

THE EXAMINER.

No. 148 SUNDAY, OCT. 28, 1810.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 145.

THREE LETTERS

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF KENT UPON THE SUBJECT OF REFORM.

LETTER I.

It was fit, when some of the great counties of England had begun to lay the national grievances before Parliament, that the county of Kent should not be behind hand. The inhabitants of that fine and varied district have ever taken a pride in manliness of character; its vigorous peasantry, its yeomanry wealthy but not from corruption, and the undaunted seamen produced upon its coast, present the finest picture of old English strength and prosperity; and now, when the energies of our country must either die at once or take a decided turn for the better, it more than ever becomes the people of Kent to shew in their sincerity and their resolution the best picture of the old English love of freedom.

By your late proceedings therefore at Maidstone, you have shewn yourselves worthy of your ancestors, and given additional hopes and ardour to the cause of Reform. Should other important counties follow the noble example set them by Middlesex, Hampshire, and you, the happiest results may be expected to this suffering nation, *not because* it must have any effect upon the present House of Commons,—*not because* it must rouse the consciences of the corrupt, that is, of the unfeeling,—or convince the understandings of our rulers, that is, of the stupid; but because this public and glowing expression of constitutional sentiments on the part of the leading intellect of a county, is the best mode of calling forth the same expression on the part of the people. The courtiers and their adherents chuse to say that such an effect is not to be produced; and the idle and dissolute, to whom it is a pain to think at all, much less about politics, mimic this mode of putting down all spirit, whenever the subject comes across them. But what produces so much passion from the Corruptionists whenever Sir FRANCIS BURDETT appears or is even mentioned? What produces their dislike and their ill-concocted fears of the independent and well-conducted meetings in the Palace Yard of Westminster? In fine, what produced those cannons and soldiers on a late never-to-be-forgotten day,—that army in the heart of the capital and in the teeth of the civil power,—that hired executive multitude, which threatened violence out of mere apprehension, and which absolutely committed it

upon the unoffending?—What but their conscious acknowledgment of a surprising influence on the part of a single individual? What but their alarm at seeing the people continually reminded of their constitutional claims, and excited to make them? What but their conscious feeling that they have not conducted themselves properly, and that the popular indignation, impatient at requiring retribution so often to no purpose, may, for aught they know, exceed its just bounds and *inflict* it on their heads? These are strange feelings and proceedings for men who affect to despise the talk of the Reformists! At one time they tell us, with an air of indifference, that the speeches of Sir FRANCIS and his brother Reformists have no effect,—that the people are too wise to listen to such persons,—in short, Gentlemen, that we are all too fond of the Ministers to object to the sale of seats and the waste of English blood:—at another time, they chuse to think very differently,—they cry out about Jacobinism and Revolution,—and when we produce our arguments, they produce their artillery! So far then from thinking that the declaration of constitutional opinion has no effect, these very persons wish to persuade us that it has too great an effect; and if the apprehensions of their consciences were well-founded, perhaps we might say so too; but at any rate, you see what an effect is produced upon the popular voice and even upon the state of election by the exertions of a few spirited Englishmen in the single city of Westminster; and if a few individuals can effect so much in one county, why not in another? If so much can be effected in the heart of corruption, in the very vortex of the court,—why not at a distance from that vortex? If a spirit so independent and so resolved can be roused among the inhabitants of a luxurious metropolis, why not among the Men of Kent,—why not among that hardy and intrepid race, whose spirit has adorned romance, and fifty of whose peasants would present a more formidable front to an invader than all the placemen in the Red-Book?

A great good then may be expected, Gentlemen, from your meeting at Maidstone, even though your object was to present a Petition to the Commons. I use these words, *“even though it was to present a petition,”* not because it was wrong so to do, but because, as you yourselves well know, to present a petition to that House is in fact nothing more than to present so much waste paper. One of your speakers on the occasion conjectured that these petitions, after remaining a short time in the Secretary of State's office, were sent to the butter-shop: nothing is more likely, unless indeed they are crammed into some obscure pigeon-hole in order to be drawn out ten years hence, and constitute a new sinecure for the Minister's brother, under the title of “*Burner of old Petitions:*” but whether they are so reserved, or whether they are

sent to keep company with Mr. BOWLES's pamphlets and Mr. CANNING's epigrams, it is equally clear that they are of no use. If a petition is indignant, they say it is insulting, and throw it aside; if humble, they say, "Ah, respectful enough," and then lay it aside; if between both, they take no notice of it whatever. I saw upon a wall the other day, in my walks about one of your villages, a printed address from some of your countrymen to a certain Nobleman high in favour, intreating him to desist from his threatened inclosure of some fine, open lands, that from time immemorial have been kept sacred to the comforts of the Kentish poor. That waste land should be rendered productive is an excellent thing, but it is not equally excellent to leave hundreds of wastes untouched that contribute to nobody's comfort, and begin with those that do. However, all petitions of this kind are alike; they entrench upon the pride and possessions of the great; and are equally disregarded whether presented by a Member of Parliament or a brick-wall. Over the one petition, the bill-sticker soon comes and pastes his lottery-puff or his quack-advertisement; and over the other, the bill-maker comes as soon and spreads his puff financial or his quackeries about healing the continent.

While every opportunity therefore is taken to assemble the inhabitants of counties, and to excite them to declare their sentiments, we must not deceive ourselves, Gentlemen, with any expectations of convincing or turning the policy of our infatuated rulers. A petition to the House of Commons is, in fact, a petition to the Minister; and we might as well petition a lap-dog to give up his cushion and his pickings, as a Courtier to forsake his enjoyments. Mr. FOOTE told you justly, that "self-interest is dead to the voice of reason and truth;" and that "to talk to the borough-monger of reform, or to the hireling of retrenchment, were indeed to bluster to the ocean and to whistle to the winds."—"Against this mercenary host of foes," continued he, "we have to oppose the unanswerable argument of *common sense*, supported in the first instance by the countenance of this most respectable meeting, and in the next, by the firm and unanimous exertions of independent men of all descriptions and of all parties, whose opinions are dictated by reflection, and who are steadfast in the judgment they have formed." Here, indeed, is the whole point. The Ministers would be very glad to continue bandying about this subject, in petitions from the people and petty discussions among the hirelings; but it is our business not to confine the subject in this manner any longer: we must all appeal to the "common sense" of the people at large; we must rouse them to think for themselves, and to discuss the point with others; and shew them, as a "thinking nation," the absolute necessity of taking the matter into their own hands. By this, I do not mean that they should take sticks and staves into their hands, much less swords and muskets; the Government may chuse to argue with us by force of arms: let it be our part to rouse against them the force

of reason and of public opinion. To this end, one independent individual stepping forward upon a county-hustings and declaring his sentiments with the natural animation of strong conviction, does a real and great service, inasmuch as he not only encourages others to declare their sentiments also, but excites in them that feeling of just pride and that manly enjoyment of conscious independence, which it is so essential to keep alive in times of corruption, and to oppose to the contrary feelings of worldliness and courtly slavery. It is true, if men of the world hear you talking in this manner, and appealing to the best feelings of your countrymen, they call it declamation; but be it what it may, let it but have an effect, and it will do more than has yet been done by any other mode of appeal. The Corruptionists may say, "State your grievances,—produce your facts,—but do not deal in empty words against us:"—but what despicable mockery is this! As if these grievances and these facts had not been detailed a thousand time over! As if pamphlet upon pamphlet, plan upon plan, statement upon statement, and petition upon petition, had not been subjected to them, been read, been neglected, and been despised! As if, in short, there had been no such seat-mongers as PERCEVAL and CASTLEREAGH, and no such expedition as that of Walcheren! When you are general, they talk of their tangible shapes; but when you produce one of these tangible shapes, they will not venture to touch it for the world: if it is brought forward upon the hustings, it is popular clamour; if in the House of Commons, it is a party effusion; if in a newspaper, it is a libel; and lucky is he who escapes with paying a hundred pounds for telling it! The time therefore for stating grievances and detailing facts is gone by, at least with regard to these men. There are some subjects indeed, upon which much remains to be stated and to be made known, as that of Ireland for instance, and God knows how much the people of this country would be astonished to know it; but with respect to our own grievances, they are felt by all ranks of people who can feel, and it is the *voice of this feeling* that should now be lifted up, it is the *result of this feeling* that should be told to the House of Commons whenever a new election gives a county or a town the opportunity of changing its representative for the better. That such changes are very possible, has been fully proved;—that they are the only means of reviving the old English spirit has been proved also; and the eyes of all honest and thinking people are turned towards the counties of Kent and Middlesex for giving these proofs additional effect as soon as an opportunity occurs. Your representatives, Gentlemen, have not been slow on the present occasion to shew you which of them you ought to retain, and which to reject: or, should rather say, which of them you ought to preserve with gratitude, and which to discard with contempt: but upon this subject, and upon one or two memorable customs connected with it, I reserve myself for another letter; and am, in the mean time,

Your sincere well-wisher,

THE EXAMINER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

FONTAINEBLEAU, Oct. 11.—Orders were given yesterday for replacing relays on the road of Compiègne. It is said, that this is for the arrival of a Foreign Prince, who is expected here. Her Majesty the Empress, by her goodness, her mildness, and her graces, gains the hearts of all who approach or behold her. She is the object of incessant praises. Every body is rejoiced at the happiness she is about to receive in a few days.—The Prince of Neuchâtel set off this morning; his absence will not be long.

ITALY.

NAPLES, Oct. 30.—His Majesty arrived this morning at Naples. Before his departure from the army, his Majesty issued the following

GENERAL ORDERS.

“Head-quarters at Scilla, Sept. 26.

“SOLDIERS.—The expedition to Sicily is postponed. The object which the Emperor had in view, by causing that island to be threatened, has been accomplished; and the effect of the attitude which has been maintained upon the Strait with so much dignity for four months, has even surpassed expectation. You are about to enter your winter quarters. And you, also, brave sailors, you are about to return to your families. You have done more than your duty; you have supported, with a courage above all praise, more than fifty combats, against a force three times stronger than your's, and the success which you have constantly obtained proves what you would have done against an equal one. Above all, you have solved one grand problem; you have proved that the enemy's flotilla cannot prevent even the smallest boats from crossing the Strait, and that Sicily will be conquered when its conquest is seriously set about. Receive the testimony of my satisfaction. I also testify the same to the land forces, who have powerfully seconded you. The zeal which you have shewn in answering the call which has been made to you, is a sure pledge for your King of that which you will always display when summoned for the benefit of his service, and the good of the country.

“JOACHIM NAPOLEON.”

PORTUGAL.

Lisbon, Oct. 10.—We look forward with anxiety, but not with alarm, to the great battle which is expected to take place. The enemy has advanced to Santarem. Our army occupies the strong lines of Mafra, where Lord Wellington will receive the French. We feel confident here, that should Massena make the attack, it will add another wreath to Lord Wellington's honour, and crown the British soldiers with immortal glory; our only fear is, that he will not dare to make it. Though confident of success, yet prudence has caused our commanders to adopt every precaution to facilitate the embarkation of our troops, should circumstances render such a measure expedient. Prisoners and deserters daily arrive here in great numbers. Upwards of 40,000 persons came in here before our army, driven from their homes, through fear of the French, who burn, murder, and violate.

Oct. 13.—Romana has come down through the Alentejo, to the opposite side of the Tagus, with about 10,000 men. Mortier is reported to have joined Massena with a similar number. Continual skirmishes take place. It will be a battle of giants. Generals Trant and Silveira, with from 12 to 15,000 Spaniards and Portuguese, are near Coimbra, in Massena's rear. Nothing but a miracle can save him and his army; but prudence requires that every requisite measure should be taken to enable us to

get off, if affairs turn out unfortunate. The *Worles* of Alcobaco opened their stores to all who would take any thing, and sent 85 pipes of wine to the army. Nine hundred prisoners came in to-day, taken in different places.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MEETING OF THE INHABITANTS OF KENT.

On Monday a very respectable Meeting of the Inhabitants of the county took place at Maidstone. The High Sheriff having opened the business,—

Mr. HONGES said, that he believed the opinion was now universally entertained, that something beyond the mere ordinary change of Ministers, was indispensably necessary for the salvation of the State. That expedient had been tried over and over again, and yet the condition of the empire had of late years been uniformly on the decline. Moreover, it was perfectly obvious, that the great body of the people was indifferent as to the question who were Ministers. To what cause, then, was this want of confidence in public men to be ascribed? It was unquestionably not owing to any want of talents, but to the lamentable want of public honesty was this indifference of the people to be attributed. If they were without any lawful remedy for the evils complained of, they might well despair. But they were not without a remedy all sufficient for their object, and of true English growth. He conjured them, therefore, not to cease to employ the means given them by the constitution and the law, till they should obtain such a Reform as would emancipate Parliament from Ministerial bondage, and place the representation of the people on such a footing as would prevent the recurrence of the degraded and dangerous situation to which the country had already been unfortunately reduced—(loud applause.) To such a Reform however, some objected as unnecessary, whilst others considered it as a dangerous novelty. As to its being a dangerous novelty, he begged of the Meeting to call to mind what had been the sentiments of many great men upon this subject. The immortal Chatham had uttered a prediction; “that the northern boroughs would not survive the last century; and that if the House of Commons should not reform itself within, it would be reformed with a vengeance from without.” In addition to this authority, they had the statement of the son of that great man (the late Mr. Pitt), in 1785; “that without a Parliamentary Reform, the nation would be involved in new wars; that without a Reform in Parliament the country would not be safe against bad Ministers, nor could good Ministers be of any use.” The events of the last twenty years furnished the best commentary on that prediction. But what had Sir William Blackstone, whom no person could accuse of entertaining democratic sentiments, said upon the subject? That learned authority stated; that the spirit of the British Constitution required a more extended representation of the People in Parliament; and Sir Wm. Jones had declared himself decidedly in favour of a Reform in Parliament, and bequeathed to his country one of the most excellent of his works in support of this national question. He could not suppose, therefore, after such authorities; that any question could be made as to the necessity of reform. If he were to go into this part of the subject, however, a boundless field would be presented to him. One observation he could not forbear to make; and that was; to ask those who heard him, whether they could consider their property or liberties secure, whilst the Minister of the day had a revenue of seventy millions at his absolute disposal, and without any of those actual and eminent checks, which were hitherto erroneously supposed to exist? As to Reform, many persons asserted, that an institution which had existed for so many ages ought not to be altered; but he considered the Constitution as composed, like the human frame, of two principles—of the spirit and of the form. The spirit was unquestionably fixed, and unalterable; but the diversities of form might be modified; and what the hand of time may have changed, the hand of wisdom ought to correct. When Sir F. had brought forward his plan of Parliamentary Reform, it had been objected to as too general, and not at all suited to the cir-

circumstances of the times. Mr. Brand's proposition, which was by no means so general or extensive, had been also rejected by the House of Commons; yet the great complaint of the people was, not that this plan or that plan of Reform had been rejected, but that the House of Commons altogether refused to enter into the discussion of the question. But he trusted, that not only the county of Kent, but every other county of the kingdom, would call on the House of Commons, to adopt such measures as may be necessary for the effectual Reform of all existing abuses. It was his own firm opinion, that no plan of Reform, which had been proposed since that of Mr. Pitt, could have been adopted without producing great public benefit. If they should be gratified in the grant of what they sought upon this occasion, nothing more would be wanting to insure the prosperity of the country; and he could not put this matter in a stronger light, than by quoting the concluding part of an address of the House of Commons, in the year 1783, "that the King of Great Britain can have no more perfect security for his crown, than the support of an independent and uninfluenced House of Commons." He concluded by reading the following petition, amidst the most marked demonstrations of applause, from one of the best conducted Public Meetings that we have ever witnessed:—

PETITION.

"We the Inhabitants of the county of Kent, in full County Meeting assembled, conscious of the rights we possess of addressing and petitioning your Honourable House upon all public affairs, and impelled by a high sense of the duty we owe to ourselves and to our country, beg leave to lay before you our opinions and sentiments on the present defective state of the Representation of the People.

"To the wisdom and justice of the original design of convening in Parliament the Representatives of the People to deliberate and co-operate with the Sovereign and the Peers upon every question of national concern, we give our unqualified approbation; but when we take into our consideration the decay of some Boroughs, once prosperous and well peopled, the rise and flourishing conditions of others, formerly of little note; when we reflect upon the effects of the heavy and insupportable expence of elections, which closes the doors of your Honourable House to many of the best friends of their country, and robs it of their faithful service; when we think of these things, we are of opinion that your Honourable House is at this time by no means a fair Representation of the People; and from the manner in which a large portion of the individual Members obtain and secure their seats in your Honourable House, we cannot but infer, that that high and sacred office, intended for the Public service, is frequently sought for and procured by unconstitutional means, and is too often perverted from its original design, and rendered subservient to private ends. To this cause we ascribe the greatest part of the national calamities we now have to deplore,—the mean principles and narrow views which have too long governed the Councils of the Cabinet, the false ambition and little intrigues of its Members, the continuance of a system of Expence lavish beyond example, the many disgraceful expeditions, in which the blood and treasure of our country have been too prodigally wasted, the decision of your Honourable House in direct opposition to the general sentiments of the nation, the unwillingness hitherto evinced by your Honourable House to promote inquiry into or correct abuses in the Representation—an unwillingness which cannot fail to excite our distrust, and to diminish the respect we owe to the name and functions of your Honourable House.—And we deplore particularly one instance of this unwillingness, of which we complain, in your rejection of a motion made in the last Session of Parliament, by one of the Members of the County of Herts—as that motion, had it been adopted by your Honourable House, must necessarily have brought before your Committee a full inquiry into the present defective state of the Representation of the People, and thereby have led to the substantial Reform in the Commons House of Parliament, so essential to the salvation of our Country, and to us a free Constitution, that justifi-

able inheritance, transmitted to us by the wisdom and intrepidity of our Ancestors.

"The times demand this open avowal of our sentiments, and in the language employed to convey them we intend no disrespect; though we are persuaded that no words can be too strong to express our feelings upon this occasion. Therefore, we most earnestly entreat your Honourable House to undertake, before it is too late, in a true and cordial spirit, the measure of Reform, upon principles which, by conciliating the affections of the People, and by restoring to your Honourable House its due weight and character, may rescue our country from domestic discord, and secure it from the Foreign Foe, give stability to the Throne, and perpetuate the Constitution."

Mr. FOOTE followed: he said, "all that we wish is, that some effectual means may be resorted to, in order to prevent the recurrence of scenes so disgraceful as those which, during the last three Sessions, have been exhibited to the eyes of an insulted nation;—to see the time when corruption shall no longer be accredited and avowed—when Ministerial imbecility shall cease to be protected by Ministerial majority—(Loud and continued applauses). We wish to see the time, when the guardians of the public purse shall dispense with wisdom what they grant with caution—when the great machine of the State shall be worked, not for the interest or ambition of the governors, but for the well-being and happiness of the people.—It is from an extension of the right of voting from freehold to copyhold property—it is from increasing the number of Members in proportion to the population of boroughs and counties—it is from efficacious measures for the reduction of the enormous expence attending the present system of election,—that we shall obtain this object, so congenial to the feelings and principles of Englishmen.—Gentlemen, I presume that this is the sum and substance of our wishes; and to wishes so reasonable it would seem difficult to conceive any opposition. But, Gentlemen, the creatures of Administration, the tools of office, the expectants of emolument, are embodied in firm phalanx against us. The contest we are engaged in is arduous; self-interest is dead to the voice of reason and truth; and to talk to the Borough-mongers of reform, or to the hiring of retrenchment, were indeed to "bluster to the ocean and to whistle to the winds."—(Applause.)—Against this mercenary host of foes we have to oppose the unanswerable argument of common sense, supported in the first instance by the countenance of this most respectable Meeting; and in the next, by the firm and unanimous exertions of independent men of all descriptions. Let us then keep the grand specific of Reform constantly in view; let us not be lulled by hope, or dispirited by disappointment; our sober voices may at first be stifled by the howl of corruption, and our requests may at first be denied by prejudice and by power. Let us, however, be true to ourselves; let us never swerve even for a moment; and our final success must be the inevitable result. The march of justice may be slow—it is nevertheless sure. Ours is the cause of justice; and, trust me, it ultimately must be triumphant.—(Loud applauses.)—It is by these means, we hope, at no distant period to see a House of Commons so constituted, that while it supports the honour of the Crown, it shall support the liberties of the People; and shall attend to our own real interests, not lording over our rights, but helpers of our joy. It is by these means we hope to see the weak, divided, and incapable adherents of the present Minister turned out of office; the management of the British Cabinet placed in the hands of those who will open to us a free career for the restoration of our honour, our liberty, and our happiness: for nothing tends more to promote the nation's safety, and the people's comfort, than to see a man of talents, loyalty, probity, and honour, direct the public Councils."—(Loud applauses.)

Mr. COX inveighed with great warmth against the system of corruption. He thought it intolerable that Ministers should shut the ears of the Sovereign against the voice of the People. It was the People who supported the throne, and who even paid the favourites and flatterers who surrounded it. He thought, that as a worthy Baronet (Sir F. Burdett) had expressed it,



they should lay the axe at the root of corruption, and that it was not enough to cut off one rotten branch after the other.—The petitions of the people were not done justice to; they went to the office of the Secretary of State, where they remained a short time, and afterwards they were probably sent to a butter shop.—(A laugh.)

The question upon the Petition was then put by the Sheriff, and carried unanimously.

A Gentleman then proposed three cheers for the High Sheriff, which were given with great unanimity and spirit.

Here a conversation of some length took place between Mr. FOOTE, Mr. LARKINS, Mr. RYDER, Sir WM. GEARY, and Sir EDWARD KNATCHBULL, (one of the County Members) who was charged with having opposed the Petition, which he denied with much warmth.—Being asked, however, how he voted upon the Duke of York's business,—the Walcheren Inquiry,—and upon Mr. Brand's motion for Reform, &c.—he acknowledged, after much pitiful evasion, that he had opposed the motion for Reform. Being again asked, how he had voted respecting Lord Castlereagh's job?—he replied, upon his honour, that he did not know whether upon that question he was in the House or not!—(This declaration excited loud laughter and expressions of contempt.)—Sir EDWARD notwithstanding proceeded to make assertions of his independence; he would present the Petition, though he would not pledge himself to support it, as he was determined not to go into the House fettered!

Mr. LUSHINGTON said, he had opposed the plans of Reform, as they all went to diminish the influence of the Crown and the House of Peers in the House of Commons. Now, (said he, with much gravity) if this influence be taken away, our liberty and independence would be destroyed!—(Shouts of laughter.)

Mr. HONEYWOOD, jun. assured the Meeting that his father was ill of the gout, and went upon crutches; but his heart and soul went with the Petition; and he would present it for them even if he went into the House upon his crutches.—(Great applause.)

It was then unanimously resolved, that the Petition should not be presented by Sir Edward Knatchbull, but by Mr. Honeywood; and that it should be left at the different towns for signature.—Thanks were then voted to the Sheriff, who, with Sir Wm. GEARY and other worthy Gentlemen present, were saluted with three cheers.—The Meeting then broke up, in the most orderly manner, to the great satisfaction of all true friends of Reform, and to the complete mortification of its selfish, crafty, and corrupt opponents.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitehall, October 23, 1810.

The King has been pleased to nominate and appoint Lieut.-Gen. Wm. Carr Beresford to be one of the Knights Companions of the Most Hon. Order of the Bath.

BANKRUPTS.

- T. Harding, Lock's-fields, dealer in wine.
- G. Bromley, St. Saviour, Southwark, inn-keeper.
- R. Tudor, Liverpool, builder.
- J. Lavequer and C. C. Judd, Yeovil, Somersetshire, gardeners.
- J. W. Winsor, Portsea, auctioneer.
- J. Grandy, Bolton, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer.
- J. Deller, Enfield, shopkeeper.
- J. Upson, Great Weimetham, Suffolk, farmer.
- J. Squire and S. Sawyer, Bristol, merchants.
- W. Spencer, Wolverhampton, gun-barrel-manufacturer.
- J. and W. Jacob, Newgate-street, merchants.
- R. K. Cropper, Currier's-Hall, Blackwell-hall-factor.
- C. Pearce, Old-street-road, builder.
- T. Saul, Manchester, woolstapler.
- C. Jennings, Portsea, grocer.
- J. P. Graves and Co. Coleman-street, merchants.
- W. Percival, Oxford-street, linen-draper.
- J. Smedley, Salford, Lancashire, draper.
- W. Evans, Canterbury, draper.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY, FRIDAY, OCT. 26.

This Gazette contains an account of the capture of the Island of Bonaparte (late Bourbon) by the Boadicea, Neridae, St. rius, and Iphigenia, under the command of Commodore Rowley, and a force of 3650 European and Indian troops, under Lieut.-Col. Keating.—On the 7th of July a partial landing was effected, but, owing to the violence of the surf, the remainder of the force was not put on shore till the next day, when Col. Keating pushed on to the attack of the capital (St. Denis). Every thing was in readiness, and the grand attack would have taken place in less than half an hour, when a suspension of arms was demanded by "a brave though vanquished enemy," and "thus," says the Colonel, "in a few hours has this rich, extensive, and valuable colony, been added to his Gracious Majesty's Dominions, with a population of upwards of 100,000 souls, and with a loss on our part comparatively trifling."—The gallant Colonel then proceeds to give his "unqualified thanks" to the officers and men; and to speak of the "well-earned fame" of Commodore Rowley.—A Mr. Farquhar, who was taken out for the purpose, was sworn in Governor of the Island on the 9th of June; on the 16th St. Paul's was occupied, and the enemy there (1500 strong) surrendered their arms; the Island was then divided into two districts; and part of the troops were in readiness to move, at the shortest notice, on the ulterior object of the Expedition, which is supposed to be the capture of the Isle of France.—By the Capitulation, the French troops were allowed the honours of war; they were to be sent to the Cape of Good Hope; and the laws, customs, and religion of the inhabitants, as well as their private property, was to be insured to them.—The total loss sustained by the British consisted of—1 subaltern, 1 serjeant, 16 rank and file, killed; 1 Major, 7 subalterns, 2 serjeants, 2 drummers, 66 rank and file, 1 seaman, wounded.

List of Officers Killed and Wounded.

Flank Corps—Lieutenants Spijks and Whannell, slightly wounded.
 His Majesty's 86th Regiment.—Lieut. J. G. Munro, killed. Major W. T. Edwards, slightly wounded; Lieut. M. Creagh, Brigade Major, dangerously wounded; Lieutenants Arch, M'Lean and A. K. Blackall, severely wounded; Lieut. J. Webb, slightly wounded; Lieut. W. R. White, severely wounded.
 N. B. Capt. Lambert, of the Madras Establishment, slightly wounded. Two rank and file, of his Majesty's 86th Regiment, died of their wounds since the 8th instant, included in the wounded. One private, of his Majesty's 59th Regiment, since died of his wounds.

Of the Navy, there was one of the Marines killed and two Seamen wounded; and thus ends this Extraordinary Gazette, by which it appears we have added another useless and expensive limb to the already overgrown Members of the Empire.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

This Gazette contains an account of the capture of the Atlantic French brig, pierced for 18 guns, but having only two mounted, by the Olympia cutter, Lieut. H. Taylor. The brig had a valuable cargo.

BANKRUPTS.

- J. Hart, Scholes, Lancashire, manufacturer.
- I. Burrows, Ledger Mills, Mirfield, Yorkshire, corn-merchant.
- W. Donald, West Drayton, Middlesex, draper.
- J. Dodson, Cranbrook, Kent, brewer.
- S. Chorghouse, Hammersmith, Middlesex, bricklayer.
- J. and J. Smith, Birmingham, linen-draper.
- B. M. Coombs, City-road, furnishing ironmonger.
- T. Rowlandson, J. Bates, S. Rowlandson, E. Isaac, and W. Brien, Cheapside, merchants.
- D. Pagett, Borough of Leicester, grocer.
- T. Evans, Oxford-street, victualler.
- W. Smith, Stratford, Essex, corn-chandler.
- J. Kerschner, Silver-street, Cheapside, goldsmith.

R. Piggott, Rotherhithe, common-brewer.
 R. Smith, Chelsea, linen-draper.
 J. Sargent, Jermyn-street, St. James's, watch-maker.
 T. Laycock, Minorie, shop-seller.
 Sir Richard Phillips, Knight, New Bridge-street, City of
 London, bookseller.
 R. Earnshaw, Manchester, cotton-merchant.
 H. Robinson, St. John-street, West Smithfield, white-smith.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Cent. Cons. 66½ ¾ | Omnium 5½ dis.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many Communications are delayed until next week, for want of room.

Mr. S., who writes from Brighton, shall have his wishes carefully fulfilled.

Of the Meeting of the Cortes, next week.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, OCTOBER 28.

NOTWITHSTANDING the situation of things in Portugal, and the anxiety with which the public mind looks towards them, no fresh intelligence has transpired during the past week. It is generally suspected however that the Ministers have received accounts, which it does not suit them to publish; for strange and impudent as it may appear, their newspapers have absolutely thought proper to change their tone a little respecting the superior health, activity, and numbers of the allied army over the French. Now it would be doing these papers too much honour to suppose that were good-sense could have broken in upon the heads of their Editors and given them "a lucid interval" in their ravings, for as long as an Englishman in Portugal could hold a sword in his hand or put a grape to his mouth, so long, to all appearance, would they have continued their triumphant confidence. This sudden lowering of tone, therefore, can be attributed to nothing but the interference of their masters, who begin to see at last that such ravings from such persons do really tend to injure their cause and to render the gravest subjects ridiculous. The *Morning Post*, and *Courier*, &c. are now fairly at issue with their opponents, and certainly are miserably situated between past assertion and present contradiction. It was but the other day that they represented the allied army as in a state of perfect confidence and comfort, and the French altogether as hopeless and miserable; and their fingers still cannot help itching to write pompous paragraphs on the same score. The allies were all happy, the French were all wretched; the allies were in excellent health, the French wasting away with the dysentery: the allies amounted to nearly 100,000 men, the French had been thinned to 60,000; we had plenty to eat, they had nothing; we had all Portugal before us, they, even by Lord Wellington's account, only the ground on which they stood; in short, not to mention numbers, we were as gay, as healthy, as well-fed, and as well situated, as if only drawn up for a review on Salisbury plain; while the French were as melancholy, as sick, as famished, and al-

together in as desperate condition, as if they had been taken from their dying beds, propped up against each other, and only put in array to fall down before us over one another, like a boy's pack of cards. The antagonists of these papers, as I mentioned last Sunday, affected to take all this for granted, and in so doing they rightly served both them and their employers as far as regards their gross exaggerations. The courtiers saw at last how ridiculous the matter was becoming, and how injurious it would be to Lord WELLINGTON, whether victorious or vanquished; accordingly, something seems to have been advised on the occasion; and now the very Editors, who fabricated these fine statements, or at least who first published the fabrication, and called every body an enemy to his country who did not believe them, have the face to tell us that *in truth* the allied army does not amount to more than fifty thousand men, and that of these five thousand are sick!—Contempt itself grows weary at these contradictions, and is happy to escape from its loathsome task into silence.

It requires nothing but a common map of Portugal, the commonest reason, and the commonest recollection of what is past, to estimate properly the situation of the allied army and their enemy. Lord WELLINGTON has been driven before MASSENA all down Portugal, and is now at his last struggle;—it is nothing to tell us that Torres Vedras is of all others the very ground which he would have chosen for fighting MASSENA; no man would be reduced to such a struggle who could help it; and if his Lordship had known no better place for fighting, he might have had it long ago. But here he is, in spite of his repeated attempts to maintain himself inland: his lines, which are three deep, are said also to be defended by 300 pieces of cannon, and to measure from the sea to the Tagus, a distance between 30 and 40 miles;—but all this does not prevent the possessors of property at Lisbon from anxiously packing up and preparing for events. No: they recollect Sir John Moore; they recollect the inefficient endeavours of Lord WELLINGTON himself to avoid his present extremity; they recollect the great military resources of France, and the comparative nothingness of those of England, exhausted as they have been by wretched continental and colonial expeditions;—in fine, they see what is going on in Lisbon itself;—they see the very nature of things, and therefore they have no hope whatever of eventual success.

It is said that a *Moniteur* has been received, containing an account of the battle of Buzaco; that MASSENA claimed the victory, asserting that he had gained it by the bayonet, his troops advancing at the *pas de charge*, and driving us from our positions; that he had forced us to retreat with the greatest precipitation to Lisbon, pursued *l'épée dans les reins*; that he had taken a large quantity of provisions and ammunition, and that our loss amounted to 7000 men.—That the French will claim a victory, there

can be no doubt; but if the *Moniteur* has been received, why not give the account to the public!

The *Courier* Ministerial Newspaper, on the 17th Sept. published the following Statement of the Allied Force in Portugal:—

English Army,	30,000
Portuguese Regulars,	59,755
Portuguese Militia,	52,848

Total, 142,603

Several thousand *British* have since joined.

A vessel has arrived at Beershaven from Oporto, which place she left on the 9th instant. On that day all the shipping was ordered to leave that port, and to proceed to Vigo, and there wait for convoy to England, in consequence of the apprehension that the French would enter Oporto on the following day.

A Paris Paper of the 15th inst. contains a most extraordinary Decree, issued by BONAPARTE, relative to servants both male and female. They are to be registered, to receive a card of inscription, stating whom they serve. No person is to be permitted to hire any domestic who is not provided with this card of inscription.

Lishon is full of fugitives from the Provinces. The Portuguese papers say that fear of the French caused their flight. This is not the fact; they are compelled to destroy their property and quit their homes by the British army, in order to distress the enemy.

The unfortunate Princess AMELIA still lives, under circumstances peculiarly distressing.

“JEFFERY the seaman was in town on Monday last, when the Lords of the Admiralty gave him his free discharge from the service; and the friends of Capt. LAKE made him a liberal compensation for the hardships he had sustained. He is a good-looking young fellow, and confesses he made the X for his name, though he can write; but he says, that it is common among sailors to use the cross for shortness. He says that he was eight days on the island of Sombrero, during all which time he had nothing but rain-water to subsist on, which he drank out of the crevices of the rocks—that several vessels passed within sight, but he was too weak to hail them; and that he was in the very last stage of starvation when the American vessel touched at the island. He left town on Tuesday in high spirits, with his money, to see his mother. Some people were after him to make him exhibit himself for money; but he got his discharge from the service, expressly on the condition that he should immediately quit London.”—This is the account given by the *Morning Chronicle*, from which it appears that Capt. LAKE has bribed the unthinking fellow to silence. This is extremely well for LAKE; but is public justice to be thus satisfied? for it is a libel on all justice to say, that the dismissal of Capt. LAKE from the service is a sufficient punishment for his monstrous crime. This business is disgraceful to all the parties concerned.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

“Tell truth and shame the Devil.”

Sir,—Your Correspondent's Letter, subscribed “A Constant Reader,” is now before me, and I am tempted to

offer a hasty reply. I know the quarter whence it comes, and the object of its insertion. Without staying to trouble you with any vindication of “Debating Societies” or their Conductors, for of these the audiences who attend them are in my opinion the best and most proper judges, I shall content myself with asserting that your “Constant Reader,” in his charges against one of them, has betrayed gross ignorance and deliberate falsehood. The question to which he alludes was not as he states discussed “a few weeks ago,” but a *twelvemonth ago*, and was not “respecting the domestic misfortune of a justly celebrated and respectable medical character,” but an inquiry into the propriety of the conduct of the *adverse party*, in pursuing the business, and preferring a bill of indictment for *wilful and corrupt perjury* against an unfortunate female, after his own innocence had been universally admitted.—The policy and propriety of this step became a subject of general controversy, and was considered a fair and proper question for public discussion. It afforded me considerable satisfaction that the opinion I then entertained was not only sanctioned by the majority of a crowded assembly, but that the prosecution was afterwards withdrawn in Court; and I have been credibly informed that the prosecutor himself would never have urged so harsh a measure, but for the importunities of his wife!

I do not clearly understand what your Correspondent means by his observation of “extorting money,” as connected with this particular subject; but surely it cannot be called “Extortion,” where every one pays his money *voluntarily, and with his eyes open*; where the question is explicitly stated and publicly advertised; and where any individual is at perfect liberty to speak or remain silent; to applaud or censure; to attend or stay away!

The concluding observation of “A Constant Reader” is undeserving of a serious reply. After the rigorous treatment experienced, and likely to be again incurred, by the “Manager of a certain Institution,” for freely animadverting upon public affairs, it is too much to have it imputed to him, at least, that “mercenary motives” have influenced him, or that he has made his public speaking a “money getting speculation.” Could he have descended so low as to have bartered his independence, or sacrificed his principles, to selfish or interested views, what an abundant harvest might he not long ere now have reaped? To have defended the present system of corruption would have raised him to an *orator of the first rank and precedence*; but if he had declaimed against Sir Francis Basset, Colonel Wardle, and Reform, his fame and fortune would have been established for ever!

Oct. 22, 1810.

A MANAGER.

NAVAL MUTINIES.

Sir,—Having read in page 661, No. 147, of your paper, a remark on the erroneous statement of Mr. Cobbett, respecting ships of war, of the British navy, having never been carried into an enemy's port by the crews, I beg to observe that, besides the *Hermione*, Capt. Poyot, (who was murdered) which was carried into Porto Cabello, in Spanish South America, from whence she was afterwards cut out by the boats of the *Surprise*, Capt. Hamilton, now Sir Edward, I can point out two other instances.

The *Daphne*, Capt. Lord Proby, was carried into Brest

by the crew; and the *Dominick* was carried into Guadeloupe in the like manner. The *Dominica* was retaken by the *Wasp*, cruising.

The particulars of these events are minutely stated in the *Naval Chronologist*, published by Steel.

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

AN OLD SEA OFFICER.

Epping, Essex, Oct. 25, 1810.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES.

SIR,—In perusing Goldsmith's History of England as continued by Dr. Coote up to the Treaty of Amiens, my attention was most forcibly arrested by the following remarkable passage, * so peculiarly applicable to the above subject:—"Great numbers of these † were seized by their ‡ order, from all parts of England, and committed to close custody; and the liberty of the subject, which had been so carefully guarded by their own recent law, § was every day violated by their arbitrary and capricious commitments. One *Stawell*, of Exeter, was the person that put a stop to their proceedings; he refused to obey the Serjeant at Arms who was sent to apprehend him; he stood upon his defence, and said he knew no law by which they pretended to commit him. The House, finding it equally dangerous to proceed or to recede, got off by an evasion. They inserted in their votes, that *Stawell* was indisposed; and a month's time was allowed him for his recovery." Nothing in my opinion, Mr. Editor, can be more clear or decisive as to the Privileges of Parliament, than the passage above quoted. And as in the pending contest between liberty and power, precedents will be placed in the front of the battle, each party will do well to consider with attention the above. The historian concludes his opinions on this subject with the following judicious observation, which claims our serious attention, as proceeding from an impartial source:—"It is happy for the nation, that, should the Commons at any time overleap the bounds of their authority, and order men capriciously to be committed to prison, there is no power, in case of resistance, that can compel the prisoner to submit to their decrees!" This certainly, Mr. Editor, to every unprejudiced mind, must carry with it conviction. But why need we precedents? the case, arguing it from principles of justice and the law of the land, is clear and decisive. The Constitution of England, as purchased by the blood of her sons, is composed of three distinct and entire departments, viz. King, Lords, and Commons: And no order, command, or decree, of either is binding upon the subject, but what has received the concurrence of the whole, which triple consent is Law. The question when is reduced to this: are the Privileges, as claimed by the House of Commons, self instituted,—or legalized by the concurrence of the three estates? If self instituted, which I believe is acknowledged by the Commons themselves, (on the ground of protection as a constituted body,) they have then certainly overstepped their power, and have acted unlawfully, as their privileges have not received the concurrence of the other two estates.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

ACQUINT.

Spencer, Oct. 15, 1810.

* Vol. III. p. 96. Tenth Edition.

† Abhorers.

‡ House of Commons.

§ Habeas Corpus Act.

THE FEMALE HOTTENTOT.

MR. EDITOR,—Goaded with resentment at finding his unhallowed gains likely to be diminished by the public good sense and feeling, *Hend. Cezar*, the Hottentot gaoler of the Hottentot Venus, or some other mercenary wretch in the shape of man, has, with an unblushing and unconverted impudence, again attempted to justify his gross outrage on decency and humanity. A letter, signed with the above name, has appeared in a *Morning Chronicle* of last week; but it is evidently the production either of some dinnerless Scribe, who will in future perhaps have a plate assigned him at the delicate Hottentot's table, or of some avaricious individual who employs, or shares in the profits of, H. Cezar.—As the task of convincing a native of the Cape, even in the highest state of intellect and feeling, is at best an employ of doubtful success; as from his conduct, the skull and heart of this humane gaoler seem to be endowed with a more than usual portion of two properties, called thickness and hardness; and as there is great reason to believe that he is not the only or principal person concerned in this infamous exhibition, I shall consider myself as addressing, not H. Cezar, but his friendly amanuensis, who has descended to be the public vindicator of the outrage. A contract between one fellow-creature and another may, like any other circumstance of life, when considering its legality, be reduced to a few plain and obvious principles; and though knavish men, to further their nefarious plans, represent the path of existence as beset with thorns and brambles ever likely to prevent our walking in a straight line, yet there is no truth more agreeable, because none is more convincing than that of every one being able to walk uprightly, provided he is willing to do so. Tried by this rule, the public will have no difficulty in determining on the conduct of H. Cezar, or his employer. The writer of the letter is shocked at finding his friend H. Cezar still accused in the public prints of bringing the female Hottentot here by force:—he must consent to have his tender sensations still further hurt by the denunciations of insulted humanity, till he can produce better credentials of his honesty than those already given. What documents has he afforded? A passport from the Governor at the Cape, to be seen at a house in the Minorities; yet no name of agent, no reference to any person of character. Passports, we know, are sometimes given to bad, and denied to good men; and it is a remark made by those who watch the aberrations of our nature from truth, that an attachment and recollection of the constitution, the laws, and even the soil of their native country, is often weakened in the breasts of Ambassadors and other persons, by a residence in foreign realms: if Lord Caledon did grant H. Cezar a passport, he certainly forgot that H. Cezar was coming to a country which had abolished the Slave Trade, which has its Habeas Corpus and Bill of Rights, and whose laws break the slave's fetters the first moment he touches her sacred ground. But why not produce some companion of his voyage, some inhabitant of the Cape (for the Cape is not a Sombro, inhabited only by sea-gulls) who saw him embark, and who, in the glare of day, and by name, shall attest the fact of the unhappy female Hottentot voluntarily forsaking friends and country, and surrendering all that constitutes happiness to gratify Europeans. H. Cezar's secretary being himself made only of flesh and blood, and possessing no soul, does not appear to know that man is a compound of mind and body. To prove that the slave has not been brought here by force, he merely thinks it necessary that she should not appear in chains, or have been dragged to her present abode, uttering frantic yells of despair and horror. Was she or was she not a slave in her own country? Has she not been purchased by some mercenary and avaricious speculator to make a profit of her person? and, therefore, has not a long servitude moulded and terrified her mind into an unlimited obedience to her proprietor's commands? In a late trial, where the decision rested on the fear and restraint supposed to influence a testator in making a will, the learned Judge very judiciously, and with a sound knowledge of our nature, said, that it was not necessary to prove fear or res-

straint at the precise moment of signing, but that if the testator had been generally awed and subdued by the conduct of those around him, that would sufficiently establish the fact of a biased and controlled judgment. Your readers, Mr. Editor, will immediately see the drift of this argument, and apply it to the case in point. The female Hottentot MAY (but who believes she is), he willing to come here, but it is the willingness of the wretch who has the bowl or dagger presented him for selection. The learned writer of H. Cezar's letter talks much of virtuosi and literati: it is somewhat curious, not to say laughable, to find these words put into the mouth of a Hottentot: we may soon expect to hear of a Hottentot conversatione, of Hottentots stumbling among the ruined temples and porticos of Athens, and of Hottentots extracting manuscripts from the entombed treasures of Herculaneum: but admitting that Virtuosi and Literati have seen this female, and roved, in the true spirit of men loving any thing unnatural, over her beauties with wonder and prurient delight, why were the public at large insulted by the Exhibition? Why did it not close, as it began, with the learned and the philosophic? We must be excused taking our standard of feeling from that of virtuosi and literary men. Science and learning should make men humane, but they have not always that effect. As statesman, to forward some favorite political scheme, are often not over sparing of blood and treasure, so experimentalists in natural history are sometimes not very scrupulous of the means they adopt to gratify their particular pursuits. An Antiquarian in the *Humourist*, when shewing his cabinet of curiosities to a lover of virtue, says, that "he never trusts a brother collector out of his sight:" we who are not "brother collectors" should be equally distrustful of their humanity when their favourite studies are concerned. With a complete ignorance of facts, and with an utter disregard to truth, worthy of a defender of slavery, H. Cezar triumphantly asks, what right the Female Hottentot has not a right to exhibit herself as well as the Irish Giant, or Polish Dwarf? and he endeavours to assimilate their situations. Light and darkness, the benevolence of a Roscoe and the brutality of a H. Cezar or his Secretary, are not more different: yes, she has a right to exhibit herself, but there is no right in her being exhibited. The Irish Giant, Mr. Lambert, and the Polish Dwarf, were all masters and directors of their own movements; and they, moreover, enjoyed, they themselves enjoyed, the profits of their own exhibition: the first two were men of sound understanding, and were able to tell when they were plundered and defrauded of those profits, and to insist on the appropriation of exhibition profits to themselves: the money derived from personal misfortune was their own: it comforted them in the active moments of their existence, or supplied them with enjoyment when laid aside. Do the public believe that one shilling, nay a single farthing, of the profits arising from her exhibition will ever go into the hands of the Female Hottentot, or of her relatives or friends? Who audits the accounts? Who looks after the balance between expence and income? the avaricious speculator, or the unfeeling gaoler who have brought her here, who receive the money, and—who will keep it. No; after having run the gauntlet through the three capitals of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and traversed their provincial towns, dragged through them with greater barbarity than Achilles dragged the body of Hector at the foot of his chariot round Troy's walls, this miserable female will be taken back to the Cape; not enriched by European curiosity, but rendered poorer if possible than when she left her native soil. H. Cezar, or rather his friend the Letter Editor, makes a frank confession that his conduct, in the exhibition of this unhappy slave, has not met the public approbation. No, barbarous speculator, or speculators, in human flesh, your cruelty in dragging a female from her home to profit by her ignorance of mind and bodily misfortune, your drilling her by word of command to obey your orders when before insultingly inquisitive strangers, the close confinement in which she is kept, the bitter sarcasm of erecting a hut which cannot but perpetually excite in her feelings the renewed pangs of local attachments and recollections,—these never can meet the public and general approval. "I have therefore given the

sole direction to an Englishman, who now attends." What is an ENGLISHMAN to take up and endeavour to mend the weapon which humanity has wrested out of the hand of a Hottentot? Is an ENGLISHMAN to hold the innocent and unfortunate in captivity, and persecute his fellow-creature?—It remains to be seen whether this flagrant outrage will be endured, and whether a few "abettors by analogy" of the outrage, who go to the disgusting exhibition, will be able to make the Hottentot gaoler, or those who penalty him, thrive in a land which boasts of her humanity, her freedom, her rights, and christian temper.—I may, perhaps, be thought, Mr. Editor, that too much has been said on this subject; but let it be remembered, that nothing is insignificant that respects the moral, religious, and political condition of man, or which teaches us to respect the rights and consult the comfort of our species. Considered in this light, I cannot but deem the exposure of the Female Hottentot as a reflection on the national character, disgraceful alike to the barbarians who exhibit, and to the individuals who see her.—I am, Sir, with respect,
Your humble servant, HUMANITAS.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 82.

LUCUM.

As Mr. LOVEGROVE in his two first appearances shewed himself so worthy of critical observation, it becomes me to apologize to the reader for having chanced to miss his performance of *Job Thornberry* in the play of *John Bull*; but if it had any merit, there is little doubt of its repetition. He appeared, on Saturday week, as the amorous old usurer, *Francis Gripe*, in Mrs. CENTLIVRE's comedy of the *Busy Body*, a production, entertaining on account of its droll incident, but exhibiting little wit or knowledge, and disgraceful to the sex of the writer for its indecencies. That such a play should be poorly performed, is no matter of regret except as it implicates the powers of the performers in other respects; and Mr. LOVEGROVE has certainly given it no new temptations to the lovers of the stage. It is true, his performance wanted neither archness nor imbecility, neither the waudlin buffoonery of the old lover, nor the ill-disguised helplessness of the old man; but then, with the exception perhaps of an occasional thrust of the chin, not a jot of this was his own; the gestures, the chucklings and silly endearments, the very turn of the mouth, particularly in changing from lively to grave, were all borrowed; in short, Mr. LOVEGROVE's *Sir Francis* was a servile copy of Mr. MURPHY's. This servility was the more observable and the more lamentable, inasmuch as he had proved himself so capable of originality and of chaste humour; so entirely indeed had he forgotten his own style, that the comic peculiarity in his voice was scarcely discernible,—I mean that concluding lightness of tone, which seems to fly off from the ends of his sentences with somewhat of a Welsh flippancy. He has therefore left me nothing to remark on the present occasion but his great want of wisdom in betraying such a tendency to copying. There may be, and there are, a number of particular touches in acting, which the performers have always allowed to be handed down or borrowed from each other; and if Mr. LOVEGROVE had given us but one or two of these from Mr. MURPHY, it would have been all very well; but originality, in some way or other, is absolutely necessary to the credit of an actor; buffoonery in particular never becomes so puerile, or appears so much like want of genius, as when it stalks under the eecen-

tricies of another and endeavours to steal a little praise on the strength of it's mask. Let our new actor think of this, and recover himself.

The rest of the characters made little amends for one's disappointment. Mr. WRENCH improves; and where he is allowed to bustle, hits off some touches very agreeably,—as a rapid question, a ready acknowledgment, or an affectation of familiarity; but to be serious or even slow seems out of his power, and his *Marplot* is much inferior to BANNISTER'S in those scenes where the *Busy Body* whiningly makes his peace with his friends. The fine gentlemen of this theatre are a poor set. The other night, in one of MURPHY'S plays, the part of a noble gallant, elegant, accomplished, and interesting, was performed by Mr. WROUGHTON, who, though a sensible actor, is no more fitted for such a character, either by person, voice, age, or talent, than he is for *Ariel* in the *Tempest*. In the play before me, not to mention Mr. HOLLAND'S performance, the facetious *Sir George Airy* is represented by Mr. RUSSELL, an actor, who luckily for his *Jerry Sneak*, and unluckily for all other characters, is blessed with an incurable silliness of smile. To this expression he adds a most suitable kind of foolish foudling in his voice, so that when he made love in Mrs. GLOVER'S face, he gave one the idea of an idiot reconnoitring a plum-pudding. As to Mrs. GLOVER herself, she possesses a good deal of lively and genuine comedy, though too much inclined to flutter; but may I request of her, in the name of the pit and side-boxes, a little less consciousness of anxiety respecting her person? It may be proper, for aught I know, that actresses, who are apprehensive of what is odiously termed corpulence, should fortify their shapes against the enemy by all possible modes of lacing and steeling; though it is pretty well ascertained, I believe, that the means do not answer the end, and that the antagonist, when driven from one place, is sure to appear with double force in another. Be that as it may, it is by no means the business of these actresses, unless they are acting the vainest of characters, to be continually casting down their eyes and looking about their persons, in order to see if all is right. Such an anxiety not only hurts the effect of their performance, but may perhaps take away the attention of the spectators from more pleasant objects. I grant, it would be an awful sort of thing for even a pin to escape on these occasions; but one can hardly suppose that the task has been carelessly performed behind the scenes: at all events, when once it has been performed, the lady should think no more about it; and then perhaps the critics would hold their tongues.

THE JUBILEE.

Thursday being the 50th Anniversary of his Majesty's reign, certain interested individuals attempted to renew the festivities of last year, when a Jubilee, as it was termed, was celebrated. The *Morning Post*, for weeks, had been calling upon "the loyal" to light up their countenances and their houses on this "happy, memorable, and august" occasion; but all in vain. Though a miracle was even performed, and Mr. FITZGERALD'S (the dinner poet) "admirable" Jubilee Ode was raised from the dead and reprinted, only four illuminations took place, and these were the productions of four quacks:—1, The "loyal" advertising Upholsterer in Catharine-street; 2, His rival

and neighbour;—3, The *Morning Post* Office;—4, The Yellow Fever Remedy Shop, at Charing-cross!!—With these "loyal" exceptions, the whole west of London was as dark as the lamp contractors could make it, until ten or eleven at night, when some idle fellows called out for lights, and divers persons in a few of the public streets very prudently put up their candles to save their windows. As the attraction of the evening was confined to the four houses above described, it may easily be imagined that there was a great crowd at each, and a Correspondent sends the following account of the splendid scene:—

"The only part of the metropolis where any outward demonstration of the Jubilee took place was in the Strand, where indeed it was celebrated in a manner highly disgraceful to the police. For some years back a puffing Upholsterer, residing in a street leading out of the Strand, extremely anxious at all times to trumpet forth his loyalty, at the expence of the peace and good order of the neighbourhood, has exhibited a flaming display of lamps. This was the rallying point for a most outrageous mob of ruffians, who were guilty of the greatest excesses, particularly at the bottom of the street in the Strand. All the coaches were stopped, and serpents and crackers thrown in. Many genteel females had their clothes burnt, and were severely injured in their persons. Every young woman passing along was greeted by these brutes in the same rough manner. Pistols, blunderbusses, and muskets, were loaded and discharged incessantly in this most public thoroughfare.—To crown the whole, a gang of pickpockets, or more properly, highway robbers, amounting to considerably more than a hundred, taking advantage of the confusion, ranged themselves in different parties along the pavement from Somerset House to the Savoy, hustling and plundering with the most barefaced audacity every respectable person who had occasion to pass that way.

CITY.

At a Court of Common Council held on Friday, the Report of the Committee, recommending that eight days, instead of three, be allowed for the election of Aldermen, and that the qualification for filling that office be made 30,000*l.* instead of 15,000*l.* was agreed to, after some debate.—The Court also took into consideration a Report respecting the state of the City Jails. Several very proper resolutions were agreed to, particularly one which declared that acquitted prisoners ought not to be called upon to pay fees.—Mr. QUIN gave notice of a motion, that the intended Jubilee Bust, to be placed in the Council Chamber, be executed by Turnerelli, and that 150 guineas be allowed for the same.—Mr. QUIN wished to know whether the Court intended to take any notice of the daring outrages committed by the mob on Thursday night, when the windows of many peaceable citizens were broken to pieces in Fleet-street, Bridge-street, &c. To this question no answer was returned, and the Court adjourned.—This mob, however, was a "loyal" one, and their little indiscretions (breaking windows and picking pockets) ought not to be too nicely examined. As for picking the pockets of the people, these honest gentlemen should certainly imitate the conduct of their superiors, and do it according to law; but as for breaking of windows on such an occasion, none but a Jacobin would think it a fit subject for complaint. Oh bye, Mr. Quin, how do you expect to get on in the world?

A TALE OF WOE.

MR. EXAMINER,—I wish to make public the following statement, the truth of which you shall have ample means of ascertaining.

On Monday last, the 22d Oct., a friend of mine happened to be passenger in the Chertsey coach coming to London. At the extremity of Hampton a very beautiful young woman, exceedingly well dressed, was handed up to the roof of the coach by a gentleman who then quitted her: it was observed at the time she took leave of her companion with marks of extraordinary agitation. She had not proceeded far on the outside, when the heavy rain compelled her to become an inside passenger.

Nothing very particular was observed in her till, having taken some slight refreshment, her manner betrayed much wildness and disorder of mind; and soon after she fainted. Every assistance was immediately afforded, and the coach remained upwards of an hour in Brentford, while a humane apothecary was exerting all his professional skill in fruitless endeavours to restore her. She was utterly unknown to every one, and it was determined that the coach should proceed with her in that inanimate state to London. After a time, she uttered some convulsive sobs, and gradually recovered her self-possession. The story she then told must—

—“harrow up the soul.”

She was, she said, the daughter of a most respectable, excellent woman, residing at a little town in Scotland. I purposely omit her name, not to inflict pain unnecessarily, but it shall be left at your office.—She lived, she said, in the most perfect simplicity and happiness with her mother, who was in an infirm state of health, till she met the eye of a man representing himself as an officer in the army, and calling himself Lieutenant C. I cannot persuade myself to give this, which was an assumed, name at length, lest I involuntarily injure some honourable man who may bear it. This supposed Lieut. C. ingratiated himself with the mother, and but too fatally succeeded in gaining the affections of the daughter. His addresses bore the marks of honour, for he proposed marriage. The good old woman, delighted at the prospect of an establishment for her darling daughter, agreed to give her a hundred pounds as a marriage portion, and a handsome stock of cloaths.

It is needless to detail by what artifices this practised seducer imposed upon the credulity of these two persons, who had lived their whole lives retired in simplicity and innocence: it is enough to state that he succeeded, and with the consent of the mother, bore off the daughter for the avowed purpose of making her his wife; he took care also to carry off the hundred pounds and five trunks full of cloaths.

He first took her to Carlisle, where he succeeded in triumphing over her virtue; from thence he proceeded to Whitehaven, and advanced by slow degrees to London. He never again talked of marriage, but became negligent and brutal in his conduct; she submitted to these multiplied injuries without repining or complaint, for thirteen months,—trusting that her submission and her affection would at last interest him to treat her better; but the savage heart of her seducer seems to have meditated a horrible catastrophe to this tragedy.

On their arrival in London, she found herself pregnant; under pretence of carrying her to his sister, he took her to a lone house near Hampton, with all her trunks. Here his treatment of her was such, that human nature recoils from the detail;—and this (Monday) evening, after taking from her her rings, her gloves, and even her pocket-handkerchief, he persuaded her to take a little walk with him. When he perceived the stage coach approaching, he gave her seven shillings, and told her she should go to London and he would follow in a few minutes with her trunks. She obeyed him implicitly, and ascended the coach; but there she learned from the passengers that there was no other coach to follow them, and her eyes began to open to her real situation. Deceived and cheated out of her affections,—deprived of her character and honour,—deserted,—pregnant,—robbed of her money and her cloaths,—enfeebled by continued ill-usage and starvation,—several hundred miles from her poor mother and her friends,—without a shilling in her pocket, or a door open to receive her!!!

This was her story, told irregularly and wildly, but with that genuine artlessness as impressed instant conviction of its truth. Need any comment be made upon it?—Surely not. But let the principal actor in this tragedy tremble, for unless he makes all the reparation in his power, he will be discovered and proclaimed.

The sequel to her story, as far as is known, is, that when her fellow passengers found there was no other way to stop her, in the Blackfriars Road, they called the watch. In the crowd collected, even at that late hour of the night, (half-past twelve) there was an elderly, very well dressed man, with the manners of a gentleman, who expressed great feeling for her situation, and pledged his word of honour to take a post-chaise and convey her back to Hampton.—She was left in his charge, upon the faith of this pledge;—but with a heedlessness unparalleled,—and which the confusion of the moment cannot satisfactorily excuse,—they omitted altogether to take his name and address,—and have no clue whatsoever to find him out.—If he be a well-intentioned man, the notice taken of the circumstance in your paper will induce him no doubt to make some communication to you;—if the contrary, and this is not unlikely,—as it is ascertained he has not taken her to Hampton,—we must obtain a description of his person and advertise him.—I am, your well-wisher,
Oct. 24, 1810. W. C.

SAMPFORD GHOST.

[FROM THE TAUNTON COURIER.]

“This delectable subject, so exquisitely relishing to all our little masters and mistresses, and their grandams in general, must be allowed a little time for digestion. The tenant of the *Hunted House* we are assured is about shortly to quit the premises; and a committee of respectable gentlemen will be assembled as soon as the house can be vacated, to ascertain, we suppose, the identical crevice through which the Ghost must have issued in his un-gallant attacks upon *Sally*. *Bleeker* the optician, of St. Paul's Church-yard, has been applied to for an assortment of his best *Magnifiers*;—Mr. and Mrs. *Williams* have offered their united services towards opening the eyes of the public;—our learned medical friend *Dr. Taylor*, informs us of his *Remedy for Deafness*;—and another pro-

fessional gentleman, Dr. Solomon, promises an effectual cure for all weakness of the Brain, &c. so that we are tolerably sanguine in our hopes of getting rid of Sally's thumper.

"To be serious, (no easy task on such a subject), we find that the most earnest endeavours are making by the Rev. C. Colton to ascertain who are the contrivers and abettors of this shocking Farce; and, although not a syllable has been submitted to the public to invalidate our opinions, or the main circumstances on which they have been founded, yet being anxious to fix the guilt of the Conspiracy on those persons *only*, who are the agents in the imposture; we shall abstain from any further remarks, until the investigation above alluded to has taken place. In the mean time, candour requires that we should unequivocally avow our opinion, that however reprehensible the conduct of Mr. Colton has been, in assisting the success of the Trick, by the interference he has bestowed on its progress, we do not in the slightest degree believe that he has acquiesced in the object of it's original contrivance. We wish this to be explicitly understood, as it is very proper that persevering error should not be visited with the same heavy judgment as systematic villainy. We are indeed, still disposed to think that the result of the intended investigation will enable that gentleman to manifest himself in an agreeable point of view to the public, and confidently reckon that he will soon give up the Ghost in a convulsive laugh at the absurdities it has occasioned.—In order that no time should be lost in the conviction of the offenders, and conceiving that we do an essential service to the Community in our endeavours to bring them to Justice, a Reward of FIFTY POUNDS will be immediately paid by the Proprietor of this Paper to any person who shall, within one month, give such information as may lead to the conviction of the Person or Persons by whom the Conspiracy has been concerted and supported."

IS BONAPARTE A MAN OF GENIUS?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Reddish's Hotel, St. James's-street, Oct. 16.

SIR,—It seems Mr. Inskip wishes to hear more of the praises of the beneficent Bonaparte. Well, his desire shall be gratified.—The angelic appellation of genius is but ill applied to the author of so much misery. Genius is always understood in a favourable sense; it implies something heavenly; it is true we sometimes say infernal geniuses, (among them surely I have no objection to place Bonaparte),—but it is a misnomer. Genius, in the true sense of the word, never belongs to any thing hellish; shall we prophane this sacred title by bestowing it on a being whose whole life has been an uninterrupted career of treachery, hypocrisy, deceit, robbery, murder, and usurpations,—whose dark progress is not illuminated by a single ray of benevolence or humanity? Can we trace in him the generosity of a Caesar?—the magnanimity of an Alexander?—the integrity of an Aristides?—the patriotism of an Epaminondas?—in short, of any of those exalted characters who, even tainted with crimes, reflect honour on human nature? All is low, all ungenerous, all selfish, in the ignoble soul of this theatrical Emperor. Vanity and ambition, ambition and vanity, are all the principles

See his second letter to this paper of last Sunday.

of Bonaparte's actions. But the great proof of his genius, say his admirers, is his rise from a private station to be a mighty sovereign. Surely they must have forgotten their learning, or they would remember, that more than one Emperor of the Roman world has been raised from the humble station of a peasant or a private souldier.

In the boiling cauldron of the French Revolution, it was natural that the dregs should occasionally swim at the top. I remarked before that Bonaparte was forced into his place by those who saw a change was necessary, and did not dare to re-establish the family of the ancient sovereigns of France, and it is well ascertained that he was terribly frightened in the day of trial. I have it from credible witnesses, who were at St. Cloud on the 18th Brumaire, that when on his first appearance in the Hall of the Council of Five Hundred, many voices cried out, *hors la loi*, the great hero was as white as the paper I now write upon; he was unable to say a word,—left the Hall; then Murat entered with his grenadiers, who with their bayonets drove away all the independent members, and afterwards all was smooth. The report of the elder Arena aiming a blow at Bonaparte is known to be a fabrication; and, in fact, he was never punished; and it was a younger brother whom Bonaparte had guillotined on the single evidence of a government spy.

But if the single circumstance of his rising to power be a title to genius, it is far more deserved by Robespierre, for he did not force his way to it by the point of the bayonet, which is the common route of all usurpers, but ruled with absolute authority the French Republic for eighteen months, only by the strength of opinion; and I can assure Inskip and all Bonaparte's admirers, that Citizen Robespierre had many more friends than Emperor Napoleon. I was in France soon after his death, and heard many and many regret it. In fact, though he was an indiscriminate murderer, he was no robber, and all confiscations were employed in public services. He did not assume proud titles nor usurped splendid palaces, nor was surrounded with pretorian bands and Mamelukes, but lodged in a humble dwelling, in a second floor in the Rue St. Honore, and walked, or rode in a hackney coach, unattended by guards, to the National Convention. Robespierre was a sanguinary madman, but had no selfish views; neither himself nor his friends grew rich on the public; while Bonaparte, equally ready to spill human blood for revenge or power, has nothing but selfish motives,—the aggrandizement of himself or his relations. In fact, both were scourges of the human race, but the Citizen of Ajaccio, for his vanity, his hypocrisy, his love of war, is more detestable than the Citizen of Amiens, who in fact had more friends. I remember to have heard but one person in France speak well of Bonaparte: this was Peregaux the banker. Poor man! he was well rewarded for his admiration. The anecdote related by Louis Goldsmith, of his being kicked by this man of genius, is perfectly true. I knew it three years ago, and it was repeated to me just last week, by a person lately returned from France, who heard it from his Clerks. It was when he wanted gold to march his troops from Boulogne against the Emperor of Germany in 1804. Peregaux was then Director of the Bank: the Consul sent for him for a great sum in specie; while the Director hesitated, the Consul put himself in a passion, called him all loose names, and kicked the poor old man: from which affront his mind was so affected that

he never recovered, and died mad. Thus this man of genius treats his admirers; thus he masters his passion. Shall we hear more this brute called a man of genius? Still he has many good friends in England, I don't know if he has in any other country. I think I can trace their various classes, and perhaps it will form the subject of another letter. The Windsor politician seems to belong to that class with whom Napoleon obtains favour for the indignities he has heaped on the venerable head of the church. That it is so, appears fully confirmed by his peevish answer on this point. When I quoted the glorious compact of Runnymede, which laid the foundation of the liberties of England, and the splendid victories of Poitiers, Cressy, Agincourt, unequalled ever since in all the subsequent wars sustained by this country, I did it as an irrefragable proof that the Roman Catholic religion does not, as its enemies would wish it to be believed, bow the human heart. Now, what is his answer? Does he deny it? No; for it is impossible; but confining himself to the isolated fact of Magna Charta, refuses all merit to the clergy, who were the most active in resisting the tyranny of King John. Is he so uncandid or so ignorant as to conceal or not to know that it was to the establishment of the Christian religion, which was the Roman Catholic, in England as well as on the Continent till the middle of the 16th century, that we chiefly owe the re-civilization of Europe, which had been destroyed by the barbarians of the North, after the subversion of the Roman Empire? I hope this point is well settled.—There is nothing more needs answering in that intemperate effusion of *Mr. Inskip*; indeed there was nothing that did want it, but I answered it only that silence might not be construed as submission to petulance. As to the torrent of abuse with which the second Letter is replete, Count Zenobio will not lower himself by entering into a competition with scurrility, but will cheerfully leave it to every reader possessed of a sound head and a sound heart, whether his honest exertions in the greatest cause that ever interested mankind ought to excite sentiments of anger, and whether, when a writer is reduced to the mean resource of abuse, it is not an evident demonstration that he is destitute of better arguments? as is plainly the case in this instance. And with this reflection I shall close my correspondence with this terrible advocate for the worst of men.—I remain, yours, &c. ZENOBIO.

P. S.—I avail myself of this opportunity to offer some remarks on the very important circumstance of Lucien Bonaparte's flight from the great man. This event could not have been unexpected to those who have observed the steady resistance of Lucien to the iniquitous command of his elder brother; certainly it was not to me, as I observed in my last letter that he had quitted Rome soon after it was treacherously seized by this faithless man, who was bound by every tie of gratitude to its lawful possessor. During the seven years that Lucien Bonaparte has resided with his family in Rome, he made himself universally beloved and respected by his moral and liberal conduct, dedicating his time to his studies and to the comforts of domestic life. In the corroboration of which, I shall quote the words of a writer as impartial as intelligent, that is Kotzebue. † His study (speaking of Lucien) is close to the room for his children, and this latter

furnished and arranged for them with an affectionate care, that at first sight every thing betrayed the tender father. The Custode assured me, that Lucien would not survive the death of any of his beloved children." In what regards then his private life, he is above the reach of calumny; as to his political one, I frankly confess I am not sufficiently acquainted with the early part of it; but I know pretty well his conduct when he took part in the national Councils of France. I was in Paris myself in 1799: then Lucien was the leader of the patriotic party in the Council of Five Hundred; he was reckoned a very able orator, and by his activity and spirited exertion he was the chief instrument in overturning that imbecile Directory, which had done so much mischief to France and to Europe, and driving out of it its three most obnoxious members, *La Revellier T'Epaux*, the great pontiff of the Theophilanthropists,—*Reubel*,—and *Treillard*; and when, on the 18 Brumaire, by his presence of mind he rose his brother to the dignity of First Consul, probably he only thought of extinguishing one tyranny, and not to raise up another. Certain it is, that his conduct has been honourable and consistent, preferring an honest life of retirement in the bosom of his family to the guilty vanity of usurped pomp, and the faithful preservation of endearing ties to criminal alliances with exalted rank. At this moment, whether he withdrew himself or was driven into exile by his unnatural brother, his conduct is equally honourable to him and disgraceful to Napoleon. This is a proud triumph to us, who never have discovered the mark of genius in this low usurper, and suffered every evil rather than bend our knees to the tyrant; and it is at the same time a sad mortification to his fond admirers. This event is so natural a result of the opposite disposition of the two brothers,—is so clear and so in unison with Lucien's virtuous conduct,—that those who conjure up a plot in it do not deserve the honour of an answer.

OCT. 20.—Since writing the above, I saw in the *Morning Chronicle* a quotation from Mr. Lewis Goldsmith's book, stating that Lucien Bonaparte destroyed his wife. A regard to justice obliges me to declare that I was in Paris when she died, I heard it was from a decline, nor did I ever hear a hint of so atrocious a deed. As to his affectionate conduct to his wife and family in his second marriage, I believe there does not exist a doubt. In general, I beg it may be observed, that as I never had any acquaintance with any person whatsoever of the family of the Bonapartes (I saw but once Napoleon whilst he was on horseback reviewing his army in the *Champ de Mars*;) what I say of them relates almost exclusively to their public conduct.

LOCAL MILITIA.

TO JOHN JACKSON, ESQ. M.P. FOR DOVER.

SIR,—Your Letter, dated 17th September, being an acknowledgment of the receipt of a Petition to his Majesty, and of your performance of the request made in the envelope of said Petition, hath (subsequently to the appearance of a Letter addressed to you in the *Examiner*, of Sunday, October 7), been sent to me from Dover. As much of that Letter as attached to you inattention to the interests of your constituents, it is their desire should be rescinded, and they feel themselves obliged by your conveying to them the communication from the Secretary of State's Office, on the subject of their Petition. Your constituents, with this opportunity, are anxious to express their sentiments on a subject so nearly concerning their peculiar in-

† See Kotzebue's Travels in Italy in 1806.

terests; and feeling how much their rights are entrenched on by the Local Militia Act, in addition to their sentiments before expressed, would ask, upon what principle of justice is founded this Militia Law? They would have their oppressor know, that the obligations on every subject of the nation should be in proportion to the power of the individual to bear them; that to subject a human being to military slavery against his will, is contrary to every principle of equal justice. Were men of immense property called on to contribute half their fortunes to the defence of the nation, it would subject them to less inconvenience than the operation of the Local Militia on those its tyrannic power reaches, and in equal justice be more defensible. This Act comes to us not as a military requisition in a case of emergency—not as a levy-en-mass to repel the enemy marching to our habitations, when rich and poor, young and old, must perform their part for the good of the whole. The object here appears a requisition of property. Pay your fines and be tradesmen still. And who must pay this contribution? the rich, the affluent, the independent? No; the man whose hard earnings barely suffice to keep pinching want from his threshold, and to cover his increasing family with decent apparel, to protect them against the severity of the storm;—of on him whose daily wants the strictest economy, without privations, could not keep from a prison. But this man hath chosen the goal, for his independent spirit will not bow before the stripling, who must stand on tip-toe to reach the centinel's cartouch-box. Admit that he had taken the service in preference to the prison, and become a soldier for a month, what hath this sapient scheme performed? Compelled a man to carry arms, while his hatred to the service takes from him the wish to use them to its honour. These, Sir, are not the tempers that shall drive the slaves of France into the ocean. The love of country, the pride of Englishmen, must be kept up by its liberties and its laws. The constitution politic, being healthy and pure, shall invigorate the corporal constitution, and be triumphant in the glorious struggle over the paralyzed arms of the Despot. It was the want of this food to the spirit that threw down the ancient Governments of the Continent: it is this same want that suffered Gallia's slaves to pass the Pyrenees. Where they will stop, time must show.

A timely, enlightened policy; will, I hope, check its progress Westward; and that devoted land, which recruits our Army with the bravest of its sons, and victuals half our Navy, be saved from its power, and become inseparable in interest and happiness with the sister State.

A FREEMAN.

ATTORNIES CLERKS.

MR. EXAMINER,—Neither the statement of *An Admirer of Justice*, nor that of *An Attorney*, appears to me to be correct, and having myself many intimate acquaintances in the law, I can with confidence assert that truth lies between the two accounts.

It is certainly true, that Attornies' (improperly called Lawyers') Clerks are as well paid for their time as the generality of mechanics are, and better than they were some time ago; but it is not true that a boy of 14 years of age receives 18s. or a guinea a week merely for writing a tolerable hand; Attornies are not so liberal, and a youth of this age, or even 16 years old, must have some knowledge of business to entitle him to receive weekly more than 12s. or 15s.

Still more fraught with inaccuracy is *An Attorney's* representation in asserting that "a young man who happens to know where the Law Offices are; though utterly ignorant of business, has 25s. a week," as many who have a tolerable knowledge of business and act as *Temple Clerks*, do not receive more than that salary. It is undoubtedly true, that men regularly bred to the profession, who are adroit, make themselves useful, or, in other words, enter into all the spirit of the business of their employers and their clients, whether clean or dirty, have in many offices from two to four guineas a week, and some much larger salaries. I know a man however, of undoubted integrity, who has seen better days, but from being reduced to distress with a large family, has been impelled to accept a Clerk's situation in

an Attorney's office as his last resource, has continued in that capacity for eight years, has a genteel address and appearance, knows all the Office, writes a good hand, and what is of more importance, can write good sense, (many of the practisers, it is known, are woefully deficient in this respect, and some of their assistants in the same predicament) and although he has lived in three different offices, and is versant in all the common forms, &c. only at this instant receives 30s. per week, and at his first outset received considerably less. He lives at present with a gentleman of respectability and extensive practice, and who, from his known legal knowledge, might with propriety be called a Lawyer, a term, strictly speaking, only applicable to Judges, Pleaders and Counsellors, though frequently applied to Attornies, two-thirds of whom are indeed so very deficient, not only in orthography and legal knowledge, but also in common sense, (which is undoubtedly essential to a Lawyer; whatever common honesty may be) that it would be a misapplication of terms, generally speaking, to call Attornies Lawyers.

From the pressure of the times, however, frequent bankruptcies, general distress, and increased spirit of litigation, Attornies undoubtedly thrive more than formerly; and from the late increased costs allowed both in common law and Chancery, and the salutary restrictions at present adopted to keep ragamuffins from becoming Attornies, this profession bids fair not only to become more lucrative, but likewise much more respectable than formerly. Taking these circumstances into consideration, it is to be hoped that these gentlemen will ere long increase the salaries of their common Clerks five or seven shillings a week, which, considering the handsome emoluments Attornies at present receive, they may well afford to do, or, (which would be much the same) to really give those salaries said to be given by them at present by *An Attorney*, but whose statement, though perhaps true in a few solitary instances, is by no means generally correct.—I am, Sir, no Attorney, but
Temple, Oct. 22. AN OBSERVER.

MR. EDITOR,—I was pleased to see in the *Examiner* of last Sunday an article from *An Attorney*, vindicating the present rate of salaries paid to Attornies Clerks, as being full adequate and keeping pace with the rise which has taken place in all articles necessary for the codification and nourishment of man; because, in the first place, the statements which he makes appear to me by no means to warrant his conclusions; and, in the second place, I am happy that the Attornies do not disdain to enter the lists with the Clerks, which will produce a discussion that cannot fail to terminate in favour of the latter, provided their claim to an increase of salary is well founded.

An Admirer of Justice may have underrated the present general allowance paid; I rather think he has; but there appears no just reason to discredit the particular facts which he adduces in support of an argument founded on the most substantial grounds.

His opponent, *An Attorney*, alleges that he has very materially misrepresented the fact, and asserts that "a boy of 14 years of age who can write a tolerable hand, has eighteen shillings or a guinea a week;—a young man who happens to know where the Law Offices are, though totally ignorant of business, has twenty-five shillings per week; and a man who is at all acquainted with the simplest and most common forms of business, has a guinea and a half or two guineas a week; and of course superior knowledge and usefulness find still more lucrative situations."

Such, Mr. Examiner, may be the way in which this generous Attorney pays his Clerks; but it is by no means so with Attornies in general. There are many Clerks who not only "happen to know where the Law Offices are," and go through all the routine of them, but who are competent to prepare the papers for these offices, and who yet receive only a guinea or twenty-five shillings a week even in the first houses.—Some may receive thirty shillings, or even two guineas a week, but these are proportionably few, and still fewer are those who have a greater salary, except indeed Managing Clerks in eminent offices, who enjoy, as they ought to do, more lucrative situations. Twenty-five shillings a week may be considered a fair average.

The law is a liberal profession, and persons employed in it ought to be remunerated accordingly. Every Attorney's Clerk must be able to write well and expeditiously; he must have had at least a decent education, and many have had a liberal one; he must know to behave as a gentleman, and must at all times appear as such; he must give punctual attendance at the desk, or about the Law Offices, &c. from nine in the morning till nine in the evening, and without intermission from Monday morning till Saturday night—for twenty-five shillings a week, out of which he has to pay seven or eight shillings at least for lodging and washing, leaving seventeen shillings to procure victuals, fire, candle, and clothes for himself, and perhaps a family—without an idea of any pocket money for farther enjoyment!

In most mechanical businesses a Journeyman of ordinary capacity earns his two guineas a week, or more; many even double—he has no appearance to keep up—he (as a Correspondent in another part of your last number observes) spends the first part of the week in public houses, and “in the polite amusements of domino, chalking the table, skittles, and fumble puppy.”

Let the liberal and respectable part of the profession “look upon this picture and on this,” and they will agree with me, that although to “a boy 14 years of age eighteen shillings or a guinea a week” may be an adequate remuneration, yet that no man who knows even the common business of an office, ought to have less than two guineas a week—I am, your's, J. W.

Westminster, October 24.

SIR,—Having read in your paper of the 14th instant, a letter signed *An Admirer of Justice*, I did not expect, knowing as I do the truth of the assertions contained therein, that any one would have had the temerity to come forward and contradict them. You may therefore guess my surprise on finding in the *Examiner* of Sunday last a letter signed *An Attorney*, wherein the writer endeavours to refute the statement of *An Admirer of Justice*. He observes, that the salaries of the Attornies Clerks, in general, “have ever kept pace with the increase of the necessaries of life:” this I absolutely deny, and am convinced that any person making inquiries will find that the generality of Attornies Clerks are unable to support themselves and families upon the miserable remuneration they receive from their employers. Nay, to such distress have I known some of them reduced, as to be under the necessity of flying their country, or of entering into the army. Let me ask *An Attorney* (if he is possessed of the least humanity, liberality, or honour), if he can think a man capable to maintain himself, wife and three children upon so small a pittance as twenty shillings per week? And yet an individual under these circumstances, whom I am well acquainted with, and who has been upwards of twenty years with his present employers, receives no more than that sum, as I can clearly substantiate to the entire satisfaction of the most unbelieving.

Let the WAGES of a Mechanic be contrasted with the SALARY of an Attorney's Clerk, there will be a material difference in favour of the former.

For the purpose of satisfying your Correspondent *An Attorney*, that the statement above alluded to is perfectly correct, I am ready and willing to come forward to prove what I have herein asserted.—I am, Sir, still

AN ADMIRER OF JUSTICE.

JOURNEYMEN MECHANICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Respectfully thanking you for the insertion of my former address, I am again emboldened to resume the pen, on perceiving, in your paper of last Sunday, an article signed X. Y. Z. attempting to prove Mr. Common Serjeant's assertions with respect to the “luxury” enjoyed by the journeymen of the metropolis. It certainly cannot be denied that there are depraved characters to be found among journeymen mechanics as well as in other classes of society; and while many of our Peers

and wealthy commoners debase themselves by the vulgarity of their pursuits, viz.—assuming the station, dress, and manners of their menial servants—attending and staking large sums on pugilistic exhibitions—and submitting, to use the words of your Correspondent, “to enjoy the company and conversation of blacklegs, pickpockets, and housebreakers,”—it cannot be wondered at if their example has some influence on the morals of a part of the manufacturing class of the community. X. Y. Z., from the whole tenor of his letter, appears to be one of those conscientious Suppressors of Vice who so politely overlook the vices practised in high life, but wish to punish with severity the offences of persons in humble situations. Whether it be from affected humility or a consciousness of the fallacy of his assertions, that the Common Serjeant's champion has selected his signature from the fag end of the alphabet, I am not able to determine, but wish him a larger portion of candour and the milk of human kindness than he at present appears to possess.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Oct. 23.

A JOURNEYMAN.

SIR,—Seeing in your Paper, of Sunday last, an attempt to justify the opinions delivered by the Common Serjeant upon a late occasion respecting the conduct of Journeymen Mechanics, I beg leave, through the same channel, to submit a few observations in reply. Though it cannot be denied that in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, &c. the public-houses are crowded with low characters for the three first days of the week, and that such people are always as ready as those who wear better clothes to be present at a fight, or any other act of depravity that may excite their attention, within twenty miles of town, yet, as the consequences of such conduct are fairly stated by the same writer, “X. Y. Z.” viz. their families starving at home, I will only ask, if these characters would not be equally as vicious and improvident if they had less money? Would they hesitate to plunder if they could not obtain the means of doing as they do by what they call earnings? If it is to such people only that the Common Serjeant or “X. Y. Z.” intend their animadversions should apply, I do not wish to controvert their assertions. But what has such misconduct or such miscreants (though, in common with others, denominated Journeymen Mechanics) to do with that respectable and valuable part of the community, who zealously endeavour to support themselves and families by honest industry in their respective callings? Will Mr. Common Serjeant, or any Physician or Apothecary, who are likely to know something of the real situation of such families, say conscientiously that *they wallow in luxury*?—Will they say, that in the course of their experience they have found such families generally possessing even common necessaries?—How then can any man be so lost to all the feelings of humanity, as to insult the industrious mechanic, by telling him that wholesome food, and a pot of beer in the course of a day for himself and family, are luxuries, which, if it even happens that he does enjoy to this extent, he can in general only do it by the excessive application of 16 hours out of every hour and twenty.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN A JOURNEYMAN.

October 17, 1810.

MR. EDITOR,—As a subscriber to your Paper, give me leave to answer a few observations made by a Correspondent under the title of “A Journeyman,” in answer to an article in the *Times*, where it was remarked, that the Journeymen of this metropolis were wallowing in luxury, and could afford to spend three days in the week in idleness; which, in a number of cases, more numerous perhaps than is generally known, is literally the fact.

How far this may be the case with Journeymen Printers, I am not prepared to answer, not being practically acquainted with the business.

But here I must beg leave to observe, the author has quoted but one trade out of the many, at which the industrious few can sometimes raise themselves to a respectable independence, while the drunkard or the sluggard, by losing two, and in many cases three, and sometimes four days in the week, reduces himself, and perhaps infant family, to beggary and destruction.

It is the standing maxim of the humble sons of dissipation, while carelessly loitering their time, and consequently spending their money at a pot-house, to complain bitterly of their hardships in public and private life; their complaints, to a stranger, would absolutely move pity. You will find the insufferable not possessed of every requisite necessary to constitute a miserable man; he exclaims loudly against the Government as tyrannical—against fate as cruel; he has a bad wife, because she cannot calmly see her children starve; he has a bad master, because he will not let him draw his money before he has earned it; his landlord is as cruel as a Turk, because he will not let him live on his estate without paying rent; and his children are ill tempered devils, because they cry for bread.

In writing these remarks, it is far from my intention to legitimate or defend oppression in any shape, but simply to adhere to truth, and detect imposition. It is an undoubted fact, that the condition of Journeymen, in the various branches of manufactures with which this great city abound, have of late been much bettered and improved; they have risen above mediocrity: where their wages before were good, they are now bettered; and the Journeyman is, in point of fact, more independent than his Master; inasmuch as he has but one master to please, while the polite and patient shopkeeper is subject to the whim and caprice of each and every one of his customers.

The writer I allude to complains loudly of the case of these conspiring Printers. I would beg leave to observe, Mr. Editor, that this species of conspiracy, in the different trades, have become so frequent of late, that the commercial world scarcely knows where it will stop. We have had even the common necessities of life so much advanced by this species of fraud, that it has been out of the reach of the labouring poor to come at them. What I mean by the labouring poor, are, those in small country towns and villages, who, during the winter season, are literally in a state of starvation. I have been myself an eye witness of a family of nine children, together with their wretched parents, supported, during an intense cold winter, upon the scanty pittance of twelve shillings per week; and heard the rough unlettered son of indigence, with the salt tears swimming in his eyes, confess that he should think it luxury if he could find his children even in the article of bread sufficient to supply their wants.

The fear of trespassing too far on your attention and that of your readers will not permit me to say as much as inclination would direct upon this subject; but there is not more difference between vice and virtue than there is between sloth and industry; and the industrious Journeymen of this metropolis are generally to be found in a comparative affluence, while the sluggard and the drunkard are in a state of abject poverty, a burden to themselves, to their friends, and to the public in general.—Your's, with esteem,
W. L.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

Miss R—, said to be the daughter of an Irish Gentleman, now on a visit in this metropolis, residing in Mount-street, was on Tuesday morning rescued from a watery grave, by the exertions of Mr. Christie, who was walking through Hyde-Park, shortly after eight o'clock on that morning. Soon after he passed Kensington-Gardens, he was accosted by a young lady, who, in a faltering tone, asked him if she was in the road for Liverpool? Astonished at such a question, he hesitated, and then declared his inability to give the required information, and the lady proceeded, murmuring to herself in a malicious tone some observations on the unkindness of man. Mr. C. suspected she was insane, and he followed her. Instead of keeping the public walk, she struck into a side path, and advanced with great precipitation towards the Serpentine River; he pursued, but before he could interpose, she threw herself into the river; but in a spot so shallow, that Mr. C. was enabled to extricate her without difficulty. On bringing her to the shore, she inveighed with great warmth against his impertinent interference, and against the cruelty of his sex. By this time several persons were attracted to the spot. A pocket-book

was found in her bosom, containing some letters, which being addressed to the residence of a person in Mount-street, led to the discovery of her abode, whither she was conveyed in a hackney coach.

There are five different detainers against Roberts, now a prisoner in Newgate.—Two, for forging the Dividend Warrants; the third, for a highway robbery; the fourth, for feloniously effecting his escape from prison; and the fifth, for having in his possession eight forged notes of the Bank of England.

A circumstance happened at St. Giles's Church on Sunday, which may serve as a caution to congregations and other assemblies of people against the influence of sudden alarm. During Divine Service a small piece of ornamental ceiling fell upon a poor woman sitting in the middle aisle, and although it was apparent that no further danger or damage was to be apprehended, a considerable part of the congregation incautiously rushed to the doors of the church, whereby another woman had her leg broken in two places, and other persons were much hurt and bruised.

On Friday week, S. Prathurn, Esq. of Bloomsbury-square, put an end to his life, by shooting himself with a pistol through the body. He came to town on Tuesday week from Brighton, where he and his wife had been for a long time for the benefit of the air; and when he arrived appeared much agitated in his mind, and continued so until Friday, when he committed the horrid deed. He survived three hours after he shot himself in great agony.

On Wednesday an Inquisition was held on the body of Mrs. —, who put an end to her existence on Monday last.—Mrs. — was the wife of a Mr. —; she was about 26 years of age, amiable and gentle in her manners, and had been married about six months. On Monday she observed that she wished to go on the next day to Brighton. This request was in a pleasant way agreed to. She then went into the garden, and with a razor cut her head nearly off her body.—Lunacy.

A few weeks since, a fellow who had enlisted in the Marines at Portsmouth, and received his full bounty, was discovered to have a very bad leg in three or four days after, and it turned out that he had contrived to cause the leg to be in that desperate way himself, with the view of defrauding the Officer of the bounty-money; for it was proved by his wife and others, that he made an incision in the flesh just upon the shin-bone, put a copper halfpenny on the wound, which almost immediately caused a very severe gangrene; but he ultimately paid most dearly for his speculation, as a mortification ensued. To save his life, the Surgeons were under the necessity of cutting off the leg.

MARRIAGES.

On the 18th inst. at St. Luke's, Chelsea, Capt. T. Fraser, of the Madras Engineers, to Mrs. Ann Brown, relict of Henry Brown, Esq. late Commercial Resident at Rangoon.

On the 25th inst. at St. James's Church, Mr. Lyndon, of Gerrard-street, to Miss Killick, of Piccadilly.

DEATHS.

On Thursday week, at Sharde-loes, Buckinghamshire, T. D. T. Drake, Esq. M. P. for America.

On Friday week, of a rapid consumption (which she supported with exemplary patience and fortitude) Francis Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Frederick Turner, of Bloomsbury-square, Solicitor, in the 29th year of her age.

Johnson, the mechanic, late of Drury-lane Theatre, within these few days, and, as it is said, of an exhausted constitution and a broken heart. He had been reduced to the greatest extremity of distress before he apprised the performers at the Lyceum of his condition. They zealously subscribed for his support as soon as they heard of his situation, but their assistance came too late for any hope of his recovery.

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