has undergone an examination at Union-hall. The Magistrates do not wish the particulars to transpire at present. The watch of the unfortunate woman has been recovered. The prisoner is said to be a nephew of the deceased.

On Friday, at the Warwick Assizes, Charles Thos. Seymour, a young man, elegantly attired in black, 23 years of age, son of the late Colonel Seymour, and connected with a family of distinction, was placed at the bar, charged with having, on the 16th of August, stopped one John Devis, on the highway, near Birmingham, and with shooting him with a pistol, intending to murder him, and stealing from his person eighteen shillings and sixpence. When the Judge called upon him to plead, he remained mute. A Jury was impanelled to decide if he was capable of pleading, or if he was mute through the visitation of God.—Dr. Leward said, “I have visited the prisoner almost daily since January 13th; I am decidedly convinced that he is insane. There is something very particular about his eyes, they are dilated, and it is likely that he has water on the brain. His pulse has been as high as 130. I do not believe he will ever recover from his present melancholy situation.”—The Jury instantly pronounced him mute by the visitation of God; and he was committed to custody during his Majesty's pleasure.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—William Trapp was yesterday fully committed for trial from Lambeth-street Office, charged with attempting to murder Mrs. Rook, the housekeeper of Mr. Horne, Poplar. On the 21st ult. the culprit got into the house, pretending he wanted to leave a note for Mr. Horne, who was out. He asked for pen and ink, and while Mrs. Rook turned her back to get them, he struck her two blows on the head. This he followed up with other blows, and then threw her down on the floor. Mrs. R. resisted manfully; she laid hold of the ruffian's neckcloth, and when he thrust his hand into her mouth, she bit his fingers, still keeping her hold of him. He dragged her into the passage, beating her all the while with a small hatchet, which he had brought wrapped up in his handkerchief. Somebody now knocked at the door. Mrs. Rook, still keeping her hold, opened it, and the man was secured. The wounds she received with the muffled hatchet were numerous and dangerous, a blood-vessel having been ruptured.—The Prisoner being asked if he had anything to say, answered “No:” and he seemed to take no notice of what was passing.

THE REVENUE.

	YEARS ENDED APRIL 5.			
	1822.	1823.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs .....	9,335,711	9,406,642	70,931	—
Excise.....	26,895,923	25,546,922	.....	1,146,701
Stamps .....	6,227,318	6,200,060	.....	27,258
Post Office .....	1,288,000	1,369,000	81,000	—
Taxes .....	7,518,708	6,874,855	.....	643,853
Miscellaneous....	320,483	426,578	106,095	—
	51,385,843	49,824,057	258,026	1,819,812
		Deduct Increase .....	258,026	
		Decrease on the Year .....		1,561,786
	QUARTERS ENDED APRIL 5.			
	1822.	1823.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs .....	2,099,879	2,109,408	9,529	—
Excise.....	5,856,798	5,656,279	.....	200,519
Stamps .....	1,582,346	1,573,854	.....	8,492
Post-Office .....	320,000	330,000	10,000	—
Taxes .....	980,916	861,764	.....	119,152
Miscellaneous....	63,621	76,799	13,178	—
	10,903,560	10,608,104	32,707	395,163
		Deduct Increase .....	32,707	
		Decrease on the Quarter .....		295,456



**CRIME.**—The *Examiner* of to-day abounds in instances of human ignorance and depravity—of vice and violence in almost every shape—brutal assaults, instigated by superstition and cruelty, and murders, and attempts to murder, induced by sudden passion, the vile hope of plunder, and a horrid thirst for vengeance! Though in another sense from that of the immortal Bard, we may too exclaim, "What a piece of work is man!"

**MRS. CHRISTMAS.**—This lady has sent us a letter, in which she declares that many of our informant's statements are untrue. When she married Mr. Christmas, she possessed, she says, 4000*l.* in the 3 per cents. a considerable sum at the banker's, besides 625*l.* subsequently received. She avers, that she never had any misunderstanding with her first husband; that no separation from Mr. Christmas was contemplated till he became acquainted with Mrs. Chatterley; and that the charges of drunkenness, &c. are gross calumnies.—We can't go further into this unseemly broil.

## THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

### COVENT-GARDEN.

WE attended the performance of *Macbeth* at this theatre on Monday evening, in which tragedy Mr. MACREADY and Mrs. OGILVIE were the hero and heroine. The former, upon the whole, has exalted his professional character by the effort; for although great difference of opinion may exist as to certain novelties and new readings, the entire portraiture was lofty and effective. That to which we chiefly object has been hinted at by more than one of our contemporaries—a tendency to unnecessary vehemence, whenever the slightest opportunity is afforded; which fault is rendered doubly conspicuous in a character so profoundly reflective as that of *Macbeth*. This error—at least we so consider it—was principally observable in the fine passages immediately after the murder of *Duncan*; which, however, were very forcibly conceived. It has been well remarked, that the *Macbeth* of KEAN partakes too much of his *Richard*; that he admirably marks the determination but not so well the irresolution and computation visitings of the supernaturally excited Thane. Firmly as the imaginative and the real are blended in this noble tragedy, the witchery infuses a portion of romance, that ought to tinge the whole of the performance; and in our mind, the general characteristics of MACREADY mingle with it more congenially than those of KEAN, the texture of whose mind strongly assimilates with the nature, and comparatively rejects the fancy, of this great production. There were some alterations by Mr. MACREADY which we did not like, as for instance the whisper instead of the under-tone when he rushes in from the murder. We can allow both to be natural, but the one is infinitely more representable than the other. A whisper is only to reach the ears of a person nearly in contact, but a theatrical whisper is to be made audible by the whole house, and Mr. MACREADY made it so with great skill, but the effect was not pleasant. We know that for dramatic convenience, speeches are given *aside* with the same inconsistency; but in that case, there is no other way to effect the same object, which is not the case in the example under review. In the banquet scene, Mr. MACREADY was both original and effective, especially in the fearful manner, and positive glance at the vacant seat, with which he gave the health of *Banquo*. There is also a something of this actor's own—and a fine reading it is—in the second appearance of the *Ghost*, and in his exclamation on the composure of the company especially. In short, Mr. MACREADY's performance in this scene was very fine throughout. The moralizing in the fifth act had also a trait or two of novelty; and taken altogether we are not aware of having seen a finer general performance of this difficult character, except that of the deceased KEMBLE, who in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* we have never yet seen equalled, much less excelled.

The soul of *Lady Macbeth*, we fear, quitted the stage for ever with Mrs. SIDONS; not that we think—and we have more than once said so—that the extraordinary excellence of that gifted woman should be made a bugbear to all who attempt the same character; but so it is, the having seen that glorious performance renders every thing like mediocrity insipid. We can say no more for Mrs. OGILVIE, than that she played the character respectably, and looked it admirably. We expected much from the Banquet scene, because it is rather presence and deportment which produce the charm than positive delivery. Mrs. SIDONS seemed competent to take her disordered husband under her lofty protection—not so Mrs. OGILVIE. There were, however, some good points in the early scenes, and the sleeping passage was deservedly applauded.

The music was very finely executed, and why should we not ob-

serve, that in the *First Witch* BLANCHARD in our estimation felt himself inspired with a portion of the divine *afflatus* of the great author. The *Macduff* of ABBOTT was tolerable; but avoiding, as we now generally do, unnecessary sarcasm upon underlings, we must say that certain minor parts were performed *excruciatingly*, at least Mr. KEMBLE would have said so had he witnessed the involuntary and anti-royalist fidget produced in the boxes by the announcement of a legitimate coronation at Scone.

### DRURY-LANE.

On Thursday evening the opera of *The Cabinet* was revived on these boards. BRAHAM, allowing for wear and tear, was upon the whole excellent. His "Beautiful Maid" was overdressed, and her general features thereby rendered scarcely discernible. "Fair Ellen" had a better fate; the first stanza was excellent, the second "a dish for the gods"—of Drury-Lane. The duet with Miss STEPHENS, "The Bird in yonder Cage confined," was very fine. The "Polacca" is his boldest musical flight, and his wing is not yet tired, although some of his airy evolutions may have less rapidity as the pinion weakens. He is however alone in this effort, and is to be followed only as the smaller birds follow the eagle.

HORN was very respectable in *Lorenzo*, and allowing for the huskiness of his upper tones when he attempted energy, sang in great style.

Miss STEPHENS was delightful in *Floretta*, as she also acted with great spirit, and appeared much less like a servant of all-work than STORACE. As to singing there is no comparison. The "Bird Duet" with BRAHAM was all that could be wished for beauty of style and delicacy of intonation. Miss FORDE in *Constantia*, introduced ROSSINI's "Di piacer ma balza il cor," and with it, alas, an unfortunate recollection of CAMPORESE. Mrs. AUSTIN in *Leonora* sang with very good taste. DOWTON and HARLEY in *Peter and Whimsiculo* were very diverting.

The opera was very well received, and was given out by BRAHAM for last night amidst tumultuous applause. Q.

## FINE ARTS.

### EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS, SOHO SQUARE.

THE art of engraving has been cultivated with success in England, as the number and excellence of its professors have shewn; but not to the extent, or with the general interest, that its importance as a medium of commerce or of elegant gratification demands; so that the desire expressed by Mr. LANDSEER in his *Review of Publications of Art* is still unsatisfied, of "seeing among the public knowledge and taste to appreciate the arduous studies of the Engraver who follows his profession as an art, and reward the severe restraints attendant on his toil." "To this end (he adds) we could wish to see a sanctioned place of public exhibition for the meritorious productions of this as of the other arts." A laudable though very limited endeavour to open such a place, has prompted Mr. COOKE to devote a part of his annual exhibition to engravings of every class and from every able hand. "Here they may fairly meet the eye, and receive the just proportion of encouragement from the hand of the public;" at least it is a step towards that desirable object. Here much talent is seen that would otherwise be unknown to a large portion of the admirers of engraving—a taste for it is induced and fed by the striking beauty and variety of the works, and the Professors themselves are benefitted by the comparing contact of their performances.—As the water-colour drawings in this exhibition are by deceased as well as living Artists, so are the prints, such are 293 and 294, *The expulsion of Adam and Eve, and Satan starting from the touch of Ithuriel's spear*, H. FUSSELL, R.A. by ANKER SMITH;—405, *A Bacchante and Cupid*, and 269, *Female head*, GUERCHINO, by BARTOLOZZI, part of a series of prints that first brought that great Engraver into note;—421 and 422, *Italian scene*, and *Villa Madama*, R. WILSON, R.A. by W. BYRNE, an able contemporary with WOOLLETT;—358, *Flowers*, from the most distinguished devotee of the Graphic Flora, VAN HUYSUM, by EARLON, and admirable, though they are in mezzotint, for their sharpness and high finishing;—239, *The Fortune Teller*, Sir J. RAYNOLDS, by SHERWIN, an able pupil of BARTOLOZZI;—246 and 247, *Mecena's Villa*, and 256 and 257, *Temple of Peace and Circus of Caracalla*, R. WILSON, R.A. by ROOKER;—230, *Landscape*, from CLAUDE, and 231, *Jonah*, from POUSSIN by VIVARES, celebrated for his etchings, and for giving the atmospheric amenity of CLAUDE;—447, *Mr. Blake*, T. PHILLIPS, R.A. and 282, *Puck*, Sir J. RAYNOLDS, by the complete hand of L. SCHIAVONETTI;—250, *Solitude*, from the poetical R. WILSON, R.A. by the celebrated WOOLLETT; 251, *Children of Charles I.* VANDYKE, by Sir R. STRANGE, the father of historical engraving in Great Britain, and for whose amenity of style, especially in relation to the flesh, he was knighted by George



III.—These are the larger number of the best deceased Engravers, who have reflected honour upon the taste and talent of this country. Of the existing engravers, nearly 60 have specimens of their powers; some of them deserving of being seen in company with the above. They are all choice impressions—the early and best state of the plates, looking as superior to the common impressions as objects that are seen when the atmosphere is clearest do to those that are in vapour. There are of course a considerable diversity of kind and degree in the abilities of the exhibitors, but there are none that do not afford some pleasing evidence of professional success. Even where the visitor might not possess any particular relish of the performances as works of art, he will enjoy the various and emphatic associations annexed to them, moral, classical, and physical, &c. If, for instance, he does not recognize the spirited line in Mr. HARVEY's extraordinary engraving on wood from Mr. HAYDON's powerful picture of *Dentatus*—Mr. SHARP's print of *Evil* from MICHAEL ANGELO's potent drawing, or the beautiful nudes in his *Boadicea animating the Britons to defend their Country against the Romans*, from Mr. STOTHARD's expressive design, he will sympathize with the moral energy of those subjects. If his mind is not attuned to the delicacies and energies of the graver in 288, *Vignettes from Don Quixote*, after SMIRKE, and 306, *Subjects from Walter Scott's Works*, from STOTHARD and WESTALL, by ENGLEHEART—285, *Venus rescuing Eneas*, after STOTHARD, by BROMLEY—347 and 348, *Scene at Vauxhall*, after COOK, and—*The knighting of Don Quixote*, after STOTHARD, by C. ARMSTRONG—349, *Infant Shakespeare*, by HEATH—340 and 350, *Subjects from Kenilworth Castle*, after LESLIE, by C. ROLLS, &c. he will enjoy the recollected humour, the luminous or elegant fancy of the scenes. That too must be a singular absence of natural curiosity that did not partake of satisfaction in looking at the portraits of eminent characters, such as CHANTRY, CANOVA, HAYDON, MARTIN, and WESTMACOTT, by Mr. THOMSON, and the illustrious RAFFAELLE and M. ANGELO, by Mr. LEWIS.—If we are disappointed in observing no historical plates of recent date, we have much pleasure in noticing others belonging to some important landscape publications, concluded or now in progress; such as 414, *Interior of the city of Bacca*; 416, *Mosque on the Booragunga*, &c. from able drawings by Sir C. D'OYLEY, for LANDSEER's *Indian Antiquities*; all eminently rich in the beauties of landscape and architectural engraving, and such as indeed are expected from Mr. J. LANDSEER's critical and practical eminence.—284, *Cookham*, drawn by P. DEWINT, engraved by W. B. COOKE, for COOKE's *Thames*;—286, *Chateau Grignon*;—287, *Valence and the Dauphiné Mountains*, &c. for the work of the Rhone, engraved by the Messrs. COOKE, with an emulous eye to the spirit and objects of the Painters. For the same beautiful work, Mr. ALLEN's *Avignon*, &c. 273, is a worthy accompaniment; his *Hawthornley*, 343, from the pencil of SCHETKY, gives us, like the Messrs. COOKE's graver, the spirit without any ostentation of engraving;—300, *Four landscapes*, forming No. 1 of a new work, engraved by T. LUPATON on steel, entitled *The Beauties of Claude Lorraine*; to comprise 50 of the choicest subjects from the *Liber Veritatis*; together with 309, a beautiful little print from Sir J. REYNOLDS's *Infant Samuel*, are proofs of the spirit and correctness with which he renders his translations. Every part of 370, *Distant View of Edinburgh*, by A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A. is engraved by Mr. G. COOKE with an extraordinary attention to the minutiae and every other beauty of the original; so is his *Netley Abbey*, from W. WESTALL, A.R.A. Mr. VERRALL too is worthy of his original, in 345, *Merrick Abbey*, by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. Beside other beauties, a mellifluous tone characterizes the graver of R. WALLIS, in 359, &c. *Views in Italy*, by P. DEWINT. Mr. W. COOKE, jun. appears to be rising into the eminence of the Messrs. W. B. and G. COOKE, in 332 and 363, *Roslin Castle*, &c. The even surface and mellow tone of good metzotinto engraving suit it better for such subjects as 283, *Rembrandt's Mill*, an evening scene, and from REMBRANDT, than for distinct daylight scenes; and Mr. C. TURNER has given it in its placid solemnity. It is the first landscape that has been engraved on steel, from which hard metal the metzotint outlines come off sharper than from copper. 317 and 331, *Girgenti*, &c. *Sicily*, from DEWINT, are by the able hand of J. BYRNE, son to the cotemporary of WOOLLETT. 342, 344, after pencil drawings by HENSEL, a Prussian Artist, are recommended not more by their novel style, than by their being executed by our chief Engraver in outline, Mr. H. MOSES. There are animals, still-life, landscape, &c. by that justly popular Engraver, Mr. J. SCOTT, by Messrs. PYLE, VERRALL, LEWIS, RHODES, LOWRY, &c. and others who swell the interest of this Exhibition to the tasteful.

#### FRUIT AND FLOWERS, BY G. I. VAN OS, JUN.

"Every picture (says REYNOLDS) has value when it has a decided character and is excellent in its kind." Such are the four pictures by Mr. VAN OS, grandson of the admired Fruit and Flower Painter of

Amsterdam. To reach the highest station of eminence even in the least valuable class of painting—still life—has been attained by a comparative few. Of the Fruit and Flower Painters only a very small list of distinguished names can be added to the four presiding ones—DE HEEM, MIGNON, RACHEL RUISCH, and VAN HUYSUM, so great are the difficulties of art. Mr. VAN OS approximates to this class, and is inferior chiefly from his neglect of high finishing, and consequent deviation from nature, which in Fruit and Flowers is ever exquisitely wrought. The perfection of Flowers and Fruit require them to be executed so as that they may be approached as near as in nature. Mr. VAN OS's are charming at the distance at which, from their rough execution, they are intended to be seen. "Here they present a degree of harmonized splendor unequalled by any former compositions of the kind, are correct in their details without apparent labour or mannerism," and the Basso Relievos "which serve as bases to the compositions, and are taken from ancient mythology," are surprisingly deceptive as representations of bronze figures. In one of them, an artist believing them to be real, for some time contested with us the fact of their unreality. The pictures are of the largest dimensions of their class of art, and the individual objects in them mostly of the largest growth, so that in connexion with their extraordinary potency of transparent, positive, and reflex light and colour, they may really be said to possess such a magnificence of effect, that were there, as in ancient times, temples dedicated to Vertumnus, Pomona, and Flora, they would merit a place over the altars of those deities. They are "painted (says the printed Memorandum) from the choicest productions of nature in the gardens of France, while their archetypes were in all their freshness and pride," and are arranged with masterly "skill for picturesque appearance, gradation of colour, and scientific modification of light and shadow." This Exhibition (which contains also an exquisite enamel called *La Femme Hydropique*, from a chef d'œuvre by the high finishing GERARD DOW, and executed by the celebrated GEORGET at the Royal Manufactory of Sevres) will be useful to artists for arrangement of colour and light, and pleasing to all other persons who have healthful eyes and imaginations. R. H.

#### NEWSPAPER CHAT.

A Highlander entered a haberdasher's shop in Perth, the other day, and asked for a piece of scarlet cloth to make him a waistcoat. The rustic manners of the Gaël set some young women who were at the counter a giggling; and the shopman, willing to afford them sport, began to play off his small wit upon the stranger. "So, goodman, ye want a piece of scarlet? Would you know scarlet if you saw it?" "I tink I wood," replied the mountaineer. The shopman threw down a piece of blue cloth: "Is that scarlet?" "Hout, no, no! that no be it." A piece of green cloth was produced: the same question was repeated, and received a similar answer,—to the great amusement of the querist and his female friends, who were at no pains to conceal their mirth. The Highlander took revenge in his own way: he put his nose to the cloth, and affected to judge of the colour by the smell. The shopman, at his request, did the same; but the instant he bent his nose towards the counter, the Highlander seized him by the ears, and made his nasal protuberance come in such violent contact with the boards that the blood sprung from it. "Tat," said the Highlander, "is ta colour o' scarlet tae ye noo, had;"—and he walked away.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

The Chevalier de Courten having to pass one of the swollen Swiss rivers when it was agitated, hesitated to enter the ferry boat; but being at length persuaded to embark, he endeavoured to encourage himself by conversing with the boatman. "My friend," said he, "have you not sometimes the misfortune to lose the persons you carry?"—"Oh! never, Sir," said the boatman, "for my wife was drowned last week, and we found her the very next day!"

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.—An article from Vienna, dated March 24, says, "It is said that the young Duke of Reichstadt received, on the 20th of March (his birth-day), an Ensign's commission from his august grandfather. All the grand Dukes and grand Duchesses visited him on the same day to offer him their congratulations." It is curious enough (adds the *Times*) that the appointment of the Duke of Wellington's Son to an Ensigny bears the same date.

Mrs. Hughes Ball, we understand, is not the daughter of Lord Fife—she is the legitimate daughter of a Spanish gentleman of good family. When his Lordship first became acquainted with the mother, then a widow, Mrs. Ball was already five years old. It seems he gave a pledge to the mother that he would take charge of the education of young Mercandotti, and he is understood to have expended nearly 1000*l.* a-year on her education.

The late Duke of Norfolk, in one evening, lost the sum of 70,000*l.* in a gaming-house on the right side of St. James's-street; suspecting foul play, he put the dice in his pocket, and, as was his custom when up late, took a bed in the house. The blacklegs were all dismayed, till one of the worthies, who is believed to have been a principal in poisoning the horses at Newmarket, for which *Dan Dowton* was hanged, offered, for



5000*l.* to go into the Duke's room with a brace of pistols and a pair of dice, and, if the Duke was awake, to shoot him, if asleep to change the dice! Fortunately for the gang, the Duke snored, as the agent stated, "like a pig;" the dice were changed. His Grace had them broken in the morning, when, finding them good, he paid the money, and left off gambling.—*Courier*.

In a kitchen at the west end of the town, remarkable for its parsimony, the servants have been refused beer, in consequence of the supposed extravagant consumption of that article. The owner of the mansion coming home the other morning unexpectedly, the footman hastened to the door with his mouthful of luncheon still in the process of mastication. *My Lord*, observing this, said in a somewhat angry tone, "Why, your mills below are always a grinding; when will they cease, I wonder!" To which the *lacquey* drily replied, "When there is no longer a supply of water, my Lord."

It is possible, for the sum of one farthing, to make a purchase which pays three several duties to Government. This is exemplified in the article of matches—the brimstone, timber, and the string that ties them, each contributes to the revenue.

The fine Bust by Mr. Behnes, now seen in Sir J. Leicester's Gallery, of the late President West, shews us the last stage of his earthly existence, but the admired Painter's mind looks,—as it then was,—undecayed. We had the pleasure and the pain of visiting him as he lay on "the bed of languishing," a short time previous to his death, and found him possess not only this intellectuality, but a considerable degree of cheerfulness, the invaluable result of a constitutionally amiable mind, and a well-spent, honourable life.

**WEST'S GALLERY.**—On entering this magnificent gallery, beyond all comparison the finest room for the purpose, the spectator is admirably prepared for a contemplation of its respective beauties. Its very form is a pleasing type of the history of the painter's mind; on passing the narrow vestibule, hung with some of his earliest performances, the impatient eye, only for a moment glancing from right to left, is irresistibly attracted by the imposing spectacle which opens to it before, in a spacious room, on one side of which we behold *Death on the Pale Horse*, on the other *Christ Rejected*; pictures which, when exhibited singly, attracted such crowds from all parts of the country, as were perhaps never exceeded by any other exhibition, however numerous and varied the subjects of which it might consist. All around these noble pictures, stories of sacred and of classic interest in rich variety attract the eye; but still the spectator, like a miser over his treasures, defers fixing his attention, and is led through an arch, over which hangs the portrait of the venerable artist himself, by his highly gifted successor in the academic chair, to the contemplation of that sublime conception of *Moses receiving the Tables*, which makes an admirable termination to the collection.—*The Museum*.

As Mr. F. Smith, of Ambleside, was lately travelling on horseback between Coniston and Ambleside, he overtook a flock of geese, when, strange to relate, an old goose, without having received any provocation or disturbance, took wing and commenced a savage attack upon that gentleman, by beating him with its wings, bill, &c. It was in vain that he used all means to cast it off. Some labourers came to his assistance, but their united endeavours were of no avail against the enraged biped; and Mr. S. having dismounted, was obliged to take refuge in the house of William Warrener, about a hundred yards from the spot, being pursued all the way thither by his strange enemy. The door was immediately shut, and he at length succeeded in making his escape by the back way.—*Kendal Gazette*.

It is generally admitted, that so unhealthy a season as the present has not been known for a great many years. In the fens of Lincolnshire, the number of deaths is truly appalling.

The average temperature of the month of March last, was, at eight in the morning, three degrees colder, and at eight in the evening, two one-third degrees colder than in the same month last year. The average greatest degree of cold during the night was three degrees more intense last month than in March, 1822.

The late Mr. Angerstein's grand Collection of Pictures, of which Mr. Young is making an embellished Catalogue, will not be sold, we understand, till next year. A choice one, however, forming part of a Nobleman's Cabinet Collection (Lord Radstock's, we perceive) is now on private view at Mr. H. Phillips's—and a great treat it is. There are some admirable Vanderveldes, Vanderneers, Cuyps, Paul Potters, Wouvermans, Berghems, and Ruysdaels;—there is "a Lawyer," by Ostade, that one can look at with satisfaction, "which is much," as Christopher Sly says;—a St. Sebastian, by Guercino, remarkable for its force and beauty of colour;—a small Boar-hunt, by Rubens, pregnant with spirit and freedom of touch;—two N. Poussins, fine, though of a novel character;—a splendid Both and an equally splendid Hobbima;—some fine Vandykes;—a valuable Titian, the Portraits of himself and Mistress, or Daughter perhaps, from the Borghese Palace;—a most delicious little Claude, well worth its weight in diamonds;—and many more, by Rembrandt and others of less note, but all good of their kind. They doubtless cost a great deal of money; but whether they will bring high prices, remains to be seen.

**BEAUX OF FORMER TIMES.**—We question whether the celebrated Beau Brummell, and even the equally celebrated Romeo Coates, are not absolutely mere Quakers in dress, compared with some of the distinguished dressers of former days. Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet,

finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button: his trunk or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes, with white ribbon. On great court-days his shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones, as to have exceeded the value of 6,600*l.* and he had a suit of armour of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls.—King James's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake off a few on the ground, he obtained all the same he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les Dames de la Cour*; for our Duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and diamond hatbands, cockades, and ear-rings, yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk velvet, silver, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at fourscore thousand pounds, beside a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword girdle, hat, and spurs. When the difference in the value of money is considered, the sums thus ridiculously squandered in dress must have been prodigious.

Signor CASTRUCCI, a famous performer on the violin, but a man of very eccentric habits, who came over from Italy with Lord Burlington in 1715, was the person immortalized by Hogarth in his celebrated picture of the *Enraged Musician*. Previous to making his drawing, the painter was wicked enough to have the poor Italian's house beset by all the noisy street performers he could collect together, whose clamorous and discordant instruments brought the distracted Castrucci to his window in all the agonies of auricular torture; and then it was that the artist made his expressive sketch.—*The Harmonicon*.

**MAGIC.**—A magician was annoyed, as philosophers still are, by passengers in the street; and he particularly, by having horses led to drink under his window. He made a magical horse of wood, according to one of the books of Hermes, which perfectly answered its purpose, by frightening away the horses, or rather the grooms! The wooden horse, no doubt, gave some palpable kick. The same magical story might have been told of Dr. Franklin, who finding that under his window the passengers had discovered a spot which they made too convenient for themselves, he charged it with his newly-discovered electrical fire! After a few remarkable incidents had occurred, which at a former period had lodged the great Discoverer of Electricity at the Inquisition, the modern magician succeeded just as well as the ancient, who had the advantage of conning over the books of Hermes. Instead of ridiculing these works of magic, let us rather become magicians ourselves.—*Curiosities of Literature*.

**CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.**—Circulating Libraries and Book Societies appear to have originated in England. The first Circulating Library was, I am informed, opened in the Strand, London, by a person of the name of Batho, in 1740. The first Book Society was instituted at Leicester in 1743: this existed till lately under the name of the Blue Bell Society.—*Jennings on Literary Institutions*.

**OLD WORDS.**—A collection of *picturesque words*, found among our ancient writers, would constitute a precious supplement to the history of our language. Far more expressive than our term of *executioner* is their solemn one of the *deathsmen*; than our *vagabond*, their *scatterling*. How finely Herrick employs the word *pittering*, as applied to the grasshopper. It describes its peculiar shrill and short cry.—[The cry of the grasshopper is *pit! pit! pit!* quickly repeated.]—Envy "*dusking* the lustre" of genius, is a verb lost for us, but which gives a more precise expression to the feeling than any other words which we could use.—*D'Israeli*.

**A HINT TO CHRISTIANS.**—A proposal for an Edition of the Laws of the Jews (says a correspondent) has lately been published by a learned Rabbi, who is naturally, although erroneously, more attached to the Mosaic than to the Christian dispensation. He says: "Nor is the humane disposition and tendency of many precepts in the Mosaic Code confined to the care of the poor, the destitute, and the oppressed, but is extended also to brute animals, the care of the labouring ox, the ass, the sucking kid, and the tender birds, violence to whose natures and services was not permitted by the law of the God of Israel. Christianity stands abashed at some of these precepts, where the most serviceable animals, subjected to the dominion of man, are made the victims of rage and wanted barbarity! The criminal code of the ancient Hebrews has one remarkable principle—a principle which should ever be regarded in the framing of laws for the prevention of crime, and that is '*Restitution*': this principle is clearly shewed in the cases of ox-stealing and sheep-stealing; where the thief when found was to make restitution in proportion to the theft, from two to four-fold or five-fold, with the principal, or to be sold for the theft. Christian Legislators have yet to learn proportion between crime and crime, and between crime and punishment;" and that as murder and theft are crimes of a different nature, while the one is justly punished with death, the other seems only to be deserving of a loss of liberty.

"That mercy we to others shew,  
That mercy shew to us."

**BULL EXPOSURES.**—Mr. Fyshe Palmer, one of the patriotic members for Reading, has just done a good deed, in bringing to open shame and punishment one of the infamous contributors to the slanderous *John Bull*. Captain, alias Mister Nicholas Boys Bull, seems to be a genuine disciple of the renowned Ferdinando Mendes Pinto, who, as our readers know, was "a liar of the first magnitude." The exhibition in the Sheriff's



Court was indeed truly edifying. First appeared Mr. Shackell, that fierce assailer of the weaker sex, turning tail, and giving up his "dear Bull" to the eloquence of Mr. Phillips and the vengeance of the law! Then comes the bold commander of the steam-packet, after suffering judgment to go by default—(though the mode of action so honourably chosen by Mr. Palmer allowed him to prove the truth in justification)—and, valuing, as he says, his character and honour above all earthly things, repeats by his Counsel his absurd and impudent fabrications! Lastly stands forth his said Counsel, apparently quite unabashed by the conclusive evidence against his miserable client, and augments still further the general indignation, by a most wretched attempt to throw the blame upon the sneaking and slanderous editor! Never, certainly, were malice, meanness, impudence, falsehood, and folly, more completely developed and exposed. Even the *Courier* seemed to enjoy the scene, and devoted nearly four of its courtly columns to its full display. Now this, as Mr. Canning says, "works well."

## LAW.

## SHERIFF'S COURT, SURREY.

## PALMER v. BULL.

On Monday a writ of inquiry was executed before the Under Sheriff, for the purpose of assessing the damages in an action brought by Mr. Fyshe Palmer, Member for Reading, against Mr. Nicholas Boys Bull, formerly commander of the *King of the Netherlands* steam-packet, for a libel published by him in the *John Bull* Newspaper of August, 1822, and in which action the defendant had suffered judgment to go by default.—The plaintiff's damages were laid at 200*l*.

Mr. C. PHILLIPS stated the case for the plaintiff, and read the libel in the *John Bull*, which was to the following effect:—"On the arrival of the news of Lord Londonderry's death at Reading, Mr. Palmer was in the billiard-room, when he said to Dr. Midford, he should have a dinner at the Crown on the occasion, with a haunch of venison and lots of punch. This he repeated several times, adding, that it would be a regular jollification. Mr. Palmer subsequently addressed himself to an individual present, and asked him to make one of the party. This person, feeling himself to be insulted by such an invitation, told Mr. Palmer, that he as much detested him as he did his character and politics, and that he wished his punch might choke him! Mr. Palmer, incensed at this rebuke, required an apology; which was refused. One could hardly believe (continued the libel in the *John Bull*) if one did not know it, that such expressions could have escaped a Christian and a gentleman, (as Mr. Palmer we presume to be, as being in Parliament), even though he were a Whig; but true it is, that in this most extraordinary display of patriotic feeling, Mr. Fyshe Palmer thus publicly indulged. Lest the incredibility of the above statement should make it doubtful with our readers, we beg to observe that there were in the room, amongst other witnesses to the fair, the Hon. Colonel Anstruther, Captain Price, Mr. Tuppin, Mr. Thomas Tanner, Mr. Bull, and Captain Rich."

It would strike the jury with horror (said Mr. PHILLIPS) to hear, that the gentlemen thus vouched to have been witnesses to this affair, one was in France, another in Brighton, another confined to his bed, and the fourth absolutely unknown in Reading; and yet it was on the authority of such persons that Mr. Bull avouched a libel to be true which he himself positively knew to be false! There was no ground for stating that Mr. Bull had acted under a mistake; the whole story was a pure invention of his own; nothing had occurred that was at all like it. The gentlemen who were present in the billiard-room would declare upon their oaths, that in place of the conversation imputed to Mr. Palmer, he had expressed before Mr. Bull the regret which he felt at the manner of Lord Londonderry's death, had stated his sorrow at seeing the people rejoicing at his death, and had added, that he had gone out on purpose to rebuke them for so doing. What, then, must that individual be, who, after hearing Mr. Palmer express his regret at the manner in which Lord Londonderry died, could impute to his honourable client conduct diametrically the reverse of that which he had actually followed? Mr. Bull was the co-in-law of Mr. Tanner, one of the persons said to be present, and one of the most violent opponents of Mr. Palmer at his elections in Reading. That circumstance might afford some clue to the malice which had led the defendant to write the libel.—After reading a correspondence which had passed on the subject, and making various comments on the baseness and impudence of the libel, Mr. Phillips called his evidence.

Wm. Shackell stated, that he was Editor of the *John Bull* on the 15th August last, when he was confined in the King's Bench for a libel. Nicholas Boys Bull had been confined there the previous February. Mr. Bull visited witness, and wrote a paragraph concerning Mr. Palmer's conduct at the billiard-room. Witness said it could not be true. Mr. Shackell asserted that it was, and dictated the names of certain gentlemen who were present at the transaction. On the following Saturday a proof of the paragraph and comments was shown to Mr. Bull, when witness said he would erase a sentence reflecting on Mr. Palmer; which Mr. Bull declared would be a pity, for Mr. P. had certainly used the words he had written down.—Witness, in consequence of what appeared in the papers on the subject, wrote to Mr. Bull, who replied, maintaining the truth of his own statement, described the rage into which Mr. P. had been thrown, and intimated that he (Mr. Bull) was the person who had wished the punch would choke Mr. Palmer, and that Dr. Midford was the gentleman whom Mr. Palmer had invited to dine with him. Witness, relying on the state-

ments of Mr. Bull, repeated his attacks on Mr. Palmer in his paper; but he admitted that he had suggested the publication of Mr. Bull's first statement.—Mr. Edward Shackell corroborated his brother's testimony.

Capt. Hall stated, that on the day in question he was in the billiard-room, standing near to Mr. Palmer all the time. He never heard Mr. Palmer say that he would have a dinner on the death of Lord Londonderry, with venison and lots of punch. He never heard him say that he would have a regular jollification, or anything like it. Witness never heard Mr. Palmer invite Mr. N. Bull or any other person to partake of that jollification, nor Mr. Bull reply that he detested Mr. Palmer and his politics, and that he wished that his punch might choke him. He never saw Mr. Palmer fly into a rage and demand an apology of Mr. Bull, neither did he see or hear Mr. Bull refuse to make one. A conversation did take place in the billiard-room regarding Lord Londonderry's death. Mr. Palmer said that he had witnessed an excitation of very improper feeling among the people at Wokingham, and he rebuked them for it. That was said in the billiard-room, whilst Mr. N. Bull was present. He never heard Mr. Palmer utter any triumphant feeling at Lord Londonderry's falling by his own hand. He would undertake to say, that if Mr. Palmer had used such words as were imputed to him that day, he must have heard them. He did not hear them.

Capt. Wodehouse corroborated Capt. Hall's testimony; and Messrs. Knight and Morris, of Reading, stated that the libel had done Mr. Palmer great mischief in that town.

Mr. ALLEY, for the defendant, said, that his client valued his character more than the heaviest damages which they could inflict. His client had always contended that a conversation had passed regarding the death of Lord Londonderry, though not perhaps in the wanton manner which had been stated by Mr. Shackell in the newspaper. He still continued to use the same language, and he would never consent, by disavowing it, to brand himself as a liar. He certainly did impute to the plaintiff the use of the expressions mentioned; but there was no malice proved on his part; all the malice that had been proved was on the part of the Editor of the *John Bull*, whom they all knew to be a libeller. Why, then, had his client been selected for prosecution? Mr. Shackell got hold of this story; he took it as nuts, and cracked it accordingly; and then, to furnish himself with a defence against an action for libel, he persuaded Mr. Bull, then under the influence of wine, to put down a written account of it. Now that written account of it formed a strong justification for Mr. Bull on this occasion; for how different was its tone and temper from that which distinguished the article which Mr. Shackell afterwards built upon it: there was not one malicious comment in the first—there was scarcely anything else in the last. The sole offence that his client had committed was to be found in that written account,\* and was not to be sought for in that libellous paper the *John Bull*—for a libellous paper on many occasions he must allow it to be. In reply to one observation which had been urged very strongly against his client, that he had referred to individuals for the truth of his story who were not then in the billiard-room, he begged leave to remind the jury, that the defendant was a stranger in the room. It was, therefore, not improbable that he would mistake the names! He had, however, mentioned one of them rightly—Dr. Midford, the person who of all others ought to have been produced by the plaintiff. With these observations, he should leave the jury to consider of their verdict. That they must give it for the plaintiff was certain. The defendant had let judgment go by default, and had so confessed that he had done wrong; but he contended that he had not done wrong to the extent urged by the other side, and therefore he trusted that the jury would act with moderation in the assessment of damages.

Mr. PHILLIPS said, that the defendant, by allowing judgment to go by default, had admitted himself to be the author of the whole libel—that is, not only of the written account, but also of the embellishments with which it had been subsequently garnished.

The UNDER-SHERIFF summed up the evidence, and left it to the jury to consider their verdict.

The Jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 200*l*. They expressed their regret that they were not allowed to give more, as that was the sum at which the damages were laid in the declaration.—[Dr. Midford was prevented being in Court by business; he was called upon by Mr. Palmer's solicitor to give his evidence, which would have equally disproved, with the rest, Mr. Nicholas Bull's averments.]

## SHERIFF'S COURT, EXETER, APRIL 8.

WEBBER v. VINNICOMBE.—This was a writ of inquiry for assessing the damages in an action brought by John Webber against Richard Vinnicombe, for the seduction of his daughter. It appeared that the parties resided in the neighbourhood of Tiverton, and were both farmers; that the defendant, after making repeated promises of marriage, seduced her, and then refused to marry.—The jury gave the plaintiff 50*l*. damages.

HAYDON v. SYMES.—This was a writ of inquiry, to assess damages in an action brought by Mr. Walter Thomas Haydon, a gentleman lately residing at Topsham, against Mr. David Symes, an Officer in the Navy, for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife. The defendant had suffered judgment to go by default. The plaintiff was married, in 1817, to Miss Barham, by whom he had three children, and they lived very

\* But that written account, Mr. ALLEY, was "a lie, a wicked lie;" a deliberate, repeated, unprovoked, and malicious falsehood, from beginning to end! —Exam.



happily together until May, 1821, when Mrs. Haydon eloped with the defendant.—It appeared that the defendant, Mr. Symes, had, from his infancy, formed an attachment for the lady, and that, for several years he was received and acknowledged as her lover; that during the time he was at sea Mr. Haydon paid his addresses to her, and, before the marriage, defendant returned, and remonstrated with the plaintiff, stating his previous engagement; the marriage, notwithstanding, took place; the defendant married also; he had not seen Mrs. Haydon for two years, when he met her by accident, after which they had several interviews together, and soon after she eloped with him. They have since been living together in France. The case excited a great deal of interest. The jury gave the plaintiff 300*l.* damages.

## ASSIZES.

TAUNTON, APRIL 4.—*Elizabeth Bryant*, the mother, aged 50, *Elizabeth Bryant*, the younger, aged 22, and *Jane Bryant*, aged 15, the two daughters, were charged with having maliciously assaulted Ann Burgess.—Mr. ERSKINE (a son of the Noble Lord) stated the case, which was as follows:—The parties lived at Wyvilscombe, in Somersetshire, a county in which the belief in witchcraft prevails a good deal among the lower orders. The elder Bryant had three daughters, one of whom was afflicted with fits. Such was her credulity, that she firmly believed those fits were caused by an evil spirit, and applied to a conjurer named Baker, who resided in Devonshire, for advice. This scoundrel told her the girl was bewitched, gave her a recipe to make a certain preparation, which was to be burnt with divers ceremonies and prayers, and added, that to dissipate the charm effectually, it was necessary to draw blood from the witch!—*Anne Burgess*, a woman 68 years of age, hale, but of grave appearance, was immediately singled out as the witch, and it was forthwith given out, and not a little believed, in the enlightened town of Wyvilscombe, that Bryant's daughter had been bewitched by her for twelve months. On hearing this wise but alarming report, the poor woman went to Bryant's house to ask the reason of such report. The prisoner, rejoiced at such a favourable opportunity of dissipating the charm, by drawing blood from a witch, seized upon the old woman, called her a damp'd old witch, &c. &c. and, aided by her two daughters, dragged her to the floor, two of them holding her down, while the other violently lacerated her arm with a large nail! So determined was the assault, that had not the unfortunate woman's screams brought one person to her assistance, who did not believe in witchcraft, the affair would most likely have ended in murder; for though a mob assembled at the spot, they would not interfere to prevent blood being drawn from a witch! There were 15 or 16 wounds on her arm, from two to three inches and a half in length; but as surgical aid was resorted to, and she was otherwise in health, they were cured in little more than a month.—Evidence was adduced on behalf of Bryant, to show that she really believed that her daughter's fits were caused by witchcraft; that she was in a most pitiable condition on that account; and that, though deluded, the prisoners entertained no previous malice against Burgess.—Mr. Justice BURROUGH, in summing up, spoke of the miscreant Baker, and trusted that he would be brought to justice for his practices. His Lordship said, that not more than a hundred years since, the belief in witchcraft pervaded the whole of the adjoining counties in the highest as well as lowest ranks of society, and that it was constantly the practice to attribute any new or unaccountable visitation to the exercise of an evil influence. Still more recently nothing was more common than for farmers to attribute maladies of their cattle, or blights in their crops, to witchcraft. This belief, which arose from the darkest ignorance and superstition, had vanished before the increasing light of the age, though it was still retained in remote parts; but it was to be hoped that by the means of education it would soon be banished from every spot. He then addressed the prisoners at the bar: he said,—“Be assured there is no foundation for such a charge as you have made against the helpless old woman, the prosecutrix, or that there is the slightest truth in the notions with which you have been impressed. If you had any notion of an all-wise Being, you must believe that the Lord Almighty would never allow any one to possess an influence such as you have charged this poor old woman with having possessed; or allow any human being the power of wantonly tormenting another, by the exercise of a supernatural agency. Do not fancy such a thing for a moment. Be assured that she has no more power to torment your daughter than I have myself. It is quite impossible. Recollect, you are not punished for any opinions which you may have entertained, but for letting those opinions break out into acts of violence of the most atrocious nature. Your conduct, *Mary Bryant* the elder, is of a most aggravated nature. There is little doubt that if a weapon had been within your reach, you would have acted upon your notion to the extent of committing murder, for you called out “for a knife to cut off the flesh from the old witch's bones.” You have been guilty of a great, a gross, and a very abominable crime, and though, in consequence of the certainty that your mind was at the time labouring under a delusion, I shall act in the most lenient manner towards you; yet it is necessary to visit you with punishment that will cause you to remember that it is at the peril of severe punishment, if you act upon such ignorance and folly. The sentence is, that you be each further imprisoned for the space of four calendar months.”

[Baker gave to the poor dupes an amulet to wear as a charm against witchcraft; and the recipe for breaking the charm, was as follows:—“The Gyr of Mixtur is to be Mixt with half pint of Gen” (i. e. gin) “and then a table spoon to be taken Mornings and at Eleven O clock four and

Eight. and four of the Pills to be taken every Morning fasting and the Paper of powder to be divided in ten parts and one part to be taken every Night going to bed in a little Honey.”—“The paper of Arbs (i. e. herbs) is to be burnt, a small bit at a time, on a few coals, with a little bay and rosemary, and while it is burning read the two first verses of the 69th Salm, and say the Lord's prayer after.—B. BAKER.”—The time at which all this was to be was midnight, with other attendant ceremonies and circumstances, of which he gave instructions. The verses with which the incantation was to be completed are the following, which it will be agreed are well chosen for effect:—“Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered; let them also that hate him flee before him.—Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away; and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God.”—As the preparations were taken by the ignorant creatures, it could not be ascertained what they were, whether medicinal or mere rubbish. But it is positively asserted, that after the rites had been all performed, such was the effect upon the imagination of the girl (aged 22) who fancied herself possessed, that she has not had a fit since.]

*George Clerk*, the coachman of a Bristol and Bath coach, was found guilty of Manslaughter, in having furiously driven a coach so that it was upset, and a person named James Hamilton killed.—Mr. Justice BURROUGH, in passing sentence, observed, that by a recent Act of Parliament, he was empowered to sentence him to transportation for life, but as this was the first instance of a conviction for the offence of furiously driving, he should impose a more lenient punishment, in the hopes that that would operate as a first warning to those of his class. His Lordship, however, could not help observing, that a great portion of the evil was occasioned by the inattention of the proprietors themselves, who encouraged this system of driving furiously for the purpose of outstripping each other, and getting more money by performing journeys in a shorter time. Such a rate of travelling as 12 or 14 miles an hour by a coach laden with passengers, was a rate which could not be sanctioned, for it was dangerous and illegal, and those who adopted it must beware, for they did it at their peril. He was afraid, however, that they would go on driving faster and faster, until by repeated accidents it became necessary to put a stop to the system, by sentencing those who in the pursuit of it occasioned the death of any of his Majesty's subjects, to be transported for life. His Lordship sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned for Twelve months in the County Gaol, and during that time to be kept to hard labour at the tread-mill.—[There were many Jehus in Court, amongst whom the sentence appeared to excite a strong sensation.]

LEICESTER, APRIL 4.—MURDER.—*John Bishop Allen*, a gentleman of property in this county, was indicted for the wilful murder of Wm. Lane.—The facts of the case were as follow:—The deceased was a drummer of the 39th Regiment, and was on a recruiting party at Twyford, some distance from Leicester, on the 25th November last. At night, on his return to Leicester, he passed through Thurmerston, and, while standing with some boys outside the house of the prisoner, they saw the prisoner open the window, in consequence, it was supposed, of some irritation he had received from some one in the street before, and, with a gun in his hand, desire the party to go away or he would shoot them. They did not go away. The prisoner shot at the drummer with a double-barrel gun. The drummer dropped. He was raised on the knee of one of the boys present, and, whilst in that position, the prisoner discharged the second barrel at him, which also took effect. The drummer lingered for a short time, and died.—Derangement was pleaded in excuse for the defendant. It was shown that there was insanity running through the family.—The Prisoner, in defence, put in a written paper, which stated, that only a few weeks before the act had been committed, he sustained a severe mental shock. His only brother, to whom he was fondly attached, dropped down suddenly dead on his way from church. The next day but one his mother, whom out of affection he had constantly attended through the course of a lingering illness, expired. His mind was not firm enough to bear up against the shock. In this state his house was annoyed by persons, who clamoured at and insulted his family—they spoke with derision of his dear brother. Under the influence of these emotions, distracted beyond almost endurance, he committed the fatal act, without knowing what he did. During his imprisonment his mind became tranquil. Conscience, perhaps not so much to be desired in his case, returned. He solemnly protested before God, that though his hands were stained with blood, his heart acquitted him of the crime of Murder.—The Jury brought in a verdict to the effect that the prisoner committed the act in a state of derangement.—The Judge ordered that he should remain in custody until the Royal pleasure was known.

LANCASTER, APRIL 5.—*Thomas Foulds*, 29, was indicted for having entered the house of John Wilde, at Colne, and committed a rape on the person of Susanna Wilde, his wife.—Susanna Wilde, a good-looking young woman, stated that in October last, her husband, who is a wheel-smith, was at Bradford, in Yorkshire. On the 11th of that month she went to bed, and about three in the morning was awakened by hearing some person in the room. She got out of bed and attempted to get a light, but the man who was in the room took the match from her hand, turned her back to the bed, and violated her person. Whilst she was struggling with the man, he spoke to her, and she knew him by his voice to be the prisoner; he lived about 100 yards from her, and she had often heard him speak. There was another man at the door. As soon as she got at the door



she attempted to get out of the house, but both the men held her, and prevented her from going. She told them she knew the prisoner, and would "fetch law for him" in the morning. They offered her money to say nothing about it; but she refused to receive it. She cried out "murder!" several times, and as soon as she could get away, alarmed one of her neighbours, and told her what had happened.—Mr. Justice BAYLEY left it to the Jury to consider whether they could safely convict a man of a capital offence on the evidence of a person by whom he was merely recognised by his voice.—The Jury deliberated for a short time, and returned a verdict of—*Not Guilty*.—Mr. JONES said, he had abundant evidence to prove that the prisoner was in bed at the time.

*John Moss*, aged 26, was indicted for assaulting *Agnes Fidler*.—*Agnes Fidler* stated that she knew the prisoner, and on the 14th of November last, was seven months gone with child by him. About ten o'clock in the evening, some person tapped at the window. She went out and found the prisoner standing about 20 yards from the door. It was a very dark night, and she could not see him, but she knew his voice perfectly well; and he made the same kind of signal he had been accustomed to make when he came to see her. He said, "I want thee two or three minutes," and she went to him. He then struck her a violent blow on the face with his fist, knocked her down, knelt upon her, and proceeded further to use her in a way too horrid to be detailed. She fainted, and it was some time before she came to herself, when the prisoner was gone. She was very ill for some time, and in January was delivered of a dead child.—On the part of the prisoner two witnesses swore that on the 14th of November, between 8 and 10 o'clock at night, he was at Bolton, above 20 miles from Farington; and one of them stated, that from the 30th of October to the 19th of November, the prisoner lived in his house at Bolton, and that, with one exception (and that on a Saturday night) he never was out after ten o'clock.—Mr. Justice BAYLEY, in summoning up, observed, that the girl had not sworn distinctly who the person was who had so grossly maltreated her. She believed it was Moss, and certainly it was difficult to imagine what other person could have so strong a motive to act in the manner he was accused of having done. On the other hand, two young men proved the impossibility of his having committed the cruel outrage, if their credit could be relied on, and his Lordship saw nothing in their manners which betrayed that they were persons whose words were not to be taken.—The Jury acquitted the prisoner.

*John Hague*, aged 33, was charged with the wilful murder of his wife, by throwing her into the canal at Salford. He was also charged with bigamy. The prisoner pleaded guilty of the bigamy. To the indictment for murder, he pleaded not guilty. After the evidence had been gone through at great length, the jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*. Mr. Justice BAYLEY then proceeded to pass sentence on him for the bigamy; and after some remarks on the heinousness of that offence, observed, "On the greater charge on which you were arraigned, the jury have acquitted you, thinking, no doubt there was not sufficient evidence against you. God grant you may know that there was no foundation for the charge. I do not doubt the propriety of their verdict, because I have no legal right to doubt it; but you best know whether there was any ground for the acquittal." His Lordship then sentenced the prisoner to seven years' transportation.

*John Keith* aged 36, was indicted for the wilful murder of his wife, *Bridget Keith*, at Wigan, by kicking her on the head. He was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

*Bartolemeo Paulo* was tried on a charge of Manslaughter. In October last, *David Martina* and *Paulo*, two Italian vendors of plaster-figures, were together at the Plough Inn, Blackburn. At supper, *Martina* struck *Paulo* several severe blows. *Paulo*, who is but a lad, threatened to stab his assailant with a sharp-pointed knife used in moulding; but he was appeased by some friends. He was subsequently struck again by his comrade, when he seized the knife and buried its blade in the side of *Martina*, who died in consequence in eight days.—Verdict, *Guilty*.—The offender is to be sent out of the country under the Alien Act.

*Esther Hodson*, a nurse in the workhouse at Wigan, was tried for causing the death of *Ann Dickinson*, a child 2 years and a half old. The mother of the child had died, and the infant was placed under the care of the prisoner. It was unwell, and became troublesome, and the prisoner treated it with great harshness, immersing it in cold water, and beating it severely with a birch rod, so that its face was quite distorted with agony. Its piteous cries attracted attention, when it was discovered writhing in convulsions, of which it died in a few hours.—Verdict, *Guilty*; and the barbarous creature was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and hard labour.

BRISTOL, APRIL 8.—*Thomas Day*, aged 64, a preacher, was indicted for bigamy, having married *Elizabeth Doucuster* while his former wife, *Mary Lancaster*, was still living. The fact being proved, *Thomas Day* was called upon for his defence, when he gave a history of his proceedings, indulging as he went on in various pious remarks and making repeated quotations from Scripture. *Mary Lancaster*, he said, liked variety, and he detected her with a young shoemaker under his own roof! He exhorted her; but she said she had another husband on board the *Topaze Indiaman*. She afterwards, he added, married a man from Deal. He then "took his wife *Elizabeth* by the hand," but not, he declared, wickedly or maliciously, nor with a view of breaking the marriage oath; and he hoped the Judge would incline to the scale of mercy, for which he should have his prayers. The jury found him *Guilty*, but recommended

him to mercy.—The JUDGE (Sir Robert Gifford) addressed the prisoner: "The conduct (he said) of your first wife, in marrying again after you had left her, can afford no justification to you, and, besides that, I now find that even after your second marriage you violated your vow to your second wife, and were living in a disgraceful state with a third woman at the time of your apprehension. The offence of which you have been convicted is amongst some classes, I am sorry to say, viewed very lightly. It is necessary to check this impression by an example, and though I am sorry to see a man of your years in such a situation, yet I feel it as a painful duty, imperative upon me, to pass on you the sentence of the law, which is that you be transported for the term of seven years."

GLOUCESTER, APRIL 9.—*Daniel Pennington*, aged 21, a youth of respectable appearance, was found guilty of uttering a bill for 100*l.* knowing it to be forged. The jury and prosecutors earnestly recommended him to mercy, believing that he had been induced to commit the crime at the instigation of his father, who had been a clerk in the house of *Jones, Lloyd, and Co.* for 19 years. Mr. Justice BEST passed sentence of death upon him, but intimated that it might be changed to transportation for life.

WARWICK, APRIL 7.—*HOLMES v. READING*.—This was an action for seduction. The plaintiff was a gentleman living at Portsea, and his daughter, then about 17, was on a visit to her sister at Kenilworth. Here she became acquainted with the defendant, who was the son of a wealthy man, who had formerly been a cooper in that neighbourhood. He paid his addresses, avowing honourable intentions. On the 19th of August, the family being absent at Church, he got into the chamber of the young lady, and there accomplished her seduction. From that moment he avoided her. She became pregnant, and when she told him of her situation, and intreated him to keep his promise and marry her, he declined doing so, and endeavoured to prevail upon *Miss Holmes* to take some bitter apple, in order, as he said, to avoid mutual disgrace. *Miss Holmes* refused, and she was delivered of a child in May, 1822. When her sister spoke to Mr. Reading on the subject, he said he would marry her if her friends would give her 500*l.* but this they were unable to do. Verdict for the plaintiff—damages 200*l.*

## POLICE.

## MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

On Monday, *T. Shepherd*, a soldier in the Guards, was charged with polygamy. The second wife advanced with an air of fierce determination to perform her duty to society. She said "My name is *Mary Rumble*." She tendered for the Magistrate's perusal the correspondence which had been opened between the three Ladies to whom the prisoner had given his hand. The Magistrate asked *Shepherd* what he had to say. His first wife was, he said, *Mary Ayr*, whom he married early in 1812. But he was ordered to Portugal—the Lady accompanied him, but upon an evil day, he agreed she might go as servant into the establishment of a Lieutenant E—, where she formed a more intimate connexion than the letter of her agreement justified. She afterwards quitted the Lieutenant for a tailor, whom she married; and he was told she had died. He then met *Mary Rumble* at Windsor, and crediting the rumour of his former wife's death, he again became a *Benedick*, and opened a lodging-house; but his prospects were again blighted by certain conduct on the part of his wife towards a fellow-lodger.—Here *Mary Rumble* cast upon him such a glance of mingled indignation and defiance as induced the prisoner to pass to his third marriage, his justification of which was, that as the second lady had absented herself without leave, he thought there was no harm in seeking a third partner.—Here a smartly dressed female entered the Office, and it was whispered she was the third wife, which was perhaps the case, as the prisoner ceased to pursue the thread of his matrimonial maze.—Mr. DYER: But how came you to think, that because one woman and you quarrelled, you were therefore justified in marrying another?—The Prisoner: Gentlemen, the fact was this: I thought it was understood between us that we were never to molest each other—she to have her way, and I mine.—Mr. DYER: A pretty understanding, indeed!—He was remanded.

## UNION-HALL.

On Tuesday, *L. B. Allen*, Esq. the Magistrate, went to *Camberwell* workhouse, for the purpose of taking the examination of *Mary Culling*, who was found lying in *Peckham-fields* on Sunday last, nearly dead, from the effects of a desperate wound in her throat, which she described to have been inflicted by a man dressed in the garb of a sailor. On being closely interrogated, she at length acknowledged that she herself had made the attempt upon her life in a fit of desperation, brought on by the misfortunes and poverty of her family.—She lies still at the workhouse in a dangerous state.

## ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &amp;c.

## SUICIDE AND ATTEMPT TO MURDER.

As *Sir C. Bamfylde* was passing along *Montague-square*, about four on Monday evening, he was shot at by a man named *Moorland*, who then drew another pistol from his pocket, pinched the muzzle in his mouth, and blew the upper part of his head away. The ball entered *Sir Charles's* side, but he was enabled to walk home, stemming the blood with his handkerchief. On Tuesday an inquisition was held on the body of *Moorland*, at the *Worcester Arms*, *George-street*, *Manchester-square*.—*Lucy Stokes* deposed that she had been in the habit of working in *Sir Charles's* house,



and selling apples, &c. at the corner of the square; about half-past four on Monday afternoon she heard the report of a pistol, and some person exclaimed, "Oh!" she then almost immediately heard the report of a second pistol; saw Sir Charles moving quickly towards his own house; heard him exclaim, "that d—d rascal has shot me." The wife of the deceased had been the housekeeper to Sir Charles Bamfylde, but had latterly been living in another family.—Mr. Armstrong, surgeon, was sent for to deceased, and found him lying on the table in the tap-room; he was quite dead; he had been shot through the roof of the mouth. Witness was convinced, from the magnitude of the wound, that deceased shot himself, and that the mouth of the pistol must have been very close to the wound. The ball lodged in the brain.—William Bayles, an errand boy, was passing down Montague-street, and saw Sir Charles Bamfylde and another man with their backs towards him, walking on the other side of the way: Sir Charles was walking from deceased; heard the reports of two pistols; saw the deceased fire the second pistol; his arm was lifted, and directed towards his face. Deceased staggered and fell on the curb-stone. When he heard the first report, he immediately looked round, and saw Sir Charles put his hand on his back rather towards the side, and walk on. John Longhurst, smith, was walking in Montague-street, when he heard the discharge of a pistol, and on looking over the way, the deceased and Sir Charles appeared sideways to each other; they were walking towards the square; when the pistol was discharged, Sir Charles made a motion as if he was hurt. He then heard the report of a second pistol, and deceased fell on his back; witness instantly ran over to his assistance, but saw he was quite dead. His body was taken to the Worcester Arms.—Mr. Watchome stated that deceased had lodged with him at the Westmoreland Arms; he had frequently heard deceased mention his embarrassments, and lament that he could not accept a situation because there was an indictment against him, arising from the malice of his wife, in consequence of a fray which had occurred when he went to see her. He stated he had kept a public-house in the country, and that Sir Charles had advanced him two sums, one of 100*l.* and one of 60*l.*—Mr. Robert Farnell, accountant, said he had known deceased about two months; he came to witness in consequence of an indictment for an assault. About three weeks since the deceased required witness to write a letter for him to his wife; he complained that people in Sir Charles's house would not allow him to see her. (The letter held out entreaties to his wife to intercede with Sir Charles, and persuade him to drop the prosecution, and wished her at all events to sign a deed of separation, and stated his desire to procure from her a sum of money to rescue him from embarrassment.) On Sunday witness saw deceased; he said he had entered the cause for trial, and paid 12*s.* 6*d.* he then said he should subpoena Sir Charles. Witness understood from the deceased that he was convinced a criminal connexion has been carried on for some years between Sir Charles and his wife. He appeared to be in a desponding way, and observed he had procured a situation, but if the indictment went against him he would be ruined; he informed witness he had called on Sir Charles, who had refused to see him; and he left witness, saying he was going to procure money for a subpoena and counsel; he appeared very wild in his look.—The CORONER said he was convinced the deceased was quite sane when he committed the act; and the Jury being of the same opinion, found a verdict—"Felo de se."

[It is understood that Moorland's wife has been for nine years the housekeeper of Sir Charles. The deceased had lived as a footman in several families, and when out of place was supported by his wife. Sir Charles at length settled him in a public-house in Scotland, in which having failed, he returned to London. He had his meals and a bed at the house of Sir Charles Bamfylde, until he became troublesome, and was then taken to the Police-office for an assault. Having met Sir Charles on Monday, he asked whether he meant to prosecute him, and being answered in the affirmative, he committed the acts already stated.—Sir Charles Bamfylde's wound is on the right side of the chest near the spine; a pistol ball is lodged there. The wound is one of a very dangerous tendency.—Moorland, it is said, had been waiting three or four days for an opportunity to commit the act. He was a little man, of a dark complexion, about 35 years of age, and of diminutive size. Sir Charles Bamfylde is 71 years of age.]

#### MURDER OF MRS. RICHARDS AT CLAPHAM.

An inquest was held on Thursday, at the Plough, Clapham, on the body of Mrs. Elizabeth Richards, who was inhumanly murdered on the evening of Tuesday last. Her house was one of a continuous row of houses along the road, through the Common, one of which is the Baptist chapel. After having taken their view, the jury returned to the Plough.

Sophin Jones said, I live in Clapham; I was well acquainted with the deceased, she was a widow lady. I understand she was about 75 years of age; she kept no servant, but her niece came to clean the house. Mrs. Bell resided with the deceased as a lodger; she occasionally helped her about in a friendly way. Mrs. Bell was not in distressed circumstances. I last saw the deceased on Monday afternoon, she seemed in her usual health; I was to have gone to her again on Monday, but the storm prevented me; I went in the evening of Tuesday, to read the newspaper, as usual, a little after 8 o'clock, and then found her dead; I have reason to believe the villain who murdered her was in the house at the time. I gave one knock at the door, and stayed longer than usual to be admitted. I looked through the key-hole, and saw the room on the ground floor in darkness. I stayed about a minute longer, thinking that she had gone up stairs for her night things, as she usually did. I was then going to

knock at the door again, when it opened a little; I said "It's me, Mrs. Richards," three times. Then the door opened wide (I can't say if I touched it with my hand) and I went in. I went up stairs, calling "Mrs. Richards;" I then returned, and seeing what I knew to be Mrs. Richards' body, by the dead light of the fire, lying on the floor, I thought she was in a fit. I went home very much agitated, and called Mrs. Stratham, who instantly returned with me. We then saw a poker under the parlour window outside. I had a light in my hand at this time, I said, "Oh, God! Mrs. Richards is murdered." I went immediately to Mr. Miller, a next door neighbour, and called another neighbour also. They both came with me that moment. It was a very dark night. Her feet lay from the fire, and her head towards it. She was not very near the fire-place. She had had two paralytic strokes and nearly lost the use of one side, and one hand, but could walk about the house, feed herself, and make her bed. I don't know what money she had. She promised to leave me something in her will; I suppose she has made a will; I don't know if I am mentioned in it; nor do I know where it is. She was on the most friendly terms with the people next door. She had not a great deal of plate. She seemed very comfortably situated. Her niece was in the habit of coming once a week. Her name is Cocke, and her husband a labourer. The deceased did not approve of her niece's marriage. The only time I ever saw the husband there, was about three months ago, when he came respecting a house which she built them. I never heard her say any thing ill of the husband, but she did not like him. He is a gravel digger, and lives in Love-lane, between Brixton and Stockwell. When I knocked at the door, I did not press against it. I believe it to have been fastened when I knocked. When it opened first, it only opened a little, and there appeared to be something pressing behind it, and I, thinking it was Mrs. Richards, was afraid to push against it, lest I should throw her down. When it next opened, it fell back altogether as it usually did. My first conviction is, that there was somebody behind it the first time it opened. Mrs. Richards had half a dozen silver table-spoons, a dozen tea-spoons, two silver cream-jugs, and two salt-spoons. That is all the plate I ever saw with her. Her niece seemed a very nice woman. I saw her this morning. She said she was easy in her mind, as both she and her husband were innocent. She made that observation of her own accord: what led to it was her saying that a gentleman asked her many questions respecting her husband, in regard to the places he was at on Tuesday, which hurt her very much; when she said this her feelings seemed very calm and composed. She seemed attached to her aunt, and said she would not have cared if they had robbed her of every thing, if they had not murdered her. My own opinion is, that these people are innocent, but that the murder was perpetrated by somebody who knew her.

Charles Miller, of Clapham, carpenter, said, I have known the deceased these 18 years. We have been next door neighbours. She was in the habit of coming to my house once or twice a week. There was a communication between the houses the back way. I have no wife living. My children do not live with me. The name of my son who was with me on Tuesday is Wilkinson; he is my son-in-law, and was with me at dinner. There were none of them with me when Mrs. Richards called. She called on me about a quarter before eight. Nobody could go into her house the back way without my hearing them. I have no doubt that the murderer must have got in the front way. The circumstance of the poker leads me to believe that they went out at the front door; and my not having heard any noise in the rear, and she having told me when she was leaving my house that she had a light in her house, and having besides bolted the back gate after her, convinces me that they must also have got in by the front door. It was about half an hour after Mrs. Richards had left me that Mrs. Jones gave the alarm. She said that something was the matter at Mrs. Richards's, for she was lying on the floor, and a poker was standing outside the door. I accompanied Mrs. Jones in, and saw the deceased lying on her back in the parlour near the fire, and an apron stuffed into her mouth. Mrs. Stratton pulled it out, and there was a little blood upon it. She appeared to be quite dead. My son-in-law, George Wilkinson, is a stoke-masor. He has been out of work the greater part of the winter. I was told that two suspicious looking men were about the place, having the appearance of sailors. George expected me to give him something; but I had nothing to give him. He wore a fustian jacket that day, and blue trowsers. He told me where he lived, but I can't recollect it. I believe somewhere near Tothill-fields. He has one child, and his wife is far gone with another. He is upwards of 30.

Joseph Rippon said—I am a surgeon. About a quarter before nine on Tuesday evening, a boy called and informed me that a woman was killed. I followed him to the house of Mrs. Richards, and found her lying flat on her back on the floor, and her clothes not at all discomposed. I found her quite dead. Mrs. Stratton then produced this cloth (the apron), and said she had pulled it out of Mrs. Richards's mouth. I found a mark on the side of the throat, as if a thumb had been placed on it, and the nail had slightly raised the skin. There was another similar one on the nose, a slight one on the left temple, and one of her teeth had been forced out, which seemed to have occasioned the blood on the cloth. She had only one more tooth. I could not find the tooth which had been forced out: I believe she swallowed it. The marks on her throat and nose were not mortal; they seemed to have proceeded from a person placing his thumb on the throat, and pressing her nose with the fingers to prevent her from breathing through that organ. I am of opinion that her death was occasioned by suffocation. It was impossible she could have placed the apron in her mouth herself.



Susannah Stratton said, I have known the deceased near 40 years. She was about 74 or 75 years of age. This witness's testimony corroborated the evidence of the preceding witnesses. The apron, she said, was twisted tightly, and stuffed down the deceased's throat. She had to give it a considerable tug to get it out, and when she did, the mouth opened widely.

Jane Bell deposed that she had lived with the deceased between four and five years. On Tuesday last, she left the house before 7 o'clock, to go to Mr. Philips's meeting; but it was not open, and she went over to Mrs. Haynes's, where she remained till near nine. As she was going home, in company with a sister of Mrs. Haynes, she met a man dressed in black, who said, "Ladies, if you are going home, mind what you are about, for Mrs. Richards has been murdered." Witness said, "Impossible," and he replied, 'twas true. He was very civil, and accompanied her to the door. A brown paper parcel was handed to witness, sealed and directed to witness "at Mrs. Richards." She opened it immediately, and found it to be a sham: it contained nothing but brown paper. She was convinced that parcel had not arrived previously to her leaving home on Tuesday.

Francis Hinton, carpenter, said, when I heard of the affair I observed to Mrs. Ching, that a suspicious character, who had belonged to a gang, all of whom but himself were transported, was seen to pass by on Monday with a bundle in his hand; and as he was sheltered by his mother, he should not be surprised if the murderer were found in that quarter. That individual had been brought up in this neighbourhood.

One of the Jurors stated, that all the money which the deceased might be considered to keep in the house was found by him up stairs. The sum was considerable for a woman in her situation.

Thomas Burgess, of the Larkhall public house, Lambeth, stated, that at about half-past eight o'clock, he was going to the house of Mr. Foot to enquire what beer was wanted, when he met a man running towards him, apparently from Clapham, who inquired if that was the way to Wandsworth. He had a blue coat and blue trowsers on, with a pair of shoes in his hand.

The Jury consulted together, and instantly returned a verdict—"That the deceased, Elizabeth Richards, had been wickedly and maliciously murdered by suffocation by some person or persons at present unknown."

**EXECUTION OF JOHN BOLT.**—This unfortunate young man, since his trial for attempting the life of Jane Jusland, has conducted himself in a very penitent manner. In a conversation with the Rev. Mr. Chave, he expressed the deepest sorrow for having committed the dreadful act, but was at a loss to account for the impulse which prompted him to it; his mind, he said, was in such a state of frenzy that he knew not what he did, but he had often meditated self-destruction. He affirmed that she had given him encouragement for 12 months, during which time he had never parted from her at night without saluting her; and that he first heard from his master of her being engaged to another man. His sleep on Thursday was uninterrupted: and yesterday morning (Friday, the 4th inst.) he walked with a firm step through the Court-yard. In his way to the place of execution he said, "The deed is done, and cannot be undone—but I hope God will receive my soul." On the scaffold he appeared to suffer much inward feeling, and trembled exceedingly. When the Chaplain had finished the prayers, in which he devoutly joined, he said to those around, "Tell her I forgive her, and I hope she will forgive me.—If you see my poor dear parents, tell them I died happy, and at peace with all mankind." About 20 minutes past 12 o'clock this unhappy victim of passion yielded his life in expiation of his outrage on the laws.—*Exeter Gazette.*

**FANATICISM.**—The follies of the religious sects have just been renewed. A disgusting scene took place some days ago in the village of Truellion, in the canton of Zurich. A dozen individuals, men and women, shut themselves up in a house, under pretext of praying. An hour afterwards a dreadful noise was heard. The inhabitants hastened to the spot, and demanded in vain that the house should be opened. The door was at length forced open, and these wretched people were all found stretched on the ground, in various groups, closely embracing each other. They were all arrested. Their depositions present nothing but instances of deplorable folly; they pretend to be inspired by God, and a girl who is pregnant is always the organ by which his will is manifested to them. Some of them have been taken to the mad-house.—These scenes have been succeeded by others more tragical and horrible. In the night of the 14th a young female visionary pretended that Bonaparte had appeared to her, and had inspired her with the resolution to die to save several thousands of souls. This apparition inflamed the imagination of several fanatics, and the sacrifice was instantly resolved upon. Men, women, and young girls immediately prepared instruments for the execution, fastened the unfortunate young woman to a board, and, amidst the cries of joy uttered by the victims, they drove nails into her feet and hands—tore her breast—dashed her head to pieces with a mallet—and sang pious hymns to celebrate her death. The magistrates hastened to the spot. Six of the guilty have been arrested, and the investigation is still going on. A sister of this unhappy young woman has also perished in the most cruel tortures, likewise a victim of religious rage. Her brother-in-law has declared to have been her assassin, but he pretends to have fulfilled the will of God, and boasts of his crime.—*Journal de Frankfort, March 31.*

**ALARM OF FIRE GIVEN BY A MONKEY.**—About one o'clock on Tuesday morning the inmates of a house in Hatton-court, Holborn, had a very narrow escape from being burnt to death by a fire, which broke out in the

front parlour, occupied by some Italians, who go about with dancing monkeys. Six or seven persons slept in the room, and the monkey was chained to the bed-post; on their going to bed, one of the women hung some linen to dry; the linen caught fire, and nearly the whole of the bed clothes were burnt, when the dreadful cries of the monkey, and his endeavours to pull his master out of bed, at length awoke him; all the inmates got up, and the fire was put out by a few dozen pails of water; the floor and furniture were nearly destroyed, together with most of their wearing apparel; and some of those who slept in the room were nearly suffocated.

A miscreant named *Thomas Penton*, in the service of Mr. Bull, market-gardener, Chelsea, was on Wednesday charged at Bow-street with barbarity to a horse. The wretch had actually torn the poor animal's tongue up by the roots, which so disabled him, that he was obliged to be slaughtered. Not being able to pay a fine, he was committed to three months hard labour at the tread-mill—a sentence much too lenient for such an abominable crime.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 7th inst. at Ipswich, the Rev. Charles Martin Torlesse, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Catherine Gurney, eldest daughter of Edward Wakefield, Esq.

On Thursday week, at Cambridge, the Rev. Edward Miller, B.A. of Emmanuel College, to Emily Mansel, fifth daughter of the late Lord Bishop of Bristol.

On Thursday, at St. Pancras, the Rev. E. T. Richards, A.M. Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, to Laura, eldest daughter of William Page, Esq. of Fitzroy-square.

On Thursday, at Cheltenham, George Nangle, Esq. to Lucy Mary, sister of Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne, Bart.

On Wednesday, at Lambeth, John, eldest son of John Keeling, Esq. of Broxbourne, to Maria, eldest daughter of Stanley Howard, Esq. of Brixton.

On Friday, at Wimbledon, Mr. T. R. Palmer, wine-merchant, of Cecil-street, Strand, to Mary Ann, only daughter of Wm. Eades, Esq. of Wimbledon.

## DEATHS.

At Queenhithe, on Sunday, in the 64th year of his age, Matthews Beachcroft, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster.

At Brompton, on Wednesday, aged 19, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Sir James Mackintosh.

At Ellesborough, on the 5th inst. the Rev. W. J. Mansel, eldest son of Sir William Mansel, Bart.

On Monday, in Saville-row, Sir George Gunning, Bart.

On Monday week, Mr. John Garner, of Honley, near Huddersfield, merchant. He was in cheerful conversation with his son, when he fell down, and instantly expired!

## LORD RADSTOCK'S COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS, BY OLD MASTERS.

**MR. PHILLIPS** respectfully notifies, that on Saturday next, at One, he shall SUBMIT by AUCTION, at his Great Rooms, New Bond-street, the select and valuable COLLECTION of ITALIAN, DUTCH, and FLEMISH PICTURES, by the most distinguished Masters of the several Schools; the entire Property of his Lordship, by whom they have been collected, during the last 20 years, with his known taste and judgment; and to secure so many precious gems of the highest class of Art the most unbounded liberality was exercised. May be viewed by Catalogues only, to be had at 73, Bond-street.

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