

THE EXAMINER.

No. 139. SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1810.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 136.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CORRUPTIONIST AND A REFORMIST.

THE other day two gentlemen, not acquaintances, happened to be drinking coffee together in the same box at a tavern. They were both politicians, but of very different opinions, one a Corruptionist because he happened to be bred up so, the other a Reformist because he chose to think and act for himself. They knew each other by name, and were not disinclined to have a little conversation; but the English, who make no difficulty of boarding a ship or scaling an armed fort, can seldom find courage to begin talking; and for some time the two politicians sat mutely sipping their coffee, and vainly looking every now and then at an old gentleman in the next box, who seemed determined to read the newspaper from beginning to end.

At length, their attention was excited towards the corner of the room by a loud laugh from a thin red-faced gentleman very well dressed, who was reading something that seemed to make him very merry, and at last said to some persons near him:—"Here is COBBETT, recovering his spirits and his magnanimity again, and declining any subscription in his behalf, but at the same time recommending his readers, if they are bent on doing him a service, to purchase the remaining sets of his *Register* at 25 guineas a-piece!" Here he burst into laughing again, and was joined very heartily by a number of persons about him, who appeared to congratulate themselves on the circumstance. The Reformist shrugged his shoulders, and his neighbour looking politely in his face but with a sarcastic sort of smile, said rather gaily, "I believe, Sir, Mr. COBBETT has done no good to the cause of Reform?"

Reformist. I am afraid you are right, Sir; but the cause of Reform, thank Heaven, does not depend upon one writer or upon two writers.

Corruptionist. Why, I don't know:—the defalcation of such people must go near to injure it deeply. I suppose it is the *Examiner's* turn next.

Ref. (Smiling). I hope not. Reform has some very honest advocates, who have proved that they will truckle neither to men nor to circumstances. Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, in particular, has set an excellent example. He is not fond of joining in hubbubs and processions: he does not whine when he is going to prison; and he is not servile to those that huzza him when he comes out.

Cor. That's very true; but then Sir FRANCIS BUR-

DETT!—Consider, Sir.—We all know Sir FRANCIS BURDETT.

Ref. I am glad of it, Sir, for then you must all like him.

Cor. No—that does not follow. What I mean by knowing him is, that we know his object. He may be good enough in private, and so may other Reformists; but it is evident they want to overthrow the Constitution.

Ref. How do you prove that?

Cor. Oh—it is notorious enough. Why should they be continually making such a noise about the Constitution, abusing all men in power, and complaining about the state of the country. Look at the French. What freedom do they enjoy in comparison with us?

Ref. Well—but you do not, I hope, judge of English happiness by a French standard. We may be much better off than the French, and yet much worse off than we ought to be.

Cor. True; I grant that:—but the Reformists would evidently be our ruin. People do not pretend so much, and make such a noise, without a design.

Ref. Every body is the best judge of that with regard to himself; and without meaning to throw any imputation on you, Sir, it is an argument which those who advance it had better let alone. You conclude then that every body who shews a zeal for his country's rights, and who makes what you call a great noise about them, must necessarily be a knave? You think, that all the persons who have done so in *past times* must necessarily have been knaves?

Cor. No, no; I do not mean to say that. There have been great patriots in the world, no doubt, but these are not times for patriotism. (Observing the other smile.) I do not mean to say that none of us can feel a patriotic spirit; but that such a zeal as you mention is not wanting now—there is no necessity for it.

Ref. Well, but the other side say, there is. The persons, who are loudest in opposing Reform, talk as much and as noisily of their own patriotism as any Reformist can do, and profess as great a zeal for the Constitution. If they hinder Petitioners from approaching their Sovereign, they tell us it is because they are Patriots: if they keep our countrymen rotting by thousands in an useless island, it is from love of their country; and they maintain Foreign Troops among us, in violation of the Bill of Rights, purely out of regard for the Constitution. You believe these men perhaps, though you do not believe the Reformists.

Cor. (Lowering his voice a little and drawing nearer.) You are joking me, I see;—but I tell you what:—the truth is, I believe neither one nor t'other. I know very well, (nodding his head significantly) that the Corruptionists, as they are called, care for nothing but power and riches;

and seeing, as I have, this game of patriotism played in masquerade by so many parties—so many Ins and so many Outs—I have pretty good reason, I think, for concluding all political professors to be alike. I have no doubt that were any of the Reformists sincere, they would acknowledge the same thing, and be as honest with regard to their side of the question, as I am with regard to mine.

Ref. Well, Sir, I take that as a challenge for my own sincerity, for you must have perceived by this time that I am a Reformist, and a staunch one. I assure you then, upon my honour, that so far from wishing to cause confusion in the State, my only anxiety is to hinder the confusion that may happen.

Cor. Well, but you would do this by getting power yourself.

Ref. Not a jot of it. I do not desire power; I would rather not have it: I only want to see it used properly by its possessors.

Cor. Well, but you would quietly alter the Constitution then?

Ref. Not in the least. I would, on the contrary, restore it to all its birth-rights, and not see a hair of it injured.

Cor. Well, but zounds—in theory, at least, you are a Republican.

Ref. No; not in any thing. If I were, it would be no offence, provided I did not disturb the Constitution; but if there is any form of government, which I admire for its wisdom and love for its blessings, it is that of a limited Monarchy as laid down by the statutes and institutions of this country—a Constitution, every departure from which is to be lamented as a public calamity and denounced as a public crime. It is owing to this Constitution, that we now sit here in security, talking to a stranger with confidence, and enjoying this excellent coffee, which would want half its flavour if I mistrusted those about me. But then I am not secure of those enjoyments, if the Constitution is at the mercy of any set of men, who shall chuse to suspend the Habeas Corpus, to tax and waste as they please, and to send me to prison without trial by my peers:—therefore I protest against all corruption, if it is only on my own account: but as I regard my fellow-countrymen and like to enjoy myself with my friends, I protest against it on their's also.

Cor. Sir, you are right, if this anxiety adds to your enjoyments. This world was made for reasonable people to enjoy, some with drinking and dancing, others with riches and titles, and others, if you choose, by putting their lives in danger and being Patriots. Every one to his taste. But here then is the point:—all happiness depends upon success of some kind or other: you Reformists must wish to succeed as well as other people, I will not say in power and so forth, but in the great objects, whatever they may be, of your exertions. Now, you, Sir, who are a reasonable man,—what possible ground have you for supposing that the Reformists will succeed in their endeavours?

Ref. You are severe upon the state of public spirit.—But granting, for the sake of argument, that the Reformists will not succeed in any of their principal demands, there is a negative success which sometimes does a great deal of positive good.

Cor. A negative success! I never heard of such a thing, I should be loath to succeed that way with the Minister. I do not comprehend you.

Ref. Well, I will explain myself. The patriots, whom you allowed to have existed in former times, did not always obtain their objects, did they?

Cor. No, certainly not; and that argues against your patriots of the present day.

Ref. Well,—but to what cause is it owing that you and I, as I observed before, are now enjoying ourselves comfortably in this room? To what cause is it owing, that we are so much better off than our neighbours;—that we enjoy part, at least, of an excellent constitution; that we can look a Lord in the face; keep our hats on when a profligate Prince is going by; make the proper distinctions between virtue, rank, and riches; talk as we please to our families and friends; read what books we like; eat what we like, praise what we like, and condemn what we do not?

Cor. I begin to perceive your drift.

Ref. Then again, suppose no objections had ever been made to King JOHN's tyranny, to CHARLES I.'s notions of divine right, and to JAMES II.'s love of Popery. Kingly power ever has had, and ever will have, a tendency to encroach on popular right: suppose that no struggle had ever been made against it:—suppose that people had set themselves down, twirling their thumbs and crossing their foreheads, at every encroachment of power and of superstition, and saying to one another, (if they dared speak) "It is no use to attempt any thing; opposition is quite silly, and it is our business to enjoy what we can while any thing lasts." How long, do you think, they would have had any enjoyment at all? And what do you conceive might have been the situation of you and me at this moment?

Cor. Egad, that is very true. I shudder to think we might have had no taverns or social parties.

Ref. Yes, you might have had both; but the former would have been full of spies, and the latter full of alarm or of stupidity. To-night, instead of the lowing of our herds at Smithfield, the result of agriculture and of security, the ears of the citizens might have been pierced with the outcries of persons at the stake; to-morrow, perhaps there would have been an execution of somebody who said No to the King; the next day, another burning; and the day after, a frolicksome murder or two, perpetrated by some young Lords who had too great a flow of spirits. For my part, who am of a reforming disposition, I might have been, at the most, an unhappy Monk dissatisfied with my condition, and sentenced to be buried alive between two stone walls for censuring the

vices of my superior:—while you, who seem of a compliant temper and willing to be at amity with the present order of things, might have been advanced to be favourite of some HENRY the Eighth, and to have your head cut off for humming a new air to his wife.

Cor. For Heaven's sake, don't mention it.—Yes, yes—I allow you Reformists to have been useful to us, and have no objection to see you in proper play for the maintenance of our—our—our rights—Egad, I believe that is the word after all. But we cannot all be Reformists, you know; and as people have different notions of happiness, I find that my inclinations lead me to get on in the world; and between you and me, as things go, I think this the wisest plan after all. Every man, you allow, ought to be as happy as he can.

Ref. Certainly, and for that reason every man ought to be as rational as he can. Now you talk of getting on in the world, a phrase which I have often heard used in arguing against the support of Reform; but do you mean, by getting on in the world, as you call it, to become happy?

Cor. Undoubtedly; what else should I mean?

Ref. And how will you accomplish this?

Cor. Why—suppose now that I, who have been taught from my infancy to get on in the world—for I was taught by my father himself, who was a very sensible man and had a great sinecure—suppose that I, now, should succeed in my devoirs at the Minister's levee: he takes me by the hand, and my fortune is made.

Ref. Well.

Cor. Well!—I tell you my fortune is made, and of course I enjoy myself—I am—a—a happy man.

Ref. Are you sure of that?

Cor. Sure of it!—I am as sure as a man can be who has 40 or 50,000*l.* a-year. I keep my horses and dogs, an excellent table, and servants in splendid livery; I give balls, routs, and all that; I go where I please, say what I please, and do what I please.

Ref. No, no: stop a little there.

Cor. Eh—what not say and do what I please?

Ref. No; you say and do what the King or the Minister pleases.

Cor. Eh—ah—well, well, but that cannot be helped; if my will is not my own, my enjoyment is.

Ref. That's a contradiction in terms. I know what you mean to say; you mean that if you cannot do what you please as a man, you may do what you like as a man of the world. Perhaps you are not quite sure of that. But however, look into the reality of all this happiness, see what you sacrifice for it, and see what you obtain:—you sacrifice the greatest bliss of a rational being next to a good conscience—*independence*; and you obtain what no rational being wants—a gorgeous superfluity.

Cor. Nay, but you do not mean, I hope, to preach up the doctrines of the old austere philosophy, and tell us, in an age like this, that it becomes us to desire no more

than what is actually necessary for existence—"meat, clothes, and fire," as the poet says.

Ref. Not I, indeed. Excess is what I deprecate, and the barter of what is solid and comfortable for what is extrinsic and superfluous. Acquire a competency by all means, and let it be an elegant one, if you please; prefer PLATO'S good furniture to the tub of DROGONES; and indulge your taste in neatness, in the fine arts, in a select society. But you may acquire all this with a good conscience, and a good conscience will make you enjoy it with a relish utterly unknown to wealthy slaves—utterly inconceivable to the tricking and the place-hunting. When I see placemen and courtiers driving to and fro from office to office, with a world of anxiety upon them, smiling upon men whom they hate, bowing to men whom they despise, and jostling one another about like so many ants on a hillock, I am struck with mingled pity and misth to think of the object of all this. One man I see working himself to death for a house that will be too big for him; another is busy in melting down his conscience into a dozen or two extra of silver spoons; a third is toiling from morning to night that he may be enabled to get the gout in his old age; and a fourth is sacrificing all the peace of his mind in order that people may jog one another as he passes, and say, "There goes the Minister."—This is what you call getting on in the world; and this phrase, "getting on in the world," is the ruin of more than half the weak heads in the State.

Cor. Well, you may be right; but some of my friends would laugh finely to hear you talk in this manner. There's CANNING would be very droll on the occasion.

Ref. I dare say he might, poor fellow; but he's an intriguer, and I should only pity him in return.—If my Lord WELLESLEY were to hear me, he would most likely say—"Ah—some boy or other!" and then retire to his mistresses;—but that would not prove me in the wrong. Mr. PERCEVAL would say with the most righteous of faces—"Some cunning hypocrite, no doubt!"—and then go and look after his three places;—but that would not convert me.—My friend Sir VICARY would get out of temper and exclaim—"Pshaw!—a libel as usual!"—but that would not convince me of the superiority of his philosophy.—When people get on in the world, as you call it, and when they find themselves unhappy in the midst of what they have acquired, they have recourse to two poor artifices among others, in order to give us an opinion of their good sense. In the first place, they affect to despise the plain reasoning of moderate men, and endeavour to hold them up as persons infinitely weak;—and in the second, they put the best face they can on their own situation, and thereby endeavour to persuade us of their happiness. Poor VOLTAIRE, with all his wit and knowledge, could not help playing off this trick during his miseries at the court of Berlin, and writing the gayest letters in the world about the enjoyments of his situation at the very moment he was execrating it. Do you think he was happier for

these letters? Or do you think that the other sensible men at Frederick's Court, or at Louis's Court, or at any Court in Europe, were a jot the happier for being Courtiers?—No; you do not:—but I will tell you who must have been a happy man, and must have been acknowledged to be so by every body but these same Courtiers—and that is D'ALEMBERT. This great man, passing the chief part of the day in the study of geometry, refreshing his studies with the belles-lettres, and then joining, as MARMONTEL informs us, his social circle at evening with all the gaiety of a happy and innocent youth, understood his felicity too well to give it up for the world. When the King of Prussia invited and even importuned him to come to Berlin and enjoy wealth and honours, what did he reply, again and again?—I admire the King's talents, said he; I know he wishes my prosperity; and his offers are well calculated to rouse my pride and my ambition; but I have a few little pleasures which I enjoy most heartily, because I want no greater; I cannot exchange the possession of old friends and a calm retirement for what will never supply their loss; and in a word, I cannot give up my independence.

Cor. Well, that is very good, and ought to be quoted. But, my good Sir, whom do you hope to persuade by these fine sentiments? They will never have any effect on the great world.

Ref. I know that, and expect no such thing. It is enough for me, if by holding forth such opinions, I can teach others to look with proper eyes on the great world, and can instil into a few minds of the rising generation sentiments calculated to bring their best feelings into play, and to make them rational thinkers and sound Englishmen. Thus they will love Reform, not from love of bustle or innovation, but from pure principle; and they will not be turned aside from their duty by these wretched ideas about getting on in the world.

Cor. Sir, I must confess that— (Here he was interrupted by the entrance of an elderly gentleman, at sight of whom he starts up without bidding the other good evening, and goes bowing, scraping, and smiling with his hat in his hand all down the room.)

Ref. Poor fellow! He does not want sense; he only wants courage and a little adversity.—(Exit.)

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, AUG. 11.—The following is an extract from the *Moniteur*:—"Marshal, the Prince of Essling, having received information, that the English army was now in motion, sent a strong reconnoitering party in the direction of Fort Concepcion, with orders to push on as far as Almeida. The English had laid mines to blow up the fort, which they had no inclination to defend against the troops to which the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo had so recently surrendered at discretion. They accordingly fired them at the approach of the reconnoitering party, and evacuated a post which

advantageously supported Almeida. The explosion was not general, two bastions only having been damaged. The Emperor's troops occupy the fort, which can be easily and speedily put in the best state of defence. The fortress of Almeida is invested."

SWEDEN.

OSKREO, AUG. 4.—The idea of a French General being appointed heir to the Crown, appeared so extravagant, that I did not even mention the name of General Bernadotte, whom rumour had pointed out as a competitor for that exalted dignity; but, it would really appear, that serious intentions had been entertained on this subject; and as a proof, I refer you to the Stockholm papers, which contain a very flattering account of that officer. The panegyric has been copied into one of our papers of this day, which I enclose, but whether the point will be carried in his favour, remains to be seen.

GERMANY.

VIENNA, JULY 21.—Several mercantile houses in Bucharest and Orsova, have received letters which confirm the news of a bloody battle, which lasted 16 hours, between the army of the Grand Vizier and that of the Russians, at four leagues distance from Schumla. The Turkish cavalry, commanded by English officers, decided the victory. There is every appearance that the Russian army will again retire towards the Danube. We recollect that the Grand Vizier demanded a suspension of arms, which the General in Chief Kaminski would not grant but on condition that the Porte would peaceably consent to the cession of Moldavia and Wallachia, and pay thirty millions of piastres.

HAMBURG, AUG. 3.—On the 13th of June, a treaty of family compact was concluded at Paris between the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor Napoleon.

HOLLAND.

HAARLEM, AUG. 11.—His Majesty the Emperor and King has sent the following letter to the Commissioners for the Great Fishery:—

"Gentlemen, Delegates of the Ship-owners concerned in the Herring Fishery,—I have read with satisfaction your Address of the 29th July, and caused the firstlings of your fishery for this season to be laid before me. I accept the sentiments you express towards me. I know the importance of your labours, both as they conduce to supply my Empire with a necessary article of subsistence, and to form a number of intrepid Mariners, who will one day shew themselves the worthy descendants of those Hollanders that, under Tromp and Ruyter, ruled the English Seas; who, like your ancestors, will cover the Chinese and Indian seas, promote the prosperity of the empire, and become the deliverers of the seas. You may, therefore, rely on my entire protection.

"This letter having no other purpose, I pray God, Gentlemen Delegates, to have you in his holy keeping.

"At our Palace of St. Cloud, July 30, 1810. NAPOLEON."

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Only two of the six Irishmen sentenced to death at Chelmsford, were executed. Buckley, Fleming, Brynwick, and Sullivan were reprieved; but Sweeney and Pierce suffered on Saturday week. They joined in prayer with the Catholic Clergyman, and at first seemed penitent; but before the Clergyman quitted them, when tied up, both the culprits threw off their shoes, Sweeney kicking his to a distance with great violence.—After death, their bodies were delivered for dissection.

On Monday evening, *Betty Amplett*, convicted at Gloucester Assizes for the murder of her bastard child, was executed in front of the gaol, and her body delivered for dissection. She conducted herself with great penitence, acknowledging the enormity of her crime and the justice of her sentence. This unfortunate young creature, who was not more than 21 years of age, was a native of Breedon's Norton, Worcestershire. Being herself the illegitimate offspring of parents by whom she was abandoned in her infancy, she was dependant upon the bounty of some poor relations; and, during the interval of peace in 182, went to France with an uncle, a shoemaker.— Upon the defection of the English they were sent to Verdun. Here she was seduced, and cohabited with an English prisoner, by whom she had several children, who all died. Female prisoners being permitted to leave France, she returned to England in June last year, and sought an asylum with an aunt, who resides near Gloucester; but when her pregnancy was discovered, she removed to Breedon's Norton. The reception she met with there was such, that she left the place soon after her delivery, and became a wandering outcast, without the means of subsistence for herself or her infant; and, under these circumstances, committed the awful crime for which her life became forfeited to the laws.

On Wednesday morning, *Joshua Beaumont*, convicted at York of having violated and then murdered a female, was led to execution in a state of stupor. While the Clergyman was praying, he seemed to rouse himself a little, but when he asked him to confess his guilt, he persisted in denying that he had perpetrated either crime.—The drop fell, and after an agonizing struggle of about a minute and a half, his spirit quitted this world.

The four unhappy men left for execution at Lincoln, suffered on Friday week.—They all confessed the justice of their sentence.—Just before the scaffold fell, *Atkinson* turned to shake hands with one of his fellow sufferers, and to this exertion is attributed one of the most distressing scenes that ever occurred. *Marshall*, *Sneyer*, and *Wakelin*, appeared to be dead in two minutes after they were turned off; but at that time, to the inconceivable horror of all around, *Atkinson* cried out, "Oh God! Oh God! I cannot die!—I cannot die!—Lift me up!" A soldier lifted him up, and then by hanging at the body put the sufferer out of his misery.—The emotion excited by such a scene can be but faintly imagined.—The horrid circumstance arose from the knot of the rope having got under the chin when *Atkinson* turned to *Wakelin*.

A few days since, the servant of a farmer, resident near Sunderland, wishing to be exempt from serving in the militia, attempted to cut off the fore finger of his left hand with a bay-knife; but which, after several attempts, he could not accomplish. He mangled his finger in a most dreadful manner, and was ultimately obliged to apply to a Surgeon, who, after cutting off his finger, had much difficulty in saving his arm, an inflammation having taken place; however, the man is in a fair way of recovery. By a late Act of Parliament, this is an offence punishable with imprisonment and whipping.

BRIGHTON, AUG. 13.—The following very extraordinary affair occurred here on Friday:—The Serjeant-Major of the South Gloucester Militia had behaved so exceedingly improper to Lieut. Wilson, in front of the regiment on the Parade, that an order of confinement to his own room was the consequence. The Serjeant-Major has apartments adjoining the Guard-house; and as Lieut. Wilson was on duty that day, he soon after discovered the Serjeant-Major, regardless of the order that had been issued, walking backwards and forwards, and partially stripped in the street, in front of the Guard-house. The Lieutenant insisted upon his retiring to his room, but which only induced an abusive reply. Lieut. Bubb at this time joined Lieut. Wilson, and, being provoked at the continued insolence of the other, called out the guard then on duty, consisting of a Serjeant, two Corporals, and 18 privates, and ordered them to take the offender into custody. But this mandate, though supported by Lieut. Wilson, the guard refused to obey. A prompt and vigorous decision of action now became absolutely requisite. Lieutenant Bubb drew his sword, and threatened

to run the Serjeant-Major through the body, if he did not that instant retire, not to his own room, but to the Guard-house.— This resolute demeanour somewhat daunted the Serjeant-Major; and as Lieut. W. seized him by the collar at the instant, to the Guard-house they hurried him. This had scarcely been effected when Capt. Smith arrived, who, on learning what had happened, sent for the Adjutant, and ordered him to appoint a fresh guard, and take the former into custody, which was accordingly done, with the exception of the Serjeant only, who was not considered so materially to blame.

AUG. 21.—Serjeant-Major Watkins, two Corporals and 18 Privates, have been tried by a Regimental Court Martial.— The result has not transpired; but from the aggravated nature of the offence of the Serjeant-Major, we doubt not but his sentence will be heavy.

AUG. 23.—The sentence of the Court-Martial is as follows:—Serjeant-Major Watkins, to be degraded to the ranks, and receive 300 lashes;—Serjeant Grimes, the Serjeant on guard, the same, with 200 lashes;—Corporals Hampton and Humphries, the same punishments; and the eighteen privates, to receive 200 lashes.—But in consequence of a recommendation to mercy from the Court, the whipping was remitted, so that the Non-commissioned Officers are degraded to the ranks, and the privates are pardoned, after a suitable reprimand from Colonel Olney.

SHERIFF'S COURT, YORK.

Tuesday, Aug. 14.

PROCTOR v. BALDERSTON.

This was an action brought by John Proctor, a farmer and grazier of Ingleton, against James Balderston, of the same place, a proprietor of stone quarries, to recover a compensation in damages, for one of the most serious injuries a man can sustain—the seduction of his daughter. The plaintiff had let judgment go by default.

Miss Jane Proctor, a very interesting female, said, that she was the daughter of the plaintiff. That the defendant became acquainted with her about seven years ago. That he visited at her father's house about two years before he paid her any particular attention. That he then began to pay his addresses to her, in a way that she considered honourable, and that it was understood both in his family and her father's that he contemplated a marriage with her. The lady said she was 31 years of age, and Mr. Balderston was about 34. Her father was far advanced in life; he was 67 years of age. She kept his house, having lost her mother twelve years ago. About June, in the year 1809, in an unguarded moment, he obtained the favours of a husband. About August she informed him she was pregnant. Some time after her situation became known both to her aged father and the connections of both families. His visits then began to be less frequent. On one occasion he called, said nothing about marriage, but promised to call again. On the 16th of January he called, and said he had not given it a thought till Christmas day that she was pregnant, and not stopping on Christmas day as she usually had done to receive the sacrament, the wrong he had done her seemed to dash upon his mind with strong conviction, and he said that he had taken his sacrament on that day, that he would marry her.— Having no house to go to, her father said they should be accommodated in his. Balderston then repeated his promise of marriage, and said the ceremony should take place on the Monday or Tuesday following. He called again on the 8th, and appeared in the same mind. She did not see him again till a few days after the time fixed for the marriage. The child was born on the 19th of March, and has since been supported at her father's expence.

Richard Proctor, the lady's brother, the Rev. W. Waller, perpetual Curate of Ingleton, and Mr. J. Buck, proved that the circumstances, character and situation in life of the parties, were perfectly respectable, and that the seducer was possessed of property to the amount of 2000*l*.

The Jury, after a few moment's deliberation, assessed the damages at Five Hundred Pounds *l* to the entire satisfaction of a very crowded Court.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

- G. G. White, Bridle-lane, Islington, coal-factor, from Aug. 25, to Aug. 30, at ten, at Guildhall.
 H. Vos and I. C. Essers, New-court, Crutched Friars, merchants, from Aug. 25, to Oct. 30, at ten, at Guildhall.
 G. C. Watson, Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant, from Aug. 28, to Sept. 21, at ten, at Guildhall.

BANKRUPTS.

- J. Wheeler, Andover, Hants, merchant.
 J. Powell, Halifax, Yorkshire, dealer in salt.
 W. Haigh, Halifax, grocer.
 H. Hickton, Stockport, victualler.
 S. Bucknell, Great Grimsby, merchant.
 D. Kellitt, Leeds, butcher.
 D. Freeman and Co. Bermondsey, leather factors.
 F. Randall, Dean-street, Westminster, upholsterer.
 G. P. Davie, Philpot-lane, coffee-merchant.
 J. Hopkins, Frome, Somerset, tailor.
 G. Self, Fenchurch-street, grocer.
 J. Cuthbert, Brixton, Surrey, shopkeeper.
 R. Bracken and Co. Louthbury, London, flannel manufacturers.
 R. Mumery, Margate, merchant.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, Aug. 25, 1810.

Extract of a letter from Vice-Admiral Sir James Sumarez, dated on board his Majesty's ship Victory, in Hanu Bay, the 1st instant.

Lieutenant Templer, commanding the Earnest gun-brig, has captured a Danish cutter privateer, of two guns and 13 men, in the Catlegat, on the 28th ultimo: and the boats of the Censor, Lieutenant Lucas, cut out a French privateer sloop from the harbour of Stralsund, on the 25th; she is pierced for four guns, with a crew of forty men, three of whom only were on board.

The Martial gun-brig has captured a row-boat privateer belonging to Barnholm, with twelve men; and the Swan cutter has this morning brought in another row-boat of the same description, with eleven men, one of whom was killed, another wounded, in attempting to make their escape, and also recaptured a galliot which she had taken.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

W. Oakley, Church-street, Horselydown, woolstapler.

BANKRUPTS.

- G. A. Riddlestoffer, Whitechapel, linen-draper.
 J. Taylor, King's-road, Grosvenor-place, whitesmith.
 E. Shaw and J. G. Hitchcock, Bath, bankers.
 G. Breakwell, Southwark, victualler.
 T. Read, Leeds, merchant.
 T. Hall, Bath, cornfactor.
 B. Gilgrest, Cheapside, warehouseman.
 C. A. and T. Phillips, Milford, Pembrokehire, bankers.
 G. Fallagar, Hampstead, corn and coal-merchant.
 G. Bertrand, Princes'-street, Soho, tailor.
 W. Fisher, Houndsditch, linen-draper.
 J. C. H. Reimers, Old London-street, Fenchurch-street, merchant.
 H. Northam, Tooley-street, Southwark, hatter.
 M. L. Mozley, Threadneedle-street, merchant.
 M. I. Nathan, Godmanchester, Hants, silversmith.
 W. Hitchon, St. Peter's Hill, Doctors' Commons, whalebone-merchant.
 W. Bignell, Great St. Helen's, broker.
 T. Edwards, Fenchurch-street, cotton-merchant.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per cent. Cons..... 68½ | Omnium..... 2 ¼ dis.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Methodist, who writes from Woolwich, under the disguise of "A TRUE CHURCHMAN," after consigning me over, with a very satisfied air, to damnation, tells me that I must have written the *Essays on Methodism* under "an infernal inspiration;" that I am in a rage with every thing divine; that the Scriptures are fulfilled in me as having a heart in "empty with God;" and that I imagine a vain thing;—and he concludes with advising me to "Go on, and kick against the heavens." This advice is hard indeed; and I cannot consent to attempt any thing of the kind, especially as I perceive his only motive in urging me is, that "I may be brought into judgment" for so doing. He says in a postscript, (that should I refuse to publish this beautiful effusion of his, (consisting of three sides of foolscap) my object will evidently be "to hold up the Methodists to contempt, without granting them the liberty of self-defence." If the readers are inclined to be dissatisfied with me this week, for what they must suffer from my political Correspondent, let them think what I have saved them on the part of my theological.

The *Examiner* thanks Mr. J. B. for his polite communication in explanation of DEVAYNES's bankruptcy; but there was a hasty misconception, it seems, of the letter from MERCATOR, who was indignant, not upon that subject, but against a paragraph copied from the daily papers and mentioning, as an event likely to happen, the failure of certain other banking-houses. This, whether likely to happen or not, has not been the case; and MERCATOR begs the Editor to say so, with great wrath against him for wilfully misunderstanding his letter.—Really, all this is very foolish.

BENVOLIO,—F—R,—RUSTICUS,—&c. &c.—next week.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, AUGUST 26.

THERE is no news of any great importance. Our troops in Portugal are confessedly, though slowly, retreating,—“to shew the enemy,” says a letter, “that Lord Wellington does not fear him.”—Another letter tells us, on the strength of a *demi-official* account in the Lisbon Gazette, that MASSENA has refused a battle offered him by Lord WELLINGTON, though we are at the same time informed that according to the general opinion his Lordship means to retreat “nearer the capital before he fights a general battle.” His movements however are said to be as secret as they are deliberate; while a third letter informs us that the French movements are quite as secret on account of their rapidity.—The worst of it is, that it is no matter, in the end, whether my Lord WELLINGTON moves slowly or quickly, to the right or to the left; and this is well known in Portugal, where the natives are already beginning to desert, and the English merchants to pack up.

The reader will see below an Address “to the Army,” which appeared the other day in the Ministerial papers, inviting the Military to sign a petition to his MAJESTY for the restoration of the Duke of YORK as Commander in Chief. It is written in a strain of nonsense, well worthy of its subject, and might have been treated with nothing but contempt; but a call, with such a design, upon such a body of men, naturally excited indignation; and some of the newspapers expressed their feelings on the occasion so

properly, that a paragraph soon appeared denying the least authorization of such a paper, and attributing it to a "poetical lady," whose officious interference had more than once annoyed the Royal Family. This may or may not be the case. "Ladies," who come forward on such occasions, are very likely to be void of all decency and proper feeling; but at the same time, the public pulse is often felt by modes quite as contemptible; and whoever may have been the movers on this occasion, it is as well that they should witness the disgust which such attempts must excite in the bosoms of all thinking people.

TO THE ARMY.

"The auspicious hour has arrived, that enables the friends of truth to justly appreciate the injuries and oppression that have been heaped upon the character of his Royal Highness the Duke of York. The base and unprecedented secret motives, so successfully practised, to degrade his Royal Highness, and also to destroy the happiness and repose of the Royal Family, are now completely developed! by the late Trials and Publications that have succeeded:—events that are disgraceful to the annals of Britain!—and must reflect an odium upon the age that has tolerated proceedings that will ever be recollected with contemptuous pity and regret!!!

"When we reflect what must have been the sufferings of an aged and excellent Monarch, in experiencing a diminution of his family's dignity—by the disaffected and mercenary proceedings of a party, who had neither principle, truth, or honour, for their support; we are amazed that noble characteristic of Englishmen should have been subverted by the intrigue of faction.

"We must at this moment sincerely regret the hasty yet dignified resignation of the Duke of York—which we are now sensible, did not proceed from a self-conviction of error, but from a disposition to comply with the Public mind, which was at that period led away by the torrent of prejudice then most nefariously raised against his Royal Highness!

"From a thorough conviction of the injuries his Royal Highness has suffered in his character and reputation, we anticipate the wishes of the military in the restoration of his Royal Highness to that situation his conduct so dignified, evinced in the regulations, and benevolence, he most liberally and impartially extended to all ranks in the army.

"The army is therefore requested to afford their signature to a Petition, intended to be presented to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, to humbly entreat his Majesty will be graciously pleased to restore his Royal Highness Frederick, Duke of York, to the office of Commander in Chief, &c. &c.

"Books for the signatures of those Officers, &c. who are disposed to subscribe to the above Petition, are now open at," &c.

BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL.

The following letters have been received on the subject of the British Army in Portugal:—

"Lisbon, Aug. 1.—On the night of the 25th, a strong column of the enemy crossed the Coa in two or three places.—The third division, under the command of Major General Picton, retreated from Pinhel next morning, and encamped near Alverca, where it remained one day, and then fell back to a place, situated two leagues to the south-west of Celerico, at the foot of the Estrello mountains. A corresponding movement took place in all the other divisions of the army. The first division, under General Spencer, is in our rear. The fourth division has fallen back from Guarda, which is now occupied by the enemy. The light troops are at Celerico, where headquarters are at present. Marshal Beresford is in the direction of Trancozo, with Portuguese troops. It is not supposed that

we shall have a battle in this part of the country; but I believe it is Lord Wellington's determination to retreat with deliberation, and shew the enemy he does not fear him."

"August 4.—Massena has entered this country in great force, and with a vast superiority of cavalry; and although our Gazette of this day tells us *demi officially*, that he has refused a battle offered him by Lord Wellington, yet it is not from this understood that we have any thing to boast of. Be assured he will fight when it suits him; but whenever a general battle takes place, it will, I think, end in our favour. As it is not prudent to trust to chance in mercantile affairs, the merchants are employed in turning property of all kinds into *argent comptant*. We, nevertheless, feel assured that the conquest of Lisbon cannot be an easy task. Lord Wellington is so secret in all his movements, that it is quite impossible to know what are his intentions; but people, in general, seem to think he will retreat nearer the capital before he fights a general battle.

"August 8.—This week the accounts from head-quarters are more favourable than the last. Our army is strongly concentrated: General Beresford at Lagos, Lord Wellington at Celerico, and General Hill paying attention to Regnier. The French make such rapid movements, that it is not possible to judge where next they will appear. They have entered Pinhel, Trancozo, and the neighbourhood."

The following is another letter from an Officer relating to the retreat of our Army:—

"After General Crauford's action on the 24th, near Almeida, General Picton's division was on the night of the 25th obliged to abandon Pinhel, and next day it fell back near to Villa Franca das Naves. The light brigade also retired to Fraxedas, about a league in front of Alverca; the light cavalry remaining in advance. Early in the morning of the 28th, the brigade under Lord Blantyre, which was at Villa Franca das Naves, retired about a league and a half to join the Guards under Col. Stopford, and on that same day Col. Stopford's division, consisting then of the Guards and of Lord Blantyre's brigade, retreated seven leagues and a half to Sampaio, on the high road to Coimbra. The whole army retired about the same time, and the light division was that night (the 28th) at Celerico. The cavalry alone were left a league in front of that place. Next morning Col. Stopford's division retired to Pinhancos, 2 leagues from Sampaio, where most probably it will remain as long as it can, to enable the sick and wounded to get a head as much as possible, and also to get away the stores of provisions, &c. The weather is very hot, and our men suffer much from the heat. Colonel Stopford's division, which has hitherto been in advance during the retreat, will, it is supposed, in future, along with the light brigade, cover the retreat, and the rest of the army will pass it at Pinhancos.—All the villages are deserted, and the poor inhabitants are flying in all directions with what little property they can carry away. It is thought that the army will retire by Coimbra. General Hill's corps has retired to Sarzedra, in consequence of Regnier's army having advanced to Zarza la Maya.—Some persons imagine, from Massena's not following the army closely, that he is detaching corps to get on its flanks."

A part of Junot's division is stated, in letters from Lisbon, to have threatened to attempt the passage of the Douro, on the 23d July. On the North, 25,000 of the enemy are stated to be about to enter the province of Tra los Montes, by the route of Braganza. This is the corps under the command of Junot, who is supported by KELLERMAN—his corps having arrived at Benevente, in addition to which, 13,000 of the Imperial Guard are said to have arrived at Burgos: they are conjectured to be destined to reinforce the division of ROBERT: MONTIER was advancing upon Estremadura, with 8000 men; and his advanced guard is stated to have entered Hon-quilla.

General BERESFORD lately issued a number of General Orders to the Portuguese army under his command, by which it appears that several hundred of the peasants have deserted. Several of them have been apprehended and punished, and others have been sent to work in the mines.

It was expected that the Gazette of last night would have contained the Dispatches received from Lord WELLINGTON last week; but Government have not favoured the public with even "an Extract" or two.

The army of MASSENA is now said to be afflicted with a dysentery, arising from the intense heat—perhaps increased by indulgence in the fruits of Portugal. Water, too, is said to have been so scarce as to have greatly aggravated their situation, while the English and Portuguese army are represented as having hitherto sustained the campaign without the presence of any general disease.

From the heavy firing heard on the French coast, during great part of Wednesday last, apprehensions have been entertained by many persons, that the French army in Portugal had obtained some decided advantage—but no rumour of that nature has yet been circulated here, and it is not probable, that we should have been permitted so long to remain ignorant of that which NAPOLEON has ever manifested such pleasure in communicating—the successful operations of his armies. A repetition of the firing was also heard on the evenings of Thursday and Friday. The prevalent opinion is, that the French Emperor is on his route to Amsterdam, by way of Boulogne, where he is inspecting his flotilla, in preparing which, it is understood, from intelligence received by our cruisers, that a very numerous body of artisans and labourers have, for some time, been indefatigably employed.

MR. MUNGO PARKE.—Extract of a letter from Colonel MAXWELL, dated Government-House, Senegal, 6th July, 1810, to the Secretary of the African Institution:—

"I have just received information from Goree, that Mr. Laporte, of that island, was, on the 27th of March last, at C—, and had there met with a Toucaloor, who informed him, that a month before he had seen Mr. Mungo Parke, in a village, the name of which had escaped the memory of Mr. Laporte; that he was very well, but alone, having lost all his companions; that he intended to return to the coast by Gaim to Senegal, it being a shorter route from where he was, than by the Gambia. If he is really in existence, and has been seen by the Toucaloor, he probably adopted this resolution owing to the disturbed state in which the upper part of the Gambia is, on account of war between the ——. It is much to be lamented that Mr. Laporte was not more precise in his enquiries; there was another inhabitant of Goree with him, who, he says, has more particulars than himself, as he speaks the language of the Toucaloor; this person, Mr. Pignaud, has not yet returned from Gambia. I will transmit to you the earliest intelligence on the subject which I receive. If this rumour is true, I shall feel particularly delighted to have the pleasure of receiving Mr. Parke, and to forward him to his native land."

Messrs. COLMAN and MORRIS have got a licence, it is said, to perform in the Haymarket Theatre during the winter, and are making engagements accordingly.

Report speaks of a new model, on a simple but very commodious plan, for the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre. The difficulty of finding simpletons to advance the necessary fund, will, peradventure, exceed the ingenuity employed in the model of this simple and commodious

All the Daily Papers contain a most brutal account of the pugilistic contest which took place on Tuesday last, near Margate, between two ruffians, named *Blake* and *Molineux*, the latter a black man, who beat his opponent in a dreadful manner, after a battle which lasted seventeen minutes only, in which time no more than eight rounds were fought.—According to the papers, "the ring was more numerous and respectably attended than the ordinary exhibitions;" that is, there were a greater proportion than usual of well-dressed blackguards.—Among them there were some of title, as "Blake was driven up to the ring in a Baronet's barouche."—All the rounds are detailed with a minuteness truly hideous:—one of them will be more than sufficient to disgust a reader of common humanity:—

"5. Blake met his man, bleeding very freely, and he rushed at a rally, which shewed he possessed the same courage as he had often displayed in former battles. In the rally, the Black got his left arm round Blake's neck: he held his head up with his left hand, whilst he *jabbed* him with the right in the face, until Blake fell from loss of blood, and the ground resembled the floor of a slaughter-house!"

The Princess AMELIA is again said to be rapidly mending in health.

The following is a statement of the Gold and Silver coined in England during every reign from the Restoration, to the 25th March, 1810, extracted from authentic documents:—

By CHARLES II.	-	-	-	-	£7,524,105
By JAMES II.	-	-	-	-	2,737,637
By ANNE	-	-	-	-	2,691,826
By GEORGE I.	-	-	-	-	8,725,821
By GEORGE II.	-	-	-	-	11,966,574
By GEORGE III.	-	-	-	-	66,277,483

Total Gold and Silver coinage since the Restoration 99,928,354

In the above statement it will be seen, that the Bank Dollar (amounting to many millions) duly stamped, and issued by authority, are not included. The last silver coinage was in 1802.

THE DEVIL AMONGST THE LAWYERS.—O Tuesday then Lawyers and Politicians, assembled at PEELE'S Coffee-house, were alarmed by the intrusion of an unusual, and in the highest degree, unwelcome guest, in the shape of an enormously large cat, in a state of the wildest madness, who made her appearance in the coffee-room, no one knew from whence, and after turning over several files of newspapers, disarranging tea-cups, coffee-pots, jelly glasses, &c, admiring herself in the looking-glasses, and taking two or three flying leaps round the room, to the great annoyance and terror of the persons present, she made her exit, *sans ceremonie*, without paying her reckoning, or recollecting the waiter, through a pane of glass in the window towards Fleet-street, and, crossing the street, ran into Serjeant's Inn, where she disappeared.

ARTISTS' FUND.—The Society established by a large and respectable body of Artists, for raising a fund, on a permanent basis, to support decayed Artists and the Widows and Orphans of Artists, has received considerable assistance from unprofessional Gentlemen. But there is one unprofessional person who has stepped forward as an apparent friend to such an establishment; but whose plan justifies the suspicion that he cannot be a real one. This is a foreigner, a Mr. RANDON DE BARENGER, who has opened a Sporting Gallery in Pall-Mall. The suspicion is grounded on his having adopted the measure subsequently

to the establishment of the Artists' Fund; on his being an obscure foreigner, whose unknown character does not sufficiently guarantee the proper appropriation of the receipts of subscribers; and that it is impossible an Establishment, directed by an individual, can so effectually accomplish the intended object, as one in which some of the most respectable Artists, as well as unprofessional subscribers, are embodied for that purpose. The suspicion is strengthened by Mr. De BARENGER's assuming for his plan the name previously adopted by a numerous body of British Artists.

MR. COBBETT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,

Aug. 20, 1810.

This one article and, I assure you, you need not repeat your dreadful denunciation, "that your readers shall hear no more afterwards of me," at least from me, in your pages! Your generosity in at all receiving the effusions of one, in your opinion, so little "at all acquainted with decent writing," I must feel with great gratitude, especially when I consider what little space the illustrious Joanna Southcott and her instructive disciples occupy in your columns. But for my intrusion with my last, I have only to plead as apology, that I thought it fairer to yourself to apply to your pages with it, than to others, which, perhaps, would be charitable enough to receive my bantering. Yet, when you said that I was so little "at all acquainted with decent writing," you should have considered, that I sometimes read "the decent writing" of the *Examiner*. As for my own writing, I will not contend with you in composition any more than in "learning and philosophy," as I have not the advantage of having written two volumes of newspapers; though I may claim some excuse for my article, from having immediately written it on reading your learned and philosophical "remarks on Mr. Cobbett," and not having taken, like yourself, near a fortnight, from the 6th or 7th of the month to the 19th, to prepare a "decent" and "dispassionate" answer. I may also from this claim some allowance for a warmth, which to the *dispassionate* because *disinterested Examiner* may appear "passion." Whether it is more probable that I should be "in a passion" in Mr. Cobbett's cause, or the *Examiner* in his own, I presume we may, without much "philosophical enlargement," pretend to form some opinion. The different "specimens of our candour," I dare say, will decide.

Whether by your *prologue* to my letter you intended to put your readers in good-humour with you, by the introduction of your "illustrious predecessors, Addison, Steele, Colman, Johnson," &c. and their good habits, or to interest our sensibility for your "sore throat, and headache, and rheumatism," we would not be displeased with your address, and would give you the praise of at least adroitly "assuming a virtue," and of some ease in your assumed good-humour, if, in your *epilogue*, the ill-concealed anger of exposed consciousness did not break out sometimes into undisguised bursts of "passion." Yet, perhaps, it was from your sore throat your irritation proceeded. If so, I have only sincerely to hope, that my coarsely written letter may have served you in some sense as a salutary though rough gargle. Bitter draughts are often the most wholesome. If the ingredients of my prescription seemed somewhat too pungent, it should be remembered, that inveterate diseases require severe remedies. There is scarcely any vice which excites our indignation, and at the same time our disgust, so much as hypocrisy. And it is not only the cowl of religion hypocrisy assumes; it often displays an obtrusively glaring garb of disinterestedness and liberality, when selfishness and envy canker at the heart. On its detection in either dress, the almost naturally incompatible feelings of indignation and contempt are naturally called together. Therefore, Mr. *Examiner*, I may have been "honest" and correct also, when

I seemed to say that I felt indignation and contempt at the same time; and, after indignation has subsided, "a gay sort of contempt" is not unnatural.—You are certainly right in your last paper, when you say, that "I did not seem to have intended my precious piece of correspondence as a defence of Mr. Cobbett;" I did not think Mr. Cobbett needed any defence on this occasion, and I will candidly own, that my "correspondence" was meant less as "a defence" of him, than "a reproof" of your attack on him. But, Sir, as you seem to think so poorly of my "candour and reasoning," how will you reconcile to either your own more than want of censure of your "illustrious predecessors, for their occasional escapes from writing without any very serious cause," and your more than censure on Mr. Cobbett "for his occasional escape from writing with many very serious causes?"—I confess that to my (no doubt "weak and unsober") judgment, settling one's affairs for God knows how long an absence, comforting one's family and quieting their apprehensions, and even giving rancorous power no pretext for inflicting the blow with double vengeance, would seem almost as good a plea for "an occasional escape from writing, as "a little indolence,"—"sating * till a late hour,"—or even "dealing out punch and eloquence at the midnight clubs." By your "enlarged" candour, Mr. Cobbett, because he was "to go to jail" and had to provide for the time he should be there, and to arrange his affairs for his absence, is unpardonable for omitting what it would be no fault in him to "escape from" for the pleasure of spending a night at a tavern in drunkenness and haranguing "over the merits of a dozen of Burgundy." And because "the fears of going to jail were stimulant to the goose-quills of your illustrious predecessors" to try to keep them out of jail, the certainty of going to jail should be a stimulant to Mr. Cobbett's goose-quill to try to increase its rigours! Really, Mr. *Examiner*, if this be your candour; I am afraid your readers will not think that of "the poor fellow," Candidus, himself in a more "desperate way." So it is quite damnable in Mr. Cobbett to suspend writing for "two weeks, yet for fourteen days," while the fears and anxieties of his family were at their height, and the hurry of travelling to and from London, and of procuring bail, and settling a variety of accounts and country business, occupies almost every moment of these "fourteen days," and while the angry bolt of ministerial vengeance is suspended over his devoted head, and ministerial revenge would be glad to catch at any pretence to discharge it with double fury; and it is no fault, or at most only a laughable peccadillo, in Steele to withhold his writing for a glass of Burgundy. And because Johnson did not tell the public of miseries and sufferings that were entirely private and from a private source, Cobbett, for excusing himself to the public for a couple of day's writing on account of sufferings that were quite public, and from a public source, is unworthy of any confidence. Also, Mr. Cobbett, because he does not declare that he is above the feelings of humanity, but owns that he is touched by the troubles and cares of a wife, and children, and friends, and relatives, and dependants, and by cares for their situation, is "whining" pusillanimity itself, and there should not be a particle of reliance on his courage. Algernon Sidney has been, and long will be, revered in the first and most glorious list of illustrious patriotism; yet his own writings on government he kept by him without publishing, though he laid his head on the block for the principles of them. Though Mr. Cobbett suspended his writings "for fourteen days," I think it rather a weak conclusion for a man of your "learning and enlarged philosophy" to draw, that therefore "suspicion should be completed, and that there should be no confidence in his courage." Indeed, for my part, (though I fear, from my want of "sober senses"), I would as soon take as a comrade on the *forlorn hope* the man, who, though ready to advance, would freely own to the softer feelings of nature, as the *Drawcansir*, who would never be seen, when afar from the battle, but on the high stilts of

* We may think "sate" for sat, a mistake of the press; but I think we may more justly attribute it to the same source as "sitten." Sit, sats, sitten.—Grammar.

stolism and vociferous valour. And was "the bold and manly" (I believe those are your own, or pretty near your own words) "the bold and manly answer to the Attorney General, and in his best manner," the "whining of faint-heartedness and timidity?" But it is not the business of attack to bring forth the strength of its victim; nor is it the business of *Mr. Examiner's* candour either.

After those (undeniably) "charming specimens" of the *Examiner's* candour to Mr. Cobbett, surely "the poor fellow, Candidus," cannot but expect most fair dealings. You say, "Candidus is a wrong-headed meddler in politics." Now what proof have you of "his meddling in politics" at all? Is it because he says, it does not look very much like "learning and enlarged philosophy" in a writer, who puts himself forth as a "Political Examiner," and, of course, as *political instructor and enlightener of the public understanding*, to wait without expressing any opinion on a "great" but plain political question, till nine-tenths of the public were decided on it? Then, when the universal voice is against it, he is the very Giant Killer. He starts into the field with all the frantic valour of an Orlando; and, bounding on poor Pounceby sword in hand, drives, "*etiam hæc dædædæ*," all the *Privilegiants* to the complete rout. Is it, Sir, a proof of Candidus's "wrong-headed meddling," that he did not think your eternal reprobation of "*republicanism*" so consistent with "enlarged philosophy," while such "learning" as yours must have been so fully acquainted formerly with Athens, Corinth, Thebes, and Rome, and now with America? Is it on such grounds you found your candid charges, *Mr. Examiner*?

Again; you charge me with "having no idea that a Reformer can attack Mr. Cobbett without being envious and malicious." Now let us see your candour here. I said that "the *Independent Whig* attacked him" (on the day of your attack, not yesterday) "with the spirit of fairness." Here I seemed to allow that he may be "attacked not only without envy or malice, but with fairness." We see here your fairness, *Mr. Examiner*. Do I make Mr. Cobbett the standard of every thing that is right? No, *Mr. Examiner*; I do not hold him up as infallible; either in judgment or in conduct. In the general course of his present politics and conduct, I certainly most warmly approve of him, though on some particular points I disagree with him. He himself does not lay claim to infallibility. On the contrary, he freely confesses his former errors of judgment, and his too great violence of writing. It is from the manner and circumstances of the attack on him I infer its selfishness or envy, or perhaps both. If you had confined yourself to arguing on the impropriety of his not denying that he offered to give up his paper, I should not blame you, though perhaps I should try to shew you, you were mistaken; but when you take up all his life, and collect with a malicious satisfaction every thing that can be made out objectionable, or forced into an objection, and bring all his imperfections, with a rancorous triumph, to bear on this charge with which they have no connection, then I must indeed "shut my eyes," to think that it was from a perfect spirit of candour that your attack proceeded. When you bring down his want of "self-knowledge," and "his bad grammar in his mouth," and "his long avoidance of detecting Mr. Windham," and "his running directly from one side of politics to the other," and his, &c. &c., and this in the very moment of his suffering in the cause which you yourself advocate; we would at least suspect something more than a generous zeal for "principle," we may be apt to imagine, that the ink from your "goose-quill dropped not so pathetically" for his "weakness," as for raising yourself on his downfall from public favour. You say, "were Sir Francis Burdett proved guilty of faithlessness to his principles, you would give him up, though not, indeed, without sorrows." But where was "the sorrows" or the appearance of "sorrows" in your "giving up," or rather your trying to put down Mr. Cobbett? It is not the "wrong-headedness" of Candidus only would think there appeared more of "a malignant ecstasy" in your assertions of "the disgust and completed suspicions of his readers," and your prophecies of the "abolition of their confidence in his profes-

sions." And was Mr. Cobbett proved guilty, not of "faithlessness to his principles," but even of the offer which he is charged with? No; even the *Examiner* must own that he was not; and common sense says, every thing proves that he did not make this offer; and that nothing but a willingness to condemn could "blow so dread a blast" against him on this occasion. If he did make this offer to government, he made it either with or without a promise of secrecy. If he obtained such a promise, vile as is our Ministry, it can hardly be supposed that they would get their own acknowledged organ, the *Morning Post*, to circulate the report, or that if they were so base, they would not also have furnished this organ with the proofs. If he did not obtain the promise, the Ministry, as they thought it at all worth while to raise the report, would not fail to give the proofs of what they thought would sink him in the public estimation. Common sense would reason in this manner.—But *Mr. Examiner* asks, "then why did he not deny it, when I asked whether it was the case or not?" And so, truly, does *Mr. Examiner* assume the Inquisitor too? Is the *Examiner* in such universal circulation and authority, that Mr. Cobbett must see every one of his questions; and answer with the exactness of a culprit? Must we answer every impertinent question, that any insignificant popujay chooses to ask? Was it necessary, that Mr. Cobbett should give the *Morning Post* the satisfaction of answering its hireling effusions of prostitution?

Now for another proof, *Mr. Examiner*, of your "candour" to poor Candidus. You say "that he hints, that if Mr. Cobbett did offer to give up his paper, it became him to do so, rather than give up his liberty." Candidus "hinted" no such thing; and, only for manners sake, especially to such a philosopher, he could, in your own words, say, that this is a "gross falsehood." Candidus only hinted, that if Mr. Cobbett did offer and choose to give up his paper, he was at liberty without any injustice to do so. Why, as your Liverpool Correspondent's friend, Mr. Sturdy, so well asks, why should he not be at liberty to give up his paper as well as any other business? If he thought he could devote his time much more to the advantage of himself and his family in any other employment, would any one condemn him for giving up his paper? If even his "indolence," or his being too fond of "dealing out his punch and his eloquence at the midnight club," rendered him desirous of giving up his paper, would he not without nefarious guilt be at liberty to do so? But if it were no crime in him to do so to indulge his "indolence," would it not be at least as excusable in him to do so to preserve his liberty,—to attend to his property,—and to watch over the comforts and interests of his family? *Mr. Examiner*, doubtless, would not give up his paper for a share and directorship in the national bank. But I am only speaking of Mr. Cobbett as an ordinary man, not comparing him to the high-minded *Examiner*; and, therefore, I apply the same rules to him, that I would to the common race of men in his situation. Certainly it would be a loss, nay, a great loss, to the country, that Mr. Cobbett should give up his paper. But till the country elects him to the situation of public writer, I cannot see, on any principle of common liberty, that he is not entitled without any "faithlessness to his principles" to give up his paper. He has laboured long in the public cause. His labours have done more to purge the public atmosphere from delusion, than those of all the other journalists of his day. He is condemned to two years' imprisonment, and to a fine of 1000*l.*—besides the other losses he suffered by the prosecution. Does the public generosity come forward to requite him? Does it make up a liberal subscription for the losses an active and valuable labourer has suffered in the public service? If it does not, I should not condemn, though I should lament, his giving up his paper to-morrow. But as to your charge of "whining," has any *Register* since his confinement shewed the "cowed spirit," or the "whining pusillanimity?" If I am not mistaken, his conduct, even while he was in error, shews that he will not prove faithless to what he thinks is right. The *Independent Whig*, to whose sufferings and boldness I am willing to pardon a great deal, joins you in thinking, that he

cause he was violent at the other side of politics, he cannot be sincere at this. But St. Paul was at one time a most violent and determined persecutor of Christianity, yet he afterwards became the apostle of the Gentiles. The late Mr. Fox started into public life a violent court-party man, yet I have good reason to think, notwithstanding his Coalitions with Lords North and Grenville, and notwithstanding the shameful inconsistency of most of his friends since his death, that from the time of his conversion to the principles of liberty, he continued firmly attached to them to the hour of his death. If his country called Mr. Cobbett to the head of the battle, I have no doubt that he would not shrink from the advanced post of danger. The *Independent Whig* should rather join with the strenuous assertor of the rights of his country, than give corruption and oppression the pleasure of seeing dissensions and jealousies among the friends of liberty. If Mr. Cobbett did freely confess his former errors, I should not entertain my present opinion of him; but when I see him no less openly confessing them, than strongly and convincingly reasoning against them, I cannot help thinking that he is convinced himself of what he convinces others, and that his arguments are not more a proof of his conviction, than his frankness is of his honesty, and that both are proofs of the "sincerity of his professions." But you, *Mr. Examiner*, will not allow him "sincerity in his professions of either service or courage," because he said, "his heart and mind were pulled different ways;" and you bring down Cicero as a contrast to him. Then when you are told that Cicero's "heart and mind were often pulled different ways," and often "pulled himself a different way," from the path of consistency, you say "you did not instance Cicero as a man of unvarying spirit." If you did not, what did you instance him for? You instanced him to no purpose. Was it not of Mr. Cobbett's "varying spirit," or "irresolution," you complained? Of course, that the opposition or contrast should be good, Cicero should be shewn to have been a man of "unvarying spirit," or unwavering "resolution." But this is only another "specimen of your candour." "Cicero," you say, "exhibited great spirit by his undismayed prosecution of Catiline;" so you may say, that our Henry VII. exhibited great spirit in his undismayed prosecution of Perkin Warbeck. Cicero was chief magistrate, possessed all the authority of the state, and had all the senate at his back to support him in his prosecution of Catiline, as well as Henry was chief magistrate and had all the powers of government to support him in his prosecution of Warbeck. Indeed, my wrong-headedness should think that Mr. Cobbett, a private individual, in his continued prosecution of corruption, though armed with all the powers of government, and with all the senate at its back, shewed greater "spirit" than both in their "undismayed prosecutions." But even though Mr. Cobbett had been irresolute for a moment, when you allow that Cicero was more than once not only irresolute, but "dastardly," and yet hold him up as a great character, is it very candid to condemn Mr. Cobbett, for the irresolution of a moment, or even of a fortnight, to the eternal "disgust and distrust of his readers?" Really, *Mr. Examiner*, if you did not bring down Cicero and those other names of antiquity for the purpose of misapplication, one would think you had brought them down only to dazzle our weak eyes with the glare of your "learning" and learned names. I believe it was not only while Nero seemed virtuous Lucan flattered him; and I think Gibbon, the historian, as well as I, will tell you, that "it was said that Longinus begged his life." But I allow that Lucan and Longinus died like men. What will you make of it? They were condemned by merciless tyrants, and they knew death was inevitable. It was for no bold undertaking, or no patriotic opposition to corruption or oppression they were condemned. Lucan was condemned by a sanguinary coward's suspicious cruelty, and Longinus was condemned by a barbarous victor's haughty ferocity. They met their fates like men; but it was when they saw they had no escape. So have many convicts met death like men at Tyburn. Sir Walter Raleigh, whom you instanced as a "man of high spirit," had the high spirit to tell a premeditated falsehood to get out of jail. But these are not all the "specimens of your candour." You

say that "I forged quotations, or altered them to forgery? Where is the quotation forged or thus altered? Have you not written, 'sitten down?' I see I have added *his* to 'spark or sparks of philosophy;' but this does not 'alter' the sense or expression in the least. You say, that I tell 'gross falsehoods.' Such language, even from a 'learned and enlarged philosopher, who accuses Mr. Cobbett of coarseness,' does not seem to shew much more 'reasoning than passion.'—'Speaking of one in the midst of his praises,' as you allow you spoke of Mr. Cobbett, does not seem at least 'to court his ill word or ill will; and when you remarked 'that you took notice of Mr. Cobbett's coarseness, vulgarity, and swearing,' you should have remembered that I said, not 'fawned on,' but 'almost fawned on.' Speaking of one 'in the midst of praises,' without noticing any defects, is the common way 'to fawn' on one; but to speak so, and notice some slight defects, is not an uncommon way of 'almost fawning.' You say, 'you never noticed Mr. Cobbett's' (poor child) 'drivellings about learning and grammar,' yet you say in a former paper, 'his attacks on learning, of which he knew nothing, and his reproofs of bad grammar, with bad grammar in his mouth.' So much for 'candour' and want of passion; and in this much I have confined myself to the proofs exhibited in only two of your papers, as I have not the good fortune of having your 'two volumes of *Examiners*,' or even '483 pages' of them. As for your readers, I am sure candour will make them 'put up' with reading this letter, if it makes you 'put up' with giving it to them to read; and 'though you are open to the letters of any person on this subject, they shall hear no more of me afterwards' in your pages. But really, *Mr. Examiner*, I am afraid you must answer a little more on this subject before your readers are convinced that there was no self, and nothing but candour, at the bottom of this attack. As for me, I must own I am 'weak' enough not to be entirely so 'indifferent to persons,' as to wish to witness virulent and basely selfish attacks on those who have deserved most of their country, 'till they are proved guilty,' though I will not 'shut my eyes to the disgrace,' (if it have any) 'of their cause;' and till Sir Francis Bardon and Mr. Cobbett give me some strong grounds of suspecting them of 'faithlessness to their principles,' I hope I shall not be 'proved guilty' of trying to deprive them of public estimation.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
CANDIDUS.

SIR,—Unless you should think it unnecessary, and say, in the words of a favourite classic,—

"Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus ipsis

"Ego,"—

I would beg leave to offer a few remarks on two assertions in the letter of *Candidus*, which in your reply are passed unnoticed.

The first is, that you did not discover Mr. Cobbett's imperfections while he was at Botley, but no sooner was he in Newgate than you on a sudden perceived them. Now the fact is, that Mr. Cobbett did not possess, or at least did not shew those imperfections, on which you principally adverted, till after his trial; of consequence, you could not discover what did not exist, or were in a state of concealment. The moment you did discover them, and you found that he would not condescend to explain, you censured them strongly, but, in my opinion, justly. For, if political reformers, like the Christian heroes of old, are not prepared to encounter toils, difficulties, and dangers, in support of their cause, I am fearful that they are unequal to the task they have imposed on themselves, and that their enemies, and not they, will ultimately be triumphant.

The second is, that you hold republicanism in abhorrence. This, I conceive, is undesigningly paying a high compliment both to the soundness of your principles and the correctness of your judgment. No one will dispute with *Candidus* "the generous spirit and high glory" of the ancient republics. No one for a moment would hesitate, were there no alternative, to choose between a turbulent democracy like Athens, and the iron despotism of Bonaparte. But does any man at this day

prefer a republic to the government of England? I mean the government such as it has been, and such as the purifying Genius of Reform hopes to make it. If he do, I would advise him to read seriously and attentively, the admirable work of De Lolme on the English Constitution, a work said, and truly, by the immortal Junius, to be "deep, solid, and ingenious;" and should he then be an advocate for a republic, I own I should entertain no very exalted opinion either of his understanding or his moral character.—I am, &c.

Aug. 23.

A WHIG OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

MR. EXAMINER,

It is impossible not to admire the grossness of the sneers against "learning" contained in *Candidus's* letter in defence of Mr. Cobbett. His idol has neither learning nor philosophy, and therefore those who possess either must undoubtedly be fit objects of contempt!—Here is the bigotry of Ignorance with a vengeance; and here is a fine specimen of the effect of mere party feelings! Had Mr. Cobbett conducted himself with firmness,—had he disdained to have solicited a compromise with Government, and have proceeded in his career without fear or faltering,—what praises would not have been uttered by this very *Candidus*, who now so ineffectually attempts to defend all his pernicious waverings. What a contrast does Mr. Cobbett's conduct present! At Botley, and writing against Ministerial delinquency, who so bold a reprover of error, who so severe and stern a censor of the time-serving and the timid!—But threatened with the temporary loss of liberty, and fearing to encounter its unpleasant consequences, who so confessedly indecisive, so weak, and so vulnerable! Then again, as soon as his shaking fit is over, he begins afresh, with all the confidence of consistency, and thinks that his readers are to be cajoled by professions of disinterestedness, at the very moment that he is degrading himself and the cause he advocates by mendicant solicitations, in order to set his mind "at ease," though he himself allows that without any aid he has sufficient to provide for all his children! If this be public or private spirit, I am indeed in a monstrous error, *Mr. Examiner*, for I have always hitherto supposed that public spirit consisted in supporting the cause of the people in times of danger, (not in offering to give it up), and that private spirit was best evinced by suffering in that cause with dignity.

But I have done with this more than suspicious man; and I bear with disgust the nonsense of his blind and bigotted followers, when they talk of his acting with propriety in not wasting his time in answering all the charges brought against him by his enemies. His enemies! Why, Sir, a few weeks ago, those who now think with you and me were among his best friends; and as to wasting his time,—he can give whole pages to refute the Attorney-General's charge of "base lucre," and yet cannot bestow half a one to satisfy the Friends of Reform that he has not sneakingly proposed to renounce them and their cause for ever,—a proceeding which has caused him to be shunned by several of his most ardent supporters. In truth, Sir, Mr. Cobbett does not, because he cannot, deny it. The fact is too well known; and he is not foolish enough to add falsehood to cowardice.—I at first felt a little alarm lest bad consequences might ensue from Mr. Cobbett's exposure; but I am now "convinced and converted," and am quite satisfied that the cause of Reform can never be injured by the casting off those designing men, who go about calling for reformation, with patriotism on their lips, and selfishness in their hearts.

Go on, Sir; continue to do your duty fearlessly; you will soon enjoy the high honour of being feared and hated by impostors of every description.—Yours,

Aug. 25.

A MAN OF WESTMINSTER.

Sir—Every reader of *Tristram Shandy* will recollect his father's opinion of the virtue of names.—Was it from a full conviction of the truth of that hypothesis, a recent correspondent appended to a letter abounding in illiberal

imputation, personality, and abuse, the signature of *Candidus*?

The man whose pursuance of right is the invariable consequence of his perception of rectitude, even in private life, may be deemed a hero. What then, Sir, is your daring, who appear determined to carry the same strict correspondence of mind and action into a line distinguished infinitely more by earnestness of profession than plenitude of performance.

"The Lord deliver me from my friends, I can defend myself from my enemies!" was ejaculated by an individual smarting under the effects of injudicious assistance. The exclamation may be adopted by Mr. Cobbett;—doubly unfortunate in pleading for himself at the Bar, and in suffering others to plead for him to the public. Extract from the two long epistles in your last week's paper all that really appertains to his defence, and what does it amount to?

A vague kind of non-admission of the truth of the alleged proposal to Government.—This is imposture!

An hypothetical allowance of the fact, with an assertion of its innocency and propriety in the form of a simple dictum—"An author who begins when he likes may end when he pleases."

You have yourself, Sir, briefly but forcibly pointed out the difference between Mr. Cobbett and a common Journalist, and I would simply ask *Candidus* and *Mr. Sturdy*, what opinion they form of the understanding of your readers, when like a brace of warriors armed cap-a-pie in gauze, they rush to a contest under the shelter of such a maukish truism? If Mr. Cobbett can forgive the excessive degradation of this apology, I cannot.—Can it for a moment be admitted, that a man, independent in mind and easy in circumstance,—a man, called by his friends the scourge of political knavery, duplicity, and folly,—a man, who has figured out of the leaves of his journal and identified himself with the times;—can it, I repeat, be admitted, that such a man is (in the higher sense of the term) at liberty to covenant his political extinction, on the mere ground of personal convenience? Will Mr. Cobbett himself be brought to acknowledge his having called on the public for patriotism and disinterestedness without a correspondent tone in his own mind?—Will he allow his Addresses to the Electors of Westminster, &c. to have emanated from a source which furnished no stimuli for his proper and particular government?—Should he do so, we might have a definition, more than is wanted, of that very common kind of zeal, which is combined with profit, and falls short of endurance; but the sober convictions of men would remain as before.—No, Sir; while the human faculties exist as they have existed,—while memory and imagination can conjure up the hallowed shades of the many martyrs to public virtue, whose blood hath crimsoned the scaffold and bedewed the field,—of the many more, who have pined under wants they might have satisfied and privations they might have supplied,—no sound justification of the conduct you have so properly condemned can possibly be effected. Those advocates of Mr. Cobbett, who, while they exalt his exertions to the skies,—nay, while they deem a fortnight's cessation of his labours a serious calamity, consider the total loss of them a reasonable sacrifice to personal ease, will never be dis-

* An excellent name for a man determined to stand by a friend right or wrong.—*Shandy* again!

distinguished for the acuteness of their logic or their profundity as publicists. With this opinion of the powers of the man, I call on these gentlemen, so skilled in casuistry, to inform me, how far the negation of a great good falls short of the effect of a positive evil?

Ever honoured be the conjugal and parental ties,—ever regarded those social affections which form the surest foundation for public rectitude and private happiness?—But still, as has been quaintly observed, it is necessary to distinguish duties, to prevent the virtues from jostling each other. English Imprisonment, as it is inflicted in cases like that of Mr. Cobbett, and to a man of his property, is not of that overwhelming nature to excuse a negotiation so perfectly out of character. But allow it to be much more rigid than it is known to be, what allegory describes the road to virtue as strewn with roses? Besides, were these to be legitimate excuses for patriotic dereliction, where is the hireling that would not plead them? The vitiated wretch, who runs to sell his vote for a few guineas, talks of his wife and family;—the pension for the grandmother, the sinecure for the son, the reversion for self, all, all take their spring from the most amiable feelings,—all are vindicated on these grounds. To prevent being led Heaven knows where, while we feel for the more pardonable human frailties as men, let them ever be considered as opposed to virtue.

On the conduct which produced this discussion, it is unnecessary to dwell longer. I cannot, however, conclude, without a few remarks on the species of attack with which you have been favoured. Honest impartiality—that impartiality you have ever professed, required some notice of glaring inconsistency and mental cowardice in a conspicuous man, although “a Brother Labourer and Brother Reformist.” You performed the task, in my opinion, with comparative gentleness. The extatic malignity, so pathetically complained of, has altogether escaped my perception.—Was it displayed by qualifying an acknowledgment of abilities with a few exceptions? Mr. Cobbett flatters himself most egregiously, if he thinks he is ever praised by any man of judgment or acquirement without a similar reservation. I am sure, had you not so qualified, your own possession of either must have been called in question. Indeed, some of his flights are so uncongential to a disciplined mind, a portrait without a dash of shade would be any thing but a likeness. But why, in an investigation of pretension, the mention of a few speculative and a few venial errors is to be attributed to malice, or the wish to rise on another’s fall, I am at a loss to discover.

There is also something in the tone of the gentle *Candidus* altogether indicative of that school Mr. Cobbett seems labouring to revive,—a school which considers the imputation of learning a satire,—of philosophy, a reproach. This disposition is the rock of self-formed minds: they have done much *without* elementary preparation, many have done nothing with it; *ergo*, it is useless and unprofitable. This sapient conclusion forms a wiserable foundation for the poignant sneer and arch allusion it is fated to sustain, but carried into political discussion, it is pitiable.

† “That man is ignorant of almost every thing, and hates every thing of which he is ignorant,” was observed of Thomas Paine by Mr. Tooke. This impromptu, like most others, is not perfectly accurate; but as descriptive of the tendency of a certain order of men, it was strongly uttered,

Mr. Hume (a learned blockhead, by the bye) wrote an essay called *Politics a Science*, in which he labours to prove the possibility, by profound investigation and attention, of establishing various principles sufficiently firm for general and unlimited inferences. The *caste* of politicians I am describing arrive at the same result a much nearer way. Politics, according to their theory, being a mere train of impulses, succeeding each other like Chinese crackers. This doctrine gave birth to the reproach of *Candidus*, of your studying the question of privilege before decision. The accusation of not preferring republicanism, which raised Rome and Athens to glory, springs from the same source. I have no doubt that writer made up his mind on all these questions and their consequences in a minute. As to Rome and Athens, it is but recollecting that the one beat all her neighbours, and the citizens in the other voted in the market-place, and the problem is solved. The provincial oppressions of the sublime Romans, the colonial tyranny of the polite Athenians, or the miserable mass of domestic slavery among both, are small impediments in the way of this gallop to conclusion. Really, Sir, after all, there is something consistent in this gentleman: he is exactly the man to *smoke* learning and deride philosophy.

And now, as a reader of the *Register*, I have a small favour to request of Mr. Cobbett, which may as well be made known through this medium as any other. It is to spare *some of his subscribers* a repetition of his facetious orthography of the adjective philosophical. I have really a respect for his talents, and sufficient candour to regret the exhibition of latent weakness in a sensible man; but maugre every effort, that unfortunate joke inevitably produces an involuntary protrusion of the under lip, and a species of sensation, which, if reduced by mental analysis, would resolve into elements I will not offend Mr. Cobbett by naming. I presume this dart, this *telum imbelles*, is designed for the *Edinburgh Reviewers*. Alas! it hardly rattles against their armour, though that armour is not of the quality of that of Achilles. Need Mr. Cobbett be informed of the impolicy of that species of attack, which displays enmity without power?

Submitting these remarks to liberal consideration, I am, Sir, your constant reader,

AMICUS.

Hunter-street, August 24, 1810.

THE METHODISTS.

SIR,

Sussex, Aug. 16, 1810.

He who pronounces the sentence of infamy on any of his fellow-creatures, ought to be most fully acquainted with all the circumstances upon which that sentence is founded, otherwise the justice of it must be at best precarious. Never did a person assume the character of judge under a greater deficiency in this all important point than your Correspondent “W.”—He set out with pronouncing all the Dissenters fools, knaves, or quacks; he now confesses that the Unitarians are entitled to respect, and they form no inconsiderable part of the Dissenters; but the Methodists, the greater part of whom are not Dissenters, are exposed to the fury of his wrath. I for one certainly never thought to sink such a mighty man of war by a tempest of words, but I confess I did expect, if he had any sense of shame remaining, he would have blushed to have been found guilty of repeating such a man as Price, Priestley, Watts, and Lindsey, with such shameless scurrility. But I am a Saint, a Methodist, and that is sufficient to damn me and save him. Well; I have often been termed a heretic, but this I believe is the first time that I have ever been designated by either

of the above appellations; and had "W." been at all acquainted with that sect, against which he appears so exceedingly enraged, he would have been so certain of nothing as that I did not belong to it. The names which I introduced, such at least as Priestley, Lardner, and Lindsey, are held in as much abhorrence amongst the Methodists as that of the Devil; but by me, and I believe the greater part of the Dissenters, they are held in the highest veneration; nor shall I ever behold them exposed to the abuse of the ignorant or fanatical, without offering my feeble efforts in their defence.

Why did "W." pass over that necessary distinction, of which I reminded him, between the terms Methodists and Dissenters, and the few arguments which I employed in justification of dissent? But it is no wonder, when we consider the excessive confusion into which his mind appears to have been thrown. Whilst he is talking of Rowland Hill, he assures us that these vile Methodists have had the audacity to banish the Lord's Prayer, the Liturgy, the organ and velvet, from the conventicle. Now, as to the Lord's Prayer, it is frequently repeated in all the Methodist and Dissenting Chapels that I ever entered; and at Rowland Hill's Chapel, and most others of considerable note amongst the Methodists, the three latter godly appendages of the Church are to be found. This circumstance ought surely to have excited some degree of clemency in your Correspondent in favour of the Methodists.

The Dissenters in general hold the Lord's Prayer in as high a degree of veneration as it is possible for "W." to do; but they do not forget that it was given as a model rather than as a form to which they are to confine themselves; and I must confess, however fanatical "W." may consider me, that I am much more delighted with the manly, sober, striking, and appropriate addresses to the Deity, which I have often heard from the lips of Worthington, Belsham, and Rees, than it is possible for me to be with hearing read the compositions of men who could know nothing of our situation or wants, and who lived in days of comparative darkness and superstition.

"W." admires the dexterity with which we push into the front of the battle the illustrious forms of Locke and Milton. I did not bring forward the name of Locke, because, though he was a Dissenter in principle, and expelled the University in consequence, yet I do not know that he was one avowedly. As to Milton, I suppose "W." does not mean to give us another specimen of his correct information, by denying that he was a Dissenter; and I really think, when he perceived that we had such men as Milton, Watts, and Priestley, in the front of our battle, he chose for himself rather too mild an epithet when he calls himself "impudent" for aiming at them the darts of calumny.

What is it to us that the Methodists are as intolerant as the Church? I would to God that the Church did not give sanction to the intolerance of the Methodists. Had "W." attacked only such men as Huntingdon, or condemned only the inconsistencies and fanaticism of the Methodists, the Dissenters would have thanked him, and would have gladly united their efforts in the expulsion of superstition, both from the Church and the Conventicle. The prayer which "W." has given us as a specimen probably never disgraced the services of the most deluded fanatic, or the most depraved hypocrite; but if it did, it's folly and impiety attach solely to the individual by whom it was uttered! But to the folly and impiety of the Creed of St. Athanasius, every clergyman is forced to swear his unfeigned assent and consent. "W." is indeed most unfortunate in wishing to be considered a son of the Church. The Methodists, whom he appears to consider unworthy of toleration, can shelter themselves very comfortably within her pale, and appeal to her articles of faith in support of their dogmas; but the Unitarians, with whom he wishes to be friendly, his dear Mother hurls from her pulpits, and consigns to eternal misery. "W." says, indeed, there is room enough in the Church to shelter true religion. It is evident there is room enough to shelter Methodism; but let him ask the venerable

* Witness her conduct to the late Rector of Cold Norton.

Lindsay, Dr. Disney, and others, and they will tell him that true religion can find no shelter there. Again; the Methodists commit an unpardonable sin in preaching the doctrine of justification by faith without works; but if your Correspondent will be so good as to inform your readers where they find the following justification of their conduct, they will be able to judge with how good a grace "W." condemns us for dissenting from the doctrines of the Established Church: "Wherefore that we are justified by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine."

I have read the Essays of the *Examiner* on Methodism, but what have they to do with the subject before us? I sent, as you, *Mr. Examiner*, perhaps recollect, some remarks on those Essays, to prove that the errors of the Church were the chief support of the dogmas of the Methodists. I still am of opinion that this point ought to be considered by *Mr. Examiner*, "W." and the "Barrister," all of whom appear to me to fall into inconsistencies from opposing the Methodists to the Established Church; for though it is true that she has an Arminian Clergy, it is equally true (as has been often asserted) that she has a Popish Liturgy and a Calvinistic Creed.

Before I conclude, I must inform this liberal Churchman, that though I think the doctrines of the Methodists as far from those of sober truth as he can, yet if he had said "all the Methodists," instead of "all the Dissenters," I should have equally stood forward in their defence. I would call upon "W." to prove that the Methodists, taken as a body, are less pious and less virtuous than the Members of the Establishment; and if he failed in this point, his language would still be that of gross slander; and to intimate that they are unworthy of toleration, displays the basest of all spirits—a spirit of persecution. However absurd the opinions or fanatical the devotions of Rowland Hill, G. Whitfield, and John Wesley, their general conduct has been highly honourable, and their piety unquestionable; and the names of Wilberforce and Cowper, with all their Methodism about them, will never cease to be honoured whilst religion has an advocate, slavery an enemy, or virtue a friend.—I remain, Sir, your friend and admirer,

A DISSENTER.

P. S. In my last, after "Hume, prejudiced as he was against the," your Printer has printed *Protestants* instead of *Partisans*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—The author of "Religious Quackery" (W) in his answer to the observations which I and others thought proper to make upon that article in your Paper of July 29th, begins by observing that he has excited a "violent emotion among the Saints."—For my own part, I can assure him that, whether saint or sinner, "Religious Quackery" is calculated to excite ideas in my mind far otherwise than those which he supposes it to have created; whatever it may do in the minds of others. In order to soften his assertions, and to clear them a little from that abuse with which they appear to me to be replete, he endeavours to pay a compliment to you, and supposes you would not have suffered the article to appear if it had borne that abusive character. Now, with all possible respect for you, Sir, I presume it will be no impeachment of your understanding or your judgment to view an article in your Paper in a light different from that in which it may appear to you, supposing that your idea of W.'s composition differ from mine. But let us pass on to other matters of more consequence.

I am glad to see W. recede a little from his original severity against the Dissenters, by qualifying his expressions with several exceptions; and I am willing to take this as an omen that he is fast on the road to conviction "of the error of his ways."

There are many classes of Dissenters of whom I do not pretend to have any knowledge whatever. I know very little of the Wesleyans, and still less of Huntingdon. What, indeed, I do know of the latter person, I wholly dislike and object to. I must, therefore, limit the observations I make to those Methodist Preachers for whom Dr. Collyer sometimes becomes a substitute, as those with whom I am the best acquainted. And this I think I may do without at all relinquishing the main ques-

tion. But suppose I were to take Methodist Preachers in the aggregate, and that many Huntingdons were to be found among them, are they, therefore, all to be condemned? What is there in this world either great or good which bad men will not sometimes pervert to unwarrantable or evil purposes? Because many hunting Rectors and drunken Curates might be found in the Church, is the whole establishment to be destroyed? Ought we not rather to observe with the poet upon a different occasion—

Ubi plura nitent—non ego paucis
Offendar maculis—

But W. is equally unhappy whether he condemns Methodist Preachers for their doctrine or their characters. He is offended with them because they preach the doctrine of regeneration.—I apprehend, Sir, that it is the duty of all who pretend to preach the doctrine of Christianity, to preach it as it is found in the New Testament. Before W. therefore, condemns Methodists as preachers of false doctrine, I would refer him to the 3d Chapter of St. John, (if, indeed, he is not too much of a philosopher to read the Scriptures) wherein he will find that doctrine made clear, in the dialogue between Christ and Nicodemus, verse 3, which runs thus;—"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of Heaven." I might here say something upon the Greek adverb, *another*, translated by the English word, *again*; but it would be too long for the limits to which I mean to confine myself, and indeed, altogether useless. There is quite enough to shew into what absurdities W. has fallen.

This accurate writer asserts that the Methodists reject the Lord's Prayer. This assertion is altogether void of truth, at least with respect to nineteen twentieths of these people. Mr. Rowland Hill, and all those connected with him, are frequent in their use of it. If he will condescend to enter one of their Chapels, he will find this to be the fact. He will there find cushions also, not indeed of velvet, but of cloth, quite sufficient to save the "knuckles of the Preacher." Nor are the Methodists altogether insensible to the charms of music; for Rowland Hill has an organ in his Chapel of the finest quality, at least in my opinion; but perhaps too *methodistically* toned for the refined ears of W.; for with him "nothing good can come out of Nazareth."

In his observations more immediately addressed to me, W. declares, that in order "to get a rap at him," as he terms it, "with a walking stick," I have stumbled over a strange piece of reasoning. By this I imagine he means to say that I am a strange reasoner, because I am of opinion that the poor livings of Methodist Preachers are no inducement to them to preach merely for gain. W. can not be ignorant that when men are impelled by the desire of gain, they naturally seek to place themselves in such situations as are most profitable and conducive to their ease and comfort. How then can Methodist Preachers be said to preach merely to fill their own pockets, when so many occupations, far more profitable, present themselves? For, considering the scanty produce of their livings, there are but few situations in life in which they could not gain more than they do by preaching, if mere gain were their object. With this view then of the subject, I cannot see how W.'s mine-spye simile is at all applicable to these Preachers. This gentleman has a singular predilection for cookshop comparisons and similes, which may be one reason that his ideas appear to me as mixed and confused as the pyes upon the counter. But granting for a moment, that these men preach merely for a livelihood, are they the only Preachers who preach from worldly motives? What impels our Rectors and Bishops to assume the gown? How are we to account for the eagerness with which they seek for preferment? What motives induce an Archbishop of Canterbury to pay 30,000l. for fees at his elevation to his dignity? Are they earthly, or are they heavenly? Why then are not these Right Reverend Fathers in God decried and condemned as Preachers for money? "Why," exclaims W. "because they are not Methodists, to be sure."

I do assure this candid gentleman that I have never heard of any such people as "Parson-hunters." Nor do I believe they are any where to be found, except in his own prolific imagina-

tion. They are, I believe, the mere offspring of his own heated brain; the parent stock indeed of almost all his accusations.—But, observe, Sir, the very *charitable* climax with which he winds up his anathema against Methodist Preachers, "It is surely, says he, time that Government should take away from these fanatics the power of corrupting or raving the minds of the people." Thus this writer condemns the Methodists because, as he imagines, they denounce everlasting punishment against those who differ from themselves, and yet he would have them feel the heavy hand of Government, because they embrace a doctrine which he fancies to be absurd and fanatical! The one threaten an evil to come which may possibly be averted, but the other would bring down immediate destruction! If Government were to lay their hands on the Play-houses because they are obnoxious to the Methodists, what would W. say?—But it is time that I take my leave of him—I am, Sir, &c.

August 16, 1810.

T. H.

THE SAMPFORD GHOST.

The *Taunton Courier* contains a long letter from the Rev. C. Colton, on the subject of the haunted house occupied by Mr. Chave, of Sampford, near Tiverton. The Reverend Believer makes oath, that after an attendance of six nights (not successive) with a mind "perfectly unprejudiced,"—after the most minute investigation and closest inspection of the premises,—he is unable to account for any of the phenomena he has there seen and heard.—The people in the house, he says, are most willing to contribute every thing in their power to the detection of the cause of the unaccountable sights and violent blows and sounds. "I have," continues Mr. Colton, "repeatedly sworn the domestics to this effect,—that they were not only utterly ignorant of the cause of those circumstances, but also of the causes of many other things equally unaccountable. Also, that I have affixed a seal with a crest to every door, cavity, &c. in the house, through which any communication could be carried on; that this seal was applied to each end of sundry pieces of paper in such a manner that the slightest attempt to open such doors, or to pass such cavities, must have broken these papers, in which case my crest must have prevented their being replaced without discovery;—that none of these papers were deranged or broken; and also, that the phenomena that night were as unaccountable as ever. Also, that I have examined several women quite unconnected with the family of Mr. Chave, but who, some from curiosity, and some from compassion, have slept in this house,—that many of them related the facts on oath,—that all of them wished to be so examined, if required; and lastly, that they all agreed without one exception in this particular, that their night's rest was invariably destroyed by violent blows from some invisible hand—by an unaccountable and rapid drawing and withdrawing of the curtains—by a suffocating and almost inexpressible weight, and by a repetition of sounds, so loud, as at times to shake the whole room. Also, that it appears that this plot, if it be a plot, hath been carried on for many months,—that it must be in the hands of more than fifty people, all of whom are ready to perjure themselves, though not one of them could possibly gain any thing by it,—that the present owner is losing the value of his house, the tenant the customers of his shop, whom fear now prevents from visiting it after sun-set, and that the domestics are losing their rest; and all these evils are with most exemplary patience submitted to, without any object but the keeping of a ridiculous secret, which although so many are privy to it, and many more interest-

ed in discovering, hath not yet been divulged, although such a disclosure would be attended with circumstances highly advantageous and gratifying to any person who could be induced to discover it."

Mr. Colton then names seven wise men of Tiverton and Sampford, who are ready to make oath of the truth of the above particulars.—The Editor, however, of the *Taunton Courier*, in an introductory paragraph, says that he trusts he shall be able to shew, next week, "that the whole of the events which have excited so much astonishment in the neighbourhood, and have kindled such various poetic fires on the banks of the Exe, have their origin in disgusting imposture and villainous delusion." Few reasonable persons, we apprehend, will differ in opinion with the Editor, particularly when they learn, that he received a letter on Saturday last, "threatening to shoot him, if he attempted to expose the author of this plot."—As the Reverend Believer has engaged to forfeit a considerable sum to the poor of his parish, when ever this business shall be made appear to have been produced by any human art or ingenuity, we heartily wish the Editor success in his ghostly labours.—It will not be a little amusing to see for once ignorance and superstition productive of charitable results, and what Mr. Colton even loses in money he will gain in common sense, an article with which he appears not to be overburthened, or he could never assert that a belief in the existence of ghosts would be favourable to virtue! By all that's pleasant, one cannot refrain from laughter, to hear a Reverend Divine, in the 19th century, gravely telling the public, that it will advance the cause of virtue to believe in spirits who amuse themselves in making hideous noises, tapping at wainscots, nearly suffocating little children in bed, pacing the rooms like bears without claws, making brass candlesticks spin about the floor like tops, (mad wags), and then driving them at the heads of honest farmers!

POLICE.

ROW-STREET.

On Tuesday, Elizabeth Hinckley, a girl only 14 years of age, who was committed on a charge of attempting to poison Ann Parker, her mistress, was brought up for re-examination. It appeared, that during the last week she frequently complained to her mistress, that the kitchen was over-run with rats, and applied to her for poison to destroy them. On Thursday her mistress sent her to a Chemist's for some poison for that purpose, and she returned with two ounces of arsenic, which she put into a desk, and soon afterwards her mistress ordered her to bring tea up, which the prisoner did, in two teapots, one for her mistress, and the other for Christopher J. Stanley, aged five years, and Samuel Smith, aged three years, two children who boarded with her mistress. After drinking a cup of tea each, her mistress and the children were taken very ill, but medical assistance being almost immediately procured, the poison was brought off their stomachs without any serious injury. Mrs. Parker charged her with having put some of the arsenic into the tea-pots, which she at first positively denied, but Mr. P. taking the packet with the arsenic, of which none has yet been used for the rats, back to the Chemist, there appeared a deficiency of about a quarter of an ounce, and it was discovered that the packet had been opened; the prisoner then admitted the fact of putting some of it into the tea-pots.—No motive can be assigned for the commission of such a horrid crime, as she was on very good terms with her mistress; but it is reported that she said, if her mistress died she should have all her clothes. She was fully committed for trial. The girl kept reading a prayer book while the witnesses were examined.

QUEEN-SQUARE.

For some time past the Parish Officers belonging to St. Margaret's, Westminster, have been in the habit of paying a man of the name of *Thomas Knight*, a fireman, a number of rewards for taking his engine to places where he had stated fires had happened. The Vestry Clerk, Mr. Stephenson, alarmed at the frequency of his applications, was induced to make inquiries, the result of which was, that in about thirty cases no fire had happened, or even an engine been brought forward; in consequence the offender was apprehended. On Wednesday he underwent an examination, and was committed for trial.

UNION-HALL.

A singular case of distress was disclosed on Wednesday.—A Curate, possessed of a living in Caermarthenshire, amounting to 35l. per annum, upon which he had to support a wife and three small children; was sworn in at this Office as a deserter from the York Rangers. It appeared by the declaration of this unfortunate Clergyman, that distress was the cause of his enlisting, in order to obtain the bounty towards the support of an affectionate wife and his three children.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

Wm. Harrison Craig, a young man of very genteel appearance, was examined on Friday, on a charge of fraud. The prisoner cut an awkward figure; having lost the flap of his coat in resisting the officers who took him. Mr. Ball, of Kensington, of whom the prisoner took lodgings, said that he slept there one night, but went off the next morning with the sheets and some silver spoons. A Mr. Ryder made a similar charge against him.—A curious circumstance led to his detection. While one tailor was leaving his lodgings, taking back the articles for lack of payment, another unluckily was entering with a fresh supply!—The prisoner was committed.

A Surgeon, of extensive practice, has been examined, on a charge of a wicked nature, brought against him by a female servant of his household, who had become pregnant by him. He is still in custody.

The Traveller Office, in Fleet-street, was on Friday night destroyed by fire.

MARRIAGES.

Saturday, at St. Andrews, Holborn, Edward Charles, Esq. of Lawn-place, Shepherd's-bush, Middlesex, to Miss James, eldest daughter of the late Edmund James, Esq. of Ham Common, in the county of Surrey.

On Tuesday week, at Ditchling, Sussex, Mr. W. Edwards, of St. John's Common, aged eighteen, to Miss H. Herriot, late of Plumpton, aged twelve years and three months! The bride at the time of the ceremony was far advanced in her pregnancy.

DEATHS.

On the 12th inst. at Schwerin, her Illustrious Highness the Duchess Dowager of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, in the 19th year of her age.

Lately, at Ball, in the parish of Sampford Courtenay, aged 83, Mr. John Quick, a respectable grazier, universally known for his skillful management in that line of life, which has enabled him to leave his children the sum of 100,000l.

Lady Hawke (who has been in a declining state of health ever since Lord H. met with his accident) on Wednesday, at Gloucester-place.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. Eliz. Mathews, widow of the late Mr. James Mathews, Bookseller, in the Strand.

On Thursday, Thomas Ebrall, father of the unfortunate Thomas Ebrall, who was shot, the day Sir Francis Bardon was conveyed to the Tower, by a Life Guardsman. It has been observed by those who knew him, that he has not been well since the death of his son: before that period he was remarkably hearty man. The last words he uttered were, "Oh, my murdered son!"