

THE EXAMINER.

No. 108. SUNDAY, JAN. 21, 1810.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 106.

ON THE NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

IN spite of all the sarcasms on the late Jubilee, its blessings have not been confined to the numerous Englishmen, who on that auspicious day enjoyed the beatitude of a piece of beef. One more person at least has found it of very serious benefit, and people of humanity must be gratified to reflect how many plunges of head and flounderings of pen it must have saved our worthy Laureat Mr. PYE, in furnishing him with a subject. Here was congratulatory matter, which the Poet absolutely never had occasion to mention before—something to relieve him from his perennial toil about *grasping the spear and iron rod, howling tempest, billowy rage, crests, streamers, and sanguine sides*. Whether a nation's vows will "consecrate to fame" the new Ode, as Mr. PYE assures us they did a former one*, the reader must determine: but it is lamentable to think, what a number of lyric compositions, on all the successive "Best of Kings" that have ruled this nation, have sunk in oblivion, and yet the authors were in as great raptures as Mr. PYE can be, spoke as enthusiastically of the subjects, and claimed the admiration of posterity for the respective *patriot breasts* and *generous Monarchs*. Thus, if we are to believe the Laureats, CHARLES the Second was the most upright of men, JAMES the Second a picture of candour and wisdom, King WILLIAM every thing that was frank and fine-hearted, Queen ANNE a female SOLOMON, GEORGE the First a male Ditto, and as to GEORGE the Second, Mr. CIBBER could not help crying out with enthusiastic naivete,

Sure such a King was never known!

Such a King! and such a Throne!

Now the present age, however it may be inclined to join in Mr. CIBBER's exclamation, does not believe a word of the aforesaid representations †.

* For the King's Birth-day, 1808.

† Much has been said respecting poverty and the customs of his age in order to excuse the gross servility of DRYDEN, but no want, no custom can excuse that contempt of decent principle and reputation, with which he exalted CHARLES and JAMES the 2d into saints and demigods. In that strange mixture of doggerel and fine poetry, the *Threnodia Augustalls*, not content with praising him as *bounteous, just, forgiving*, and above all *pious*, and comparing him to CAMILLUS, NUMA, and HEZEKIAH, he speaks of the "saints and angels" as

His fellow-citizens of immortality;
tells him to—

But if fiction will do so little for a Court Ode, pure truth, we all know, will do nothing at Court. Mr. PYE therefore, in embalming his productions for posterity, tries what he can do with a mixture of both. He says not a word of all those brilliant occurrences which we have been desired to hold sacred during the past year, such as my Lord CASTLEREAGH's patriotism, my Lord WELLINGTON's victories, or my Lord WELLESLEY's regenerations; he is even silent respecting the patriotic Iberia, and "Austria's Imperial Lord" whom he animated us a little while ago to assist in arms: in these matters he seems to have imagined that neither fact nor fiction would bear him out. On the other hand, he utters no patriotic sigh for the dead in Walcheren, no wish that "infernal discord" may cease among the Ministers, no hope that a new alliance would conquer France: in these matters, truth seems to have been too much for his poetry.—To be certain of his ground, he begins with an anecdote of himself, in which he tells us that before he went to school at Reading, he wrote an Ode on his Majesty's accession to the throne, thereby giving us to understand that like HORACE, who was miraculously decked with laurel when a boy ‡, he had already commenced his office of Laureat by inspiration. This would be high encouragement for premature little poets, did it not happen that what they produce in their boyhood is always a bad model for their riper efforts: Mr. POPE, when a child, wrote panegyrics on all the Princes of Europe, but when he became a man, found it necessary to think very differently on such subjects: and if I may venture to mention myself on this occasion, the first effort of my poor pen, which has been so jogged about and threatened by "the powers that be," was employed in inditing the praises of the Duke of YORK's exploits at Dunkirk, which to my great mortification, I found afterwards, amounted to a defeat. Mr. PYE, however, has persisted in his boyish attachments, and by what we see of his maturer flights, has not risen a jot above what he might have done in childhood. His politics and poetry are of one fond, believing pitch; and he wears with complacent modesty the same threadbare mantle which belonged to

Live blest above, almost invok'd below;
and in fine, calls him

The best and best-belov'd of kings.

To this extremity of adulation he seems so entirely to have subjected his habits and even his conscience, that in the latter part of his life, when he publicly repents, in that noble Ode on the Death of ANNE KILLIGREW, the ribaldry of which he had been guilty, he not only is silent about his former flattery, but loads the deceased with all the laurels of ancient and modern genius, and says that she shall be at the head of the sacred poets on the day of judgment.

‡ See the Ode *Descendo Caelo*. 4. Lib. 3.

TATE, SHADWELL, and CIBBER. Every thing is done in the true court-manner, by precedent; if the British King is like all former British Kings, generous, patriotic, and fond of freedom, the epithets and other poetical ornaments are like all former ornaments—*votive lyre, smiling land, golden sceptre, rocky throne, and Britannia rearing sublime her dauntless head.* This is particularly observable in the words marked with italics, where the poet reminds us of the name of our country five times in six lines, and by way of practical illustration of our never-dying gratitude to the King, gives us the word *grateful* four times, *grateful lay, grateful people, grateful incense, grateful myriads.* Upon the strength of these poetic feelings, the Laureat thinks himself warranted to cry out,

Raptured I pour the verse again.

Raptured he pours! A man in his senses pouring an Ode with rapture for the year 1810! If Mr. PVE had applied this to his tea or his wine after finishing the verse, every transport might have been allowed him; but when all the well-known blessings of the present Reign are considered, such as the loss of America, the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus, the Introduction of Foreign Troops into England, the Oppression of Ireland, the War with France, the Alliance, the Taxes, the Paper-inundation, the enormous Debt, the contemptible Court-quarrels, the Defalcations and Corruptions of Office, the Omnipotence of wretched Ministries, up to the late deadly Expedition, what sort of inspiration must influence that verse-maker, who for one or two hundred per annum, can sit down and be in raptures "To celebrate the rising year?" Mr. PVE tells us, in allusion to the Jubilee, that while he is striking his lyre, its sound is lost amidst the swelling notes, accordant voices, pæans loud, and nation's plaudits, which ascend to Heaven all over the United Kingdom, from Johnny Groat to Cornwall, and so round

— to where th' Atlantic roars,
O verdant Erin, 'gainst thy western shores.

Very odd, the Atlantic should roar on the west of Ireland; but the noise of all this exultation must have been very deafening, since nobody heard a word of it; and so must the noise of those "shouting myriads," whom Mr. PVE represents as so full of transport at his Majesty's donation of 4000 pounds to the suffering poor of the United Kingdom—a gift so truly and royally distinct from the shewy squanderings of BONAPARTE, who will bestow as much on four native pictures. With these praises, a wish for the King's health and for peace, and the usual winding up about the *navy* and *Discord's iron tempest*, is concluded this rapturous Ode, a complete specimen, if not of the best Laureat writing, at least of the true Laureat flattery and action.

Now, granting that much better Poets than Mr. PVE have been cramped by such subjects—granting that Mr. PVE writes his Ode but as a matter of office, and that nobody expects to find it any other than what it is,—what are such compositions after all but libels on the good sense

of the nation, libels on the dignity both of him that writes and him for whom they are written, and in fine, subjects of half-yearly disgust to all reasonable people? Mr. PVE is a man of learning, and it is a great pity that he, or any other reflecting person, should have assisted to carry so gross a farce, a vile mixture of Gothic taste and Eastern servility, invented in a barbarous age, and despicable in any nation of character. The thing perhaps is tolerated because it is despised; but it is lamentable indeed that such a solecism should have existed for hundreds of years in England alone, of all other nations—that the office of Rhyming Flatterer to the King should have been a desirable object to some of the first poets England has produced—and that while philosophy has been at the height of its dignity in this country, poetry has been at the height of its prostitution. In every point of view, the Laureatship is a ridiculous office: if the monarch is a great prince, the hired poet degrades him; if an indifferent one, burlesques him; and if a bad one, renders both prince and poet execrable.—The truth of this is so manifest to common sense, that Mr. GIBSON, with some hope perhaps of success, took the pains to recommend its abolition, and in order to render his advice more palatable to the Court, seasoned it with an elegant compliment. "From AUGUSTUS to LOUIS," says he, "the Muse has too often been false and venal; but I much doubt whether any age or court can produce a similar establishment of a stipendiary poet, who in every reign, and at all events, is bound to furnish twice a year a measure of praise and verse, such as may be sung in the chapel, and, I believe, in the presence of the sovereign. I speak the more freely, as the best time for abolishing this ridiculous custom, is while the prince is a man of virtue, and the poet a man of genius." Mr. GIBSON, however, admonished to no purpose; and the Laureatship continues among those rank absurdities, the abolition of which may evince the patriotism, or retrieve the popularity, of some future monarch.

§ Decline and Fall of the Rom. Emp. chap. 70. note.—The poet at that time, I believe, was WARTON. He was a man of reading and much featherbed criticism; but what genius Mr. GIBSON could see in his threadbare tissues of old imagery, it is needless to inquire.—The Laureats of Italy were not of the slavish English kind: the crown was given to talent, and the praise left at liberty. LEO X. it is true, kept one about his person, who was crowned in the Capitol and is wittily represented by POPE as

Throu'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit:—
but LEO only made a buffoon and butt of his poet.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

SPAIN.

MADRID, DEC. 21.—The nomination of his Highness the Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram to the rank of Major-General of the Army of Spain, has been received with much pleasure by the whole army. We see in it a happy indication of the speedy arrival of his Majesty the Emperor.

and King and the certainty that the destiny of Spain will at length be fixed.

On the 20th instant his Majesty issued the following Decree:—

“D. JOSEPH NAPOLEON, &c.

“Desirous to restore to the Fine Arts the numerous excellent paintings which have until now been buried in the obscurity of convents; to give as models to youthful talent the productions of the best masters; revive the glory of the Spanish School, little known to surrounding nations, and insure to the immortal names of Velasquez, Ribera, Murillo, Rivalta, Navarete, Juan San Vincente, and others, the fame to which they are entitled, we have decreed as follows:—

“ART. I. A Museum of Painting shall be established at Madrid, in which shall be deposited out of every public Institution and Royal Palace, such pictures as shall be deemed necessary to form a collection of the works of the Spanish Masters.

“II. Another general collection of the productions of the celebrated painters of the same school shall be formed, in order to be presented to our august Brother, the Emperor of the French; and at the same time, a wish shall be expressed that it may be placed in the Napoleon Museum, where this monument of the glory of Spain will become a pledge of the sincere union existing between both nations.

“III. Among the Paintings which will remain at our disposal, a selection shall be made of those which may be required to adorn the Palaces destined to the Cortez and the Senate.

“I THE KING.”

Another Decree of the 16th contains the following regulations:—

“JOSEPH NAPOLEON, &c.

“Considering that it is repugnant to the spirit of the Gospel, and the purity of the discipline of the best ages of the Church, that the Ecclesiastical Order should be diverted from its legitimate avocations by legal concerns, and, at the same time, that the public interest requires the unity of jurisdiction, consecrated by the 98th Article of the Spanish Constitution; having seen the Report of our Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, and consulted our Council of State, we have decreed:—

“ART. I. From the date of the present Decree, the Ecclesiastical Power shall cease to exercise any judicial jurisdiction, as well civil as criminal, which is found to devolve to the secular Magistrates.

“II. All causes for trial, whether civil, criminal, or of any other description, pending between various suitors in the Ecclesiastical Courts, shall be transferred, according to the character and nature of their transaction, to the respective secular tribunals.

“III. Causes, in the first instance, shall be left to the Judges who should have been deemed competent to them, had the cause begun in the Civil Court.

“IV. Causes which are referred to the Metropolitan, according to their progress, shall be submitted to the superior tribunal of the corresponding secular Judge.

“V. Causes submitted to the tribunal of *La Rota*, in whatever state, shall be reported to that of the Alcades of the Court, whose sentence, be it in the third or last stage of the cause, shall be definitive.

“VI. The Judges, deciding in such causes, shall apply to them the regulations of Canon-law in vigour in Spain, as would have guided the Ecclesiastical Judges, to whom such causes would otherwise have been submitted.—The mode and form of such proceedings, as well as the reiteration of each cause, must be exclusively determined by the law which regulates the secular tribunals.”

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

BERKSHIRE MEETING.

A very respectable and crowded Meeting of the Nobility, Clergy, Gentlemen, and Freeholders, of Berkshire, on Mon-

day, assembled at the Market House, Abingdon, the High Sheriff, Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, in the Chair; to consider of the propriety of voting an Address to his Majesty, at the present alarming crisis.

After some explanation respecting the preference given to Abingdon instead of Reading, for holding the Meeting,

Lord FOLKSTONE proceeded to the subject under consideration, and thought it impossible for any Meeting to object to the Address which he should propose; it was impossible, when they looked to the situation of the country, which might well be called alarming; when they looked to the person who presides over all Europe, with the exception of these kingdoms; when they looked to the active hand and intelligent head by which he directed the means for the extension of tyranny and ruin; when they recollected his hatred of this country; but, above all, when they saw how the different branches of this empire were divided, and into whose hands its government was now unhappily entrusted, it was impossible not to feel apprehension and dismay. The recent annexation of part of Holland to France was sufficient to render the present moment alarming; but when we turned towards Spain, and saw how little hope there was of the people in that country doing any thing for themselves—when we looked to the state of disaffection in which Ireland was placed by the impolitic and imprudent conduct of Ministers towards that country, we could not but regard the present state of the empire as perilous in the extreme.—There was another circumstance which added to the dangers of the country, and which he hoped would not be lost sight of; he meant the introduction into these realms of numerous bodies of foreign troops. He hoped the Meeting recollected the noble stand that was made by our ancestors in the reign of King William, when they opposed the introduction even of two or three Dutch regiments; whereas at this moment there were twenty battalions of foreign soldiers nourished in this country. (*Loud applause.*) Another circumstance which added to the alarming state of affairs was the dissensions now prevalent in India: he would not enter at much length into this subject, because he did not as yet know whether to regard these disturbances as a subject of grief or congratulation. If we attempted to retain possession of India by arms, he could not help regarding it as a calamity; but if we saw that the resources of the hostile powers were sufficiently great to forbid any attempt of that kind, he would consider it as a happy event. We had been told that our Indian territory was a great arm of the Empire; but, in his opinion, it was an arm of weakness. It was false to suppose that the wealth we derived from it was at all to be compared with what we lost by it: it was a perpetual drain upon our population, and must produce the most ruinous effects. It was extremely probable that the saying of Lord Chatham would speedily be made good, that Indian banners would be the ruin of the country. Another topic on which it would be necessary to dwell, was our Expedition to the Scheldt. No armament had ever cost so much money to the country. The number of men employed amounted to above 100,000. All this mighty project ended, however, in battering down the walls of the inoffensive town of Flushing, and in the taking of Middleburgh, which had no walls at all. The Expedition sailed in the month of August; in 24 hours it reached its destination: it could have accomplished all it did accomplish in a few days; but it was kept for months in bogs and marshes, subject to all the diseases of the country. But there was another still more disgraceful and calamitous expedition, namely, that to Spain, under Sir Arthur Wellesley. All present must remember the spirit of liberty that broke out in that country, and how by the influence of zeal and love of liberty the Spaniards had succeeded in driving the French out of their country; they then introduced local Governments, and sent to this country for supplies. Here their misfortunes began—the Ministers of this country did all they could to crush the rising spirit of freedom that was rapidly pervading Spain. Their first act of impolicy was to create one Central Government, instead of those local Governments which the people were bent upon establishing, and, what was more surprising, they compelled the Spaniards to proclaim Ferdinand VII. the very man who had betrayed

his country to France. The spirits of the people soon began to flag, and then external assistance was resorted to. When our armies arrived in Spain, the people were as jealous of them as of the armies of France. This had been witnessed in the case of Sir John Moore, and one would naturally have supposed that this would have been a lesson to Ministers. Another army, however, under Sir A. Wellesley, was driven into the same snare by his bold but rash conduct: he obtained a victory, but it was followed by all the consequences of a defeat; the army was left in an unwholesome climate, and was now about to return without having accomplished any thing. It was no wonder that these things should happen, when it was found that the men who had the conduct of affairs were quarrelling with each other, and yet were still permitted to send out expeditions. What remedy was left for the country, under these alarming circumstances, but to address his Majesty? Would they be told, as in the case of Cintra, that, because his Majesty's feeling for his people would induce him to grant an Inquiry, there was no necessity for the People to interfere with their advice? This they could not be told, because, in the present case, his Majesty's sentiments were known. In his answer to the Address of the Common Council of London, his Majesty had said, that he saw no cause for inquiry. The only way to account for such a declaration, was, by supposing that the truth was concealed from his knowledge; for if he knew the ruin and contempt brought upon the country by the misconduct of Ministers, he must see that inquiry was never more necessary than at the present moment. It was their duty to tell his Majesty the truth, to show him how necessary an investigation was to the good of the country and his own honour. Every speech from the Throne was, constitutionally speaking, the speech of the Minister, and as such they had a right to comment upon it boldly, and, if necessary, severely. They might be told that they should leave this to the Parliament, but before they determined on such a step, they ought to consider what the disposition of Parliament was in all cases of inquiry. They must all know that it was hostile to it. Ministers of all things dreaded it; and some how or other, he did not know how to explain, those Ministers had always the power of commanding a majority. Even when they changed their opinion, the majority changed along with them! Unless, therefore, they addressed his Majesty, they had little to hope from the Parliament; and he did not anticipate any objection to the Address which he was about to propose. His Lordship then proposed the following Address:—

"We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal Subjects, the Nobility, Clergy, Gentlemen, and Freeholders, of the County of Berks, beg leave to approach your Majesty's Throne, with feelings of sincere attachment and devotion to your Royal Person, of anxious solicitude for the honour of your Crown and the safety of your Dominions, and, at the same time, with sentiments of the deepest affliction, at the perilous situation of the Public Affairs of these kingdoms.

"It is unnecessary to remind your Majesty of the enormous burdens impressed on your people, for supporting the war in which we are engaged, of the species of taxation it has given rise to, novel in its principle, offensive and invidious in its collection, and oppressive beyond all example in its magnitude. Your Majesty has nevertheless seen that your subjects have patiently, and even cheerfully, submitted to sacrifices, as unexampled in the history of this country, as they have been injurious to numerous classes of its inhabitants, in the hope and confidence that the Councils of your Majesty, being directed by prudence and fidelity, the privations of your subjects would be but temporary, and that their zeal and sacrifices would be ultimately rewarded by the security of your Majesty's Throne, the prosperity of your dominions, and the confirmation of their own liberties and independence: It is, however, our duty and our misfortune to have it to state to your Majesty, that we discover neither wisdom, prudence, nor fidelity, in your Majesty's Advisers; that their acts are marked by every appearance of rashness, incapacity and folly; and that, under the government of persons so apparently inadequate to avert the dangers and difficulties, we see no end to our misfortune.

"We humbly crave particularly to call your Majesty's attention to the fruitless efforts of your gallant army during the last year. Your Majesty's Advisers had for their guidance and instruction in the last campaign in Spain and Portugal, the melancholy experience of the fate of the ever-to-be-lamented Sir John Moore, and the sufferings of his brave followers, and yet a second British army, superior in numbers to the first, and alike conspicuous for its gallantry and zeal, was sent there, and hurried into the heart of Spain, for no other purpose than that of making a useless display of valour, and meeting its own destruction. We crave your Majesty's gracious attention likewise to the fatal Expedition to the Scheldt, where the flower of your troops, without the opportunity of performing any exploit worthy of them, were permitted for months to perish by diseases peculiar to the climate, and which your Ministers must have known to be prevalent there at the time when they thus doomed your Majesty's troops to destruction. At the same time, we participate in the satisfaction which no doubt must be felt by your Majesty, when in contemplating these national disasters you observe, that the character of your army was every where exalted, and that its undaunted valour has always risen in proportion to the difficulties which it has had to encounter; a consideration, however, which must increase the regret and aggravate the disappointment which these disasters have occasioned.

"It is with equal grief and shame we are compelled further to submit to your Majesty's attention, that whilst the armies of your empire were perishing by famine and the sword in Spain, and by disease in Walcheren, your Majesty's Ministers, regardless alike of the honour of their Sovereign and the dangers of the country, have consumed the time (which ought to have been exclusively directed to the public service) in the most disgraceful squabbles, intrigues, and cabals, and have not hesitated, by publishing their transactions to the world, to expose your Majesty's Councils, and the character of your Government, to the ridicule and contempt of surrounding nations, and to prove themselves the faithless and unworthy servants of your Majesty and of the public. We humbly, therefore, supplicate your Majesty, that you will be pleased to constitute a most rigid inquiry into the causes of the calamitous issue of the two Expeditions to Spain and the Scheldt, and we rest assured, that your Majesty will do all that is in your power to prevent the recurrence of similar disasters, by bringing to condign punishment the authors of our misfortunes. We cannot conclude this our humble Petition to your Majesty, without alluding to your Majesty's gracious Answer to a similar Petition from the Mayor and Common Council of the City of London; in which your Majesty is pleased to refer the Petition to the wisdom of Parliament. We presume to state to your Majesty, that we have seen, for years past, with the deepest concern, that attempts to procure Parliamentary Inquiry upon the subject of our national misfortunes, have, in all cases, been unsuccessful: and in the course of the last Session we witnessed, with not less astonishment than indignation, that a system was adopted, and almost proclaimed, of protecting Public Men from Public Inquiry—a system which is in direct defiance of the uniform practice of the best periods of our history, and the most undoubted and invaluable principles of the Constitution. It is on this account that we presume to prefer this our Petition to your Majesty; in doing which we have the happiness to exercise that great and constitutional privilege, which was attempted to be taken from our ancestors by the arbitrary and unprincipled advisers of the House of Stuart, but which was for ever secured to us by that glorious Revolution which produced the happy succession of your Majesty's Family to the Throne of these Realms."

Mr. BLANDY seconded the Address.

Mr. MATTHEW MONTAGUE moved the previous question: he agreed in some of the principles avowed by the Noble Lord, but differed from him decidedly as to the necessity of an Address. If this was a time of danger, as he had represented, the Government should be strengthened and supported, instead of being opposed.

The Rev. Mr. BARRY seconded the motion. He observe,

that if Ministers acted wrong, the Parliament was able to correct them; but, while they were debating there, they were reporting their divisions to the enemy. At all times they ought to be careful of condemning men before they were heard in their defence. One great event had taken place during their Administration, the Jubilee to celebrate the 50th year of the reign of their most gracious Sovereign; and would it be decorous or respectful in three months after to pass a vote of censure on his Ministers, who had his full confidence and approbation?

Mr. HALLET said, the Address had his full concurrence.—He was distinctly of opinion, the country could not be saved without a Reform in Parliament.

Mr. CROFT warmly supported the Address.

Mr. MARSH also spoke in favour of the Address, and thought such meetings as the present tended to the greatest good.—He deprecated the line of policy pursued by Ministers towards the Catholics of Ireland. He then animadverted successively on the Expeditions to Copenhagen, Spain, the Mediterranean, and the Scheldt. The puny efforts made to create diversions in favour of Austria and Spain, resembled the demolition of a gingerbread giant by a school-boy, who generally began by nibbling off his toes and fingers.—[A laugh.]—He thought the indignity offered by Ministers to the City of London was a mean attempt to throw the hatred of the people from themselves upon the shoulders of our gracious Sovereign. Such conduct would produce more Jacobins and Whigs than all the Tom Paines that ever lived. Their only care was to keep peace with a Borough-monger.—[Hear! Hear!]

“What—(said Mr. Marsh) are we to sit down quietly and trust to the investigation of Parliament, after the specimen they gave us of their integrity in the Duke of York's business? Did they not gravely tell us, that there was neither corruption nor connivance at corruption?—But did the People believe them?” No! He was certain that nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand individuals in the country were of a contrary opinion. He trusted that the country would always be able to defend itself, both against foreign and domestic foes. The ancients had represented Liberty as a beautiful nymph, and worshipped her as a goddess; and, like most ladies, she required a little watching.—[A laugh]

Our ancestors celebrated her rites every three years; but septennial Parliaments were soon introduced, and the homage paid by Parliament to her shrine became less fervent.

Mr. DEANE, of Waltham, followed on the same side; and spoke of the hardships which arose to the People from the operation of the Assessed Taxes Act.

Mr. GOODLAKE said, he had been a Commissioner, and resigned on account of the harsh, severe, and oppressive measures of the Inspectors.

Mr. SULLS spoke in favour of the Address.

The HIGH SHERIFF put the question on the original motion, which was carried by a large majority.

Dr. DEANE moved, that their Representatives in Parliament should be instructed to use their endeavours, as far as lay in their power, in Parliament, to have the Office of Commissioners of Assessed Taxes done away with, and that all appeals should be tried by a Jury—which was carried in the affirmative.

Lord FOLKSTONE moved, that the High Sheriff should deliver the Address into his Majesty's hand, and if he found that impossible, that he should deliver it to the Secretary of State, which was agreed to.

Mr. C. DUNDAS, as the Meeting was breaking up, expressed his approbation of the Address.

At half-past two o'clock, on Tuesday, the corn-ing-house, No. 4, in the King's powder-mills, at Faversham, blew up with a most tremendous explosion. Of the six men employed in the building at the time, four were blown to pieces, and their bodies and limbs were scattered to a distance of upwards of 100 yards from the site of the building. One of the arms was found on the top of a high elm tree. The fifth man was taken up alive, but no hopes of his recovery are entertained. The sixth man, George Holmes, the foreman of the work, singular to relate, was found alive also, sitting in the midst of the smoking ruins, with his clothes burning; but he was otherwise

not much injured, and is likely to do well. At the door of the corn-ing-house was standing a tumbrill, or covered waggon, with two horses and a driver.—The waggon was blown to pieces, and the driver and horses were killed. Of three horses employed within the building, two have perished, but the third is living. The scattered remains of two of the men were collected last evening for interment; those of the other three had not been found. No circumstances have transpired, from which an opinion can be formed with respect to the cause of the accident: it is the third of the kind that has happened at these mills within these 7 years.

On Thursday last the powder mills at Chilworth, near Guildford, blew up, with a dreadful explosion. Providentially no persons were hurt.

A soldier belonging to the Buckingham Militia, lying on the heights of Dover, has confessed that he was concerned in the murder of Mr. Butcher, near Chatham. He was sentenced to receive 700 lashes for a recent offence, on which he made the above discovery; he, however, received 300 of them, in part, being as many as he was then able to bear.

The person who was the cause of the late fire, at the City of London Inn, at Dover, and represented himself to be a Russian gentleman, turns out to be a Russian, in the character of supercargo of a brig called the Elizabeth Alexevina, under Russian colours, and which has been detained there for a considerable time. He was a good deal burnt, but had no bones broken. The Magistrates have since committed him to prison. In the destruction of the Inn, Mr. Roblson, cork cutter, of Canterbury, perished in the flames.

After six weeks of incessant rain, the inhabitants of Plymouth were surprized with the most severe frost ever known in that southern climate. The thermometer, on Tuesday morning, in a south situation in the open air, stood at 18 degrees, viz. 14 degrees below the freezing point. Part of the river Tamar, from New Passage, was so frozen over, that boats broke through it, and the oars cracked the ice with their strokes.

On the 3d instant an awful accident happened in a coal-pit, in the parish of Madely, Shropshire. On the preceding night the sulphur took fire, and kindled the timbers which supported the roof, at which time there were 13 men and eight horses down, which, providentially, were all got up without injury. Next day, however, about noon, four men went down, for the purpose of endeavouring to extinguish the fire; but after remaining there half an hour, the sulphur became so powerful that they were all suffocated, without a possibility of rendering them any assistance.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

W. Kirkpatrick and R. Gort, Bread-street, Cheapside, warehousemen, from Jan. 16 to Jan. 30, at ten, at Guildhall.
R. Lyé, Goswell-street-road, builder, from Jan. 16 to Jan. 27, at ten, at Guildhall.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Hamber, New-road, Ratcliffe-highway, victualler. Attorney, Mr. Whitton, Great James-street, Bedford-row.
J. Rowley, Bow-lane, Cheapside, warehouseman. Attorney, Mr. Pullen, Fore-street, Cripplegate.
P. Didier and W. Tebbett, St. James's-street, Westminster, booksellers. Attornies, Messrs. Wilkinson and Young, Cavendish-square.
R. Swallow, Selby, Yorkshire, money-scrivener. Attornies, Messrs. Sykes and Knowles, New-Inn.
C. Hanbury, Seething-lane, corn-factor. Attornies, Messrs. Vandercom and Comyn, Bush-lane.
W. Biss, Bristol, coal-merchant. Attorney, Mr. Wm. Cox, Bristol.
W. Weightman, Birmingham, grocer. Attorney, Mr. Greenwood, Attleborough Hall, Warwickshire.
R. Marriett, Northampton, banker. Attorney, Mr. Abbey, Northampton.

- J. B. Bell and J. De Camp, Catherine-street, Strand, printers. Attornies, Messrs. Swan and Co. Old Jewry.
 J. Joynton, Stourport, Kidderminster, hop-merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Clarke and Pardoe, Bewdly.
 T. Hewson, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Pullen, Fore-street.
 J. Mason, Bradford, Wiltshire, linen-draper. Attorney, Mr. Shephard, Bath.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

I. Fennell, Bath, marble-mason.

BANKRUPTS.

- J. Barker, Sunderland, Durham, grocer and flour-dealer. Attorney, Mr. Donkin, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
 J. A. Singleton, Manchester, Lancashire, watch-maker. Attorney, Mr. Edge, Manchester.
 J. Johnson, Liverpool, tallow-chandler. Attornies, Messrs. Griffith and Co. Liverpool.
 R. Dyer, Dudley, Worcestershire, grocer. Attorney, Mr. Robinson, Dudley.
 J. Baily, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Haire, Hull.
 J. Heddon, Bristol, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Strickland, Bristol.
 M. Fischer, Leeds, Yorkshire, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Upton and Co. Leeds.
 W. Atchison, Newgate-street, boot and shoe-maker. Attorney, Mr. Allen, Carlisle-street, Soho.
 W. Porter, Hammersmith, common-brewer. Attorney, Mr. Willis, Great Ryder-street, St. James's.
 W. Parker, Gray's-Inn, money-scrivener. Attorney, Mr. Pasmore, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street.
 J. R. Pimm and W. F. Pimm, Mark-lane, corn-factors. Attorney, Mr. Hackett, Chancery-lane.
 T. Railey and J. Hunt, Kingston-upon-Hull, common brewers. Attornies, Messrs. T. and C. Frost, Kingston-upon-Hull.
 T. Capreol, Bishop-Stortford, Herts, money scrivener. Attorney, Mr. James, Dowgate-hill.
 A. Spencer, Basinghall-street, woollen-draper. Attorney, Mr. Oldham, St. Swithin's-lane, Lombard-street.
 J. Prime and J. Smith, Birmingham, hosiers. Attorney, Mr. Davies, Lothbury.
 T. Bigg, Bishopsgate-street Without, straw-hat-manufacturer. Attorney, Mr. Hudson, Winkworth-buildings, City-road.
 C. Walton, Manchester, grocer. Attorney, Mr. Jepson, Manchester.
 R. Ashby, Uxbridge, innkeeper. Attorney, Mr. Riches, Uxbridge.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Consols. . 68½ ex. div. | Red. Ann. 69 ½

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W., whose Correspondence is highly gratifying to the Editor, must accept his apologies for delaying to notice his two letters; but some delicacy with respect to criticising the merits of the work alluded to has withheld him from entering at large into the subject. It is but a piece of justice however due to a Lady and to the public to state, that the idea of an **ASYLUM FOR FRIENDLESS YOUNG LADIES**, which the EXAMINER conceived to have been first started by the writer of a Proposal criticised in this paper, originated not with that person but with Mrs. WHITFORD, author of various novels, and of a late publication on the subject called "Thoughts on establishing an Institution for Unportioned respectable Females."

The Editor also makes his best apologies to his Correspondent A. B., whose letter had been mislaid, and who is informed that the paper to which he alludes was supplied with an Editor some time ago.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, JANUARY 21.

LITTLE certain information has transpired during the past week. The best received piece of news is, that the Native Insurgents at Seringapatam had surrendered unconditionally; and the most probable piece, that the Hon. GEORGE VILLIERS, Paymaster of Marines, has been at last detected in an enormous defalcation, of which there is an account in another part of this Paper. The absence of certain intelligence is supplied, however, as usual, by a world of rumours—rumours of all kinds, fearful as well as fantastic. One moment the intelligence is purely amusing;—the next, it is dubious, neither amusing nor alarming;—the next, it is horrible enough to lift people's hats off their heads. In the course of a few days it has been reported, that a new treaty has been signed between France and America; that the Parisians, who are so famous for not daring to open their lips, are calling out for Peace; that the King of SWEDEN has been thrown, like a merman, on the coast of Suffolk; that Mr. BATHURST has been murdered on the Continent, of course by BONAPARTE'S order; that TALLEYRAND has had several manifest interviews with his master, and is restored to favour, though not to office; that BONAPARTE'S troops, disgusted perhaps at having nothing to do but conquer, are deserting in shoals; that BONAPARTE himself is about to marry two Princesses, ANNE of Russia, and a Princess of England, the French being certain of the one, and the Dutch quite as sure of the other; that he has had a terrible fit of the falling sickness, called by those sly fellows the Parisians, a cold; that his head, composed as it is of such fearful combustibles, caught fire the other night in his closet; that his Secretary springing to put it out without the least explanation, he shot him dead on the spot; and finally, "to close this eventful history," that he is dead himself. Such are the idle tales, which the ministerial slaves take care to circulate before every Session of Parliament, and with which the credulous public are equally eager to divert their attention. After fighting BONAPARTE in vain all over Europe, we are reduced to the necessity of vanquishing him in idea, and killing him in story; so much more powerful are our wishes than our deeds. This when indulged has ever been among the marks of a degenerate people, and though BONAPARTE has been compared a hundred times and in every way with PHILIP of Macedon, yet the *Ti kainon* of DEMOSTHENES never was exemplified so truly as at present. "You go about the market place," says the orator to his countrymen, "asking each other What news? What news? Why, can there be any thing newer, than that a Macedonian conquers the Athenians, and gives laws to all Greece?—Is PHILIP dead? I don't know by heaven, but he is undoubtedly sick.—And what then? If any thing has befallen him, your trifling and your time-serving will quickly raise up another PHILIP for you, for the man has

become great as he is, not so much by his own strength, as by your supineness."

Extract of a letter from Lisbon, dated Jan. 6:—

"The head-quarters of the British army are at Vigeo. The inducement for the late movements was the news that a French army, in very considerable force, was rapidly advancing. Ten or 15,000 troops are expected here from England.—It is lamentable to hear the progress of disease in the armies. In every town and village that they pass through, the hospitals are filled with the sick, and the deaths were so frequent, that (to use the expression of the soldiers) it required six or ten men a-day "to dig holes for them." The medical attendants attribute the disorders, in a great degree, to a deleterious beverage sold in all parts of the country, which is a spurious species of brandy. The sale of this liquor to the army is now prohibited."

A letter of the 28th August, from Prince of Wales' Island, states, that Lord Minto had reached Madras, and had disarmed the Officers of that establishment who had joined the confederacy of malcontents.

Mr. OAKLEY, the successor of Mr. JACKSON, sets off next week for America.

War between England and America would produce no possible good, but entail great expense, and various other evils, on both countries. Mr. GILES has, therefore, prudently brought a Bill into the Republican Legislature, to impose a temporary embargo on all shipping in the United States.

Lord WELLINGTON, whom, if he had been a French General, BONAPARTE would have dismissed from his service for so rashly hazarding the safety of a fine army, boasts in a late dispatch, that if it had not been for the unfortunate battle of Ocana, he would, ere this, have been on the Ebro. Very likely, as a prisoner, for his second presumption, for he would have had decreased means of opposition to a largely reinforced enemy.

The affair at the Isle of Bourbon is said to have been a *coup-de main*. The force by which it was effected was not adequate to keep the place. The population is stated to amount to no less than 25,000 souls; consequently a rising was to be apprehended, too numerous to be resisted by our 350 men of the 56th regiment, and our detachment of sepoys, with such part of the marines as could be spared from the frigates. Accordingly, the place was evacuated soon after its surrender. The storehouses, containing British captured goods, to the amount of half a million, were destroyed by the captors, from the impossibility of bringing the contents away.

As very erroneous opinions are entertained relative to the French Ports being open, it may be useful to many persons to know, that our Government have for some time past refused to grant licences permitting the importation of wine, brandy, geneva, clover seed, and other articles which are the superabundant native produce of France and Holland (corn and burr stones excepted); and it appears that the licences lately granted in France, expressly allowing their exportation, have in no shape induced Government to relax in their orders for strictly preventing their introduction into this country. It may also be remarked, from the tenor of the answers now given at the Treasury, that applications for the revival of this trade are perfectly useless.

In a recent publication, entitled, "Observations on Matters of Prize, by a Proctor," the emoluments of the KING'S ADVOCATE is stated to be from 25 to 30,000*l.* per annum. In the "Third Report of the Public Expenditure of the United Kingdom," ordered to be printed 29th June, 1808, the salary of the KING'S ADVOCATE is stated at TWENTY POUNDS per annum; but no statement of the ANNUAL VALUE, OF EMOLUMENT, appears to have been made. It has been surmised that the Minister will move for an AMENDED Report, in which the annual value and advantages of the places and offices mentioned in the Third Report, will be directed to be stated on the oaths of the parties and their deputies.

A CAUTION.—Many very serious accidents having occurred during the last frost, in consequence of persons neglecting to clean their door ways, it is hoped that the law will be strictly enforced against all who are chargeable with such gross inattention.

A Constant Reader (RUGANTINO) writes,—"The public ought to know that the greater part of the burglaries that have lately disgraced the western part of the metropolis, have been committed by a gang of housebreakers who daily assemble at an infamous *Flash House* in the Parish of St. Ann's, Soho. Should any Magistrate be desirous of knowing the house alluded to, such information shall be transmitted without delay."

CLERICAL SUPINENESS.—In a certain Parish in Westminster, the Rector resides in the country;—once a month he comes to town and preaches a *single* Sermon, for which he receives about *eleven hundred* a year. Exactly three doors from the Parish Church alluded to, a notorious brothel carries on a flourishing trade, perfectly unmolested by either Clergy or Parish Officers.

A considerable disturbance occurred last Monday night at one of the Debating Forums, in consequence of none of the orators attending to amuse their customers. The company demanded that the cash paid at the doors should be returned. This being but partially acceded to, much scrambling and confusion was the consequence. Several persons, in endeavouring to regain their shillings, were considerably bruised and hurt.

A gang of desperate fellows have lately infested the city of an evening, for the purpose of robbing the carts employed by inns and warehouses in the delivery of goods. These robbers generally go six or eight together; one of the party manages to insult and quarrel with the driver, while his companions are engaged in plundering the cart.

Tuesday the Lord Mayor ordered the price of bread to be raised 1*d.* in the peck loaf. The quartern loaf of wheaten is now sold for 1*s.* 4*d.* and household 1*s.* 3*d.*

On Tuesday a Ballot was taken at the India House for the Election of a Director, in the room of Sir WILLIAM BENSLEY, deceased. At six o'clock the Glasses were delivered to the Scrutineers, who reported the numbers to be in favour of Colonel TAYLOR.

A gentleman on Thursday, in Oxford-street, accidentally slipping from the pavement, the mere suddenness of the shock fractured the *Patella* of his left knee, which was separated in the centre, and one part went down his shin, and the other above his knee.—Such is the structure of this bone, that it would require the stroke of a cleaver to cut it asunder, and yet in this case, as in others of a like nature, the separation was occasioned by the sudden force of the muscles of the leg and thigh.

PUBLIC ABUSES.

ARMY MEDICAL BOARD.

[The following article is taken from a book just published by Dr. MACLEAN, entitled "An Analytical View of the Medical Department of the British Army," a work full of interesting details concerning the multiplied abuses so long practised in this vital Department of the Public Service. Making every allowance for any warmth of colouring, arising from the justly wounded feelings of the Author, a picture of ignorance, favouritism, and corruption, is exhibited, which must strike every reader with wonder and indignation.]

The Board consists of three Members, a Physician-General, Surgeon-General, and Inspector-General of Army Hospitals. Every man of common powers of understanding would conclude that some small portion of experience and practical observation, in camps, and in hot climates, might be necessary to enable these *general* officers to discharge, with judgment and success, the important duties of their situations—duties, on the faithful and enlightened performance of which may depend not only the fate of armies, but eventually the fate of empires. But how, without supposing supernatural talents, can such knowledge be acquired in the common routine of hospital practice in London, where the diseases most incidental to armies seldom, if ever, occur? Let us try the individual merits of the present occupiers by our first principle.

Sir LUCAS PEREY, Physician-General, and presiding Member of the Medical Board, if ever he has been beyond the bills of mortality, or the watering places, is well known never to have been in foreign climates, or to have served in any medical capacity in the army, previous to his having obtained the highest rank in that department. In proof of the fact, let us hear Sir Lucas himself, in his answers to the queries of the Commissioners of Military Enquiry. (See Fifth Report, p. 99, 102.)

Q. "What acquaintance had you with Army Medical practice, previous to your appointment to be Physician-General to the Army in January, 1794?"

A. "None."

Q. "What acquaintance have you had since your appointment with Army Hospital practice?"

A. "None, personally."

Q. "Do you ever visit an Army Hospital and examine into the conduct of it?"

A. "I am just returned from visiting an Army Hospital, at the barrack, at Maldon, in Essex." (For the first time, I presume, in his life.)

Q. "Have you ever visited the York Hospital, at Chelsea?"

A. "NEVER!"

In corroboration of the inference, we learn, from their own official documents, that the three Members of the Medical Board are incompetent to direct the fitting up properly of a medicine chest for 250 men for one year. While they incur an enormous expense by an excessive quantity of articles in little use, and of some which are never employed, the *twelve months allowance* of the principal and most active medicines used in modern army practice, is not sufficient, under probable contingencies, for the expenditure of *one week!* And it is not sufficient that this allowance should be regulated by invoices, but the surgeon is expected to consume his practice *gratis*. I have known more than the quantity allotted for 250 men for one year, of one of the most essential articles employed in medicine, necessarily consumed by one sol-

dier in *one* day. (For the invoice, see Medical Observer, vol. iv. p. 187, 188.) On this point I am willing to rest the question of the ignorance of the Medical Board of the necessities of armies in hot climates and on foreign service, and ready to prove it, if the means be afforded me. These observations of course apply to the other Members of the Board, as well as to the Physician-General.

Mr. KEATE, Surgeon-General, and second Member of the Medical Board, must have acquired his experience of the necessities of armies in foreign climates, from the limited scene of casualties which may have occurred in the regular routine of parades at the Horse Guards, or occasional field days and reviews in Hyde Park and Wimbledon Common.

Mr. KNIGHT, Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, and third Member of the Medical Board, in respect to foreign travel, may be said to have some little advantage over Mr. Keate, having once crossed the channel in the family of the Commander in Chief, in the memorable expedition to Holland.

To this statement, it will perhaps be objected that, although the Members of the Medical Board know nothing, absolutely nothing, of the necessities of armies, or the treatment of diseases, in hot climates and on active service, this deficiency may be made up by the knowledge and experience of their assistants. Were this really the case, the consequence ought to be, that the principals should be dismissed as useless, and the deputies advanced to the situation of principals. But in a subsequent part of this enquiry, I shall have occasion to shew that the Surgeon-General's Assistant is as destitute of the necessary qualifications for the office as his uncle, and that according to the opinions of the other two Members of the Board, the Inspector-General's Deputy is, if possible, more unfit for dictating the practice of Regimental Surgeons than his superior in the department.

In the construction of this Board alone, if I be not widely mistaken, we shall find the principal source of the calamities of our armies. That men so unacquainted with foreign service, and with hot climates, should have been placed in situations, in which it becomes their duty to decide respecting the medical operations of those who attend armies under circumstances the most prolific of disease, is obviously a source of more destruction to the British soldier, than pestilence, or famine, or even the swords of the enemy.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 63.

COVENT-GARDEN.

STEELE'S *Conscious Lovers*, the best sentimental comedy in the language, was performed here on Tuesday, and went off with as much effect as such comedies can produce in such an age. The taste of the town must be gradually led round from the buffoonery in which it has so long been exercised, before it can relish the delicate character and graceful sentiment of our purer dramatists. We have been like these unfortunate youths, who having got among frivolous acquaintances, place all their enjoyment and idea of social wit in horse-laughter and a certain noisy nonsense, removed from all that is elegant, rational, and respectable. In this condition, if any true enjoyment or thinking approaches us, it is not only unseasonable to the taste, but acts upon the conscious feelings like a re-



proof and is petulantly resisted. If the town, however, is not yet converted to a proper estimation of the drama, if it yet suffers itself to be cajoled, for a few evenings at a time, by a broad and bald-headed Muse, whose whole charm consists in being ridiculous, it has nevertheless acquired judgment enough to condemn what it has not yet destroyed; the huge short-lived farces may still raise laughter among the better part of the audience, but at least half of the acknowledgment is due to contempt, and at every stale joke a good-humoured groan goes round among the wits. Few persons, even among those who consent to be amused by these productions, are so hardy as to give any serious praise to the modern farci-comic writers; Messrs. DIBBIN, REYNOLDS, and COBB have become what even their plays cannot hope to be, a standing jest; and what with the late mischances and disputes that have roused the public attention to theatrical matters, the town is just now in that temper, which by a few seasonable endeavours may probably do much for the restoration of the polite drama. Of this more in my next.

To witness the *Conscious Lovers*, after being pestered with all the new nonsense at the Lyceum, is like going out of a tavern-cellar into an elegant company. Taste and improvement breathe again: you have a respect for yourself and your society; and are prepared once more to venerate the use and beauty of social dialogue. The play is not remarkable either for strong writing or for wit; but its best scenes are in a charming strain of unaffected knowledge, the sentiments as delicate as rational, and the insights into human nature of that nice and feeling discrimination which is the first characteristic of STEELE'S writings. It is this talent, exemplified throughout the *Tatler* and *Spectator* in so many nice varieties of character and so many touches of pathos exquisitely careless, which certainly gives him the palm of invention in those admirable works, though his genius has been overpowered by the wit and the more dignified wisdom of ADDISON. The characters of the play are kept up with truth and pleasing contrast to the last—the gentlemanly authority of *Sir John Bevil* and the less prejudiced plain sense of *Mr. Sealand*, who had seen the world—the accomplished sensibility of *Indiana* and the freer though innocent spirit of *Lucinda*—the young coxcomb servant of *Bevil*, and the old staid servant of his father—and lastly, the high gentlemanly rationality and pure manliness of *Bevil* opposed to the intemperate enthusiasm of his friend *Myrtle*. The challenge-scene between these two gentlemen is well known to every body from childhood, and is one of the best practical arguments that ever were furnished against duelling, since the person challenged has at the same time warmth enough to be worked into momentary provocation, yet philosophy enough to conquer by explanation. It was a delicate point to shew the hero of a play withstanding a challenge and at the same time preserving his character with the audience, and yet this is what STEELE has done by the mere force of his hero's solid consistency of character. If we except the coarse character of *Cimberton*, into whose mouth, as satirists are too apt to do, the author put more than was needed, all the scenes are of a piece with this instruction, not omitting the playful follies of *Mr. Tom* and *Mrs. Phillis*, who shew us in what rank of life the coxcomb and flippant coquet ought to be found. The translations of this comedy sufficiently prove its estimation on the Continent, where the imitation of TERENCE and of nature is still reckoned a

mark of taste, and the modern English drama is known only to be despised.

It is not easy to conceive a better *Bevil* than Mr. C. KEMBLE. His gentlemanly air and elegant composure seem peculiarly fitted for this naturalized *Grandison*. He felt the part to be worthy of his best exertion, and never suffered his manner to degenerate into the languor which he has been too apt to indulge. Mrs. C. KEMBLE, with her broad coquetry and strong feeling of caricature, was quite at home, to use a newspaper phrase, in the vivacious lady's maid; and Mr. JONES, who in higher characters has too much flippancy to settle himself into the real gentleman, was equally *qu fait* in *Tom*, whose tripping volubility and affectation could not have found so good a representative on the stage, especially when it is considered that to a face quite as vacant as Mr. DE CAMP'S, Mr. JONES adds a much neater person and a tone more naturally familiar. In that humorous passage, in which he describes his first amorous interview with *Mrs. Phillis*, when they were employed to clean the two sides of a window, he would produce perhaps a more humorous effect, were he to make a longer and more amiable pause before the last sentence—"when my lips approached—a dirty cloth you rubbed against my face, and hid your beautiful form: when I again drew near, you spit, and rubbed, and—
smiled at my undoing."

THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. EDITOR.—My indignation has been frequently excited, on being a painful spectator of the manner in which many of our best dramas are "got up" at the London Theatres, for to them we very naturally look up for a near approach to perfection in all that concerns the "mimic world," and the public have an undoubted right to expect good performers in every department, as well as the most sedulous attention to all the minutiae that may add to the "illusion of the scene."—A few evenings ago, I was at the representation of *King Lear* at Covent Garden Theatre, and as you, Mr. EDITOR, have no doubt seen that play this season, you will readily conceive the unpleasant emotions I felt, in common with every lover of the great SHAKESPEARE and of good acting, when I saw the amiable, interesting, and heroic *Cordelia* personified by that automaton Miss BRISTOW—to put a mere puppet in a character upon which so considerable a portion of the Tragedy's interest depends! It is far from my intention, Mr. EDITOR, to insinuate a syllable that may be construed into disrespect to the fair sex, for though I cannot allow Miss BRISTOW to be even a tolerable actress, yet it must be added, she possesses a good figure and a pretty face; these are certainly good requisites for an actress of young characters, but they are only two out of many, and unluckily the only two of which Miss BRISTOW can boast, which cannot be denied by any one who has had the ill luck to see and hear her in *Cordelia*. Our divine Bard of Avon's "words that glow" and "thoughts that burn," in her mouth lose their beauty, and evaporate either in screams or monotonous declamation. Is it not highly reprehensible in the Managers, and does it not shew a blameable inattention to the respectability of the national Drama on the part of the Public, (with scarce a sound of disapprobation), to suffer such an attack upon good taste, week after week, in so bad a representation of a character in every way good? Why should not COOKE and YOUNG play the *Duke of Kent* and the *Bastard*, instead of sending on CRESWELL and BRUNTON, to "strut and fret their hour on the stage?" the former to swallow half his words; the latter with his stumbling, piping, affected tone, reminding one of the unmeaning chaunt of a Lady's maid. Although *Regan* and *Goneril* are disgusting characters, it is necessary that their representatives should speak so as

to be heard in the middle of the Pit, but even that can scarcely be expected from that abbeſs-like matron, Mrs. ST. LEGER; oppressed as ſhe is by her own unwieldineſs, and compressed by her ſtays, ſhe tortures our ears with ſounds aguttural as they are indiſtinct. *Goneſil* (Mrs. HUMPHRIES) though a perfect contrast in figure, is yet much in need of a voice more powerful, and an enunciation more diſtinctly marked. Much has been ſaid and written on KEMBLE'S *Lear*—it is certainly unequal; at times moſt excellent, and then merely reſpectable, for he has played it better than he does this ſeaſon. But his brother CHARLES, in *Edgar*, is every thing the moſt rigid critic can wiſh; it is a performance of ſingular merit, and is a good omen of his future fame, for he literally “*towers above himſelf.*”

The motive, Mr. Editor, which impels me thus to trouble you, ariſes from a cauſe in which you will cordially join—an ardent deſire to ſee the management of our metropolitan Theatres ſo conducted, that we may not have our feelings outraged by ſo frequent a repetition of good characters vilely played, nor our common ſenſe injured, by the introduction of coſtume * and ſcenery groſsly miſapplied; inſtances of which are ſo numerous, that yourſelf and Theatrical Readers may, with little exertion of intellect, recollect a hundred.

Finſbury-square, Jan. 8, 1810.

CLAUDIO.

* I ſaw “*Much Ado about Nothing*,” at the late Covent-Garden Theatre, about two years ſince, in which, notwithstanding the ſcene is laid in Meſſina above two hundred years ago, and the characters are Sicilians, I had the pleaſure to ſee *Benedict* in the full uniform of a *British Infantry Officer* of the preſent day, *Leonato* in the dreſs of an *English Gentleman* of the year 1750, and moſt of the other characters dreſſed in the ſame appropriate manner; but it muſt be all right, for it is under the ſuperintendance of that man of claſſic lore, Mr. J. P. KEMBLE!!

THE OPERA.

SIR.—The opera advertisements for Tueſday laſt promiſed a relief from the dullneſs of GUGLIELMI'S muſic by announcing the revival of PER'S opera of *Il Principe de Taranto*, a compoſition that diſplays a ſcientific taſte in the diſpoſition of the accompaniments and the conſtruction of the harmony, as well as conſiderable elegance in the melodies; but my expectations were not a little diſappointed when I diſcovered in the progreſs of the performance, that all the moſt favourite compoſitions were expunged to make room for new ſongs and duets, the greater part of which, from their intolerable ſameneſs and want of merit of every kind, I ſhould take to be the production of that worſt of bad compoſers, GUGLIELMI; ſo that the opera in its *re-written* ſtate has no more title to the name of PER, than Mr. ELLISTON'S burletta of *Macbeth* has to that of SHAKESPEARE. For the contemptible deceit thus practiſed upon the public they are indebted to the Chevalier LA CAINEA, a muſical profeſſor, who has the direction of the orchestra this ſeaſon, and has already ſufficiently proved his bad taſte by the ſelection of operas deſtitute of every ſpecies of merit. Not above five or ſix of the compoſitions of PER have been retained, and the effect of thoſe was deſtroyed by the indifferent manner in which they were executed. COLLINI and BIANCHI ſeem to have a great predilection for the ancient Greek muſic, and by contriving to ſing a dieſis or quarter-tone too flat, convert the muſic into jarring ſounds that can delight none but themſelves; they were aided in their diſcordant efforts of Tueſday by one SIGNORA MORANDI, with a voice like the reſinous whizzing of a hurdy-gurdy, who made her firſt, and it is to be hoped her laſt appearance, on that occaſion. SIGNOR TRAMONTANI was the only performer who appeared to advantage, and his performance would be much more ſatisfactory if he would divest himſelf of the appearance of being his own admirer; vanity is perceptible in every ſimper, and his ſmiles ſeem to carry with them the ſelf-conviction, that he is the model of perfection and ſource of univerſal admiration.

I obſerve by laſt Sunday's EXAMINER, that “A CON-

STANT READER” is indignant at the cenſure paſſed on Mr. D'EGVILLE'S Academy, and perfectly ſatisfied that it has always been conducted with the ſtricteſt propriety. I know not where his enquiries have been made, but am afraid thoſe who know Mr. D'EGVILLE beſt do not exactly agree with him or conſider the delicate oaths and epithets with which he accompanies his inſtructions in ſo very ſatisfactory a light as that in which your CONSTANT READER views them. But it is not the conduct of Mr. D'EGVILLE or of his pupils that I moſt condemn,—it is the principle of the thing,—the dangerous tendency of the inſtitution, which evidently leads to profligacy and prostitution. I unhappily diſagree with your CONSTANT READER in perceiving no difference between the reputation of a ſtage dancer and a dancer in a ball-room. In the latter place, I muſt confeſs, I never ſaw a Lady enter fitted with a tight pair of fleſh coloured pantaloons, and covered with only one thin piece of muſlin, deſcending little lower than her knee; I never ſaw ſuch a Lady extending her leg to a right angle with a body, and by a twirl in that poſition expoſe her form from head to foot, to the full gaze of the aſſembly; but, if I had ſeen ſuch an exhibition, I ſhould have pronounced the woman to be divested of modeſty; and I will aſk your Correoſpondent candidly, whether he would not coincide with me? Yet this is nothing more than Miſs GAYTON was conſtantly doing on the opera-ſtage. Happily, however, ſhe was reſcued from it while yet a child, and creditable as it may have been to her to have withſtood the dangers to which her parents and Mr. D'EGVILLE expoſed her, it does not at all follow that others may not fall into the ſnares ſhe ſo fortunately eſcaped. The obſervation of the CONSTANT READER, that the Inſtitution “tends to procure for ſome of the *pooreſt claſſes* of ſociety the means of earning their livelihood,” will not be reſiſhed by the pupils and their relations; nor do I think it has any weight, ſince employment is always to be found by the lower orders; and an affectionate parent would prefer ſeeing his daughter an honeſt induſtrious ſervant, than decked in the ſplendid trapping and poſſeſſed of the contemptible arts of prostitution.—For want of argument, your CONSTANT READER concludes with the hack-nied remark, that we ſhould endeavour to convince foreigners that England can produce dancers as good as thoſe of France; now I think that it is a much greater credit to our countrywomen that they do not excel in the profeſſion, for I am willing to believe that the failure proceeds from the characteristic delicacy of our nation, which is certainly a much more glorious boaſt than that of having women who can lift their feet higher than their heads.

H. R.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY ARCHITECTURAL LECTURES.

A fortnight ſince, Mr. SOANE, the Profeſſor of Architecture to the Royal Academy, repeated his Introductory Diſcourſe to a Series of Lectures to be delivered on ſeveral ſucceſſive Mondays. Laſt Monday he read his ſecond Lecture to a large audience of Academicians, Students, Architectural Profeſſors, and Amateurs, who received much information and amuſement from the knowledge it conveyed, and from the numerous beautiful Drawings which aſſiſted to embellish and elucidate it. In his Introductory Lecture, a Sketch of which was given in the EXAMINER after its firſt delivery, he exhibited a general view of the riſe and progreſs of Architecture in India, various other parts of Aſia, and in Egypt. In laſt Monday's Lecture he followed this charming Art into Italy, in which 600 years elapſed from the time of ROMULUS, before it obtained any diſtinction, previously to which the ſtructures were mean. At the cloſe of the ſeventh century from the building of Rome, AUGUSTUS made the honourable boaſt, that he found it a city of brick, but had left it a city of marble.—Many of the ſubſequent Roman Emperors were illuſtrious

promoters of Architecture, and attested their admiration of it by the unsurpassed splendor of the numerous edifices which they caused to be raised. It flourished in vigor for about two centuries from the time of AUGUSTUS, when it gradually declined with the increasing degeneracy and feebleness of the Roman Empire, and its genuine principles were utterly extinguished with the other arts, during the Gothic era. The learned Professor traced its restoration in Italy by PALLADIO, the RAFAELE of Architecture, by SCAMOZZI, VIGNIOLA, and others, and shewed in what respects those great Artists deviated from the Grecian standard. He divided the Orders according to VITRUVIUS, into the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, which, he said, contained all the essential constituents of Architecture, though the Tuscan and Composite are usually included in the varieties of the Orders. He narrated the origin and history of the three grand Orders. The grave and robust Doric, invented by the Dorians, was most generally adopted in Greece previously to the time of ALEXANDER, a prince far more illustrious for his attachment to the Fine Arts, which promote the dignity and happiness of man, than for his genius and love for the science of War, which degrades and destroys him. He shewed how the component parts of the Doric were applied by VITRUVIUS. He equally explained the origin and improvement of the Ionic Order, more slender and graceful than the Doric, and denominated from its originators, the Ionians. He similarly explained the Corinthian, the most graceful, rich, and magnificent of all, comprehending indeed the perfection of the Architectural Art, and described the slow and cautious advancement in the Art, even among the Greeks, as a lesson of diffidence to the Student and the Professor. He observed, that Sculpture was an embellishment to Architecture similar to what lace was to dress. He said that Italy contained the best specimens of the Grecian Order, but that they must have derived their knowledge of it from the unrivalled Greeks. He shewed some drawings of the Capitals and Columns said to be adopted in the famous Temple of Jerusalem, and from which the Corinthian has been thought to have been derived, but said that they were copied from unauthenticated data.

The enlightened Professor will be heard with much more effect if he will be as attentive to the delivery as he is to the composition of his Lecture. He frequently mortifies his audience while reading an interesting passage, by suddenly stopping where there is no grammatical stop, and after uttering a few words of the unfinished sentence. He does this in order to exhibit and arrange the drawings, which he might as conveniently accomplish by waiting for the sanction of his arrival at a period. As he stops where he should not, so he often hurries on where he should stop, and rushes from the last word of a previous sentence into the first words of a subsequent one, and frequently varies from a slow to a most rapid utterance. This is more inexcusable as his audience can never tire in listening to the matter of his discourse.

R. H.

[The following Letter is inserted in the EXAMINER, simply because the writer could procure it's admission neither in the publication in which he was attacked, nor in another periodical work. It is therefore to be considered as an answer to the attack, and must of course be replied to, if any reply be necessary, in the same quarter. If Mr. ELMES had been so treated by the *Monthly Magazine*, he would have been so assisted by the EXAMINER; but he must not suppose me

bound to admit another attack of his, in reply to the preliminary hard names Mr. LANDSEER has given him—an attack, too, professing to “care nothing for the question” in dispute, but full of the very fault, scurrility, which he so much deprecates in his opponent, whom he calls a *malignant, venomous, pitiful, hot-headed, calumnious, horrible, contemptible pseudo-critic*, not to mention a *copper-squire, chimney-sweeper, and scavenger*. After this specimen, which is the main substance of the letter, the reader cannot, and Mr. ELMES surely ought not to lament the suppression of the rest. As to the merits of the case, I do not thoroughly understand them, and am totally unconscious of being a party to the confidential explanations which Mr. ELMES may have given to other persons.—EDITOR.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Queen Anne-street East, Oct. 14. 1809.

In reply to a letter which appeared in your last number, which makes very foolishly free with my name, and is subscribed with that of JAMES ELMES, I beg leave respectfully to assure your numerous readers, that I have not the honour of being the author of the excellent ironical Encomium on his Design for a Triumphal Arch, which he idly persists in ascribing to me, and which appeared in the *Beau Monde* and *Monthly Register* for May last.

I would further beg leave to assure those who may think it necessary for me to contradict a bare-faced scandal from the pen of Mr. Elmes, that I did not, as he affirms, “employ two Gentlemen to go round the rooms of the Royal Academy and mark catalogues with their opinions, being fearful of being seen engaged in the task myself.” The motive is no motive of mine, and the fact is so perfectly unimportant to the public, that it would not be worth denial, did not the denial reflect just so much light as may serve to shew, that the modest and mysterious loveliness of Mr. Elmes's *present design*, may even vie with the transcendent wonders of his *Triumphal Arch*.

His other assertion, that I wrote the Address “to the Public,” which he has thought proper to quote, and which appeared in the *Beau Monde* of the succeeding month, is equally false. Had he followed the advice which he acknowledges himself to have received from me, of applying to the Editor of that publication for the information which he professed to want, he had spared himself the ridicule and the shame to which he must now submit.

He has in truth brought himself to a very perplexing dilemma. He cannot move a single step further without following my former advice. He must now either appeal to that Editor, to whom I recommended him in June last; or he must retrace the labyrinth which he has passed; or he must stand still to be laughed and pointed at.

When he exhibited his miserable heroes and ludicrous arraigning, &c. the young architects, over whom he presides in Mr. Wood's absence, might have hoped he was arrived at the climax of his absurdities; but he now exhibits the more ridiculous spectacle of a wayward V. P. of the L. A. S. (Vice President of the London Architectural Society!) who refuses firm ground, and prefers to build on that which is obviously slippery on the surface, and rotten beneath.

The young men who have been quizzing him with better information than that which I offered, may now seal and ratify their hoax, by inscribing the chair of his dignity and “high estate,” with one of the following admonitory mottoes:—

A wise Architect buildeth not on a rotten foundation: neither constructeth he the main pillars of his edifice of unsound materials.

The youthful plasterer who would improve Westminster, let him first sit resolutely down to the task of improving himself.

By way of sermon to these texts, I will now favour the accomplished Vice President of the London, &c. &c., the super-eminent designer of the aforesaid Triumphal Arch, and of my mausoleum, with a word or two more of advice, in which I shall endeavour to assume a more serious tone.

Before he dares present himself again before the public as

a writer on moral rectitude or the philosophy of fine art, let him seek to attain higher and better principles than his head or his heart have yet imparted to his pen. Let him learn to distinguish upright and manly motive, from the serpent undulations of arrogance and adulation: the love of disinterested virtue, from the vile, groveling craft, by which our arts and our country are too fatally besotted—which presses the ground with its belly in one place, that it may raise its crest in another, and licks the dust from the feet of the wealthy and the powerful, that it may oppress the modest, or impose on the credulous.—If Mr. Elmes does this, and if he can prevail on the co-adjutor to whom he is for the present wedded, from whom I have also received letters of the same kind as those from the Vice President, to “go and do likewise,” they will find in me—I will not affect to say a feeble or a powerful, but—no reluctant, friend.

Of the *Quarterly Review of Art*, which is politely alluded to in Mr. Elmes' letter, and which I can prove, if it were necessary, that this amiable, learned, wise, and happy couple, only affect to condemn, I should think it no disparagement (so much is the Vice President mistaken on this point also) to have written a considerable part—countenanced as I am in my belief of the soundness of its principles by the approbation of Gentlemen of the very first taste in fine art: and I have the pleasure to inform this writer, that notwithstanding the pause at the close of the first volume, I do not believe that work to be at an end, or to have failed in its purpose, as he may flatter himself he has had the cunning to assert. In short, if I have any where written anonymously, it cannot be urged in proof that I am vain on that score, though I confess I am proud when the Elmeses oppose me.

But I sat down without any conviction of the necessity of defending myself from such imputations. I return, therefore, to my better purpose, which is, in the exposure of error and insidiousness, to impart what I conceive to be principle.

It is the customary policy of such characters as are described above, to endeavour to direct the public attention, upon such occasions as the present, or when their works of whatever kind become the subject of criticism, FROM what is written, to WHO has written, as if TRUTH were not of intrinsic and independent value, and was only discernible from falsehood by the signature which might be attached to it. But the sensible part of society are not to be thus cajoled, though the unreflecting may. They well know that WHAT is written for them is the primary object of their attention, and that the principle of gravitation is not true because Newton declared its truth, nor that the squares of the base and perpendicular of every right angled-triangle are together equal to that of the hypotenuse, because Pythagoras has formerly said so. No! we love Newton and other great men on account of the truths they have imparted,—not value truth on account of the Newtons,—and this is the kind of love,—from Britannia herself,—to which an English artist, or man of science, should aspire—not to the maudlin liking of the temporising and intriguing. For the above reasons, though Mr. Elmes should write volumes in order to prove Mr. Landseer, or Mr. any body else, to be the author of the Critical Remarks which appeared in the *Beau Monde* on his two architectural designs; and, ergo, that the Criticism is unjust because Mr. L. is the author—for this is the amount of his logic—though he might excite the commiseration of his co-partner, he would only excite the laughter of reasonable men. This principle of the immutability and intrinsic value of truth, is a rock against which such persons as the lovely and loving pair before me may dash their watery brains to foam, if they please—but the rock will remain.

Upon this principle, and for the sake of doing what little may be in my power toward the suppression of mountebank pretensions, I hereby declare myself ready and willing, upon one condition only, to undertake to defend the author of the Criticisms—(the truth of which, I wren, has so highly offended Mr. E.)—on his Arch of Triumph, and what he calls an “Aquatic Temple.”

The former, which I well remember was ridiculously inscribed with the word “Immortality,” is no longer before the

public, and its author seems, therefore, to have inferred that he may say, or at least inculcate, with impunity, that it is worthy of its inscription and its ostensible purpose; that its fore-shortened houses are elevations, and its area-railling sublime; that it is worthy to be placed before the Commissioners for the Improvement of Westminster; or, with his Encomiast, that “the artist has admirably succeeded in combining truth of linear and aerial perspective with picturesque composition, and the brilliancy, force, and clearness of sunshine in the lights and shadows! But these excellencies, however much they may enhance the value of the work, by no means constitute its chief excellence. It is a design that does the highest honour to the talents of the architect! and which, as it would also be the greatest ornament to the Metropolis! we trust we shall see carried into effect.”

I shall only suggest to Mr. E.—and this is the sole condition which I meant to propose,—before he writes or says any thing more about his Arch, or his Arch Reviewer—the indismissible propriety, after what has passed, of *again exhibiting the Design itself*; unless he should be prepared to state that the Honourable Commissioners for the Improvement of Westminster have adopted it; or that the said Commissioners certainly would have knocked down Storey's Gate, and have adopted it, but that something rather better happened to be offered, which just put it aside for the present, but that St. Paul's, or Buckingham Gate, or some other gate, will assuredly be knocked down to make room for it at some future day.

As it concerns not the public who wrote the Critique which has drawn forth so much of this Gentleman's displeasure, so it is indifferent to me to whom he ascribes it; and, notwithstanding my general denial (which Mr. E. will no longer dispute) that I wrote the Review of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, it is still possible that I may have written, *sub rosa*, the few wicked sentences about the Triumphal Arch, that follow the encomiastic irony which he solemnly disclaims to have written himself. I do, therefore, hereby inform Mr. James Elmes, Vice President of the London, &c. &c. that he is very welcome either to affirm or deny this: I shall not contradict him.

To prevent misrepresentation, the following are the sentences to which I allude: “The truth is, that this Design is neither an elevation nor a perspective view, but a confused and incoherent jumble of both, calculated only to impose on the ignorant; that the ornamental figures are miserably designed, and that the boasted sunshine of the lights and shadows, is nothing but moonshine. The greatest novelty, and one of the most staring features of Mr. Elmes's design, is his area railing, which if it were designed to invite thieves to descend, and children to break their necks, could not have been more effectually contrived to counteract the purposes of area railing. On the whole, this is a poor performance, very unfit in our estimation to be ‘now’ before the Honourable the Commissioners for the Improvement of Westminster, or before the public.”

I must now again call on the architect to exhibit his Design, as the only solid refutation of these naughty words, and “the happy consummation (as Mr. E. himself has it) of his labours.”

Upon this one condition (to which Mr. E. cannot reasonably object, without objecting to the extension of his own fame), of his again exhibiting his Design without any alteration for one fortnight, either at Sir Richard Phillips' shop; or that of Messrs. Cadell and Davies; or that of Messrs. Longman and Co. where his name is not unknown, and where his co-mate will not blush to introduce him; or in any other place of public resort, and exhibiting along with it the whole of the Review as it appeared in the *Beau Monde*, I will, and do, pledge myself to justify the reviewer, or rather to rivet his remarks on

* The fact is, and the public ought to know it, that the tasteless Honourable Commissioners had rejected this Design before it was exhibited at the Academy, but that the towering genius of the Vice President was not to be thus humbled, nor his hatred of falsehood to be thus lulled asleep.

the mind of those who may think such things worthy of their attention. Of course, on so important an occasion, he will not fail in your next Number to give due notice of time and place.

To conclude, for it is high time—Having stated some of the falsehoods in Mr. Elmes' Address to you, it is but just that I should add what is true.

It is true that he *did* address to me the two indecorous letters, of which he has now the folly to think that garbled extracts are worthy the attention, or can elude the discernment, of the public. To which I *confess* that I did reply. But his manner of using those letters is so unprincipled, that I really can entertain small hope that much can be accomplished in the way of reforming Mr. Elmes. If however, he be made of corrigible stuff, he has, at least, made it clear that that stuff must be rasped before it can be filed, and filed before it can be polished; which, if I should anywhere seem to have treated him roughly, must be my apology.

Just as the devil is said to have quoted holy writ, when he wished to induce a favourite to commit suicide upon scripture principles, has Mr. E. publicly quoted these private letters, after acknowledging (as see p. 251.) that his first letter was insidiously sent. I call upon him, therefore, when he makes the apology which is so largely due from him to the public, to produce the whole of those letters, his own as well as mine, in the order of their dates.

When he shall have produced those letters, I shall have no fear, nor indeed have I any at present, that the public will think unworthily of the answers I returned to such applications from an acknowledged stranger, as were those of Mr. Elmes; though I do fear that some will think I did wrong in answering them at all; for if every fool or mountebank who is running a tilt for notoriety, and finds himself not praised to his wishes in the anonymous publications, were to be allowed a right of calling upon me for the reasons why, it is clear that my time would be very unprofitably employed, both for myself and for the public.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. LANDSEER.

* "And Judas went and hanged himself." "Go thou and do likewise."

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

MR. EXAMINER,

The Town has often heard of the miseries of booksellers authors, and the horrors of Grub-street and the Row have been echoed with little variation from age to age, but there is a being whose life and misfortunes have never yet reached the public ear,—I mean a bookseller's artist.—Such a one, Mr. EXAMINER, is your present correspondent: as, however, I have not the power to give vent to my griefs in the language of poetry, nor the wit to place my sufferings in an attractive point of view, I will, with your leave, avail myself of Mr. BERESFORD'S short *recipe* for humour, and set down some small matters of misery just as they occur to me:—

Taking instructions from a bookseller about an emblematical frontispiece.—Hearing his criticisms upon it when done.—Being dictated to by a bookseller's author.—Making a design for some stupid pamby-pamby book, for instance, The Economy of Human Life, and afterwards seeing it affixed as a frontispiece to Locke on the Understanding, or Hartley on Man.—Having an interesting book put into your hands, from which a design is expected in a few hours, or while the lad waits.—Seeing your name inserted in a bill which is delivered like a lottery advertisement from door to door.—Discovering your name in the puff corner of a newspaper, with the addition, ingenious, celebrated, or well known.—Congratulating yourself on the completion of a drawing which your own judgment approves and judicious friends admire, and finding it returned on your hands, accompanied by this la-

conic, though potent, objection—"that it is not suited to the public taste."—Having the nicely culled quotation, on the particular application of which you depend for half the effect of your design, changed by the superior judgment of the bookseller, or mangled by the blunders of the writing engraver.—Hearing MS. poetry read by the author or authoress.—N. B. This misery is a little abated in the latter case, if the lady happen to be pretty.—Reading MS. novels.

So far for what relates to books:—the following two or three miseries are common to all artists:—

Dining with a connoisseur!!—N. B. This is a prime misery, for which reason it has a primal station on the list.—Being asked your opinion of some old picture which a friend has lately picked up a great bargain.—Meeting with geniuses in the country—that is, with lads who have been taught by the injudicious applauses of the neighbouring 'Squire to fancy they have "souls above button-making."—Seeing a young Lady's drawings, papa, mamma, and all being present.—And lastly, that comprehensive and absorbing misery, compared to which all I have yet set down, are only as the rods of Pharaoh's magicians to the rod of Moses—A PATRON!!!

Thus, Mr. EXAMINER, I have attempted to enumerate a few of the miseries attached to this walk of human life—to describe the torments of the portrait painter, or of the man of genius, who is compelled to TEACH DRAWING, is quite beyond my power—this Inferno would require a DANTE to do it justice; for my own part, if I could be brought to believe in the doctrine of transmigration, I should fancy that the souls of the most terrible and abandoned sinners of a former state were doing penance in this world as portrait painters and drawing masters. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A PAINTER OF A "VINEGAR ASPECT."

Marylebone, Jan. 9.

BANK NOTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—To be puzzled for a rational interpretation of public measures, is what we have long been accustomed to, and the only consolation now left, is the privilege of grumbling, or laughing if we like it better, at the hardships and inconveniencies to which we are subjected by the shallow intellects and wayward conduct of those whom HERSCHER'S malignant Planet has appointed to direct the concerns of this little island. One disaster has not ceased to tingle in the memory, till our attention is called to some fresh absurdity; and another and another groan must be uttered for the madness of those in power, and the never-ceasing calamities of the people.

We have long found our gold transmuted into paper, and that has become now, except a portion of nondescript silver and a copious quantity of copper, almost the only circulating medium; gold has nearly disappeared, and been transferred to the immense dominions of the Conqueror of the Continent. In this situation, we ought at least to have the consolation that this paper currency should be as far as possible secure.

The late mighty preparations at the Bank, though wrapt up in profound secrecy, afforded some glimmerings of hope, that an evil was about to be rectified which has long been severely felt, and that Bank-paper, hitherto so easily forged, would by some happy invention have been rendered more secure.

That a variety of plans have been presented to the Bank for this purpose is well known, and whatever may have

been their deficiencies, it is but fair to conclude that they were of such description as to render forgery at least more difficult, and consequently cut off the power from many who have the inclination to commit the crime. The rejection of these plans was tantamount to a declaration that no alteration would be adopted till something of a most extraordinary and perfect nature should be discovered, which might prove a security against every attempt at imitation. At length comes forward the grand specimen:—

“Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.”

The secrecy with which the measure was conducted, if not meant to convey an idea of some mysterious operation for the security of the Notes, is capable of no interpretation whatever; for an invention at once so expensive and limited in point of utility, was on these grounds sufficiently protected from becoming either an object of envy or theft. But the situation allotted to the numbers on the face of the new Notes, places it beyond a doubt, that whatever were the private opinions of the gentlemen concerned in this scheme, it was intended that the public should understand it as a security, otherwise, why remove the numbers from the place which common sense had formerly assigned them, and give that cabalistical appearance they now assume, by being placed over the writing? That this measure will be construed into a security by a great portion of the public, there is every reason to apprehend; and it is but doing an act of charity to those whose pursuits in life afford them no opportunity of judging for themselves in such matters, to caution them against placing implicit faith in the new plan. Printing with types is surely no new discovery, nor does the printing over the face of the writing exhibit any thing surprising, unless how it should have come there. The vast expence incurred by the Bank in fitting up presses for this purpose, affords no security to the public; for, with sixpenny-worth of materials, the numbers may be forged so as completely to deceive the eye of persons in general. Were the Bank answerable for forgeries, they might then issue Notes under what form they pleased; but, that the public, by the caprice of the Directors of any Company, should be thrown thus open to imposition, is what calls loudly for redress, and is particularly deserving the attention of the Legislature. I am, &c.

B. S. J.

PUBLIC DEFAULTERS.

We have felt it to be our duty to inquire particularly into the defalcation found in the accounts of the Honourable GEORGE VILLIERS, Paymaster of the Marines, before we laid the case before the public. It has been long suspected that this branch of the public expenditure was conducted in a very loose and imperfect way; and it is a most grand and convincing proof of the necessity of a reform in office, that such a flagrant case should have been suffered to go on for so many years. We trust that the valuable tribunal established for the audit of the public accounts, by that vilified Administration which in the short period of twelve months did more for the detection and reform of abuses than any Ministry that ever existed, will in due course bring every other defaulter equally to light. The Honourable GEORGE VILLIERS succeeded to GABRIEL STEWART, Esq. in 1792, and from that time to the present, we believe, his accounts have never been settled.

His first Clerk was EDMUND WATERS, Esq. and we understand that the management of the office was left very much to that gentleman. The practice was to apply by estimate for a sum prospectively, for the service of the month to come, and a floating fund was thus permitted to remain in the hands of the Paymaster to an immense amount. Mr. VILLIERS indulged in agricultural experiments, and had his residence (by the peculiar favour of his Majesty) in Cranbourne Lodge, which has been fitted up for him at an enormous expence. The speculations of Mr. WATERS have not been confined to any one branch of adventure, but have been notoriously extended to almost every species of traffic. He has been at one and the same time a merchant, manufacturer, contractor, broker, builder, ironmonger, stage manager, warehouseman, dealer and chapman in every commodity*; and is, fortunately for the account to be rendered, just returned from a trading voyage to America. It is the same Mr. WATERS who supplied the Opera House with necessaries upon commission, during the direction of Mr. GOULD, and was appointed his executor. The various and multiplied concerns in which Mr. VILLIERS and Mr. WATERS were engaged, did some time ago give rise to an inquiry into the Accounts of the Office by the Navy Board; and it appeared that a balance unaccounted for of 284,000l. was due to the public at the end of 1804. How much it has increased or diminished since that time has not yet been made out; but we understand, that in Mr. VILLIERS's account current he has shewn that certain sums have, from time to time, been transferred to other heads of service, which reduces the balance due by him, at the end of 1804, to about 250,000l.; and that his accounts are so complicated, that it will require a considerable time to make them up to this day. In the mean time he has resigned; and no doubt an extent has issued against his property and effects, for the security of the public, as far as they will go. Mr. VILLIERS has enjoyed, for many years, the peculiar favour of his Majesty. He is Marshal of the Bahama Islands, and Registrar of the Admiralty Court at Gibraltar. Lord MELGRAVE has appointed his brother, General Phipps, to be the new Paymaster of Marines, and, for the future, the issues are to be kept in the Bank of England, as, indeed, they ought ever to have been kept. Whether General Phipps has been bred an accountant, and is so far conversant with business as to be qualified to be effective in an Office that has been so long trusted to a deputy, we know not: the brother of the First Lord of the Admiralty may be an accomplished book-keeper; but, if he is not, it is an abuse of patronage to place him in the Pay Office of Marines. The Inquiries, to which the establishment of the independent Board for Auditing the Public Accounts has given rise, have also led to the discovery of some most gross malversation in regard to Prize-Agency, of which the public, we trust, will soon learn the particulars.—*Morning Chronicle.*

We confess that we did think (for it was not exposure but prevention that was our aim), when we stated the personal disqualifications of General Phipps, that a com-

* The *Chronicle* should have added, Newspaper Proprietor, for a Sunday Paper, called the *British Neptune*, is stated to be the property of Mr. WATERS. This Print, too, like the *Post* and the *Pilot*, talks about independence in a very pleasant manner.—*Exam.*

mon principle of decency, a modest compliance with public feeling, would have induced this Gentleman to decline the laborious and responsible office of Paymaster of the Marines, being already General in the army, and a Colonel of the 60th Regiment of Foot. Our opinion, however, originating in the noble professions of disinterestedness, made last year by public men in their own behalf, has been, it appears, erroneous; General PHIPPS having already at the time we wrote kissed hands, as appointed to his new situation. Oh! how galling these things are to a suffering people—to see place upon place, in this season of national danger, without pity or remorse—prudence, however, bids us abstain. We shall, therefore, calmly state some of the public gains of Lord MULGRAVE's family; and be it observed, that it is not now at the appropriation of single offices to single persons that we are indignant. No; we will suppose his Lordship born of a family, every member of which was possessed of a natural capacity for public service; and, therefore, let them live upon it: and we will suppose the same, too, of her Ladyship's relatives; and this is, at least, an allowance of wonderful powers in these families: but why are they to have two or three places a-piece?

Lord MULGRAVE himself is a General in the Army, a Colonel of a regiment, Governor of Scarborough Castle, and now First Lord of the Admiralty.

The first brother of his Lordship is a Commissioner of Excise, a situation requiring incessant attention; but then he is also a Paymaster at Gibraltar.

The second brother, as we have seen, though a General in the army and a Colonel of a regiment, is now made Paymaster of Marines.

Her Ladyship has one brother-in-law Colonel in the East India service; and the same Gentleman is Chairman of the Victualling Board.

Another is a Lord of the Admiralty; but he has, on his retirement from this office, a pension of 1000*l.* a-year, as Ex-Under Secretary of the Foreign Department.

Mr. MALING, the father of her Ladyship, (no youth! *sed aruda viro viridisque senectus*, we suppose), was recently appointed to the difficult office of Commissioner of Excise; we apprehend he has likewise another situation in Barbadoes.

Now, is it not cruel, after this statement, in the stony-hearted people of this kingdom, to accuse those disinterested creatures, our public men, of being selfish, grasping, and intent only upon private emolument? Observe again, that we are allowing a wonderful extent of talent to two families and their affinities, in supposing their Members thus generally qualified for the discharge of public duty: it is the plurality of offices only that we quarrel with. These things must be altered, or England cannot long resist the most ferocious tyrant that ever oppressed mankind.—*Times*.

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

On Wednesday the Persian Ambassador was presented to her MAJESTY at St. James's with great ceremony. Her MAJESTY's carriage and six horses, with three footmen in grand liveries, conveyed his Excellency to Court, where the QUEEN "most graciously" received him; and, as the Morning Papers shrewdly add, the presents from the Persian Court, consisting of three boxes of jewels, several choice shawls, and a curious carpet, "were also most graciously received" by her MAJESTY.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Her MAJESTY having completed the 65th year of her

age on the 19th of May last, held a drawing-room on Thursday, as usual, to receive the congratulations of the nobility and persons of distinction on the event. About half-past twelve o'clock her MAJESTY, the Princesses AUGUSTA, ELIZABETH, MARY, and CHARLOTTE of WALES, left the Queen's Palace, escorted by a party of the Life Guards, and proceeded to the apartments of the Duke of CUMBERLAND, in St. James's Palace, where her MAJESTY and the PRINCESSES dressed, in consequence of that part of the Palace destroyed by the fire not having been rebuilt. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY was then admitted into the presence of her MAJESTY, and delivered an Ode of Congratulation upon the return of the day. The Royal Party afterwards proceeded to the Grand Council Chamber, when the following Ode was performed:

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1810.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

Ere yet, mid Rhedecyna's bowers,
I humbly cull'd the Muses flowers,
By silver Isis' sedgy side,
Not rolling there a classic tide,
My native meads and groves among,
As blithe I tun'd my artless song,
My fancy hail'd the halcyon day,
Crown'd with our Sovereign's opening sway,
And pour'd the verse to that auspicious morn,
Which plac'd on Britain's throne a Monarch Britain-born.

Raptur'd I pour the verse again,
To hail the British Monarch's lengthen'd reign,
To celebrate the rising Year,
In which a King to Britain dear
Bids every British breast with grateful lay
Bless the tenth lustre of his lenient sway;
For while I strike the votive lyre,
The thrillings of the trembling wire
Are lost amid the swelling notes of praise,
Which with accordant voice a grateful people pays.

From Thule's hyperborean reign,
To where upon the southern main
Bellerus frowns—to where the Atlantic roars,
O verdant Erin, 'gainst thy western shores,
The pæans loud of exultation rise,
Wafting a Nation's plaudits to the skies;
And while the hallow'd rites of prayer and praise
To Heaven's high throne their grateful incense raise,
Mild Charity with liberal hand
Spreads her blest influence o'er the smiling land;
With genial current far and wide,
Flows of benevolence the copious tide,
Grateful the boon, while shouting myriads see,
That dries Affliction's tear and sets the Captive free.

Though looking back through many an age
Since EGBERT first our Saxon sires obey'd,
No King recorded stands on History's page
So long, who England's golden sceptre sway'd*—
O yet, through many a rolling year,
Long! long! may Albion's joyful race
Behold a crown, to Freedom sacred, grace
The Man they love—the Sovereign they revere.

Though seated on her rocky throne,
Girt by her navy's adamantine zone,
Britannia reigns sublime her dauntless head,
Amid the storms of war that round her spread;

* Though to reckon from the accession to the demise, HENRY III. reigned nominally 56, and EDWARD III. 50 years; yet, as the first acceded at nine years of age, and the last at fourteen, they did not either of them, in fact, reign so long as his present MAJESTY has now reigned.

Yet by a generous Monarch be possess'd,
The first great object of his patriot breast.
May every baleful vapour fly
That hangs malignant now o'er Europe's sky,
Infernal Discord's iron tempest cease,
And GEORGE'S sun decline in Glory and in Peace.

The Drawing-room closed about half-past four o'clock, when her MAJESTY and the PRINCESSES returned to the Queen's Palace. In the evening, their MAJESTIES had a select party to tea and cards. The Princess CHARLOTTE of WALES remained in the Duke of CUMBERLAND'S apartments till about half-past three. The PRINCE was not at Court.

The LORD CHANCELLOR was confined with a violent attack of the gout, which prevented his Lordship being at the Drawing-room.

The following may serve for specimens of the dresses:

HER MAJESTY.—Green velvet petticoat, richly embroidered in real gold; jessamin flowers, with a beautiful border, composed of gold shells, enriched with wreaths of spangles and beads of burnished gold; the mantle of gold velvet tissue, with an uncommonly rich border of embroidery; head-dress of diamonds.

PRINCESS OF WALES.—A court train of rich white and gold satin figured in gold; lilies fancifully embroidered all round with beautiful coloured foil border, forming bullrushes and leaves; the head of the rush superbly set round with diamonds, which had a most brilliant effect. Petticoat of rich white satin embroidered to correspond; body and sleeves of rich rush velvet, studded all over with large diamonds. The drapery and pocket holes supported by a costly wreath of diamonds. This dress was exceedingly admired for the richness and brilliant effect produced; head-dress of superb diamonds and ostrich plumes.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.—Green velvet petticoat, richly embroidered with silver, the border composed of shells in burnished and dead silver, interspersed with sea-weed; the drapery of beautiful lace, with wreaths of silver, oak, and acorns, tied up with silver cord and tassels; body and train of silver velvet tissue, trimmed with real silver lace; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—A dress of brown and gold; the right side of the dress a large triangular drapery, extending across the front, composed of rich gold tissue, bordered with gold shells and branches of holly leaves, tastefully variegated and contrasted with dead and bright foil, bouillon, &c. and ornamented in festoons, with rich gold cords and tassels. Smaller draperies in brown velvet, elegantly embroidered, and placed in different directions, completed this magnificent dress. The ground work gold shells and spangles, with a rich border of plaited foil and spangled fringe, as a termination. Robe brown and gold tissue, ornamented with gold point lace and diamonds.

PRINCESS MARY.—A dress of garter blue velvet, superbly embroidered with gold; magnificent drapery of an oval form, terminating in a point on the left side, formed the most striking part of this elegant dress. The ground work spangled in stars, the border of many foil, like bunches of ribbon and knots tying together large bouquets of gables and water lilies, snow-drops, and various fairy flowers, elegantly drooping over a rich border in festoons of spangles. Lighter draperies of the same form, but diversified in the borders and embroidery, and fastened under the larger drapery, formed the *corp d'air* of this splendid dress; bottom of the petticoat a broad border in festoons of foil, with bunches of sea-weeds. Robe garter blue, and gold tissue, ornamented with gold point lace and diamonds.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK.—Was dressed most magnificently in a petticoat of Persian brown velvet, richly embroidered in the Eastern style; the ground a shower of stars in unaltered gold; a *Monie* in Oriental gold, in variety of shades, round the bottom of the petticoat and left-side drapery. The right-side

drapery, a rich Persian gold net with a deep fringe of gold Turkish wheat, and looped up with a new style of tassels and cord composed of wheat. The train of the same colour, trimmed with very deep gold fringe; body and sleeves covered with Brussels lace and diamonds. Head-dress ostrich feathers and diamonds.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.—Wore a plain satin petticoat, richly embroidered with silver; crimson satin train, embroidered and ornamented with silver. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

A fire broke out at three o'clock on Wednesday morning, at a lodging-house in Old Gravel-lane, Blackfriars-road, which communicated to the White Hart public-house, and entirely consumed the same, except part of the bar. No lives were lost.

Tuesday morning as three children of Mr. Peggs, of the Old Barge-house-Wharf, Surrey-side, Blackfriars-bridge, were playing on the Wharf, the younger of them, being only three years and a half of age, by overrunning himself, was precipitated from the Wharf, a height of at least 12 feet, into the Thames; the elder brother, only 11 years old, seeing the danger of the poor child, immediately jumped into the water to endeavour to rescue him; the second brother, nine years of age, in dreadful anxiety for the fate of the two others, also jumped in, and had it not been for the humane interference of Mr. Doe, the brother to the boat-builder of that name, who was near the spot, on some craft, and had witnessed all the transaction, most probably they would all have met a watery grave; but he went into the water, and rescued them all, to the unspeakable gratification of their parents, to whose care he delivered them.

On Thursday Mr. Lyon Levi, a diamond merchant, of about 50 years of age, precipitated himself from the top of the Monument, and was literally dashed to pieces. Mr. Levi attended to several appointments in the City about eleven o'clock, and transacted his usual business; and at twelve obtained admission to view the Monument. He walked several times round the outside of the iron railing before he sprang off, and in falling, the body turned over and over before it reached the ground. When near the bottom it came in contact with one of the griffins which ornament the lower part of the building. A porter, with a load on his back, narrowly escaped the body of the deceased, which fell a few paces from him in Monument-yard. It is said, that two days ago Mr. Levi visited the Monument, and continued at the top for some time. Mr. Levi has left a wife and eight grown-up children.

DEATHS.

Suddenly, on Sunday morning, Mr. Wild, of Covent-garden Theatre.

At Watting Park, Cambridgeshire, aged 85, General Hall, Colonel of the Old Buffs.

Sunday morning, Mrs. Cadogan, mother of Lady Hamilton.

On Tuesday morning, Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq. who formerly acquired considerable notoriety by his conduct towards Lady Strathmore, whom he married about twenty six years ago. He was, however, very early separated from her Ladyship, and involved in considerable law-suits; one of the consequences of which was, his commitment to and detention in the King's Bench Prison. In this place Mr. Bowes formed a connection with a very young and interesting female, the daughter of a fellow-prisoner, by whom he has had five children.—Mr. Bowes was for many years allowed the freedom of the Rules of the King's Bench, within which the house he died in was situated.

Lately, at Paris, at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty, M. de Fournille, who is described in the French Papers as Physician and Patriarch to the Freemasons of France.

Printed and published by JOHN HUNT, at the EXAMINER Office, 15, Beaufort Buildings, Strand.—Price 8½d.