

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 287.

THE LAUREATSHIP.

WE resume this subject, at the hazard, we are afraid, of being very uninteresting to a considerable portion of our readers; neither indeed do we conceive it necessary, in point of argument, to add any thing to what we have already observed upon it: but it's interesting nature to ourselves, and the bare possibility of seeing the termination of an absurdity degrading both to the political and poetical character of the country, incite us to say something further, particularly as the truth gathers strength from reasonable repetition, and there are some persons who only wait to do or to continue a foolish thing, till objection, they think, is blown over.

We have already remarked, that the office of Poet-laureat has the singular fatality of being impossible to be well bestowed;—if a good poet accepts it, the office disgraces him; if a bad one, he disgraces the office;—for though in it's very nature, as a system of hired panegyric, it is a meanness in either case, yet as it may serve on the one hand to make genius contemptible, so on the other, a want of genius exhibits it in it's naked absurdity, and by performing the part of burlesque, renders not only itself but it's employers ridiculous.

These features of the matter must be so plain to every body who has common perception, and must have such additional force in times like the present (for without breaking our resolution, in this stage of the business, of making no particular reflections on the Court, that point must be equally clear) that whenever shall accept the vacant office of Laureat, it may be safely pronounced of him beforehand, either that he must be one of the dullest, or meanest, or vainest, or most mercenary of his species. If he is a mere scribbler, of course his folly as well as vanity will help him out with a number of fine reasons, satisfactory at least to his own self-complacency; and such a man we leave to his reasons without any hope of shewing him their absurdity; but if we are to feel ashamed for some man of abilities, what a quantity of wretched sophistications must his mind undergo before it be rendered supple and groveling enough to bend to this infliction of laurel! He must try to persuade himself, either that hired praise is no meanness; or that the excellence of the persons to be praised does away the venality; or that his own genius will redeem his mind; or that the thing is really an honour and the payment deserves the praise; or that it is an honour, if not for itself, at least for having given titles to such men as DRY-

DEN and JONSON; or lastly, that the whole business, as far as princes and panegyrics are concerned, is understood to be a joke and to mean nothing, and only furnishes another hundred a-year to any clever fellow who knows how to laugh at the givers.

The greater part of these sophistications we leave to themselves and to the contempt which every decent person must feel for them; and shall merely notice the last but one, which is the most likely to be entertained by a mind that is not of the very meanest description. With regard to the laureatships of JONSON and DRYDEN, it may be observed in the first place, that mere precedent is no argument for absurdity;—secondly, that if precedent were of any concern, it is in this instance at least two to one against the respectability of the office, which if it has been held by the JONSONS and DRYDENS, has been held also by the WHITEHEADS, TATES, EUSDENS, and SHADWELLS;—thirdly, that the JONSONS and DRYDENS, deservedly celebrated as their names are in poetry, are far from being authorities with regard to delicacy of conduct;—and fourthly, that since the times of those eminent men, things are quite altered with respect to the social respectability of literature, and to the spirit and independence of it's higher professors. It would not be endured now-a-days that a Prince like CHARLES the Second should be loaded with panegyric, and called by the first poet of the day the "best of kings;" and the brief and becoming dedication of a modern poet to his friend or patron would startle, we suspect, a writer of the old, adulatory prefaces, about as much as Mr. SOUTHEY or Mr. CAMPBELL would be startled at having ten or twenty guineas slipped into their hand in return for one. In addition to these changes, let those who would make an honour of precedent recollect that in the time of POPE nobody could be found to accept the laurel but CIBBER; and that the only true poet since that period, whose name is found in connection with its history, regarded its offer with contempt.

Reflections of this nature have been in the habit of recurring to the minds of the poetical world for these hundred years; and certainly, there is nothing in the circumstances of the present Court that has a tendency to make them less forcible. The Chamberlain in consequence seems to have been rather puzzled in finding his poet; and unless an unpleasant report be true, that Mr. WALTER SCOTT is likely to be the man, we do not think that any writer out of the pale of the *Circus* or *Morning Post*, will consent to make himself a butt on the occasion. A slight sort of chill came over us when we heard that Mr. SOUTHEY was just now to make his appearance in town; but notwithstanding his ambiguous revilements of the Reformers, and

his condescending to dedicate something to Mr. Croker, we brought to mind the fine turn of his genius and the native purity of his heart, and our chill was converted into a glow of good-will and security. We can easily imagine the contempt with which Mr. Campbell would treat an offer of the thing:—Poets, we believe, are not in the habit of being asked, or Lord Byron's would be about as bitter:—THOMAS MOORE, a poet in whom the former love of pleasure has not destroyed the spirit of independence or the resolution to do justice to his talents, would ask the Messengers if they recollected his country:—WOLFEFORD, a name which it is impossible to mention without feeling reverence for his real genius and indignation at his puerile abuse of it, would remember, we trust, his noble sonnet to Milton:—let us hope as much for a man of similar genius, Coleridge, in spite of his sorry distribution of panegyrics to the actors all round:—our brother Editor Mr. MORTIMER would refer to his paper:—and if Mr. Rogers felt a little flattered at the idea of moving about the Court, amidst high dames and princes, with imaginary hairs on his head, we have no doubt that his proper tenderness for his reputation would interfere and save him from those uncourtly fellows the critics. For our parts we do not hesitate to inform him, that although our opinion of his talents is far from lessened by his late publication, and though we should by no means quarrel with him like the Quarterly Reviewers for throwing a superfluous syllable into one of his lines (a great and harmonious beauty in our minds, when properly managed) we would have no mercy on him if he took off his better laurels to put up with a courtier's. Even Mr. WALTER SCOTT, though we do not like the small-coin mode of his writing, and confess that his notions of politics and the court give us more distaste than those of any poet alive, has too much sterling poetry about him not to excite in us a degree of tenderness for his fame; and we sincerely hope that the report of him has only been raised by his enemies. He, or any other man of genius, will be to the last degree wanting in self-respect, if at a period when every thing past and present calls for the abolition of this ridiculous custom, he shall condescend to give a new life to its dotage.

We have grown, if possible, still more solicitous on this head than we were even a week or two ago, since we find that the race of poets still find accusers who tell them in general terms of their subserviency and venality, and that some visible repetition of a reverse spirit may be wanting to do away this popular error. We might have given the word a less considerate epithet, did we not find this story repeated in a quarter, where from the singularly good sense and the philosophic tone that usually prevails there, we should have expected a more cautious exercise of the memory. "Who doubts," says the Editor of *Drakard's Paper*, "that a Nero, or a worse than Nero, would at any time, during his period and our's inclusive, easily find a poet to whom he would chaunt his virtues? No—(and I am sure of it) the problem, we profess but

(to state the fact)—it is a truth as notorious as humiliating, that *Literature and Art*, if they have been the most splendid, have, at the same time, been the most submissive, and apparently willing followers, in the retinue of titled folly and atrocity. Of them may be said, as of the wild animals that were brought into the Roman amphitheatre, that their powers and beauties have been best displayed to the public, to flatter the pride of guilty greatness, and to give amusement and to reflect honour, where their true nature, if unperverted and unforced, would lead them to spread terror, and carry punishment. The dignity of intellect and of learning, like that of the Jewish religion, has been infamously profaned by those on whom it chiefly devolved to maintain their divine superiority,—but who have not scrupled to bend the knee, and offer incense, before golden calves; and the gayest and most graceful frolics of the imagination, like the danceings of the Parisian mob round the guillotine, have been suggested by the worst examples of abused authority, and in hateful indifference to the sufferings of its victims." No. 33. p. 262.—This is very well written, but it is certainly not founded on fact. The talk respecting the servility of great writers is about as true as that which tells us of their poverty and their unmerited distresses, and seems to have arisen in the same way, firstly, from one or two examples in the Augustan age, and secondly, from the interested complaints and popular vices of the lowest retainers of literature. If there is any national exception to this remark, it must be that of France; and the French poets, (if indeed in the midst of the elegant declaimers and satirists which that country has produced, there have really been any such persons) we accordingly give up, without much fear of being accused of unfairness.—To confine ourselves, in other countries, to little more than a list of great names. The Greek poets as a body are certainly not to be accused of servility. With Homer, of whose life so little is known, and of whom a character must therefore be obtained from his writings, originated that spirited saying, that a man loses half his virtues the day he becomes a slave. Socrates and Alcibiades fought for the liberties of their country, and the name of Tyranny is proverbial in the stories of patriotism. To Horace, Virgil, and Ovid, we have alluded as the unfortunate examples in the Augustan age, but these only argue against the particular men and the particular time, not against the country in general; and it should be recollected that the two former had the courage, in the height of their favour to bestow praises on Brutus and Cato. There is nothing to prove that Lucan was servile; Juvenal was notoriously otherwise; and if Lucan praised Nero in the beginning of the *Pharsalia*, it was before the latter had exhibited himself in his true colours:—the poem itself is on the side of liberty, and was written against the false glory of the first of the Caesars. Among the rest of the Latin poets, the number of independent men at least amounts to that of the contrary. To come to modern Italy,—Dante, the father of its poetry, carried



his spirit of independence to a pitch of the turbulent and austere;—PETRARCH was an absolute model of graceful freedom;—we have nothing to say against the proper spirit of those rioters in delicious romance, who preceded ANTOSTO;—ANTOSTO, by his own description of himself in his satires, was a man in love with freedom, who disdained to become the slave of a patron, and in his great poem has ventured with singular boldness to ridicule some of the pretensions of the Papal See;—indeed, not to multiply instances, the great Italian writers, considering their time and country, have been singularly free in their attacks upon slavishness and superstition. But England, glorious England, whose air is too free for slavery, where shall we find greatness in thee, and not see the majestic beauty of freedom sitting by the side of it! A solitary exception or two must not do away the real merits of our countrymen, who, in spite of their laureateships have more claims on the score of literary spirit than any nation under the sun. CHAUCER, the Father of English Poetry, was among the reformers of his age, and on the side of all that it produced of generous and free:—if SPENSER flattered his sovereign, that sovereign was a great queen and a woman, and presided over an age of chivalrous courtliness:—we do not excuse his flattery, but it was not the servility of a worse time nor of a spirit wanting in self-respect;—of SHAKESPEARE'S habits we know little, but nothing stands against him on the score of servility, and he gave the character of HENRY the 8th with a boldness that is surprising considering when it was drawn:—MILTON (a host in himself) raised the name of his country and voluntarily encountered danger and blindness in defending all that was then understood of freedom against the hirelings of a Court;—COWLEY, differing with him in opinion, agreed with him nevertheless in virtue and independence; the best Whig and Tory poets of the time of Queen ANNE were equally of a proper, untrucking spirit; POPE even carried his boast of personal independence to a pitch of affectation; and from the age of POPE to the present, all the truest cultivators of poetry,—the TRAXSONS, GRAYS, COLLINGS, MASON, and COWPERS, have been proper Englishmen, and such as would have disdained to pay a disgraceful service to any one.

In this summary we have confined ourselves to poetry, which is the species of writing the most injured on the present occasion; but we are convinced, that literature in general would come equally well out of the trial, and we might be tempted perhaps, in the warmth of our zeal, to run over a similar list of prose-writers, did we not feel that we were pursuing a very unnecessary task of supererogation in thus refreshing the memory of our brother Editor, and that the same warmth in behalf of what is free and becoming, which led him to join in this momentary heat against literature, will induce him to do justice to a cause and a country, of which we are persuaded there is no sincerer friend than himself.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Aug. 16.—Yesterday was a glorious day for Frenchmen; the inhabitants of Paris, in an especial manner, proved, that the anniversary of the birth of their august Sovereign was for them the fete of love and gratitude. In the evening the theatres, which were opened gratis, offered the most animated and the most touching picture. All the remarkable passages in the plays were laid hold of by the good sense of the people with great discrimination; in short, they applauded the couplets sung in honour of their Majesties with that frank and lively enthusiasm, which is only the offspring of the heart.—On the day of the fete, at six in the morning, cannon gave the signal for pleasure and joy. New benefits still added to the lively effusion of those sentiments, for in all those solemnities dedicated to Napoleon the Great, he is pleased to found for his people useful monuments. This last year, on the 15th of August, was laid the first stone of the Palace of the University and Fine Arts, and that of the Palace for the Imperial Archives. This year, on the same day, the Navigation of the Canal of the Ourcq, between Paris and Claye, was opened, and the first stones have been laid for the Markets of St. Germans, Carmis, and Blancs-Manteaux. We will not here enumerate the vast conceptions every year executed for the public utility, and terminated at this happy epoch, not only at Paris, but throughout all parts of the Empire. The creation of the Port of Cherbourg is one of those memorable events, the *eclat* of which is lost in the midst of the immense rays of glory which surround our invincible Emperor, but it alone would be sufficient to immortalize other Sovereigns.

AUG. 18.—We are assured the departure of her Majesty for Cherbourg has been deferred for some days. Her Majesty will not leave St. Cloud before the 23d or 24th instant.

AUG. 21.—The Imperial head-quarters were on the 14th, still at Dresden. His Majesty the Emperor enjoyed the best health.

PROCLAMATION OF MARSHAL SOULT.

TO BE READ BY A COMMANDING OFFICER AT THE HEAD OF COMPANIES IN EACH REGIMENT.

“SOLDIERS!—The recent events of the war have induced his Majesty the Emperor to invest me, by an Imperial Decree of the 1st inst. with the command of the armies of Spain, and to honour me with the flattering title of his ‘Lieutenant.’ This high distinction cannot but convey to my mind sensations of gratitude and joy; but they are not unalloyed with regret at the train of events which have, in the opinion of his Majesty, rendered such an appointment necessary in Spain. It is known to you, Soldiers, that the enmity of Russia, roused into active hostility by the eternal enemy of the Continent, made it incumbent that numerous armies should be assembled in Germany early in the Spring. For this purpose were many of your comrades withdrawn. The Emperor himself assumed the command; and the arms of France, guided by his powerful and commanding genius, achieved a succession of as brilliant victories as any that adorn the annals of our country. The presumptuous hopes of aggrandisement entertained by the enemy were confounded. Pacific overtures were made; and the Emperor, always inclined to consult the welfare of his subjects, by following moderate councils, listened to the proposals that were made. While Germany was thus the theatre of great events, that enemy, who under pretence of succouring the inhabitants of the Peninsula, has in reality devoted them to ruin, was not inactive. He assembled the whole of his disposable

ance—English, Spaniards, and Portuguese—under his most experienced officers, and relying upon the superiority of his numbers, advanced in three divisions against the French force assembled upon the Douro. With well-provided fortresses in his front and rear, a skilful General, enjoying the confidence of his troops, might, by selecting good positions, have braved and discomfited this motley levy. But, unhappily, at this critical period, timorous and pusillanimous councils were followed. The fortresses were abandoned and blown up. Hasty and disorderly marches gave confidence to the enemy; and a veteran army, small indeed in number, but great in all that constitutes the military character, which had fought, bled, and triumphed in every province of Spain, beheld with indignation its laurels tarnished, and itself compelled to abandon all its acquisitions—the trophies of many a well-fought and bloody day. When at length the indignant voice of the troops arrested this disgraceful flight, and its Commander, touched with shame, yielded to the general desire, and determined upon giving battle near Vittoria, who can doubt—from this generous enthusiasm—this fine sense of honour—what would have been the result had the General been worthy of his troops? Had he, in short, made those dispositions and movements which would have secured to one part of his army the co-operation and support of the other.—Let us not, however, defraud the enemy of the praise which is due to him. The dispositions and arrangements of this General have been prompt, skilful, and consecutive. The valour and steadiness of his troops have been praiseworthy. Yet do not forget that it is to the benefit of your example they owe their present military character; and that whenever the relative duties of a French General and his troops have been ably fulfilled, their enemies have commonly had no other resource than flight.—Soldiers.—I partake your chagrin—your grief—your indignation.—I know that the blame of the present situation of the army is imputable to others; be the merit of repairing it yours. I have borne testimony to the Emperor of your bravery and zeal. His instructions are to drive the enemy from those lofty heights which enable him proudly to survey our fertile vallies, and chase them across the Ebro. It is on the Spanish soil that your tents must next be pitched, and from thence your resources drawn. No difficulties can be insurmountable to your valour and devotion. Let us then exert ourselves with mutual ardour; and be assured that nothing can give greater felicity to the paternal heart of the Emperor than the knowledge of the triumphs of his army—of its increasing glory—of its having rendered itself worthy of him, and of our dear country. Extensive but combined movements for the relief of the fortresses are on the eve of taking place. They will be completed in a few days. Let the account of our success be dated from Vittoria—and the birth of his Imperial Majesty be celebrated in that city; so shall we render memorable an epoch deservedly dear to all Frenchmen.

(Signed)

July 23, 1813.

“SOULT, Duke of Dalmatia,
Lieutenant de l'Empereur.”

GERMANY.

FRONTIERS OF BOHEMIA, JULY 28.—The Congress for Peace, appointed at Prague, appears hitherto to have been doomed to suffer all kinds of difficulties. On the part of France there is as yet only the Count de Narbonne present. The Duke of Vicenza is still expected. Several diplomatic persons have arrived singly, on the part of Russia and Prussia; but neither Nesselrode or Hardenberg, who were announced, have as yet appeared in person. Baron Von Humboldt remains with our Count at Prague; as Prussian Ambassador with him came M. Von Lombard. General Selmswalow and M. Von Anstell are here on the part of Russia, and a Turkish Deputy has likewise unexpectedly appeared here. An English one is still expected. The personages belonging to the Austrian Embassy are the most numerous. Count Metternich is personally here, with all his attendants, at the head of whom is the Counsellor of State, Hadelut.

FRANKFORT, AUG. 8.—The Grand Duke has, by an Edict, dated the 10th July, ordered a forced loan to be exacted, to be applied towards defraying the expences of the military preparations. This loan, the capital of which is not yet determined, is to be exacted from all citizens and other persons domiciled, at the rate of one per cent. upon the declared capital. Under this name are comprised their property, real or personal, sums of money, precious stones, capitals, debts, bank paper, letters of exchange, &c.

MUNICH, AUG. 11.—His Majesty the King of Sicily to-day alighted at the house of his Minister to our Court, Count de Carraccioli.

BAVENSUE, AUG. 12.—The King of Naples arrived here to-day, at six in the evening, dined, and set out at eight o'clock.

HAMBURG, AUG. 19.—Yesterday, the 18th, the Marshal Prince of Eckmuhl broke up from his cantonments.—The enemy was repulsed at all points, after having suffered a considerable loss. Some prisoners were taken from him. The Danes behaved themselves extremely well.—Last night the Prince caused the three entrenchments which cover Lauenburg to be attacked. The 3d battalion of the 30th regiment of the line forced them with the bayonet, and the enemy retreated in great confusion across the Stecknitz, leaving the trenches filled with his dead and wounded. The loss that he has suffered on this occasion must be considerable.

SWEDEN.

GENERAL ORDERS BY THE CROWN PRINCE.

STRALSUND, HEAD-QUARTERS.—In the interval afforded by the prolongation of the Armistice, it is the earnest recommendation of his Royal Highness that the Commanding Officers of Regiments and Corps shall devote their attention to improve the discipline of their men, exercise them in military manœuvres, and by proper regard to the equipments, render the soldiers efficient and able to take the field at the shortest notice.

GOTTENBURG, AUG. 13.—The army under the Prince Royal of Sweden, 100,000 strong, is marching towards the Elbe.

AUG. 16.—Lord Aberdeen arrived on Saturday last.

AUG. 20.—The Crown Prince of Sweden was, during the armistice, fired at from Castrup, while reviewing some troops in that neighbourhood, and the shot fell within thirty yards of him. The Cossacks would have cut off a great number of troops who were at work outside the wall, but the Crown Prince would not allow it, and a satisfactory explanation is said to have taken place.

AUG. 22.—A Messenger has just arrived from Reichenbach, with the news that Austria declared war against France on the 10th instant. On the 13th, in the morning, the whole of the army was put in motion. Headquarters were removed to Prague, to which place the Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, and Lord Cathcart were gone.—We are assured, that official intelligence of this event has been received.—General Moreau sailed from Ystadt on the 4th inst. and by accounts received had a favourable wind to Stralsund, where he would be met by the Crown Prince of Sweden, the latter having purposely left Berlin to receive his old friend. No doubt something grand will soon be done by these two great military men.

DENMARK.

ELBINGER, AUG. 3.—Yesterday a Russian Courier ar-

ived here from Sweden, and set off immediately for Copenhagen. He came from Berlin, and travelled here by the way of Stralsund and Ystadt.

COPENHAGEN, AUG. 3.—The report is, that the courier who arrived here on the 28th of July from Dresden, brought the ratification of a treaty between France and Denmark. Nothing has yet transpired respecting the contents of this treaty; but we are assured that it stipulates an alliance offensive and defensive.

RUSSIA.

PETERSBURGH, JULY 27.—Messrs. Galatin and Bayard, Ministers Plenipotentiaries from the United States of America, have arrived here. Along with the Prussian Volunteers under Major Lutzow, are also Tyrolise, and among them Andrew Hoffer, son of Andrew Hoffer who was shot, as also Henry Palm, son of the bookseller Palm, who was shot at Erlangen.

ITALY.

GENOA, JULY 24.—Captains Barthelemy and Cassengens, who left Malta on the 3d instant, arrived at Leghorn on the 16th, and announced, that at the moment of his departure, the plague continued its ravages in that island, and that the number of victims was from 18 to 20 daily.

NAPLES, AUG. 2.—The town of Naso, in Sicily, situate near Cape Orland, has begun to refuse obedience to the new Sicilian Government. This town has a population of 10,000 souls. The inhabitants have already by main force resisted the troops sent to restore tranquillity and good order among them. They have fortified themselves, placed artillery upon their walls, and formed a corps of 4000 combatants. The Sicilian Government demanded a reinforcement of troops from the English to subdue this town, but the English replied they could not interfere in such affairs.—Serious troubles have also broken out in Palermo. The dearthness of provisions was the occasion of them. The people went to the prisons, and took for their auxiliaries the individuals detained in them. Thirty persons perished in this tumult—many others have been arrested; two individuals known for chiefs of the sedition were arrested two days ago.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

ASSIZES.

CLAYTON v. STRINGER.

YORKSHIRE, AUG. 5.—Mr. BRADGEMAN said, this was an action brought by the plaintiff to recover damages for one of the greatest injuries one man could receive at the hands of another,—the seduction of his daughter. The plaintiff was a respectable tradesman, and the defendant a young man in possession of a valuable though small farm. The defendant, under the pretence of an honourable courtship, found means to delude the daughter of the plaintiff, then a girl about 17 years of age, to an illicit intercourse with him; in consequence of which she became pregnant, and became the dishonoured mother of an illegitimate child. Though the ground on which these actions was founded was the supposed pecuniary loss of the parent, in being deprived of the services of his daughter, and for the expences attendant on the delivery; yet it was now considered as a part of the law, that Juries should also take into consideration the disgrace, and anxiety, and disquietude, which such an injury must necessarily produce; and proportion the damages to the circumstances of each respective case. If the Jury considered it as a trivial injury for a person in the humble situation of life in which the plaintiff was placed, to have the honour of his daughter destroyed, and the peace and comfort of

his family ruined for ever, they would give light damages in this case; but if they were not of this opinion,—if they were convinced that the parental feelings were as acute as in more elevated situations,—that they were as much alive to the sense of shame, they would give such a compensation as such a view of the case should dictate. He should be under the necessity of calling on this unfortunate victim of seduction to relate the tale of her own dishonour; and this cruel necessity was a ground why the damages should be still larger, because it was a greater aggravation of the calamity to have this disgrace so publicly proclaimed.

Sarah Clayton stated, that she was about 20 years of age. When she first became intimately acquainted with the defendant, she was about 17. He visited her at her father's a considerable time: he courted her, and promised to marry her. Some time after Christmas (in what year the witness could not state, being no scholar), he had a criminal intercourse with her, in consequence of which she became pregnant, and was confined in the October following. When her pregnancy became visible the defendant shied her—declined keeping her company any longer. The defendant is a farmer, and lives with his mother.

On being cross-examined, she admitted that she had attended the meeting of the Justice to filiate the child, and that upon this occasion her father was turned out of the room at the instance of Mr. Birch, the defendant's attorney. She said it was this gentleman that mentioned the month of November as the time when the intercourse took place; but she persisted in stating that it was about Christmas.

Mr. TOPPING said, this was a case in which the smallest damages would be sufficient, if the Jury even believed the evidence of this young woman, who had, before the Justice, given such an account as induced them to refuse making an order upon the defendant. There was no evidence except that of the plaintiff's daughter that the defendant ever kept company with her at all. This want of corroboration on a subject which might have been sustained by farther evidence, if true, ought justly to excite suspicion as to the truth of what she had stated.

The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 2*l*.

Joseph Fourniss and George Wilkinson, otherwise George Chew, were charged with entering the house of George H. Gray, of Clifton, and stealing a quantity of bacon, &c.—George Hulroyd, a clothier, stated, that he was disturbed in the night of the 30th of April, and awoke from his sleep about one o'clock in the morning; the first object he saw was a person standing at the bed-head, with a shovel in his hand, who waved it over him in a menacing attitude, and threatened to take away his life if he did not deliver up all the money he had. This person he stated to be the prisoner Fourniss; witness, almost immediately after, saw another man; witness replied that they might take all he had, if they would only spare his life. He said they then demanded a candle, and that he directed them where to find one, which, when found, they lighted at the fire. They then demanded his gun, and witness told them where to find it. Fourniss also got the gun, and demanded of the witness why it was cocked? Witness told him it was only on the half-cock. Fourniss then came again to his bed-side, and drew a table-knife from his pocket, and said, if he did not tell him where his notes were, he would certainly take his life. He assured them that he had no money worth their notice, but they might search where they would, and take what they would, if they would only spare his life. Fourniss said, money they wanted, and money they must have, and asked where his breeches were. Witness told them they were laid upon a chair by the bed side, but there was only sixpence in the pockets, which was all the money he had; he did not see them take it out, but in the morning he found that it was gone, and he was sure that it was in his pocket when he went to bed; after that, Fourniss again threatened to kill him with a knife: they both came to his bed-head, and Fourniss said, that as he would not inform them where his money was, they would kill him; witness then requested time for prayer. Wilkinson said to Fourniss, "let him pray," and the witness prayed a few minutes whilst the prisoners both stood over him. When he

had done praying, Wilkinson seemed to relent, for when the other said, "he will not show us where the money is, we must kill him!" Wilkinson said, "No! we will not kill him."—Fourniss then went into the cellar, leaving Wilkinson to stand over him with the knife. Wilkinson told the witness he need not be afraid, but might lie down and sleep, for he should not be hurt if he could help it. Witness said, that when they were standing over him, threatening to take his life, he told them if they would spare his life, he would get them a few notes from his daughter, and lay them in a hole at the house end for them, which they might fetch away the following night.—They remained in the house about an hour.—The Jury found the prisoners *Guilty*; but recommended Wilkinson to mercy, on account of the compassion he had shewn.

WARWICK.—On Wednesday week, *John Britain* was tried for the murder of his wife in April last, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, and afterwards delivered to the surgeons for dissection. On the trial the principal evidence against him was his own son, who on the sight of his father, was scarcely able to sustain the shock. His countenance betrayed his horror at the painful part he was called on to act; nor were his feelings confined to himself: Judges, Counsel, Jury, and spectators, were alike affected at the scene. After a short delay the Judge (*Sir S. Le Blanc*) told him that the task was, indeed, a painful one; but that it was a duty he owed to his God, his country, and the memory of his deceased mother, to relate to the Court such circumstances of the murder of his deceased parent as were within the compass of his knowledge, recollecting that his father had broken the chain that binds society together. After repeated encouragement from the Counsel, he proceeded in his testimony, with but little interruption, and in the course of it stated the following facts:—The witness was sleeping in the room with his father, mother, and a younger brother; about six o'clock, on being suddenly disturbed by a noise, he rose and found his father standing in a threatening attitude over the bed in which his mother lay. On examining the bed, he found his mother weltering in her blood, which flowed from a wound she had received from a bar of iron which his father held in his hand. The prisoner was again in the act of raising his hand to strike the deceased, when the witness rushed up to him, and wrested the bar from his grasp, exclaiming at the same time, "O, my dear father, have mercy!" and in his endeavour to obtain the murderous weapon, received a violent blow on one of his arms. On his father becoming cooler, witness went again to his mother, and saw that she was much bruised about the head and face, her blood flowing very fast; her speech was gone, and she appeared to be in extreme agony. He wiped the blood from her face with some water, and his father in a short time came to the bed and assisted him. Witness left the room to call for assistance of some neighbours, and then proceeded in search of medical aid. The witness further stated, that he had often been disturbed in his rest during the last six or seven months previous to the murder, by his father's singular behaviour: as for instance, by his getting out of bed at night, going down stairs, and displacing the furniture, and by his use of strange expressions. He was convinced that his father laboured, at times, under mental derangement, but nothing had occurred of that description within a month previous to the murder.—When the prisoner was called upon for his defence,—he accordingly uttered a long and unconnected address, partaking more of a soliloquy than of any thing else. He seemed to rely on his insanity at the time the fatal deed was committed, and on the act being involuntary and unpremeditated.—The Learned Judge, in summing up, stated to the Jury, that they had to confine themselves to the question, whether the prisoner was sane at the time of committing the deed, the fact of the deceased having met her death at his hands being indisputable.—The Jury in ten minutes returned their verdict—*Guilty*.—On Friday week, he was executed in front of the county gaol, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. He declared he had no personal animosity against his wife when he went to bed on the evening preceding the murder: but that on a sudden impulse, and without any provoca-

tion, he jumped out of bed, and perpetrated the horrid deed, with a bar of iron, about 21 inches long. After his condemnation he manifested an appearance of calmness and serenity. He has left three children to bewail his shocking and the lamentable fate of their mother.

EXECUTION OF NICHOLSON.

Nicholson, it will be recollected, was removed, on the 17th instant, from the House of Correction, in Cold-bath-fields; and at the instance of Mr. Bonar, Governor Adkins sent down to Maidstone his principal assistant (Joseph Becket), who had very particular instructions respecting the care and treatment of the prisoner. After sentence of death was passed, Nicholson was placed in the condemned cell, which in the Maidstone gaol is under ground, and the approach to it is dark and dreary, down many steps. In this cell Mr. Bonar had an interview with the prisoner, at half-past five on Monday morning last. On his approaching the cell, he found Nicholson on his knees at prayer.

At about twelve o'clock the preparations for the removal of Nicholson being nearly completed, Mr. Bonar, accompanied by his brother, and Mr. Bramston, the Catholic clergyman, had another interview with the unfortunate man; soon after which, the hurdle or sledge, which was in the shape of a shallow box about six feet by three, was drawn up to the gaol door; at each end was a seat just capable of holding two persons. Nicholson, double-ironed, was first placed in it, with his back to the horses; he was also pinioned with ropes, and round his shoulders was coiled the fatal cord;—by his side sat the executioner; opposite to the prisoner the Rev. Mr. Bramston took his seat, and by his side sat one of the Maidstone jailers with a loaded blunderbuss. Every thing being in readiness, the procession advanced at a very slow pace towards Pennenden-heath, which is distant from Maidstone nearly a mile and an half, on which was erected a temporary new drop, which had a platform raised about seven feet from the ground, and was large enough to contain about a dozen persons. A little before two o'clock the hurdle arrived, and stopped immediately under the gallows, when Mr. Bramston and Nicholson knelt down on it, and remained for some time in prayer. Some time previous to this Mr. Bonar arrived on the ground in a post-chaise, and took his stand within twelve yards of the fatal spot, with the front windows full on the gallows, and which he kept open during the whole time; but each of the side-windows was closed by blinds. So anxious was Mr. Bonar to get from the unfortunate wretch his very dying words, as to whether he had either motive or accomplice, that a person was deputed to ascend the platform after the cord was round the prisoner's neck, and to ask him the following questions:—

Q. "Now that you have not many moments to live, is all that you have stated, namely, that you had no motive that you can tell of, nor had you any accomplice, true?"—A. "All that I have stated is true."

"Then there is no creature living on earth who had any thing to do with the murder but yourself?"—"No, no one."

"You had no accomplices?"—"None."

"Had you any antipathy to either your master or mistress before you committed the horrid murder?—Clasping his hands together as well as his heavy irons would permit him, "As God is in Heaven it was a momentary thought, as I have repeatedly declared before."

The above were the last words of this unhappy man; in a few minutes after they were uttered, the bottom of the platform, which, we have before stated, was constructed like one of the new drops, was let fall, and Nicholson was launched into eternity.—He died unusually hard, being greatly convulsed. After hanging an hour, the body was put into a post-chaise, which drove off in the direction for Bromley.

Nicholson ascended the gallows by a ladder, with a firm step, and remained unshaken to the last moment of his existence. He was asked repeatedly during the morning of Monday how he felt himself; and his answers were, that he had never felt himself so comfortable since the commission of the crime. That he died with a full persuasion that he had made his peace with

God Almighty, there cannot be a doubt: he assured all who spoke to him of his hope of salvation, and said, so firmly was his mind made up, and so satisfied was he to die, that if a free pardon were to be laid down to him, he would much rather die than accept of it.

The number of persons assembled to witness the execution was immense.

The following is a copy of Nicholson's will, which he made while in prison:—

"It is the wish and desire of me, the undersigned Philip Nicholson, now in custody of the Governor of the House of Correction of the county of Middlesex, that the wearing apparel, and other my property and effects, may be disposed of and given to the persons after named: viz. my wearing apparel, of whatever kind it may be, to my father, Patrick Nicholson.

"To my said father, Patrick Nicholson, the sum of four pounds to defray his expenses home to Ireland.

"And all the rest and residue of my property, linen, monies, and effects whatsoever, to my mother Bridget Nicholson. As witness my hand the 17th day of August, 1813.

"Witness, THOS. WEBBE, " PHILIP NICHOLSON."

"I. HENSON.

"And I authorise and empower Mr. Webbe to see that my above wish and desire is carried into execution.

" PHILIP NICHOLSON."

On Monday morning last, the gallows intended for the execution of *Massereaux*, who was convicted on Friday week, at the Maidstone Assizes, of murdering a marine on board the *Sampson* prison-ship, were conveyed as early as three o'clock to Hoop Point, in the Medway, off which place the prison-ships are stationed; and the execution took place in the full view of all the prisoners. *Massereaux* was taken from the jail heavily ironed; and, together with the executioner and his assistants, and a clergyman, took his seat in a post-carriage, and was driven to the spot, where he paid the forfeit of his life for the crime he had committed.

BRIGHTON, AUG. 23.—Neither the grand dinner, nor the sham sea-fight, nor any of the other intended honours, took place on the Duke of Clarence's birth-day. The rejoicings were confined to the dressing up the ships with colours, to the Royal Duke's going on board the *Niobe* under a Royal salute, and to a few illuminations. There was a select party at the Pavilion to dinner, and in the evening to music, which was attended by the Countess de Lieven. The Prince Regent takes his usual rides on the Downs in the mornings. Lord Holland remains at Brighton, but has not been at the Pavilion.

ROBBERY AND MURDER.—An Inquest has been taken on a view of the body of the Rev. Nicholas Westcombe, who was found murdered on Saturday three weeks, in a path-way, at a short distance from Winchester, leading to the Andover-road. It appeared the deceased had been seen walking on the road, at nine o'clock in the morning; it was between nine and ten when his body was discovered. A belief prevailed that he had died by apoplexy; but, on a more minute inspection of the body, a violent bruise was discovered under the jaw, which, it was imagined, produced instant death; added to which, a soldier, of the 102d regiment, of the name of Robert Glasse, on the death being mentioned in his hearing, immediately said he had seen the deceased lying near the spot described, in the morning, but that he did not attempt to disturb him, because he thought he was asleep. The improbability of this story (it being early in the morning), with some other circumstances, led to his being apprehended. Upon his examination, he was called upon to account for how he disposed of his time during the morning named; which he gave, but it was afterwards falsified in many points, and the suspicion of his being the perpetrator of the crime, partook of rather a circumstantial form.—The Jury returned a verdict of *Wilful Murder*, against him, and he was committed to the County Gaol, to take his trial for the offence. He is a man of more knowledge and abilities than are usually found in persons of his nation, but of reputed bad

character. Mr. Westcombe was Rector of Barton Stacey, near Winchester, Vicar of Colingbourne, and one of the Minor Canons of Winchester Cathedral. A watch and some money which he was known to have about him, had been taken from him.

On Tuesday week, when the Judges, &c. had proceeded to Bodmin Church, in order to attend divine worship, previously to commencing the Assizes, they were detained for nearly a quarter of an hour, the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, vicar of Bodmin, who was to read the service, not being ready.—When he came into church, there appeared something hurried in his manner, and, on opening the prayer-book, he said to the Rev. Mr. Kendall, the Sheriff's Chaplain, who was with him in the desk, "I fear I shall not be able to go through the service; will you assist me?" Mr. Kendall politely offered to take the whole duty; and as Mr. Pomeroy was taking off his surplice, he staggered and would have fallen had not the former caught him in his arms. Mr. Kendall immediately conveyed him to his house, and medical assistance was procured, but unfortunately it was only to ascertain that he had expired.

Wednesday week, a duel was fought near Pendennis Castle, between Capt. Perry and Lieut. Leader, both of the Somerset Militia, now in garrison at that place. On the first fire, Capt. Perry fell, and it was found that the ball had passed through one thigh, and lodged near the groin in the other; it was extracted almost immediately, but serious apprehensions are entertained respecting his recovery. Mr. Leader, and the second, Capt. N—— and Lieut. S——, have absconded.

Tuesday week, a journeyman plumber, descended into an old well on Odd Down, near Bath, but had not been there many minutes before he was annoyed by foul air, and became totally senseless. Four Colliers passing by were employed to render assistance by a woman who saw the plumber's perilous state; one of them only would attend, and he with much alacrity descended the well; but the noxious vapour was too powerful, and he was obliged to be drawn up without accomplishing his benevolent design; being soon refreshed, he again descended, and was again forced to return unsuccessful; still determined to persevere, the noble fellow went down a third time, and brought up the poor sufferer, apparently a corpse. Resuscitating means were, however, resorted to, under medical instruction, and after twenty minutes the vital spark re-appeared. He was soon restored, and is now perfectly recovered. The plumber had been employed in the well the day preceding.

On Sunday week, the body of a young woman was buried at a place where four roads meet, in the parish of Marsh, near the Land's End. This unfortunate creature having become pregnant in consequence of an illicit intercourse, resolved to put a period to her existence. She purchased a quantity of arsenic under pretence of a purpose to poison rats, and having put it into a cup of tea, she swallowed it in the presence of her mother. The body was opened by Messrs. Berryman and Giddy, and the arsenic was found in the stomach, which was much inflamed. The bodies of two infants, apparently about six months old, were extracted.—The whole of the circumstances induced the Coroner's Jury to return a verdict of *Self-deceit*, and the Coroner issued his warrant for the interment in the manner prescribed by law.

On Monday week, an Inquest was held at Chalford, Gloucestershire on the body of James Cox, an infant about six months old, found lying dead on the pillow near his mother, with various discolorations on the skin, usually remarked in cases of poison from deadly nightshade.—It happened, in evidence, that a few of these pernicious berries had been gathered by a boy on the preceding Sunday, and left with some children at play, amongst whom was a girl who had the care of this infant; and although the fact could not be ascertained, strong suspicions were induced that the death of the child had been occasioned by the effect of this deleterious vegetable; and the Jury returned a verdict—*Died by the visitation of God.*

Miss Blane, the daughter of Sir G. Blane, was on Tuesday found drowned in a pond at Weyfield Park. It is supposed, that having placed herself at the edge of the pond (on which she was accustomed to sit while she made sketches of the place), it

had given way with her, and plunged her into the water.—Every means to recover her were ineffectually used.—She was in the bloom of life.

William Muir, formerly servant to *Mr. Milligen*, *Gilkerscleugh Mains*, *Dumfriesshire*, accused of poisoning his wife, by introducing arsenic into a basin of oatmeal, out of which she made and partook of porridge for her breakfast, on the morning of the 8th September, 1812, has been apprehended within these few days in *Fife*, and lodged in *Edinburgh jail*.

Monday week an information was laid before the Deputy Mayor of *Dover* by two Dissenters of *Margate*, against *Samuel Brooke*, Esq. on a charge of disturbing the congregation assembled to hear *Dr. Townley's* Lecture on the *Millenium*, whereby he incurred a heavy penalty, and a warrant has been issued in order to the binding *Mr. Brooke* in recognizance, and the bringing of the matter before the next *Dover Sessions*. The point is that of producing a legal decision on the question, whether *Field Preaching* is permitted under the last Dissenters' Act.

At *Scarborough*, on the 14th instant, at night, a Frenchman, supposed to be an officer on parole, provided himself with a boat, and went off from that place.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Downing-street, Aug. 22, 1813.

A Dispatch, of which the following is an extract, has been received by *Earl Bathurst*, from *Field Marshal the Marquis of Wellington*, dated *Lezaca*, August 11, 1813:—

No particular change has taken place in the position of either of the contending armies on this frontier since I addressed your Lordship on the 4th instant.—I have the pleasure to inform your Lordship, that the enemy's fortified post at *Zuragoza* surrendered, by capitulation, to *Gen. Mina*, on the 30th ult. He has taken there above five hundred prisoners, forty-seven pieces of cannon, a vast quantity of ammunition, arms, clothing, &c. &c.

The last accounts which I have received from *Lieut. General Lord Wm. Bentinck* are of the 1st instant; he was then in the neighbourhood of *Tarragona*.

I inclose a return of killed and wounded, who were not included in the returns transmitted in my dispatches to your Lordship of the 1st and 4th inst.

Supplementary Return of Killed, Wounded, and Missing, of the Army under the Command of his Excellency Field-Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, K.G. from the 30th of July to the 1st August, 1813, inclusive.

British.—2 captains, 1 serjeant, 16 rank and file, 1 horse, killed; 1 lieutenant colonel, 1 major, 3 captains, 8 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 1 staff, 8 serjeants, 1 drummer, 153 rank and file, 1 horse, wounded; 6 rank and file missing.

British Officers Killed, 30th July.

3d or Buffs.—Capt. Walsh.—14th Foot.—Capt. Whitting.

British Officers Wounded, 30th July.

1st Hussars, King's German Legion—Lieut. Ilten, slightly.—3d or Buffs—Lieut. Colclough, slightly.—31st Foot, 2d Batt.—Capt. Girdlestone, Ensign Wm. Smith, severely.—45th Foot—Lieut. Humphrey, severely.—66th Foot, 2d Batt.—Major Dodgin, slightly; Capt. Goldie (Major). Lieut. Hickin, severely; Lieut. Dobbin, slightly.—14th Foot—Lieut. Col. the Hon. L. P. Trench, slightly; Capt. Moore (Major), Lieut. Pattison, Lieut. Duncumb, severely; Lieut. Tew, slightly.

1st August.

66th Foot, 5th Batt.—Adjutant Kent, slightly.

Admiralty-Office, August 24, 1813.

Extract of a Letter from *Captain Maples*, of His Majesty's Sloop *Pelican*, to *Vice-Admiral Thornbrough*, and transmitted by the latter Officer to *John Wilson Croker*, Esq.

His Majesty's Sloop Pelican, St. David's Head, East five Leagues, Aug. 14, 1813.

I have the honour to inform you, that in obedience to your orders to me of the 12th instant, to cruise in *St. George's*

Channel, for the protection of the trade, and to obtain information of an American sloop of war, I had the good fortune to board a brig, the Master of which informed me, that he had seen a vessel, apparently a man of war, steering to the N. E.; at four o'clock this morning I saw a vessel on fire, and a brig standing from her, which I soon made out to be a cruiser, made all sail in chase, and at half-past five came alongside of her (she having shortened sail, and made herself clear for an obstinate resistance)—when, after giving her three cheers, our action commenced, which was kept up with great spirit on both sides forty-three minutes, when we lay her alongside, and were in the act of boarding, when she struck her colours. She proved to be the United States sloop of war *Argus*, of three hundred and sixty tons, eighteen twenty-four pounder carronades, and two long twelve-pounders; had on board when she sailed from *America* (two months since) a complement of one hundred and forty-nine men, but in the action, one hundred and twenty-seven men, commanded by *Lieutenant-Commandant W. H. Allen*, who, I regret to say, was wounded early in the action, and has since suffered amputation of his left thigh.

No eulogium I could use would do sufficient justice to the merits of my gallant officers and crew (which consisted of one hundred and sixteen); the cool courage they displayed, and the precision of their fire, could only be equalled by their zeal to distinguish themselves; but, I must beg leave to call your attention to the conduct of my First Lieutenant, *Thomas Welsh*, of *Mr. William Glanville*, Acting Master, *Mr. Wm. Ingram*, the Purser, who volunteered his services on deck, and *Mr. Richard Scott*, the Boatswain.

Our loss, I am happy to say, is small; one master's mate, *Mr. William Young*, slain in the moment of victory, while animating, by his courage and example, all around him, and one able seaman, *John Emery*, besides five seamen wounded, who are doing well; that of the enemy I have not yet been able to ascertain, but it is considerable—her officers say about forty killed and wounded.—I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) J. F. MAPLES, Commander.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Smith, *Fairworth*, *Lancashire*, victualler.
J. Smith, *Vere-street*, *Oxford-street*, victualler.

BANKRUPTS;

C. Russell, *Bath*, brush maker.
S. Cock, *Basinghall-street*, merchant.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

D. Williams, *Abercromby*, *Anglesea*, shopkeeper.
T. Bulmer, *Manchester*, draler.
H. Richardson, *Easton-square*, brick-maker.
W. Parr, *Liverpool*, dealer.

BANKRUPTS.

M. Maskery and *D. Maskery*, *Handley*, *Staffordshire*, milliners.
J. Warburton, *Sough-bridge*, *Lancashire*, calico-printer.
C. Newton, *Clermont House*, *Brompton*, scrivener.
A. Sexton, *Osett*, *Yorkshire*, clothier.
J. Moreton, *Manchester*, shopkeeper.
H. Proctor and *T. Cantrell*, *Tipton*, *Staffordshire*, grocers.
J. Thomas, *E. Tyler*, and *S. Tyler*, *Bristol*, builders.
James Nowles, *Ormskirk*, *Lancashire*, woollen-draper.
M. Brumby, *Gainsborough*, *Lincolnshire*, sailcloth-manufacturer.
W. Lee and *E. Lee*, *Lambeth-Marsh*, *Surrey*, stone-masons.
T. Pugh, *Brick-lane*, *Spitalfields*, fallow-chandler.
J. H. Billing, *son W. Brooks*, and *J. H. Billing*, *jun.* *Paddington*, corn-dealers.
F. Davies, *Manchester*, hatter.
W. Ashby, *Albury*, *Herefordshire*, butcher.
W. Woodward, *King's Arms-yard*, *White Cross-street*, carpenter.
J. Cook, *Liverpool*, linen-draper.
H. Toby, *Lucas-street*, *Gray's Inn-lane-rod*, carpet-warehouseman.
S. Cooke, *Liverpool*, linen-draper.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

Consols.....57½ | Omnium.....6½

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, AUGUST 29.

It has been strongly affirmed and believed within these two or three days, that the Austrian Emperor had at last declared war against BONAPARTE. A King's messenger, who left Reichenbach on the 13th instant, at which time the Emperors of AUSTRIA and RUSSIA, and the King of PRUSSIA, are said to have been together at Prague, brought intelligence that the Declaration took place on the 11th, and that passports were immediately sent to the French ministers. Another messenger, who has since arrived, is said not only to have confirmed the intelligence, but to have brought the declaration itself. French Papers, which have been received in town to the 24th instant, say not a word of the matter; but this augurs nothing against it, and indeed the studied air of leisureliness and security which they assume, would rather be in its favour.—Whatever may be the real circumstance, we have no doubt that the proceedings of the Austrian Emperor would in either case be justly attributable to the inordinate and outrageous passions of his son-in-law, which would either overawe him in the one instance, or provoke him out of his natural easiness in the other. But we confess that we are not so sanguine of the result in the latter case, as most of our contemporaries, and have no idea that Austria would ever assist the Russian Emperor in completely crushing BONAPARTE, if she could. The utmost that is to be hoped, and perhaps by reasonable men ought to be hoped, is that a proper lesson should be read to his vile temper, and his ambition be compelled to confine itself within old limits, and turn to the proper path of human improvement.

A multitude of rumours have risen in consequence, as might be expected. The direct cause which led to the Austrian Declaration, is said to have been a refusal on the part of BONAPARTE to evacuate the Prussian fortresses. The latter is reported immediately to have endeavoured to seize the neutral town of Breslau, and to have obtained a momentary footing there, of which he was dispossessed by a combined attack of the Prussians and Russians. Further, a great battle was expected in Lusatia; and lastly, in consequence of reported rejoicings on board the French fleet in the Scheldt on Wednesday last, this battle has ripened into a victory on the part of NAPOLEON, though they were most likely nothing else but the customary honours bestowed on the French Emperor's birthday.

Our readers must be well aware, that on the subject of the war in Spain, we were among those who thought that the contest would certainly terminate in the expulsion of the English, and the placing JOSEPH BONAPARTE on the

throne of that country.—This opinion was formed on a consideration of the relative strength of France and Spain, the characters of the persons wielding that strength, and the peculiar state of the Spanish people at the commencement of the war.—It will be recollected, that at the period when BONAPARTE attempted to seize upon the Peninsula, he was at peace with every other continental State; the immense force with which he had vanquished the principal Powers in Europe was wholly at his disposal; he had already obtained possession of all the strong frontier towns of Spain, without cost; and had even insinuated a powerful army into the very heart of the country.—And how was Spain prepared to resist? After several ages of misrule, by which the body of the people had been reduced to a condition little better than our Hindoo subjects, a sort of family revolution had taken place, which had served to divide rather than unite the power of the nation; the army was contemptible in number and in discipline; the Court and Nobility were notoriously imbecile and corrupt; and the people, it was naturally concluded, could hardly be supposed inclined to risk their lives in favour of those, by whose profligacy and incapacity they had been so long impoverished and degraded.

Under such circumstances, therefore, when BONAPARTE avowed his intention of placing his Brother on a throne, from which its legitimate possessor had been pushed by his own Son, and when both Father and Son were in the hands of the Usurper, it appeared to us that little hope could be cherished of a successful resistance.—A portion of the people, it is true, manifested a very strong antipathy to French rule, and encouraged and aided by England, opposition was excited and armies raised: but such was the strength of the enemy, that fortress after fortress fell into his possession; the Spaniards were every where discomfited; their English allies were compelled to take to their ships; and, with the exception of Cadiz, hardly a town of note remained in the hands of the patriots.—At this time, had not BONAPARTE been called away by an Austrian war, there can be little doubt that he would have completely accomplished his object. As it was, he kept possession of the larger portion of Spain, confined the exertions of England to the defence of Portugal, and was gradually advancing to the attainment of his purpose, when a war with Russia again interfered, and by its unexpected and indeed surprising catastrophe,—the destruction of one of the greatest armies which was ever led into the field,—the Spanish patriots have been relieved, with the powerful aid of England, from the immediate pressure of the enemy; and the independence of Spain, which a few months ago seemed so entirely hopeless, has now become a probable event.

To some ardent politicians, we are aware that the term probable will appear at this juncture cold and unseasonable: but however satisfactory and glorious recent events may have been, there are still some disagreeable appearances, which compel us to conclude that the struggle in Spain is

far from being at its close, and that unless the Spanish people rouse themselves to exertions beyond any which they have hitherto made, they may finally be forced to receive a Frenchman for their Sovereign.

When BONAPARTE lately withdrew his best Officers, and some of his veteran troops, from Spain, and when the intrusive Monarch was hastily falling back on the frontier, it seemed to indicate that the pressure of affairs in the North had compelled the French Emperor to give up or suspend his views upon Spain; but from his subsequent proceedings nothing appears further from his intention: and it certainly strikes us, that if he be resolutely bent on the subjugation of that country, Spain has yet much to fear. Even now, an able General with a powerful army is threatening the western frontier; SUCHET, with no contemptible force, occupies Catalonia, and commands the Eastern Pyrenees; and it is manifest that Lord WELLINGTON must receive considerable reinforcements, to enable him to keep the French at bay, and at the same time to lay siege to the fortresses still in the hands of the enemy, among which are Pamploña, St. Sebastian, Fontarabia, Tortosa, Barcelona, Tarragona, and Rosas,—some of them the strongest in Spain.

The question seems to be, which of the parties can best sustain the heavy drain of war? When both sides are equally determined, it then resolves itself into a point of mere strength.—If we saw the Spanish people pressing forward in numerous bodies to second the exertions of the gallant Marquis, the question would be at once answered, and BONAPARTE might look out some other throne for his brother. But this it is which throws a damp upon our hopes. We hear of no new and well-regulated exertions, no animating calls to arms, no fresh bands of resolute Spaniards eagerly advancing to the scene of action, at this most important crisis. And though we are not exactly disposed to believe Sir JOHN MORAY, when he assures that the Spanish troops will "not move," yet it is a melancholy truth, that they are still deplorably inefficient both in number and discipline.—It is a fact sufficiently clear, that were the British withdrawn from the field even for one month, every part of Spain would be immediately overrun by the enemy. Yet there are ten millions of people in this country,—a country, long peculiarly adapted by Nature for defence. Is not this a proof, that the great body of the nation are heartless spectators of the contest, and care little for the result? And after all, however deplorable this apathy may be, it can hardly be deemed surprising. Politically speaking, the Spaniards have long since been dead, and to raise the dead is a task somewhat hard, at least in these modern times.

In fine, if Spain be saved from French subjugation, it will not be owing to Spanish exertions and heroisms, but to the assistance of England, and a combination of fortunate events. Though the war has now continued several years, not a single man of talent has arisen in Spain, to assert its rights and vindicate its insulted majesty: and the simple fact, that ten millions of people should owe their present

safety to a handful of foreigners, is an abundant proof that they must long have been strangers to the blessings of good government; for men will readily be found to guard a land in which they enjoy the decent comforts and common rights of civilized society.—Thus, whether Spain be ultimately conquered, or rescued from the foul attack of BONAPARTE, her condition should operate as a warning to Englishmen, never to relinquish one iota of their rights, upon any pretence whatever; for the sure way to invite injury and degradation from abroad, is first to submit to want and shame at home.

Paris Papers have arrived to the 24th. They state BONAPARTE to be at Dresden on the 15th, but make no mention of the armistice, though they indicate the immediate renewal of hostilities by stating that the French actors arrived at Frankfort on their return to Paris.

A letter from Petersburg, dated August 4, states that seven transports have arrived at Cronstadt, to convey to their native country 2000 Spaniards, who have been rescued from their compulsory service in the French armies.

In our last we announced, from the French Papers, that MURAT had gone to Dresden, which circumstance is far more likely than the report in a Heligoland letter, which states that he had joined the Allies.

The foreign papers say, that nine thousand British troops have landed at Stralsund. Surely there must be some error in this; for Lord WELLINGTON is said to be pressing Ministers for supplies.

The Proclamation of SUCHET, given in this day's paper, is suspected to be a forgery.

A Gentleman who arrived last week in the packet which brought Mr. SYLVESTER, and who has been during the last four months in Prussia, estimates the force of that kingdom at 200,000 men, and that of Austria, including the Hungarian levies at 250,000. There is certainly no reason to believe that the united force of the Allies can, by any possibility, now be inferior to that of the French. The latter is estimated, in letters from Gottenburgh, at from 280,000 to 300,000 men, and the united force of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Sweden, must be at least equal in number, if not considerably superior.—*Courier.*

Of the amount of the force which the Allies can bring into the field, we have no precise account. Our letter from Gottenburgh states Austria to have 150,000, Russia 200,000, and Sweden and Prussia 127,000—in all 477,000 men. The Russian force is exaggerated—the Austrian, and Swedish and Prussian force, is probably under-rated.—Of the numbers BONAPARTE can bring into the field, we have no accurate information. If we could credit the French Papers, they would be at least half a million. That they are large, we have no doubt, and large they ought to be to oppose the mighty hosts against him.—*Courier.*

There is an order from the Home Secretary of State, for the permanent non-commissioned officers and drummers of the local militia to raise volunteers for the regular militia of their respective counties. They are to give ten guineas bounty, and two guineas are allowed for expenses.

It is said to be under consideration to send the whole of the troops of the line in this country to reinforce the Marquis of WELLINGTON in Spain.

The following curious extract of a letter from an officer with Lord Wellington's army, dated head-quarters, Lezaca, Aug. 9, 1813,—is taken from the *Times* newspaper—a journal not hasty to admit accounts that militate against our successes:—

Extract of a letter from an Officer with Lord Wellington's army, dated head-quarters, Lezaca, Aug. 9, 1813:—

“As a King's Messenger leaves us to-morrow for England, I would not let the opportunity pass, without sending you a letter, though since I wrote to you on the 3d, nothing material has occurred. Soult, we hear, is busy raising fresh troops, in order to attempt a second time the relief of Pamplona. Troops he may get, but I do not think he will be able to put that confidence in them which will be necessary for his success; all their hopes seemed to have been fixed upon him, and of course their disappointment has not been small. We are now nearly in the same position as we were on the 25th ult. The siege of St. Sebastian is to be resumed, it is said, with redoubled vigour. It is a very strong place, and will, I am afraid, cost us dear. As for Pamplona, nothing but hunger will subdue it: all the fortified places which I have seen are nothing to it. Reports as to the supplies of the garrison are very different, but in my humble opinion they have enough for three months more.—I have read with astonishment in some of the papers the most absurd and monstrous lies that ever were printed;—sometimes Lord Wellington is at Bayonne—next only 17,000 men were left of the army of Joseph after the defeat at Vittoria;—then comes a story of Suchet and his whole army being destroyed by the redoubted Sir John Murray. Pray where did they get the number of men which the French lost at Vittoria?—20,000 according to one—15,000 another? I do not think that the grand total of their loss on the 21st of June exceeded 6000 at most: I saw every prisoner that was made. You will be surprised to hear that the Blues and Life Guards never charged the enemy once, instead of breaking through their line three times.—We are very anxious to leave this place. Imagine to yourself being stuck (in the month of August) in a very small town, surrounded on all sides by mountains, which of course, besides the heat, prevent you from riding or walking out for air and exercise. The access to our place being so bad, of course the peasantry are not very fond of bringing any thing for sale; though three leagues off they have fresh salmon, &c. and every luxury in abundance. Yesterday (by starvation) I was tempted to travel up a young Pyrene, to dine with a friend, at the risk of my neck. After an hour's hard work, I got up, and certainly was well paid for my trouble; Bayonne appeared most beautifully—the sea opened to my left—the vallies of France looked like gold—I never saw so much corn in my life.”

Parliament was prorogued on Monday last, in the usual form by Commission, till Monday the 1st of November.

On the late inspection made by the Honourable Commissioner BOYLE and Dr. BAIRD, of the French prisoners at Forton, Porchester, and on board the prison-ships in the Harbour, there were only 154 patients in the hospitals, out of 20,680 prisoners. These were all slight cases, not one of typhus fever, or of any acute disease, except such as had arisen from cold or indiscretion.

The Duke of YORK has assembled a large party at Oatlands. Among the company are Lord ALVANLEY, Mr. BRUMMELL, Lord JAMES MURRAY, Sir CHARLES BUNBURY, Colonel UPTON, Sir COLLING SMITH, &c. &c.

An alteration in the projected plan for the new streets from Carlton House to Portland-place, has, it is said, been recommended by the Comptroller of the Board of Works, which will include the whole in one straight line (without any angles, as was at first intended). It is thought that the house of Lord SOMERS, in Cavendish-square, will be sacrificed to this improvement.

Sir ALEXANDER COCHRANE, who has just returned from the government of Guadaloupe, we are informed, has brought a most singular natural production, found in that island. It is a large petrification, enveloping a human body. This curiosity is to be removed from the Cressy man of war, in which it came, and sent by water to the Tower, from whence it will be removed and deposited in the British Museum.

NECESSARIES AND SUPERFLUITIES.—A dramatic piece under this title has been performed at the *Theatre de Vaudeville*, in Paris, with success. The object of the drama is to shew that the mind constantly rises in its desires, from what is necessary to what is superfluous. The Caliph, Aroun-al-Raschid, is attacked by robbers, and saved by Harlequin. In recompence, he says, he will give him whatever he wants. Harlequin first asks for food—then that his miserable hut shall be furnished—then that it shall be turned into a fine house—then he wishes for a beautiful wife—then for a palace, a park, gardens, baths, &c. He then desires that an humble cottage, which interrupts his view, may be demolished; but here the Caliph refuses to gratify his insatiate demand, and the piece concludes with the moral, that *our desires are without bounds*.

A MOCK PARSON AND HIS FATE.—At the Downpatrick Assizes, one Michael M'Ilvena was found guilty of representing himself as a Clergyman of the Established Church, and also as a Parish Priest, and of feloniously celebrating the marriage of Christopher Jennings with Mary Hair, a girl of seventeen years of age.—Jennings was also found guilty of debauching the girl.—The Mock Parson was sentenced to be hanged on the 18th of September; and Jennings was sentenced to stand in the pillory, to pay 50*l.* fine, and to be imprisoned one year.

EXTRAORDINARY NAVIGATOR.—A fine tortoiseshell cat was on Friday morning seen approaching London Bridge, peaceably seated in a large bowl dish. As she advanced towards the fall, every one anticipated that she would be overturned and precipitated into the stream. She kept her seat, however, with great presence of mind, and amidst loud cheers, shot the centre arch with as much dexterity as the most experienced waterman. A boy hearing her voice shortly after she had made this hazardous attempt, and fancying she wanted a pilot, rowed towards her, and took her into his wherry, when he found around her neck a parchment scroll, stating that she had come from Richmond Bridge, and directing, if she should reach London in safety, that she should be conveyed to a Mrs. CLARKE, in High-street, Borough, who would reward the bringer. The boy conveyed poor puss to Mrs. CLARKE, who seemed to be apprised of the circumstance, and rewarded the messenger with half a crown. It turned out that the voyage was undertaken for a wager between two Richmond Gentlemen, and that puss was embarked at the turn of the tide in the course of the night, and happily reached her destination without sustaining any injury.

The Quarter Loaf, owing to the promise of an abundant harvest, has already fallen three half-pence.

ANN MOORE.—This notorious character voluntarily quitted her late residence at Tutbury, on the 12th inst. at seven o'clock. It is said she is gone to take up her abode with some relation in the neighbourhood of Abbots Bromley. She was conveyed in an open cart, with such part of her household furniture which she had not sold. She was carried to the cart wrapped up in woollen, her face not being exposed.

THE ARMY.

On Thursday week, a Court-Martial commenced sitting at Leeds, on Lieut.-Colonel Maxwell, Paymaster of the Leeds District, when the following charge was read:—"For malversation in his office of Paymaster of the Leeds Recruiting District, in having embezzled or misapplied the sum of 7,898*l.* 6*s.* or thereabouts, of the public money."—The proceedings continued the two following days, when all the evidence having been gone through, Col. MAXWELL addressed the Court. He admitted that he had been guilty of misapplication of the public money, but he hoped the Court would not visit the indiscreet anticipation of resources which had unexpectedly failed him, with the penalties and disgrace of an abandoned swindler.—He admitted that he had found himself incompetent to the intricate details of official affairs, and that the accumulated load of unsettled balances quite overpowered him. He was aware that the ruin of his fortunes must be the result; but he implored the honourable tribunal before which he stood, to save his honour, and if his character was not destroyed, all would not be lost; he begged this for his own sake, but more especially on behalf of his unconscious wife and unoffending children.—He declared solemnly that he was never till very recently aware of the magnitude of the balances against him; and he said it must be manifest from an examination of the accounts, that all the deficiencies must have arisen before the 23d of March last, when the Mutiny Act, which made the offence with which he stood charged so highly penal, received the Royal Assent.—He concluded by saying—"If, then, the evidence which has been laid before you establishes, beyond a question, the charge of misapplication, I ask you not to screen me from the consequences which await my extravagance; but, I conjure you, by the sympathy which honourable minds feel in the wounds of an injured reputation, to protect me by your sentence from the accusation of even the suspicion of dishonest motives."—[The sentence cannot be promulgated till it has received the sanction of the Prince Regent.]

SONNET TO HAMPSTEAD.

Sweet upland, to whose walks with fond repair
Out of thy western slope I took my rise
Day after day, and on these feverish eyes
Met the moist fingers of the bathing air,—
If health, unheard of thee, I may not share,
Keep it, I pray thee, where my memory lies,
In thy green lanes, brown dells, and breezy skies;
Till I return, and find thee doubly fair.

Wait then my coming, on that lightome land,
Health, and the Joy that out of nature springs,
And Freedom's air-blown locks:—but stay with me,
Friendship, frank entering with the cordial hand,
And Honour, and the Muse with growing wings,
And Love Domestic, smiling equably.
Surry Jail, Aug. 27, 1813. L. H.

PARLIAMENTARY CRITICISM.

Dica pur quanto la rancor severa:
Contro le sue sante ho doppio usbergo;
Non conosco interesse e son sincero.
Non ha d'avidità nel mio petto albergo;
Solo zelo to still m'adatta in mano;
E per tutti comune i fogli vergo.

S. Sat. SALVAT. ROS.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

I am aware that the task which I have undertaken is one of considerable delicacy, and even peril: to cite before a self-created tribunal all the leading rank, and now, and

talent of the day,—to call them to strict account, and pass upon them an unhesitating sentence of censure or of praise,—may appear a vast reach of presumption in an unknown individual; while, at the same time, the risk of failure amounts almost to certainty, and failure brings with it a storm of indignation and contempt. The exceeding uselessness of the investigation can alone justify the boldness of the attempt, and would alone console the ignominy of ill success: conscious, meantime, as the author is (in the language of his motto) that his opinions are honestly formed, and that malice is out of the question, where he is discussing a great diversity of characters with whom he never was, and very probably never will be, connected.

In the exhibition of my gallery of portraits, I shall begin with the Members of the Lower rather than of the Upper House, because, rapid as are the strides which our Government is taking towards mere monarchy,—and even Mr. LECHE could hardly wish to accelerate its velocity, yet there remains to the Commons some shew of will, some spark of legislative interference, which gives them a decided superiority over the acquiescing aristocracy, who slumber in scattered array on the crimson benches of their gaudier chamber. The House of Lords has been called, not inaptly, an Hospital of Invalids. The House of Commons presents the more imposing spectacle of an army of strong men, though, to a close observer, the heroes will appear fettered with all the graduated varieties of subordination, and acting only as the master-influence directs: serving, by the way as an useful illustration to those puzzling and puzzled metaphysicians who have insisted on the inseparable union between free-will and necessity.

I shall not marshal my phantoms according to their merit, so much as according to their rank: the Commoner who is the Minister of the day is always considered as the Manager of the House of Commons, and seems on that account alone worthy of our first notice, and, indeed, less curious persons most at once imagine him to be the most eloquent as well as the most powerful member, whose speeches never fail to carry conviction to such large majorities. The present Administration, besides the various satellites which move about the larger bodies, and are, by the way, much more luminous than their unwieldy principals, has sent three of its greater stars to illuminate the nether hemisphere: two of these, unfortunately, happen to be opaque bodies, while the third casts such faint glimmerings of light as would appear darkness to any but those who had been used for some time to the atmosphere of Greenland.

To descend, however, from these celestial metaphors, which, indeed, have no very obvious connection with our very terrestrial governors,—it is rather new for a Ministry to have but one advocate of its measures in the House of Commons,—only one man to fight the pitched battles with

the armies of Whiggism, or to ward off the desultory attacks from the adventurous marauders who start up occasionally from all quarters of the House, and fire their little volleys just loud and teasing enough to make their silence worthy to be purchased. Even in the autocratic reign of Mr. PITT, his attendant spirits were allowed now and then to exert their small energies, and the voices of Lord HAWKESBURY, Mr. HOBART, and Mr. DUNDAS, resounded during many an hour, through all the gradations of official explanation and recrimination. Poor ADDINGTON, indeed, who most wanted assistance, had nothing to support him, except the stiff nonentity of his brother HILEY, and the prattling dullness of his brother BATHURST, that illustrious pair, whose very appearance begets ennui, and has distended more faces into a yawn than ever SHERIDAN wrinkled into smiles. Mr. PERCEVAL condescended to adopt the barking aid of Mr. YORKE, though, we must say, that he seemed to approve his thundering cheers much more than his broken-limbed speeches. But Lord CASTLEREAGH is the universal and unsupported defender of every Ministerial project: even Mr. VANSITTART'S patent scheme of finance hung lingering between life and death, its parent being unable to utter one intelligible sentence against the fierce and persevering denunciations of Mr. TIERNEY, till Lord CASTLEREAGH brought a long speech to its support, and carried it through, amid the acclamations of those who could not speak one word in its favour. Whatever, indeed, be the subject, up starts Lord CASTLEREAGH, a sort of PERICLES in miniature, and develops his tedious thread of ideas in a speech seldom less than of two hours length: for his Lordship seems to have an opinion similar to the Pharisees, that he shall be heard for his much talking. Well,—but somebody will perhaps interrupt,—his Lordship must be a prodigious man who can talk on every thing and for so long a time. This faculty is undoubtedly curiously peculiar, but, I apprehend, not miraculous. It may be thus explained: His ideas are few and puny, but his words, the symbols or phantoms of his ideas, are extended to a supernatural expansion, so that the signifier and the thing signified bear the same proportion which one sometimes observes between a small heavy stone and its alarming shadow, elongated to the distance of many a rood.

It is peculiar also to Lord CASTLEREAGH to be heard with much apparent respect, and even fondness, though the style of his harangues is decidedly the dullest in the lower House. He has no imagination, no energy either of thought or language, no spirit in his manner; and though he is perpetually aiming at uncommon words and forms of expression, yet I never remember him to have struck out one happy combination. His involutions of sentences have been much ridiculed as rendering his meaning frequently inaccessible: and his adversaries and rivals have generally ascribed this obscurity to design, and call it a stratagem to escape from any open declaration of his sentiments, which might be in the way of future arrange-

ments. I do not think so: I believe Lord CASTLEREAGH to be sincere in most of his opinions, and more free from uncandid evasions than most of the political aspirants of the day: he has at least as much public integrity, and as strong claims to public confidence, as Mr. PONSFORD, and a vast deal more, I apprehend, than Mr. CANNING. The perplexity of his diction I impute to that anxious laboriousness so common to a mind inquiring but not acute, whose ideas being indistinct and half-formed, can of course never produce clear and perfect images, but which being eager to communicate its notions, endeavours, by every artifice of variety, quantity, and length, to supply the place of simplicity and energy. It is like the variegated patchwork of a beggar's garment, where a thousand diversities of tints, however artfully placed, form but an ill substitute for a firm and uniform texture; or like an unweildy levy-masse, instead of a compact, well-organized and manageable army.—A more trifling peculiarity is that affected pronunciation, with which he enervates the masculine sounds of our tongue; such for instance as calling "knowledge," "nullige;" "Commons," "cummins;" "discussion," "deskissin," and several others: this is so curious an exception to the usual plain dull common sense of Lord CASTLEREAGH, that I can only account for it by supposing that Lady C., who is a lady of letters, may have some favourite theory of enunciation, intended to supersede SHERIDAN'S or WALKER'S, and that she has engaged her noble husband to try its efficacy and power of pleasing in the first assembly of the nation. One puerile affectation may be forgiven him, because it seems to arouse all his energies, and really stirs him into a sort of warmth: a military subject is to him what Galvanism is to a dead frog: he jumps about with symptoms of life, which might deceive a common observer, till on looking for the animating soul, you find that all these exertions were merely accidental. Whence this military propensity proceeds, I cannot tell: his father was a Colonel of Volunteers, and himself commands a regiment of Militia; but this is the case with a score or two other Members of the House. It can hardly arise from his looking well in the military dress, though he is fond of appearing in it; for he must know that he looks the accomplished gentleman in any garb. Indeed this is the favourable side of Lord CASTLEREAGH: his handsome person, his intelligent and well-defined countenance, his conciliatory tone, his graceful manners, his mildness, urbanity, and invincible courtesy, ensure him popularity and even fondness from the House of Commons, in spite of his dulness and in spite of his political errors. Personal and even political animosity loses daily some of its rancour, from the influence of that gentleness which never irritates, and is as slow to be irritated; whose polish makes the sharpest arrow, which anger can shoot, glide from him harmless, and whose softness neutralizes the most virid venom. Thus, though he is utterly deficient in the marks of the real English character, and is as little like his native Irish, though he has no honest indis-

tions, no bursts of feeling, no fearless unhesitating avowals, at once imprudent and noble,—yet he is perhaps the greatest favourite, since the time of Lord North, in an assembly consisting four-fifths of Englishmen. Mr. Perceval was liked, and deservedly, as an amiable gentleman, but then he fancied himself a wit, and he really had some power of sarcasm. With this dangerous talent often has he roused the sleeping Whigs into all the rancour of party-rage at the end of a long debate, which had been for hours conducted with the prevailing apathy of the day. Thus he had almost as many political enemies as Mr. Pitt, though he was as gentle as the other was haughty and unaccommodating. Lord Castlereagh has no wit, nor power of satire; and he is too prudent or too good-natured to show the wish to strike without the energy sufficient to make the blow effectual.

It is impossible to close a character of Lord Castlereagh even as a speaker (and this sketch pretends to nothing else), without alluding to the universal hatred with which the majority of Irishmen pursue his name. All the atrocities of the late Rebellion are attributed to him, though he had scarcely any concern in them: the abominous dulness of Lord Camden, and the brainless impetuosities of General Lake, are game too mean for the Irish politicians:—they overlook at once "*et adipem Cassii, et Cethegi furiosam temeritatem*;" but all the fierceness of party, all the popular fury, is to be turned against that man, whose abilities and industry made him a formidable rival to his political opponents; and whose amiable character must have been irresistibly victorious, unless stained with charges of cruelty and tyranny. But it is not my office to enlarge on such subjects, and I gladly turn away my eyes from those frightful scenes of national suffering, where both sides seem madly to have rushed to mutual destruction, with all the savageness and all the hatred of the blindest terror. It is a subject too early for discussion by a century, and Irishmen should not be eager to provoke a review, where faults will be seen to attach to their friends as well as their enemies*. In the language of an eloquent sufferer † in those dreadful times, "let that event and its name rest in obscurity and peace till other times and other men can do justice to its character." CRITICUS.

* As these observations are given under an individual name, they of course do not pledge the opinions of the Editor, which may perhaps differ from my own.—CRITICUS.

† EMMET'S speech: he uses those expressions with reference to himself, but they may as well be applied to the tragedy in which he was one of the principal actors.

FINE ARTS.

MONUMENT TO MR. PITT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Next to that noblest of pleasures the approbation of conscience, there can be no gratification so exalted, no honour so estimable and felicitating to the ingenuous mind, as the applause that issues unbiased from the united voices

of an enlightened assembly, especially if that assembly is the real organ of a nation. Such must have been the exultating and sublime experience of Alfred, when after having freed his country from a perpetually invading, cruel, and successful enemy by his personal courage and military genius, blessed them with years of tranquillity after suffering the slaughter and turmoil of war, and crowned that tranquillity with its happiest enjoyment of equal laws founded on a genuine Representation of his people, on unbiassed Judges and Juries, and an ever vigilant eye for their good to every thing within the scope of his august wisdom, patriotism, and power, he heard the sounds of grateful praise from the delegates of his countrymen in the grand assembly of the Wittenagamot. To come nearer to our own time;—such a pleasure must have been enjoyed by Washington, when as a reward for having conquered a haughty foe, who,—I blush as an Englishman to pronounce it—who had endeavoured to subdue his countrymen to submission to unjust rule, he was elevated by their unanimous, ardent wishes, to the highest possible dignity, that of presiding over the government of a free people. Such must have been the happiness of a man on whose head a price was set by the Parliament, whom a Special Jury would have condemned to death for High Treason, and who, for asserting the right possessed by millions of faithful subjects of the English Government to the laws and privileges of the English Constitution, was stigmatized by courtiers and the Government of that day as a Rebel, but was hailed by his countrymen as its chief guardian genius, and afterwards as one of the main founders of a new and rapidly rising Empire—a man who, if the corruptionists had succeeded in bringing him to a prison and the scaffold, would have been placed by every constitutional Englishman in the list of the HAMPDENs, RUSSELLs, and SYDNEYS. As the degree and purity of the gratification derived from the applause of a representative assembly is therefore proportioned to the wisdom and disinterestedness of its eulogy,—to the degree of identity which it has with the voice and hearts of the represented,—in fine, to the degree of reality which it possesses as a representative organ of the nation,—the readers of the Examiner,—every reflecting and honest mind,—will know how duly to estimate the praises conferred by the House of Commons on Mr. Pitt, both during his personal presence within their walls, and afterwards under the influence of his practice and his principles; and above all, during the similar control which every Minister possesses under the existing state of the Representation. They will know how to appreciate the praises of such an assembly, raised either in their voices or in marble,—either in St. Stephen's Chapel, or Westminster Abbey, and they will value them only as they accord with the sentiments of the unbiassed, the wise, and the good among the British people.

The noblest part of criticism on works of art, is when they are considered in reference to their moral propriety of application, and their influence on sentiments and conduct, as well as in regard to their tasteful and scientific execution. This sentiment will justify the above preliminary remarks; and is a sufficient reason to those who have thought fit to object to my occasionally intermixing political or other observations with immediate strictures on their executive merits.

The Monument is a pyramidal group. Mr. Pitt stands in the act of delivering a speech, and two figures sit

on each side of him, the allegorical personifications of Anarchy and History. The Artist has given to Anarchy characteristic force and truth in the sculpture of his athletic and boldly marked muscles, and the desperate spirit displayed in his countenance, action, and tortuously snaked hair. Mr. Pitt's suppression of the revolutionary disposition that partially existed in England during the French Republic, is shadowed out by the enchained arms of the phrenzied monster, and the deadly instrument at his feet.—History is portrayed as a graceful female attentively looking on the Minister, and about to record his transactions on her tablet.—How explanatory would it have been of what she will indeed record, if the Genius of the British Constitution had been here introduced, of an impaired form, and weeping over the shattered insignia of her liberties and her power, while she pointed to a medallion of Mr. Pitt with this inscription—A friend to Reform and the principles of his father, Lord CHATHAM, before he obtained his office—a bitter enemy to them immediately and ever after.—The inflexibility of Mr. Pitt's character and conduct during his long and singularly disastrous administration, in which he more than doubled the national debt, and was defeated in all his military plans in Europe against France, is well displayed in the firm attitude and rigid countenance justly bestowed on him by the Artist; as the impressive power of his oratory is by his energetic action, especially the advanced position of his right arm. So far Mr. WESTMCCOTT has acquitted himself well. The dress of the figure representing History would have been more gracefully if to its good general disposal had been united a less monotonously striped character of fold, especially in the detached extremities of the outer robe. And why does History herself so entirely turn her back upon us, and exhibit the least interesting part of the female form, as well as present a harsh contrast of position to the opposite figure of Anarchy, who is in a directly front view? This altogether destroys that accordance and regularity of parts, so essential to the unity and to the sedate character of sculpture, which, while on the one hand it avoids a stiff coincidence and precision by delicate variations of corresponding parts, on the other, equally guards against abrupt, and, as in the present instance, violent contrasts.—There is however a suitable, though on the part of the Artist, an unintentional meaning in History thus turning her back on the spectators. She seems as if she wished to hide from their view the blushes she felt arise for the degenerate, the anti-British and disastrous measures of WILLIAM PITT.

PROPOSED PICTURE FOR ST. JAMES'S CHURCH.

Among the various embellishments of places of divine worship during the rise and advancement of Painting, paintings on glass formed a principal feature. The unrivalled richness and transparency of the colours charmed the imagination, and enlisted it in the worship of its Creator, when the forms to which they were applied illustrated incidents from the Scriptures. It has been proposed to ornament St. James's Church with an altar-piece of this description, the subject of which, taken from the celebrated *Transfiguration of RAVENELLY*, is already in progress, from the able hand of Mr. BACKLEN, who has had the honour of Mr. West's recommendation. The expense of the work will amount to £,2500, 5000 of which has already been subscribed for. It has lively gratified

tion which every successive congregation will perpetually receive from the contemplation of so beautiful a work, as well as from the credit always attached to the patronage of the elegant Arts, the subscribers will be amply remunerated.

R. H.

MR. PITT SAID TO BE NOW ALIVE!

STRANGE as it may appear, there are several persons in this metropolis who positively assert, that the late Prime Minister of England, the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, is now alive! As we are assured, one Murray, a tradesman in Westminster, who formerly was employed by Mr. Pitt in various subordinate matters, is willing to make oath, that he has repeatedly seen and conversed with the Right Hon. Gentleman. Nay, he asserts that Mr. Pitt, who, on his reported decease, was in debt 30*l.* to the said tradesman, has actually returned him the money within these few months, and even promised to procure him a place, if he would cease to molest him; but that he has not kept his word.—According to Mr. Murray's statement, Mr. Pitt wishes to remain *incog.* and therefore passes under the name of Chapman: he has been seen to pass both on foot and on horseback, in Downing-street and over Westminster bridge; and on one occasion, when this person addressed him as Mr. Pitt, and threatened to expose him, if he did not pay him his bill, Mr. Pitt took refuge in a glover's shop, and got rid of the dun by promising to see him paid.—Other persons, it is also solemnly affirmed, have watched the person described as Mr. Pitt, and they are equally convinced that he is actually that Right Hon. Gentleman.—Mr. Whitbread, it is added, was applied to on this perplexing business, and the alleged Mr. Pitt attended at his house in Dover-street; when Mr. Whitbread, on view of the Gentleman, gave it under his handwriting, that he was not that Right Hon. Person, being considerably shorter; although he confessed, that there was a very striking resemblance between the Gentleman's leathern breeches and those usually worn by the deceased Premier.

Notwithstanding this apparently decisive opinion of Mr. W. the persons alluded to still maintain, that Mr. Chapman is no other person than Mr. Pitt; and that Mr. W. has some motive for concealing him; and a pamphlet is now in the press, containing, it is said, *undoubted proofs* of the fact.—In the mean time, as it may well be supposed, there is much talk on this extraordinary subject.—Some affirm, that at the period of Mr. Pitt's reported death, he had abundant reason for wishing to retire from public life, and therefore took the mode of pretending to be ill, to die, and to be buried, in order effectually to hide himself from the world.—It must be allowed that there is some weight in this argument.—Others contend, that this appearance is not Mr. Pitt himself, but his ghost; and as spirits are known, they say, to haunt the spot which, when in the flesh, they delighted in, this accounts for its appearance in Downing-street and Westminster.—This opinion has been objected to by an ancient gentlewoman, who cannot believe that a ghost would make its appearance in leather breeches and boots: she had never read or heard of any such thing;—but a reputable apothecary has differed with the old lady on this point, observing, that as Mr. Pitt was remarkable when alive for his prodigious modesty, he certainly would not think of appearing with-

out decent covering, even as a shade; and, however unpoetical such a dress might be; she thought the leathers articles altogether proper and decorous.—A devout dealer in gunpowder, who has made a fortune by the Pitt system, has been heard to declare, that he has no doubt Mr. Pitt did die as represented, but that he has risen from the dead;—and he attributes it to the glorious news of the new grand coalition against France, which, he says, having reached the knowledge of Mr. Pitt, it was impossible he could be quiet under such gratifying intelligence.—However specious this opinion may appear, it cannot be well founded, as Mr. Murray affirms that he has seen Mr. Pitt, alias Mr. Chapman, for a considerable time past, indeed before the last Russian campaign.

For our own parts, though we know we shall be accused of being sceptical in our opinion, we cannot but confess, that we have some doubts as to the truth of this story, though we by no means intend to impeach the credit of our informant, who appears to be a man of veracity and a true believer.—The case is a knotty one; and as it partakes something of the ludicrous, persons disposed to be merry may see in it nothing but a subject for ridicule; but they will do well to suspend their jokes till they have the "undoubted proofs" before them, which are immediately to be published at length.—Our readers may rely upon our paying a proper attention to this most interesting affair, and by our next, we hope to ascertain the truth of the story, and whether, as is said, Mr. Pitt was last week seen viewing the monument to his memory just opened in Westminster Abbey.

POLICE.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

Mr. Hill, Mr. Bishop, and some other performers at the Pantheon, appeared on Thursday to answer a charge brought against them by a Mr. Martin, for having performed theatrical pieces without a licence from the Lord Chamberlain.—One Mark Lonsdale (who had been sent for the purpose by Mr. Raymond), proved the performance of several pieces at the Pantheon, in which Mr. Hill and the rest took a part;—and after various objections had been made to the charge, Mr. Hill and Mr. Bishop were convicted in six penalties of 50*l.* each.—They expressed their determination to appeal against these proceedings.

BOW-STREET.

On Wednesday an application of rather an extraordinary nature was made at this office. A man who stated himself to be sixty years of age, a cabinet-maker, attended, offering to surrender himself into the hands of justice, conceiving himself to deserve punishment as much as the late atrocious murderers. On his being called upon to explain the nature of his offence, he stated that about forty years since, when he was an apprentice, a girl proved pregnant by him, and to prevent the dishonour it would bring him into, and the shame and probable ruin upon the girl, he administered to her some stuff to cause an abortion, which had the desired effect; the girl survived, but he did not marry her. On his being asked what had become of her, he replied she was dead. He said he had married another girl, and they had seven children; his wife and they were all dead.—On account of the great number of years when he stated the circumstance to have taken place, and all the parties who could prove any of the circumstances being dead, no notice could be taken of the confession; and he was advised, as the best atonement he could make for the crime he said he had committed, to live a sincere life of repentance for the remainder of his days; which he promised to do. He had no appearance of insanity.

Mr. Abraham Reeve, Se and Mate of the India Company's

ship Java, was on Thursday examined on a charge of having murdered a Lascar, named Ramsame, on the high seas, some months ago.—Several Lascars deposed, that the deceased having excused himself from working, on a plea of illness, Mr. Reeve struck him many violent blows on the head and other parts, and continued to strike him when down, with a hand-spike. This was in the morning. During the day, he refused all assistance, and was discovered the next morning dead, on the spot where he had first fallen.—Mr. Gould, Agent for the India Company, stated, that an investigation was now going on respecting the conduct of the officers of the Java, but the Company's Solicitor had not yet made his report.—He did not believe that murder had been committed, but it appeared that cruelty had been exercised.—The further hearing was therefore postponed.

UNION-HALL.

A Baker in the Borough was on Thursday brought up and fined, for selling bread deficient in weight. The knave pretended to sell his bread at a cheaper rate, and thus defrauded the poor people who purchased this necessary article at his shop.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

Wednesday night, about half-past ten, as Mr. Parry, of Holles-street, Cavendish-square, in returning home from Co-ran-street, was crossing the north-west corner of Russell-square, a tall man, rather stout, seized him by the collar, and presenting a pistol to his throat, in a low tone of voice, swore, that, if he made the least resistance or noise, he would blow his brains out, and demanded his money, which Mr. Parry instantly gave him. The villain then made off towards Bernard-street.

A melancholy instance of suicide occurred on Friday morning. John Young, the oldest headle of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, was found in Islington Fields quite dead, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and in his hand was found the knife with which he had committed the act;—It is singular, that on that very day twelve-months his daughter committed a similar act by poison.

BIRTH.

On Friday week, at Cheveley Park, her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGE.

Yesterday, at St. Luke's, Old-street, John Eyre, Esq of Broad-street, to Anne, third daughter of the late John Goddard, Esq. of Islington.

DEATHS.

On Monday last, at the house of her father, Mr. Wm. Butler, Sylvester-row, Hackney, Mrs. N. Phené, jun. aged 31.

Friday se'night, Rear-Admiral Samuel Thompson, having on that day concluded his 94th year.

In St. Martin-in-the-fields, the celebrated Thomas Laugher, better known by the name of Old Tannery, in his 114th year.

At Moorshedabad, on the morning of the 10th January last, her Highness the Munny Pegum, widow of the late Nabab Jaaffer Ali Khaun, ancestor of the reigning Nabab of Bengal.

After a short illness of two hours, Lieut.-Col. John Kingsbury, who had served in the army 33 years. He was wounded at Gibraltar; served in Holland; in the West Indies; in the Rebellion in Ireland; in Egypt; in Portugal and in Spain, where he was severely wounded, and had his horse shot under him at the battle of Salamanca.

Last week, Mr. E. Edwards, surgeon, of Caerphilly. After eating a hearty dinner, he fell from his chair, and expired in a few minutes. About a week before he died, he seriously told his mother, if she should survive him, to dress him in his best apparel, instead of a shroud, and fix his sign on his coffin for a breast plate; which was accordingly executed with great exactness.

Printed and published by JOHN HUNT, at the EXAMINER OFFICE, 21, MALDEN-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN.—Price 9*d.*