

THE EXAMINER.

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THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 129.

AYE AND NO MEN.

It may seem odd, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the most active adherents of Sir FRANCIS BURDETT are accused by their enemies of disaffection and bad motives, because they do not live in idleness or get their bread by corruption,—in other words, because they are honest tradesmen and do verily keep shops. One man gets up to speak in the City and is received with bursts of applause, “but what of that?” says a by-stander; “the fellow is nothing but a linen-draper.” Another does the same at Westminster, and is received in the same way,—“but what honest man can listen to him?” cries another; “he deals in tobacco.”—It must be confessed that SWIFT reasoned in a different manner, when he thought that the best way to convince the Irish of the honesty of his feelings in matters of political economy, was to write under the signature of a Draper: and it must also be allowed, that the city tradesmen did really distinguish themselves as Soldiers in the time of the Civil Wars: but these are little exceptions, and it is manifest from this time forth, that FRANKLIN could never have been a sound Statesman and Philosopher, because he was a Printer;—that GAY, after having been apprentice to a Silk-mercer, could not possibly have been a Poet;—and that one DOWSLEY could never have gained the respect of all who knew him, seeing that he was not only a Bookseller, but had absolutely been footman to the famous DARTMOUTH, who, on the other hand, as he did nothing but eat and enjoy himself, was of course a sound thinker and excellent politician.

The truth of such charges cannot be disputed, and there is no doubt, that they do quite as much honour to the accusers as dishonour to the accused. If then we look to the other side of politics and see who are the main supporters of the Anti-Reform system, perhaps we shall find something of very forcible contrast in their pursuits. I do not allude to the hired Orators, to the great Borough-mongers, or to any of the other manifest corruptionists, for with all their exertions these are not the main supporters of the system;—I mean the herd of *Aye and No* men in the House of Commons,—those faithful servants, whose will is entirely in their masters' hands, and whose whole hope, soul, and being, lie in the easy management of two monosyllables. Heaven knows, the charges against the City Reformists cannot apply to these personages:—nobody can accuse them of a becoming industry; nobody can accuse them of getting their bread by honourable

labour, or of being useful to society. Passing from Minister to Minister, like the slaves on an estate,—and still worse than slaves, inasmuch as they are proud of their very dependence,—it is to these men that the country owes its rapid progress in political degradation: these are the men who absorb that race of Country-gentlemen of which England was formerly so proud, and who have gone near to convert the middle orders into a huge mob about the Court.

Notwithstanding however the notoriety of this class, and the very alarming power they have lately evinced in their subserviency to the most wretched of Ministries, there is a certain individual insignificance and a general flat mediocrity about them, which prevent them from being observed as they ought. The animal however, from his frequency in the common walk of society, is easily unkenneled, and should be hunted down by all possible contempt wherever he is met. Great numbers indeed are found where no decent person would look for them,—in gaming houses, at the tables of illustrious debauchees, &c. &c. but unluckily they are to be seen every where else, and wherever they go are a taint upon the manners and good old morals of the English character. The worst of them are those, who having given up what little respectability was left them in their native county, bring their pride and their poverty to town, and become the busiest and the meanest traders in the Parliamentary market. If your *Aye-and-No* man of this class is a bachelor, he gets his lodging somewhere near the Court, lounges about in the morning from tavern to tavern, and from great man to great man, and is to be seen in the evening, with all due spruceness of dress and humility of countenance, at the table of any given Courtier who has something to bestow. If he is married, he carries his family about with as cheap a shew as possible, pays still more assiduous court to the great men; has no saying, look, or opinion, even in private, that does not regard the beauties of office; and is ready, like the wind, to rush with all his forces into the first empty places he can find in any quarter of the globe. These men, in private, speculate in all sorts of ways, but never without a view to the service of Government: they get into partnerships with Government traders, for whom they procure contracts; they become flatterers to the heirs of great houses; they perform the duties of genteel lumber to fashionable assemblies; assume a profound attention at all levees, ministerial dinners, and conversational knots in the street; and disseminate courtly opinions at all times and places. The last task is indeed their chief employment, when not engaged in office or at Court; and in every spot capable of receiving it, they scatter the seeds of corruption, as the Methodists do their pamphlets and their “precious helps.” Their families of course have but one opinion

and one prospect in common: the girls are taught to look out for "good" marriages, and the boys learn to regard the act of "rising in the world" as the criterion of all that is rational in itself, just to themselves and relations, and properly contemptuous of society at large. Interest thus becomes the acknowledged idol of the circle, and might as well be figured out in sculpture at once and worshipped over the mantle-piece; the great principles of moral feeling never enter the place; public burdens, favouritism, the protection of delinquents, the waste of human blood, are considered as a kind of component part of all reasonable government, and consequently very respectable matters; and certain piteous epithets are bestowed upon virtue and public spirit, such as childish, romantic, republican, disloyal, and useless in life, which are afterwards of great advantage in Parliament, and act as a kind of Freemason's sign or grip, which instantly discloses you to the men in office, and awakens all their generous feelings.

These are the men, these are the main supporters of the Ministry, and the polluters of society, against whom the resentment of elections should be manifested, even more than against the prominent corruptionists. These are the men, coming in heaps from ruined estates, from court-boroughs, and from Scotland, who form the great Representative Body of the British Nation, who hold in their hands the care of its wealth, its wisdom, and its happiness, and have used them, for years past, in a manner so profitable to themselves and so ruinous to the country. They have despised the people long enough, and they will have reason to do so for ever, unless we shew them that we can return the feeling with something more than contempt.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PORTUGAL.

OPORTO, JUNE 12.—The British army had made no advance so late as the 9th; only a few advanced regiments had changed their positions, for the advantage of more eligible quarters. The river Aguada has fallen considerably; but it is the opinion, notwithstanding, of many experienced officers, that there will be no action before the harvest is off the ground. The force of the enemy has been much exaggerated, yet it is certainly great, and their army, in point of numbers, is much superior to the combined armies; and when it shall have been joined by the fourth division, which it is said had entered Spain, it will be necessary to take every precaution, and act with the greatest military circumspection. Should a general action take place, the only thing which can, perhaps, compel our army to retreat, is its being flanked by some of the small French corps.—Desertion is still frequent, which is attributed to the long inaction of the French. It was reported that Junot had left Spain for Paris, and that Masséna was gone to Madrid with 600 horse. On the 2d of June the French bombarded Ciudad Rodrigo from three to seven in the morning. All the British regiments are advancing.

LISBON, JUNE 16.—Our troops are all in the best possible order, and in high spirits. I have just heard from a friend at head-quarters, who says he has been entirely through the army, and estimates the number of men at present with Lord Wellington to be 35,000 British and 15,000 Portuguese. It seems, however, to be a pretty general opinion, that an action will not take place for this month or six weeks.—Lord Wellington's head-quarters are still at Celerico, and his advanced guard at Guarda, and a little beyond it. Some of our cavalry, it seems, have advanced farther, and report says, they have cut off a party of the enemy. The idea of an immediate battle is not now so prevalent here. A strong column of the French has made a retrograde movement, which we cannot account for. Our accounts from Cadiz also mention, that the enemy had partly retired therefrom. This makes some people think, that the enemy have it in contemplation to enter Portugal more to the southward, the better to be enabled to flank our army; but I hope General Hill, who has now sixteen thousand men, (eight thousand of which are British) will be able to defeat their plan.

IRELAND.

On the night of Sunday, a party of men paid a fatal visit to the house of Timothy Collins, an industrious farmer, residing at Ballygarraun. The family were asleep, and some little time elapsed before the command to open the door was complied with. This was at length done by Collins himself, who was instantly shot dead. Some of the assassins immediately entered, and knocked down the sister of Collins, who appears to have advanced towards the door on the report of the shot.—They then went forward, and deliberately fired into a bed, in which the two brothers of Collins lay. The ball entered near the shoulder of one of them, and inflicted a dangerous wound. The other brother was repeatedly struck, while a boy, who was making a considerable noise, experienced similar treatment. The female, in the mean time, had crept under the bed. The assassins, imagining that they had fully accomplished their deadly purpose, went to the outside of the house, and joined their associates. The door was secured, and fire set to the house, in order that the flames should perfect what unexampled barbarity might possibly have left unfinished. The brothers, already weltering in their blood, speedily felt the horrors of their situation accumulated by the rapid approach of the smoke and flames. The wounds he received had deprived one of them of the power of exertion; but the other had yet sufficient strength to go to the door, and by an effort of despair, to pull it open. He then returned, and took out his brother and the boy, and immediately went back to search for his sister. By this time, the room was completely filled with the flames, which had particularly seized on the bed, under which this terrified and wounded female had taken refuge. He distinctly heard her groans; but to rescue her was now impossible; and he was compelled to abandon her to her fate. Her body was found next morning, almost wholly consumed. The three survivors found accommodation in a neighbouring house till the morning, when the man who was shot at in the bed and the boy were brought to the Lepet Hospital, in this City, where their situation receives every attention. The ball has not been extracted, nor can the consequences of the wound be as yet pronounced upon. The boy is likely to recover, and the wounds of the other brother are not material. Of the abandoned wretches who have perpetrated the crime, nothing whatsoever is known. The cause of the murder appears to be no other than that which has so often disgraced the name of our country, and brought death and calamity on so many of its inhabitants. Collins was a resident of the county of Waterford for nearly twenty years; but his original extraction from another county is a delinquency for which there is no mercy in the code of these ferocious

savages. He had received from them official notice, for such is the regularity of their tremendous proceedings, to quit his dwelling, or abide the consequences of disobedience to a mandate which puts to shame and terror every feeling of civilized man. By a sum of money he had purchased the promise of immunity and peace; but the contract was broken by those with whom it was made, or disregarded by some of their associates. His own and his sister's blood, the ruin of his family, and the safety of the community at large, loudly and impressively call upon the Government and the Magistracy to search his murderers out, and consign them to that punishment which their guilt deserves, and which justice demands.—(*Waterford Mirror.*)

On Friday morning, the inn at Castleblaney, kept by Mr. Faughey, was burned to the ground, and Mrs. Faughey, her two children, two maids, and two dragoons, perished in the flames. About two o'clock, Mr. Faughey was awoke by a suffocating smell, and he instantly got up to explore the cause. On coming to the room which had excited his suspicion, he found it all in a blaze; at that moment the door burst open, and a body of flame forced its way up the stairs, which rendered all access to the apartment which he had just quitted, impossible, and there lay his wife and infant children. He immediately endeavoured to procure assistance; a ladder was brought; and he placed it to the front of their bed-room—the flames raged with unabated fury, but the tender mother was seen to approach the window, bearing a child under each arm—a gleam of hope took possession of every countenance, but, alas! it was only for a moment—the floor gave way under her feet, and the parent with her helpless offspring sunk together into eternity. The feelings of the bye-standers, particularly the distracted husband and father, may be imagined but not described. Three of five dragoons, quartered in the house, were rescued from the flames, and a third servant maid, after suffering severely, precipitated herself from a window, and was shockingly mangled on the pavement; there is no hope of her surviving, nor indeed is it desirable that she should recover, as, besides other disabilities, she is deprived of both her eyes. The cause of the conflagration has not yet been discovered.—(*Derry Journal.*)

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE INSTALLATION.

OXFORD, JULY 3.—Ladies and Gentlemen began to collect about the entrances to the Theatre as early as half past seven in the morning. At nine the doors were thrown open, and in a few minutes the large Theatre of Oxford was filled to an overflow; yet, owing to the judicious arrangements that had been made, the pressure was less violent than could have been expected, and not a single accident occurred. The morning was excessively mild, and the serenity of the air was most favourable to the full display of all the elegance of female dress, and the charms of personal beauty. The area was first filled with Masters of Arts, Bachelors of Law, and their friends; but, towards the conclusion, several ladies were introduced into this division. The lower gallery was exclusively appropriated to the ladies, and a more splendid galaxy of beauty never could have presented itself. The upper gallery was allotted to the Bachelors of Arts, Under Graduates, and their friends; and in this part nearly 800 persons were received.—The number of ladies might amount to about 700, and the area and rising semicircle, to all appearances, contained from 6 to 700 persons of consideration in the University, and Noblemen and Gentlemen introduced by them. Many gentlemen wore medals in honour of Lord Grenville. About ten o'clock Sir Sidney Smith entered the theatre, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic bursts of applause. In the mean time the Chancellor, Heads of Houses, Doctors of Law, Divinity and Physic, Proctors, Pro-Proctors, and those who were entitled to a place in the Procession, met together at the Vice-Chancellor's (Dr. Parsons,) in Balliol College. From thence they moved up Broad-street, through the great gate into the Theatre. Upon their entrance the band played a beautiful symphony;

and an opening up the centre being made, the various illustrious characters marched slowly up towards the semi-circle. Lord Grenville was greeted with loud demonstrations of rejoicing and respect, and he took his high station. He was dressed in his Chancellor's robes, with a velvet cap and gold tassel, but without his ceremonial wig. Many young Noblemen formed a part of the splendid train, in their purple robes, trimmed with gold; the Heads of Houses, &c. completed the shew, and the various Members were received, on entering, with distinguished marks of approbation or censure, as they happened to be agreeable or disagreeable to the partizans and political adherents of Lord Grenville, or his opponent, Lord Eldon. The Chancellor seated himself in the great Chair, in the centre of the semi-circle; the Vice-Chancellor standing on his left hand. The chair to the left was occupied by Dr. W. Howley, Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Divinity; and that on the right hand was empty, Lord Eldon, the High Steward, not being present. Before the Chancellor, on each side, sat the Proctors. At the ends of the semi-circle, the two Curators of the Theatre, Dr. Marlow and Dr. Landon, took their chairs. When the Chancellor and the Members had taken their places, the spectacle was grand and impressive. A vast and noble semicircular Theatre, containing two deep galleries, the upper one entirely filled with the Under-graduates in their black gowns and caps, the lower one crowded with nearly 700 ladies, all of them elegantly dressed, many of them of the first distinction, and arrayed in the most splendid taste—beneath, in the centre, the Chancellor, and on either side the Nobility and Members of the University, in their costumes—the area filled with Academicians and other Gentlemen, and the opposite end, to the Chancellor's chair, occupied by the Orchestra, and the vocal performers, presented, altogether, a picture of the most brilliant kind.—The Chancellor opened the Convocation in the usual form, and then proceeded to read from the Chair the proposition for conferring the honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law, upon the following Noblemen and Gentlemen:—The Duke of Somerset; the Marquises of Buckingham, Downshire, and Ely; the Earls of Essex, Abingdon, Jersey, Fortesque, Carysfort, and Temple; Viscounts Bulkeley and Carleton; Lords Braybrook, Cawdor, and Carrington; the Right Hon. Wm. Wickham, G. Tierney, W. Elliott, Sir J. Newport, Sir J. Anstruther, and Mr. Fagel, late Grefier of the United States.—(Mr. Sheridan declined the proffered honour.)

These candidates for academic honours were immediately introduced and proposed, according to the above order, by Mr. Phillimore, who delivered a short complimentary oration in Latin, on presenting the first (the Duke of Somerset), and also an encomium on Mr. Fagel, whose name closed the list. The various candidates were received by the assembly, on their proposition, in very different manners. The greater number were welcomed with universal applause—some were more faintly cheered. This ceremony being concluded, another symphony was performed by the Orchestra, which was most numerously filled. Dr. Crotch, the Professor of Music, presided at the Organ, in his Academic dress. Mr. Cramer led the Band; and among the vocal performers present were Madame Catalani, Mrs. Ashe, Bianchi, Vaughan, Storace; Mr. Braham, Bartleman, W. Kayvett, &c. The Public Orator, Mr. Crowe, of New College, then ascended the Eastern Rostrum, and delivered his Commemoration Speech, which was a Latin oration. After an exordium, and expatiating upon the uses and benefits of this University, he proceeded to call to the recollection of his audience several of those great persons who had justly distinguished their names by their munificence towards this great institution. In this view, he did ample justice to the memory of the famous Archbishop Laud, who was so great a benefactor. He pictured the great benefits the University had received from Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, to the produce of one work of whom they owed a magnificent establishment (the Printing House). The memory of Archbishop Sheldon particularly claimed their gratitude and veneration; since to his princely liberality they owed that magnificent edifice in which they were then assembled. The institutions and other services

of the Earl of Litchfield, when their Chancellor, were also highly worthy of recounting. This led him to the subject of the Chancellor's prizes, on which he embraced the opportunity to pay the due tribute of approbation to the transcendent merits of many of the scholars who had earned them. After various other topics, he came to his peroration, in which he addressed himself to Lord Grenville, complimenting him on the return of his health: he would forbear to say much of his character; but hoped that the day was far distant, when it could fall to his lot to speak of him as he thought without incurring the imputation of flattery.—This oration was followed by loud plaudits.—A symphony followed, after which the four Gentlemen who had carried off the prizes in Latin and English verses, and Essays on different subjects, recited their several productions. Mr. Coleridge (nephew to the poet) first recited his Latin verses *On the Egyptian Pyramids*, and received the highest applause, when the author introduced "*The triumphs of Britain where Nile pours his waters into the sea*;" the presence of Sir Sidney Smith gave a highly-wrought effect to the labour of the poet.—Mr. Whately then read his Prize Essay in English, "on the Arts in which the Moderns are excelled by the Ancients." It was also highly applauded.—Mr. J. Miller's Latin Essay "*on the Philosophy of Socrates*" was the next recitation; it was also warmly applauded. The last composition recited was the English verses "*On the Statue of the Dying Gladiator*," by Mr. Chinnery, a young Gentleman of Christ's Church. Between each of these recitations the Orchestra interposed the charms and relaxation of delightful music. When the applause bestowed on Mr. Chinnery had ceased, the celebration of the Commemoration Ode commenced with a Recitative and Aria from Mr. Bartleman; Madam Bianchi took the next part; and Mr. Braham concluded the vocal treat.—The whole was rapturously applauded.—Thus finished the business of this day's Convocation; and the Chancellor having dissolved it, the procession retired in nearly the same order as they had entered the Theatre. About two o'clock the Theatre was cleared, the company retiring to dress, and the procession to the Divinity School, from which they proceeded to dine with the Vice-Chancellor, in the Hall of Balliol College, where a sumptuous entertainment was prepared for them. Lord Grenville looks exceedingly well. The few short sentences he had to deliver, he pronounced with clearness and precision, and throughout the day he paid the most fixed attention to the several speakers.

JULY 4.—The Concert at the Theatre last night was crowded long before the performances commenced. The female part of the audience was most brilliant. The orchestra was directed by the almost unequalled skill of Dr. Crotch, the University Professor, and Bartleman, Braham, and Catalani, exerted their powers with effect. The concerts will go on every evening. At night a grand ball took place in the Town Hall, where about 700 persons assembled. In the course of the evening, a magnificent sort of procession was made through the chief streets—Men on foot, newly clad in the most dazzling liveries, followed by several cavaliers, gorgeously apparelled and well mounted, one on a cream-coloured horse. This was taken by the inhabitants to be no less than the grand entry of his Excellency the Persian Ambassador; but turned out to be no more than the first grand appearance of Mr. Saunders and his Institution; most of whom appeared entitled to their Doctor's degree, in *horsemanship*. This morning the grand attraction was at St. Mary's Church, for here learning and festivity go hand in hand with mercy and piety; and the press to get into the Church resembled that in getting admittance to the Theatre. The Rev. Dr. Howley preached a sermon before the Chancellor, the nobility, the heads of houses, &c. all arranged in their proper places, and clothed with their appropriate habits. The galleries were entirely devoted to the fair sex. Sacred music shone forth in its brightest and most rapturous strains from the melodious throats of Braham and Catalani.—The business of the halls and kitchens quite eclipses that of the lodgings and cloisters. The eloquence even of the Public Orator himself would cause no listening silence within the sacred walls of a College; The youths say they are not to be

crowded over in the hours of their hilarity. A surprising mixture, and a variety of characters and professions, are brought together in this place. To say nothing of real Oxonians, and their lordly visitors, here is all that London can spare, in the shape of milliners, mantua-makers, and hair-dressers *a la Brutus* and *a la Titus*. Here are tailors with the newest cut; even a quack-doctor with his nostrums and specifics; and moreover, a corn-cutter, who styles himself a great chiropodist! Likewise, the wonderful Signor Polito, who has come here (as he says) in consequence of the vacancy of the Natural Philosophy Chair, to exhibit and lecture on the qualities of a number of inhabitants of Asia, Africa, and America, y'clept wild beasts; among which is a beautiful elephant, who has come all the way on purpose, with his travelling trunk. Our quack-doctor pledges himself to secure the oriental students, by an infallible preventative, from all danger of the elephantiasis.—The hissing on the admission of the Honorary Doctors, and at the entrance and departure of some of our Members, which our youths maintain to be their privilege (although recently forbidden in the Convocation House), was not great; Earl T—— and Mr. T——, however, must have heard it as plainly as any body in the Theatre.

JULY 5.—Last night the Second Concert took place at the Theatre, which was crammed at an early hour. Mr. Braham had nearly got into rather an *unmusical* scrape in the Orchestra; he substituted an English song for an Italian one which was announced, at which the audience made him hear their displeasure pretty plainly. This "sweet singer of Israel," however, made them a speech, in which he informed them, that some parts of the intended song were mistaid, and that he was therefore under the necessity of substituting something else. The Procession of the Chancellor to the Theatre, which was very splendid on Tuesday morning, was to day composed only of the Bedels, the Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor, and a Doctor straggling at some distance behind. After Lord Grenville had entered the Theatre, and taken the Great Chair, he proposed a list of names of persons for the Honorary degree, to all which the Doctors and Masters said "*Placet*;" and they were all admitted. The following are their names:—

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Hawarden; the Hon. R. Neville, M.P.; the Hon. W. H. Lyttleton, M.P.; the Hon. J. Abercromby, M.P.; Sir Cecil Bishop, Bart.; Sir W. Pole, Bart.; Sir G. Clarke, Bart.; Sir S. Glyn, Bart.; Sir Richard Brooke, Bart.; Sir G. Warrander, Bart.; Sir Gregory Osborne Page Turner, Bart.; Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.; Sir Matthew Strong, Bart.; Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. Nugent, Bart.; Sir Ed. Bayntun Sandys, Bart.; Rear-Admiral Sir W. S. Smith, Kt.; Sir C. E. Carrington, Kt.; Rear-Admiral I. G. Manley; Wm. Cavendish, Esq.; C. W. W. Wynne, Esq. M.P.; Henry Parnell, Esq. M.P.; J. M'Donald, Esq. M.P.; J. Blackburn, Esq. M.P.; W. Lowndes, Esq. M.P.; J. Leach, Esq. M.P.; Daniel Giles, Esq. M.P.; W. H. Freemantle, Esq. M.P.; Pascoe Grenfell, Esq. M.P.; B. W. H. Vyse, Esq. M.P.; W. Holmes, Esq. M.P.; Jos. Halsey, Esq. M.P.—This ceremony being finished, the Recitations commenced. They were fifteen in number; and were delivered alternately from the Western and the Eastern Rostrums, the west taking the lead. The fifteen young reciters were—Mr. Chinnery, Christ Church; English rhymes.—Earl Delewarr, Brasenose; English verse.—Mr. Rogers, Oriel; English blank verse.—Mr. Rawnsley, Exeter; English verse.—Mr. Gregson, Brasenose; Latin.—Mr. Mills, Magdalen; English verse.—Hon. Mr. Campbell (son of Lord Cadogan) Christ Church; English verse.—Mr. Keble, Corpus Christi; English verse.—Mr. Foulter, New College; English verse.—Mr. Cardwell, Brasenose; English verse.—Mr. Randal, Trinity; English verse.—Mr. C. Bathurst, Christ Church; English verse.—Mr. Bill, Oriel; English verse.—Mr. Richards, Jesus; English blank verse.—Lord Apsley (eldest son of Earl Bathurst), Christ Church; Latin.—Either from some general understanding, or, perhaps, from the want of it, the topics of these effusions were almost all alike. They were, all, addressed to the Chancellor, filled with his praises, and those of the University which had elected him:—

"Grenville; thy Oxford seats thee in the chair
Of high desert, and bids thee welcome there!"

In most of them his Lordship was panegyricized for his public conduct some years ago, to which was attributed the suppression of violent factions, and the public safety from anarchy, such as prevailed in France. The zeal and eloquence with which he succeeded in achieving the final abolition of the Slave Trade, furnished ample scope for the poetic fancy, which represented the "palmy" Africa, centuries hence, resounding the praises of "Grenville with all her tongues." His Lordship's education at Christ Church, his talents, his learning, and his early and continued affection for the University, &c. were general topics. One or two complimented him on his ancestry. There was one exception to their close resemblance to each other; and that was the first one, (Mr. Chinnery.) This youthful versifier delivered an encomiastic poem on the late Duke of Portland, and said but little of the present Chancellor. There were not wanting critics in the area, who thought that the magic powers of fiction, so necessary to poetry, had not been neglected in describing the many and transcendent merits and great public services of his Grace. It was really not the most complimentary thing in the world to Lord Grenville, to tell his Lordship so much about one, whose serious political differences of opinion on the most important public matters, both in Church and State, led him to take his Lordship's place at the head of the King's Ministers, and keep it to his dying day!!! His Lordship was told, that he was to see in their regret for the loss of the Duke, the feelings of attachment which the University would bear to himself! There was also a compliment to the memory of Mr. Windham introduced.—Another exception from the general strain of compliment was in the lines of Mr. Bill, of Oriel College, which congratulated the Chancellor on being placed at the head of an University, which had counted among her worthy sons, the brave and patriotic Hampden,—that master of human reasoning, Locke,—and that English classic, Addison. These allusions (though in the theatre of Oxford) did not pass without their immediate public reward. Before such an audience, composed of their fellow and rival students, of their masters and teachers, of numerous strangers, and of their mothers and sisters anxiously witnessing their exhibitions, and ready to spread their fame the whole country round, it must naturally be supposed that they tried their very best at delivery. Young Chinnery seemed, in this respect, to carry the palm. His air is a little too studied; but neither he nor Lord Apsley is at all incommoded by that almost insurmountable difficulty to many Oratorical Essayists, *diffidence*, which somewhat damped the exertions of several others. The Noble Chancellor looked at, listened, and bowed, with great attention and politeness, not unmixed with dignity, to all his juvenile panegyrists. His Lordship's task certainly demanded more self-possession than that of any other person in the theatre: for it requires no small degree of fortitude to sit above two hours, hearing fourteen young gentlemen exhaust their imaginations and their numbers in enumerating one's own merits and virtues! But this is our custom on such great occasions. The auditors cheered all the orators. The whole ceremony concluded with "God save the King," by Cantani and Co. accompanied by a full band.

JULY 6.—The Concerts are crowded every night, the first produced 1,300 guineas. Catalani has 100 guineas a-day: and Braham 50; so that they are better paid than the D.D.'s M.D.'s, L.L.D.'s, or Mus. D.'s, for having a voice in the Convocation. This was the last day of the oratorical and poetical exhibition of the Students at the Theatre.—Mr. Sheridan having been recognized standing under the Orchestra, the Youths, knowing that he had declined the intended honour of being proposed for the Degree, loudly called upon him to take his seat, which he accordingly did, even into the end, "sitting among the Doctors."—The Chancellor being seated, the following Noblemen and Gentlemen were admitted to the Honorary Degree:—Lord Viscount Duncannon;—Lord George Grenville;—Sirs James Crawford, Montague Cholmondeley, and Edward Knatchbull;—W. R. Spencer, T. Tyrwhitt, C. W. Taylor, H. C. Cotton, H. W. W. Wynne, G.

Hammond, B. Garlike, W. H. Ashurst, F. T. H. Foster, T. F. Freemantle, G. J. Legh, W. Hanbury, P. C. Bruce, S. Kakewick, P. Schutz, E. Briscoe, J. E. Liebenrood, T. S. Horner, E. Grove, and A. Savile, Esqrs.—The degree of M. A. was then conferred upon five Gentlemen of the University; after which, Recitations in English and Latin verse were given by the following Students:—Mr. Smith, Magdalen; Mr. Fowle, Merton; Mr. Crowe (son of the Public Orator), Wadham; Mr. Oakley, Christ Church; Mr. Starkie, Brazenose; Mr. Bartholomew, Corpus Christi; Mr. Swete, Oriel; Mr. Weaver, Christ Church; the Hon. Mr. Eden, Christ Church; Mr. Hornby, Brazenose; Mr. Short, Trinity; the Hon. W. Bathurst, Christ Church; and the Earl of Clare, Christ Church.—The topics and merits of the productions were much the same as those of the preceding day, and the usual sounds of satisfaction and dissatisfaction were heard at the conclusion: even something like hissing must have entered the porches of the ears of Lord ———, "with leperous distilment."—Thus terminated this splendid Commemoration.

About seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, Mr. Tidbold, B. A. leaped from one of the top windows of Balliol College, Oxford, into Broad-street. Medical assistance was immediately procured; but he was found to be dreadfully bruised. No mental, or other unfortunate cause, could be assigned for this rash act; and it was supposed, from being found in his shirt only, that he had thrown himself from his apartment while asleep: there are considerable hopes of his recovery.

A young man, of the name of Dirgin, was killed in a pitched battle with a man of the name of Houghton, on Monday last, at Hasmere, near Colnbrook. The combatants were young men, very respectably circumstanced. Having quarrelled respecting the purchase of a horse, they staked ten guineas each to fight for the next morning. After a severe contest of 25 minutes, the deceased was knocked down by a severe blow on the Temple, and he never stirred afterwards. He died in the course of the day. A Coroner's Inquest sat on the body, and returned a verdict of Manslaughter.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.

W. Knight and W. Bucknell, Kirby-street, Hatton-garden, watch-manufacturers.
G. Bowler, Haughton, Manchester, hat-manufacturer.
W. Pickslay, Exeter, linen-draper.
S. P. Baulford, Exeter, factor.
W. Crampton, Beckingham, Nottinghamshire, horse-dealer.
S. Lloyd, Manchester, drysalter.
R. Nicholls, Norwich, woollen-draper.
E. Jourden, Bath, linen-draper.
G. Slow, Manchester, dealer.
W. Melton, Manchester, victualler.
J. Booth, Northen, Chester, cora-factor.
T. Duckham, Wishfield, Devonshire, cattle-dealer.
A. Beck, Oxford-street, saddler.
T. Gaskill, Bruton street, Berkeley-square, linen-draper.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Normington, St. Martin's-le-Grand, cotton and silk trimming-manufacturer.
W. Field, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, innholder.
J. Critten, Halesworth, Suffolk, plumber.
H. White, Manchester, iron liquor-maker.
J. MacDonald, Woolwich, victualler.
S. Dyson, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, merchant.
J. Davies, Risca, Monmouthshire, merchant.
C. Aldridge, Aldersgate-street, flatter.
W. Harvey, Chiswell-street, currier.
J. Eastwood, Liggett, Yorkshire, calico-maker.
F. Eccles, Crispin-street, Spitalfields, draper.

T. Ashton, Portsea, linen-draper.
 G. and J. Carr, Sheffield, grocers.
 T. Dawson, Sherbourne, Yorkshire, shopkeeper.
 J. Brickwood, and Co. Lombard-street, bankers.
 J. Hippus, Albion-street, Blackfriars-road, merchant.
 E. Blandy, Widcombe, Somersetshire, dealer and chapman.
 W. Harrison, Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, victualler.
 F. Abell, Fenchurch-street, merchant.
 R. Aldridge, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, clothier.
 T. Chandler and T. Newsom, Norton-Falgate, grocers.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY,
 3 per cent. Cons..... 71½ | Omnium..... ½ prem.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, JULY 8.

THE public interest has naturally been excited by various rumours respecting the discontinuance of Mr. COBBETT'S *Register*. It was said by some, that he had obtained enough to do without it; by others, that he meant to give it up on account of his confinement; and by the greater number, that he offered it to the Government as a compromise, but met with their refusal. The first reason may or may not be a good one;—the second does not seem to be politic or probable;—as to the third, I hope he has not done himself such dishonour. But as I abstained last week from passing any judgment on these matters, on account of not seeing the requisite explanation of Mr. COBBETT himself, so I abstain this week for the same reason. He promises to give it in a future *Register*. In the mean time he has been brought before the Court, together with his Printer and Publishers, but Lord ELLENBOROUGH postponed judgment till to-morrow, when it is supposed a heavy sentence, perhaps two years imprisonment, will be passed upon him. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL was very pithy and pointed on the occasion, not to mention amiable. The punishment of men by stripes, that most impolitic and most odious of punishments, which even the French have had the decency to abolish in their armies, he calls "law in its most lenient form;" and upon the subject of writing libels, he asks us with a delicious candour whether, "if he were poor, and could be bowed by poverty into a villain, he could find a more certain, a more expeditious, or less laborious mode of making a fortune?" He received no answer, but he might have had a very proper one. The vice or virtue of libels depends upon their motives, and upon the falsehood or truth which they speak: if by writing libels the ATTORNEY-GENERAL means exposing such men as the Duke of York and such measures as those of the present Government, I can tell him of a way of making a fortune much more safe and expeditious, and I think not exactly so respectable,—that of saying *Yes* or *No* as the Minister pleases.

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Mr. Cobbett's *Register* yesterday contained the follow-

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TO THE READERS OF THE REGISTER.

"The notoriety of what has taken place with respect to me renders it almost unnecessary for me to say any thing in the way of apology for once more sending my *Register* forth to the public without containing any thing written by myself. The time I had to remain at home was not a tenth part sufficient for the making of any thing like a due preparation for my departure. On Wednesday morning, about five o'clock, I left my home and family: yesterday I had to appear in the Court of King's Bench; and now, for the first time in my life on any account whatever, I am a prisoner, after having been a public writer for ten years in England, and never having before been even called in question, never having before had even proceedings commenced against me, in any shape, for any thing written by me.—In such a situation to set about writing for the information or amusement of the public would be the height of affectation; for every one must feel that it is, under these circumstances, quite impossible to divert one's mind from these circumstances. Indeed, to be able to do this would argue a degree of insensibility, incompatible with private affection and public-spirited motives. It is impossible that, so situated, I can feel inclined to write for the press; and, this being manifest to every body, it must be equally manifest, that if I were to attempt to write now, I should force the task upon myself from motives arising merely out of considerations connected with the *proprietorship* of the *Register*; and as I never have, in any one instance, written for gain, so I am resolved not to do it now.—Yesterday, exactly ten years ago, I landed in England, after having lost a fortune in America, solely for the sake of that same England; and yesterday saw me sent to a prison in that same England! It is quite impossible for me to banish reflections of this sort from my mind; but they are, in some measure, driven out by the contempt which I feel for the venal slaves, who have seized upon this, as they regard it, moment of my depression, to misrepresent and insult me. I have now before me the *Sun* and *Courier* newspapers, which, under the name of a report of the proceedings in the Court of King's Bench yesterday, has most grossly and basely misrepresented all that I said or did upon that occasion. I shall, as soon as possible, give a *true* account of the whole of these proceedings; and in the mean while I beg the public wholly to suspend their judgment as to every part of my conduct and my intentions.

"WM. COBBETT."

"King's Bench Prison, July 6, 1810."

Letters from an Officer of the 43d regiment of light infantry, dated head-quarters, the 10th of June, in Portugal, state, that the 43d, with other light corps, formed the advanced brigade of Lord WELLINGTON'S army, under the command of General CRAUFORD. They had had several severe skirmishes with the advanced cavalry of the French army, and some days previous to this letter they had succeeded in defeating and taking prisoners two French squadrons of chasseurs. Only a river parted Lord WELLINGTON and MASSENA'S army, and it was supposed that a battle would take place very soon. The Portuguese army, under Marshal BEREYFORD, was stated to be in high order and discipline.—*Courier*, July 7.

Letters from Antwerp received yesterday, state, that the Scheldt fleet was in perfect readiness for sea in consequence of extraordinary exertions at the personal instance of BONAPARTE. The fleet consists of seven sail of the line and five frigates. It is to be wished they may venture

out; but while our ships are in constant blockade of the mouths of the Scheldt, this event is not to be hoped. Vice-Admiral Sir B. FELLOW sailed on Wednesday from the Downs, in order to take the command of the squadron in the room of Sir R. STRACHAN.—*The same Paper.*

Extract of a letter dated Madras, Dec. 21, 1809:—

"The ferment in the army, is, I trust, completely at an end, and things are apparently restored to peace and good order.— We have an army upon the frontiers of the Mahratta States, in pursuit of Meer Khan, a General commanding Holkar's forces, who has lately been committing depredations in the Berar country; but I think it likely he will be brought to his senses without much trouble. Notwithstanding our blockade of the Isle of France, the French frigates manage to get out, and play the devil occasionally. The Company are now beginning to pay for their negligence, and will, I trust, feel for themselves, though they appear never to have bestowed a minute's consideration upon the misfortunes of the private merchants of India. It is melancholy to reflect that these petty Islands have been permitted to exist for nearly fifteen years to prey upon our trade; during which time they have carried away millions of British property, in the face of a naval force ten times superior, and in the face of our empire in India, with a disposable force of at least 50,000 men.

The following letter confirms the unfortunate turn of affairs north of the Ebro:—

"Cadiz, June 13,

"The news from Catalonia, through Gibraltar, has cast a gloom over our spirits; no official account has been received, but a letter from Alicante, of the 28th of May, speaks as follows:—'The Hero of Catalonia has been defeated near the fortress of Lerida, and every thing is in confusion. His army has been scattered in all directions, and he with the utmost difficulty made his escape. The loss in killed is calculated at about 2000. The enemy were 11,000 strong. We fear we shall not remain long in security here. Several officers of distinction have been made prisoners, and O'DONNELL himself is said to have been wounded.' Thus far the letter—but we learn by others, that the account is rather exaggerated, and that things are not quite so desperate; though another that I have seen in a friend's hand, begins with the words "All is lost!"

A Gentleman just arrived from Gibraltar, who passed the Straights on the 14th of last month, concurs with the preceding statement regarding affairs in Catalonia. He says, that the army of O'DONNELL, after a defeat near Lerida, had dispersed in the mountains; but the destruction was not so great as to preclude all hope of its being re-assembled. General DOYLE, however, was exerting every nerve, and had raised a considerable body of troops in the neighbourhood of Alicante. He had also considerably weakened the armies of the French, by inviting them to abandon the Eagles of NAPOLEON. With this view he had issued several proclamations, promising security to those who should forsake the Usurper's standard, and protection against the indignant Spaniards, who treated every Frenchman as a foe, whether he had or had not deserted, and butchered him with the utmost cruelty. General DOYLE is said to be confident, that could this dread on the part of the enemy be overcome, the loss by desertion would be immense, and he had not the slightest doubt but that whole regiments might thus be withdrawn from his ranks.

We understand that Government have received advices, that the Toulon fleet, greatly superior to our own under Sir CHARLES CORROU, is in perfect readiness to put to sea with the first favourable wind. The intention of the enemy is conjectured to be either to make an attack upon Si-

cily, or to proceed to the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean; and to revive the former project of BONAPARTE against Egypt. It is supposed; that to accomplish this purpose a naval engagement is in the first instance to be hazarded. Reinforcements are collecting in every direction to strengthen our armament on that station. The French are abundantly supplied with military resources to support their enterprize. At Tarento they have an army of 40,000 men, and they have an equal number on the shores of the Gulph of Venice, where we have lately had occasion to notice the preparation of a powerful squadron, which no doubt is intended to co-operate with the Toulon fleet. In these critical circumstances we most anxiously wait for the next intelligence from the Mediterranean.—*Chronicle.*

There has been a smart skirmish with the Neapolitan Navy. Our force consisted only of the Spartan frigate, of 38 guns; that of the enemy, of a 42 gun frigate, a corvette of 28 guns, two brigs, of 8 and 12 guns, and seven gun-boats of seven guns each. The enemy's frigate was nearly cut to pieces; the corvette was dismasted, and one of the brigs taken. The enemy had 154 killed, and 316 wounded.—We had 10 killed, and 22 wounded.—Captain BANNON was wounded, but is out of danger.

A Dinner is about to be given by the Electors of Westminster, at which, we understand, Sir FRANCIS BURDETT has consented to preside.

Mr. HORNE TOOKER completed his 74th year on Friday. He was sufficiently recovered last Sunday from his late long and severe indisposition, to take a walk in his garden, to see a tomb or excavation, in which his remains, when he shall "have shuffled off this mortal coil," are to be deposited.

Mr. COBBETT went on Thursday to the King's Bench Prison, in a hackney coach, accompanied by Major CARTWRIGHT, and some other friends.

The following advertisement, in one of the American papers, from a lawyer, is curious:—"R. DOUGLAS intends practising law in Chilclothe, if he can get any thing to do.—He intends to be honest likewise."

Sir G. BEAUXMONT.—The following is given in the *Alfred* as "the Receipt of this great Critic and Amateur for painting a Thunder-storm:—Take your clouds, and roll them well in any direction you please: add to these a second roll at right-angles with the first; add then a third at right angles with the second: hitch them all well together in the form of the letter H; and let them stand till they are quite stiff. You will then have an excellent a Thunder-storm as you can desire."

Tuesday and Wednesday a small loaf fastened by a string was suspended from the Equestrian Statue, at Charing-Cross, to which was attached a placard, stating, that it was purchased from a baker, and was extremely deficient in weight, and was one of a numerous batch. The notice concluded by simply observing, "Does not this deserve the aid of Parliament?" This exhibition attracted a great crowd of people, until the whole of the loaf was nearly washed away by the heavy rain which fell on Wednesday.

Monday his Royal Highness the Duke of CUMBERLAND underwent the operation of having one of the wounds in his head opened, from whence a fracture from the skull was taken; it was about an inch in length, and a quarter of an inch wide. The operation was performed by Mr. HORTON.

THE EIL OF LIVERPOOL, NO PROPHET.

Mr. EXAMINER,

It is a curious fact, which I dare say has not escaped your observation, that most of our "great Statesmen" have vainly attempted to unite the two characters of Politician and Prophet. We all recollect the prophetic hints of "that ever-to-be-lamented Statesman" Mr. PITT, respecting the overthrow of France, who was so often on "the verge," say, in "the very gulph," of bankruptcy. When that "great man now no more," by dint of enormous bribes to the Continental Powers, roused them at various times to arms against France, who does not remember the prophecies about restoring "the balance of power," and effectuating "the deliverance of Europe?" No wonder, then, if "the Pilot who weathered the Storm" indulged so largely in these inspirations, that several of his crew should also imagine themselves rapt, and give loose to similar flights. In this novel attempt to put down France by the force of prophecy, no man has more distinguished himself than the present Earl of LIVERPOOL, who may be said to have been born a "great Statesman," to be a sort of hereditary dealer in politics,—as his father had long followed and knew well the value of the trade, and the Son appears to inherit all his sire's attachment to the rewards of office, if not his ability to perform their duties.—Of the facility with which his Lordship could have "marched to Paris," at the commencement of the revolutionary war, your readers need not be reminded. Had his Lordship been permitted to "march," France doubtless would then have been blotted from the map of Europe, and "NAPOLEON the Great," instead of becoming Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Rhenish Confederation, Mediator of Switzerland,—in short,—Master of the Continent,—would have thought himself thrice happy in being allowed to retain his commission of Lieutenant of Engineers. But who can controul his fate? Lord HAWKESBURY (now the Earl of LIVERPOOL) did not march, and his military ardour being thus stilled, the fire of his genius broke forth in Prophecy.—In the year 1792, his Lordship (then sitting in the Honourable Commons House) rose, and, with a holy spirit of inspiration, while descending on the state of France and the balance of power, informed the admiring Members, that "France was now in so deplorable a situation, that no change of circumstances could ever render her a formidable rival; and, therefore, the only power on the Continent to be dreaded was—RUSSIA!" Here, Mr. EXAMINER, let us pause and ponder a little.

Since this exhilarating prophecy was pronounced, eighteen years have elapsed,—eighteen years of national calamity, fruitful in loss of money, loss of life, and loss of honour. France, who was then in "so deplorable a situation, that no change of circumstances could ever render her a formidable rival,"—is now mistress of the Continent; and all my Lord LIVERPOOL's exertions, and Mr. PITT's exertions, and the Marquis WELLESLEY's exertions, and even Mr. PERCEVAL's exertions,—I say, Mr. EXAMINER, all the exertions of all these ever-to-be-

lamented Statesmen, have only tended to exalt France and to debase Europe,—and instead of Russia being the only power to be dreaded, every man of common understanding (I don't mean either my Lord LIVERPOOL, or Mr. PERCEVAL, or Mr. YORKE, or Mr. LETWICH, or any such men) knows well that Russia never has been nor ever can be,—at least for centuries to come,—a power to be dreaded at all.—Here, then, is a noble specimen of the political sagacity of a follower of the "immortal PITT,"—of a man who is now selected by his Sovereign as a fit person to direct the energies of the State in this hour of trial,—and for whose "unheard-of services" that Sovereign has most graciously rewarded him with divers sinecures and places, "too numerous," as the mountebank quack has it, "to mention on this occasion."

But enough of this; if I continue the subject, you will want room and I shall want temper. To see a Military Despot lording it over the Continent, and threatening England, is indeed sufficiently alarming; but when I also perceive that to oppose the wily Conqueror we have a Government composed of my Lords LIVERPOOL, WELLESLEY, and CAMDEN, and Messrs. HYDER, and YORKE, headed by Mr. PERCEVAL,—my terrors want words. Then again, I wrap myself up in philosophy and religion; and remembering that "whatever is, is right," and that "the Lord chasteneth whom he loveth,"—I plainly perceive that nothing can be better; that we are the most beloved of nations; and that we may in time become almost as "favoured" a people as the Jews of antiquity, who were first led into captivity, and then scattered over the nations of the earth.—Yours, &c.

July, 1810.

A MAN OF WESTMINSTER.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 73.

HAYMARKET.

This Theatre has been opened two or three weeks past, but hitherto produced nothing worthy of particular notice. The first great "novelty," called the *Doubtful Son; or, the Secrets of a Palace*, was brought forward last Tuesday from the pen of that most impassioned of bards, Mr. DIXON, whose mind is a perfect masquerade-shop, being composed of a wonderful assortment of the fearful and the bewitching, of daggers and roses, of frowns and smiles equally harmless, and of hallow and fantastic faces of all kinds.—His mode of composition, the errors of which have been traced to their source in a former EXAMINER, seems to be this. He first looks out for a striking set of incidents, such as a mysterious being or two, a situation fit for shrieks and convulsions, and a villain detected in the end; these he borrows without the least scruple from the treasures of the circulating-library, and ties them together in as pretty a set of gillyflower phrases as ever Mrs. ROBINSON decked herself withal; in truth, they are the very same ones which that lady and her poetical lovers wore so long, to the great admiration of each other and suffocation of the town. To all this, nothing remains to be added but the usual pair of young folks, the lover and the lovee, and Mr. DIXON's smilingly sends forth his work to charm all the milliners in town, men as well as women.—Such is the substance of those dramas which are said to be framed upon the German model; they are not the same things however, at least they differ materially from the productions

of SCHILLER and KOTZEBUE; the morality is much better, but the language is much worse, and to the novelty of German plot they have not the least pretensions.

Mr. DIXON's present production is the story of a Spanish nobleman, who has reason to suspect that his wife's son is not his own. His suspicions are just, but are perverted by an artful adventurer, who has wound himself into his confidence and is in a fair way both of disinherit- ing the young man and depriving him of his mistress, the Count's ward. Things are in this train, and all is agitation and perplexity to the family and expectation to the adventurer, when a mysterious unknown makes his appearance, alarms the plotter, and gives hope to the ser- vants of the house who detest and suspect him. The stranger, it seems, knows so much of the man, that it is necessary for the latter to bribe him with a promise of half the dowry he is to receive with the Count's ward, and to promise it too by a certain time in the evening af- ter the contraction of their marriage. The wedding cere- mony approaches; the Count, in order to wreak his re- venge on his wife, summons her to witness it, but pre- viously, while they are alone, discloses to her his know- ledge of her son's father, frightens her into convulsions, and is almost inclined to fall into a fit himself, when the mystery is cleared up:—the lady acknowledges her con- cealment of the truth, but alleges that her son is never- theless legitimate, a circumstance which she was com- pelled by a harsh father to conceal at the time when her first husband died and she was married to the Count. Her husband instantly relents, but finds it difficult to believe the insinuations of the family against his favourite, who is charged by the Countess with having known the whole truth and artfully hindering her from disclosing it:—at this juncture he enters to meet his bride, is charged with his villainy, and stoutly denies it, when he is interrupted by the mysterious stranger, who by a contrivance of one of the servants, had not received the promised message, and coming to threaten in consequence, falls into a snare himself. This man, it appears, is the brother of our ad- venturer; he had been cheated of their mutual plunder and afterwards stabbed by him and left for dead, but finds him out at the critical moment just in time to blast his hopes, share his punishment, and restore the peace of the abused family.

There is nothing in this plot to distinguish it from the common run of Leadenhall-street mysteries; and the sen- timents and language have just as little originality. If the dialogue is any way better than that of Mr. Dixon's former productions, it is because he has borrowed some of it, manifestly enough, from better models than the *Della Crusca*; but he still is enamoured of the *roses* and the *dew-drops*, and still tells us, with no novelty either of word or thought, that virtue is proper, though sometimes unhappy,—that the ladies are amiable, but occasionally frail. As to the mysterious unknowns and the favourite reprobates, it may surprise one how they can be endured any longer either on or off the stage; but when a strong passion or vice is presented to us, we long so naturally to see it reformed or punished, that an audience will put up with a great deal of what is old and indifferent, to see the righteous event which they anticipate. It is with just such a feeling, that boys will pore over the successive horrors of a Newgate Calendar, though all the crimes are of the same complexion, and all the criminals come to the same

end. If Mr. Dixon would turn to his books, and be content for a while to receive instruction instead of admin- istering to bad taste, he would probably not put so many immediate pounds in his pocket, but he would not be the poorer in the end for saving his time and his reputation, and hindering the sure disappointment that will overtake him.

The piece was very well performed throughout. Mrs. GROVER represented the distressed *Marchioness* with much effect and still more feeling:—there is no comic actress of the day who could sustain a part like this in tragedy with such credit to herself and satisfaction to her audience, and were her per- son and countenance more dignified, she might produce that unmixed tragic sympathy, which at present they are by no means calculated to assist. Mr. C. KEENE, as the *Marquis*, had no difficult task in the strong and monoto- nous passion given him to express, and he did very well altogether; but his talent lies in the gentler and more ele- gant feelings, and he does not look old enough for the father of a youth of twenty. A Mr. ASSUR, a new per- former, represented the *Doubtful Son*:—he appears to be precisely what is called a respectable performer, that is, a performer of very tolerable mediocrity in indifferent char- acters. Mr. SOWERS, from Bath, made his first appear- ance as the adventurer, and acted his part with that kind of careful interest which will stamp a performer as a man of sense without gaining him the reputation of an excel- lent actor. His face, though not handsome or of the bet- ter tragic cast, is strongly marked and expressive, and he appeared to conceive his author with sufficient vigour; but his manner is too precise and laboured, and he has an awk- ward trick, in extending his arms, of spreading his palms back and twisting his wrists about, like the figures in Bun- ner's designs. But it is not just to either of these actors to estimate them at only one sight; and I shall take the first proper opportunity of seeing them.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Friday night, after the conclusion of *Hamlet*, Mr. KEMBLE came forward and addressed the audience to the following effect:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen—Before the final dropping of the curtain, the Proprietors and Performers of the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, are anxious to express the high sense they en- tertain of the distinguished patronage with which you have hon- oured their exertions in your service. The favour which you have thus conferred upon them, renders it impossible for them not to make every effort in their power to merit your future approbation.—Ladies and Gentlemen, some circumstances re- lating to the present situation of the Theatre, renders it neces- sary for me to solicit your attention for a few moments longer, and I humbly hope, that what I am going to say will meet with a candid hearing and a liberal interpretation. In con- sequence, Ladies and Gentlemen, of some unlucky disputes which took place in the early part of the season, a negotia- tion was entered into with a Committee of Gentlemen who acted upon that occasion, and a Treaty was agreed upon, under the stipulations of which, the number of Annual Boxes was to be reduced to three on each side of the Theatre. I wish, La- dies and Gentlemen, to be distinctly understood upon this point:—That Treaty was agreed to by the Proprietors of the Thea- tre—and I was the person who, in their name and my own, agreed to it. If it is your pleasure that that Treaty should be strictly executed, the Proprietors will, however great the loss they may sustain, carry the Treaty into effect to the letter of it.—I have, however, Ladies and Gentlemen, to submit a few words upon this subject to your consideration, which I hope will meet with your favourable attention, In the Act of Parliament

which has been recently passed for rebuilding the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, (a sufferer, God knows, by the same calamity which has pressed so heavily upon us), a clause has been inserted, empowering the Proprietors to set apart as many private Boxes as they shall deem conducive to their interests. They therefore can assure by law that power for which we only wish to be indebted to your goodness and liberality. I hope, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is not your desire that we should be placed in a worse situation than the New Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, and thereby be rendered less able to use our endeavours to contribute to your amusement and gratification—for I am convinced, from long experience, that it is necessary (with the view that justice should be done to the amusement of the public), there should be two Theatres upon nearly equal terms, that one may keep the other in order. All we ask, Ladies and Gentlemen, is, that you will be pleased to allow us to retain the same number of Annual Boxes which existed in the old Theatre before it was burnt down. I wish, Ladies and Gentlemen, to speak with every possible humility, but allow me to say, that I confidently hope, that you will not object, under the circumstances I have stated, to what is now humbly requested. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have now to state to you, that the whole of the front of the present circle of Annual Boxes, together with the spacious Corridor and Saloon attached to that circle, will, at the commencement of the next season, be thrown open to the public; and that a spacious stone staircase, and a new Saloon of stone, not of plank, will be in the mean time erected. The roof of the middle Gallery will also be raised, and, in every particular, our utmost efforts will be directed to add to the convenience and accommodation of the public."

Mr. KENTON then bowed and withdrew.—This speech was interrupted at various times by applause mingled with tokens of disapprobation.—"Hear, hear!" and "stuff till the other Theatre is built," were also loudly vociferated. Nothing like tumult, however, took place; the Afterpiece went on peaceably, and the audience retired as usual.

THE OPERA.

SEN.—PICCINI's celebrated Opera of *La Buona Figliuola*, after having remained in quiet for six and thirty years, has been revived at this Theatre, and met with such ill success as will no doubt restore it to its peaceful habitation on the shelf. Remembering what I had heard and read of its having saved the theatre at Rome from ruin, of its having been performed frequently at every musical theatre in Europe, and of its being the best work of a composer who has produced at least three hundred pieces that are reported to have great merit, I expected more entertainment than the performance afforded. It is generally heavy, and though possessing great smoothness of melody and an unusual display of fancy in the accompaniments, it wants the animation and variety that we find in more modern productions. Since the days of PICCINI, music has made very rapid advances, and MOZART, HAYDN, WENZEL, and Cimarosa, have thrown such new light upon the science, as to render the works of his time comparatively dry and uninteresting. The performers did what they could to execute it with propriety, and TRAMEZANI acted with more than usual spirit; his action was free and playful, and his singing, as it always is, full of feeling. I wish I could say as much for CATALANI, who was throughout the most inanimate statue that ever ventured on a stage, and walked with so little motion that she appeared to slide on and off upon wheels. Signor NALDI had a part indifferently fitted to his talents, and a shabby coat that fitted him still worse, so that he looked more like the laced gentlemen who walk with handkerchiefs in their hands

before a Jack-in-the-green, than the military officer that the taylor intended him for.

I cannot conclude without thanking PONTALINO for his truly laughable letter which appeared in the *Examiner* last Sunday; for nothing proves the folly of the Italian Stage better, than the wretched arguments to which those resort who are hardy enough to defend it. After arranging his confused ideas into as rational a connection as I find them capable of, I discover that he accuses me of several heinous offences; first, of not admiring the productions of BUONATI, GUGLIELMI, and PUCITTA; secondly, of being governed by ignorance, envy, and prejudice; thirdly, of never praising any performers; and lastly, of being an Englishman.—To his first charge, I must unfortunately plead in a great measure guilty, since BUONATI and GUGLIELMI appear to me melancholy instances of the degraded state of poetry and music, and proofs of the indifference with which the performances are regarded by the generality of the audience, notwithstanding what PONTALINO says of the walls reverberating with judicious plaudits. He next proceeds to what he calls his reflections, which convince him either that the frequenters of the Opera are destitute of taste and knowledge of Italian poetry and music, or that I am the unhappy victim of ignorance, envy, and prejudice. Ignorant I may be, but prejudiced and envious I cannot be, for I neither know, nor wish to know, a single performer, author, or composer, employed in the concern, nor have any wish to write or compose Italian Operas; and if I had, the last persons I should envy would be BUONATI and GUGLIELMI. But the third crime, of never giving praise,—how is that to be got over? He acknowledges, indeed, that there is much to censure in their "laboured productions;" but then the villainy of censuring always, of never speaking against my opinion purely out of charity, and declaring black to be white as a proof of my benevolence! Here, alas, I have no defence, and must acknowledge myself guilty of speaking the truth. I wish I could accuse PONTALINO of the same crime, when he declares that I have ridiculed Signor ROSSI for his age, and censured my favourite, Monsieur DESHAYES. With admirable conciseness he states, that he has not only "looked in vain for praise," but also "sought in vain even for approbation," and found that I do not admire the splendid productions of the present season; a circumstance which could surprize none but those who can enjoy the theatricals of Bartholomew-fair, and gaze with rapture and reverence upon the dirty spangled dresses that are there exhibited. But the grand accusation, which he reserves for a climax, and accordingly decorates with all the flowers of language, is that I was not born under the genial influence of an Italian sky, and am not accustomed to regard, for several successive months, the perpetually cœrulean canopy of Heaven, charmed by an almost perpetual spring; advantages which enliven the mind, and also render it gay; and not only gay and enlivened, but likewise cheerful and not dull. Then he abuses our climate, which is called Hyperborean, rigid, ungenial, rough, inclement, and ever-changing; from whence he deduces England to be inhabited by a nation of fools, and Italy the birth-place of genius and taste! Unhappy England! that can boast no greater poet than your METROE, how vastly are you indebted to Italy, that has compensated your loss by sending you a BUONATI!

After all, PONTALINO would perhaps have been but

answered by silence; but I cannot avoid expressing how much I am obliged to him for the entertainment he has afforded me, and how willing I am to acknowledge, in spite of his severity, that I consider his talents nearly equal to those of his favourite author. H. R.

FINE ARTS.

THE INFAMOUS CARICATURIST.

A Frenchman of the name of DUBOST, a few years since, brought a painting from Paris, representing the historical incident of *Damocles, with the Sword suspended over his head*. The picture, which he pronounced to be his own performance, with many defects, possessed considerable merit, and a highly esteemed patron of art purchased it of DUBOST for 700 or 800 guineas. DUBOST has since continued in England painting various pictures, all of which are so very inferior to the *Damocles*, that the best judges universally conclude that the latter work could not be the sole production of DUBOST. The purchaser felt so convinced of this, that he effaced DUBOST's name from the canvass, and cut off a trifling part of it. The painter was so enraged at this, that he painted and exhibited a caricature, representing the story of *Beauty and the Beast*, in which the purchaser of the picture, designated as the latter, is tempting a beautiful young lady to marry him by shewing her his wealth. Now, whether the *Damocles* was painted by DUBOST or not, the conviction in the mind of the purchaser that it was not, was a sufficient reason for his effacing DUBOST's name, strengthened as that conviction was by the general and indeed unanimous conviction of judges that he was not the painter; and his cutting the picture is too insignificant a reason to be listened to for a moment, as an adequate or indeed as any cause for inflaming the painter's animosity, for what was cut off was only a small and uninteresting part of the ceiling of a room. But even allowing it was culpable to cut the picture and efface DUBOST's name, notwithstanding such conviction, and that by so doing an act of injustice was committed against the character and consequent interests of DUBOST, the latter has committed a gross outrage on public decency and justice, by departing, in his publicly exhibited caricature, from that truth which can alone justify such a species of condemnation. Had DUBOST adopted a pictorial burlesque satire to exhibit the purchaser as a pseudo-critic in Art, I might possibly have taken no notice of such a caricature, from the little harm which would accrue to his universally known character as a man of taste, as well as from the affinity which such a representation would bear to the alleged ill treatment of the painter. But when delicacy of feeling and moral purity is vilified, not only of a virtuous man, the immediate object of hatred to the soul asperser, but of an amiable woman, no way accessory to the awakening his unjust revenge, then not to hold up the public slanderer to the general execration which he deserves, would be traitorous to truth, and an encouragement to slander, by permitting it to deal out its deadly attacks with impunity. Not to set a public mark on the caricaturist would be a culpable permission of his unhallowed hands to unloose the very bonds of social society, and to plant daggers in the minds of innocent individuals. Every part of the physical and moral delineation of this incendiary's caricature bore the direct stamp of a lie, except so far as a facial resemblance to the respectable persons vil-

fied, indubitably pointed them out to the spectator. Had the pencil of truth gone over the odious form in which the tasteful patron was described by the remorseless caricaturist, it would have been converted into a graceful exterior, the emblem of a cultivated mind and uncorrupted heart. I glow with indignation when I think of the miscreant that can be so far urged by the spirit of an unjustly provoked malevolence, so to belie worth as to represent it seeking to purchase with mere gold the most valuable blessing of existence, the hand and affections of a beautiful and amiable woman; but my indignation is converted into disgust and hatred of the calumniator, when I see his odious hand designating that estimable female as the very one who, having been connubially united to the highly respectable but traduced individual previously to the painting the caricature, is therefore held up for the finger of virtuous scorn to be pointed at, as one who barter sincerity and happiness for gold. But the finger of virtuous scorn is turned only at himself, and every social, every honourable feeling, awakens contempt and detestation at the foul calumniator.

The Engraving of the *Battle of Maida*, from an excellent and accurate painting by Mr. LOUTHERBOURG, described in the First Volume of the EXAMINER, is now completed by Mr. CARDON in the chalk manner, with a spirit worthy of the talent exhibited by that gentleman in his admired engraving from ROBENS's celebrated picture of the *Woman taken in Adultery*, engraved for the *British Gallery*. It possesses all the energy of the original, and by a judicious intermixture of line, all the objects are well discriminated. The lucid atmosphere, the voluminous clouds and smoke, the far stretching, hilly, and umbrageous country, the attacking and retreating troops, the horses, artillery, &c. are all sculptured with appropriate vigor of character. The lower margin is decorated with an accurate bust of the victorious General STUART, which an elegant figure of Fame is crowning with laurel. Mr. LOUTHERBOURG is justly admired for the natural and forcible delineation of battles. He appends to the general action a number of accessories, which interestingly diversify the incidents and grouping. These render the *Battle of Maida*, sculptured as it is with so much brilliancy, a valuable plate not only to the tasteful but the patriotic Englishman, for it represents the superior valour of 4860 British troops in defeating 7200 French and Polonese. The print is of the same size with and is worthy of being a companion to the excellent engraving of the *Landing of the British Troops in Egypt* by the lamented and unrivalled L. SCHIAVONETTI.

R. H.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

MR. EDITOR,—The unexpected and unaccountable act of that incorrigible man, Sir Francis Burdett, on his liberation from the Tower, continues, I find, to engage the honest indignation and to occupy the columns of those independent, incorruptible, and truly loyal papers, the *Morning Post*, *Courier*, *Sun*, &c. &c. I must own, to my shame and confusion, Sir, that I had nearly been induced to swerve from that steady confidence and esteem for these writers and their favourite Statesmen, which ought to inhabit the breast of every loyal man:—I had been nearly led astray

into the jacobinical suspicion, I had almost said persuasion, that other motives than those of patriotism were actuating the conduct and fomenting the zeal of our national guardians, who assembled in and about St. Stephen's Chapel. Judging by the vulgar and impure motives which govern the trafficking and jobbing race around me, I was scarcely sensible of the elevated and generous views, which animated the heart and mind of that distinguished Senator, Mr. Ponsonby, when he so eloquently maintained the privilege of the Honourable House to imprison at its pleasure, as a step necessary to the preservation of our liberties. My neighbour Sturdy had nearly persuaded me. Mr. Editor, that the Right Hon. Mr. Ponsonby was moved, in this instance, by somewhat like apprehensions for his own privilege, of enjoying for life a pension, for having sustained, during thirteen long months, the labours of office;—which pension, he says, is equal to the allowance made to nine of our Admirals, retiring from the perils and fatigues of a life spent in the service.—And, by the bye, Sturdy further says, that Mr. Ponsonby is not right in this doctrine of his—that it is neither consistent with law nor reason; and moreover says, that he will give me a tooth, till he has never a one left, for every word of law that Mr. Ponsonby, or any one else, has produced, in opposition to the doctrine of his favourite Sir Francis on this subject. But I know, Mr. Editor, that answering such fellows would only be encouraging them; and I rejoice sincerely that I have discovered, in time, the danger into which I was falling. No, Sir, I am not to be persuaded that Mr. Ponsonby is so interested, any more than I am to be made believe that our prodigiously able and illustrious Prime Minister is actuated by motives so mercenary, in the many arduous offices he has so courageously undertaken.—What, Sir, I ask, but a pious determination “to stand by his King,” as he said, and to uphold the glory of his country, could have tempted so exalted a character to undertake the drudgery of five offices?—I repeat it, Mr. Editor, the labour of five places!—Is it to be supposed, I say, that the mean love of lucre could tempt a man of so much delicacy and excellence to an undertaking so arduous? No, Sir; to my knowledge, Mr. Perceval is not so wedded to gain—for I have very lately seen, with my own eyes, the name of this Right Hon. Patriot affixed to a charitable donation of ten pounds?—My neighbour only laughs at this, and says ‘tis but returning a “*candle end*” from the many thousands he annually draws from the public—and sneeringly cries, in the words of a proverb,—“*Steal a goose and give the giblets in alms.*”—But I am not to be bantered by his profane remarks, out of my respect for our glorious Constitution—by which phrase, he says, the pretended loyal only mean the glorious enjoyment of a good fat place or a job, and of rolling in luxury and idleness on the hard earnings of an abused and insulted People.

To hear my neighbour reason, Mr. Editor, would “*make your hair stand on end!*” And if I say any thing against Sir Francis, he asks me, with such a confident air, “What evil he has done? Whether he has robbed the Public?—Whether he has planned and executed any ruinous, abortive, and disgraceful Expeditions? Whether he has made a trade of votes, or seats, in the Hon. House, and thus sold the birth-right of his Countrymen? Or, whether he has stood forth in the defence of any “*dear friend,*” (as Mr. Perceval so prettily said) who has done all these things? No,” says he, “there are no disgraceful ‘*mixed Accounts,*’

no ‘*misapplications of the Public Money,*’ no laws broken, which, as a Minister, he was paid, in an especial manner, to observe and enforce; no industrious, striving families stinted in their meals, to furnish his cravings and extravagancies; no mothers mourning their sons; no windows lamenting their husbands; no orphans bereft of their fathers—ingloriously lost in despicably foolish—but most tremendously destructive Expeditions!—And, lastly, none of the birth-rights of Englishmen, the sacred behests of their brave and generous forefathers, sapped and undermined by his subtle sophistries; or bargained away for a pension or title for himself, and places and contracts for his sons and dependents. You and your place-hunting Papers,” continues he, “have been truly generous in taking up our quarrel with Sir Francis. It was indeed a disappointment to his expecting friends, that he did not join them in procession; but we soon saw reason sufficient, not merely to be satisfied, but to venerate and applaud him for this conduct. And we strongly suspect, that the heaviest disappointment, on this occasion, is with those who have been so ready to vent their malice against him, for an act which but too probably frustrated their hopes of slaughter and desolation. Should it ever be his misfortune to be approved by such writers, we may then distrust and suspect him. But this will never be the case ‘till he joins their crew, and thrusts his remorseless hands into the pockets of the injured People!’”

What can I say to such a man, Mr. Editor?—I think such sentiments as these of Mr. Sturdy, ought to be exposed; and if you agree with me in opinion, I shall send you the substance of more of his unreasonable and extravagant murmurings.—I am, Sir, with every respect, your well-wisher,

WAVER WOULD-BE-GOOD.

Liverpool, June 30, 1810.

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Virtutibus obstat

Res angusta domi.

JUVENAL.

SIR,—Had our satirist visited the various resorts of poverty in this vast Metropolis, he could not have uttered a more appropriate observation than the foregoing; as here poverty too frequently becomes the ladder by which vice mounts to its meridian height. Although the idea of a General House of Industry has been thrown out already in your Publication, and previously encouraged by able comments in the House of Commons, yet, I am sorry to observe, that no one has endeavoured, in any of the daily prints, to present the Public with a plan on which so eligible an institution might be carried into effect.

Feeling the difficulties of so arduous an undertaking, it is with the utmost diffidence that I offer the heads of such a plan to public consideration; satisfied, however, that there is some merit even due to the simple miner, who first selects the shapeless ore from the encrusted mass: and happy shall I be if some more able artificer shall take my crude materials in hand, and form a model more perfect, and more deserving of public attention.

To establish a “*HANEFON,*” or Institution for General Employ, where persons of all descriptions may find a temporary employment even for an hour, if inclined to barter their labour at its stated price, it will be necessary, in the first place, that some public and respectable persons should form themselves into a *Committee of Communication,*

in order to make inquiry, and ascertain among merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, &c. with whom they are connected, the daily and piece prices of labour in the various occupations of arts, manufactures, and commerce; which may be then easily reduced into a scale, and shew at one view the actual price of each persons labour in any the most trivial employment, for any given space of time, even to the fraction of an hour. Let each Member of the Committee undertake a certain department, most convenient to his own enquiries, and it would be no great length of time before the Committee would obtain the desired intelligence. Such a scale of labour being prepared, it might be placed up in some conspicuous part of the edifice, where every individual of the Institution might at once observe the rate of his labour before he entered on his employ. The results of these inquiries would also furnish the Committee with many important hints for the better and more efficiently carrying on the various works of the establishment, both as to extent and economy. This desideratum being accomplished, the next point to be attended to, is the mode of conducting and governing the Institution. To this end, the various occupations of the place should be divided into different classes, and to each class (which should not be too numerous) an overseer should be appointed both to watch over and instruct; and such overseer should have full power to set any individual to work in such class, who should apply for admittance to employ; he should also be invested with power similar to a common police officer. Let the next gradation of power be a *Committee of Inspection*, who should take daily cognizance of the individual conduct of the members of the Institution, and be empowered to award punishments in cases of delinquency. Over this should be placed a *Committee of Survey*, who should weekly inspect the reports of the Committee of Inspection, examine the state of the Institution, and order regulations where necessary. And to this should succeed a *Committee of Control*, who should sit monthly to receive a general report of the state of the Institution, and make such orders as might be necessary for its general welfare. The members of the Institution should solely receive the money price of their individual labour, and not be found in either board, lodging, or clothing. *No strong liquors of any kind* should be allowed within the establishment, nor any one admitted who was in the smallest degree inebriated. In this Institution even convicts, disposed to reform, when discharged from their punishments, might find subsistence in return for labour, and to this Institution all persons might resort, who could not otherwise subsist themselves in an honest way. From this Institution also the tradesman and contractor might hire his workmen for the hour, day, or week. A register should be kept of the labour of each individual; so that the employer, by a reference thereto, might ascertain of how much labour each member was capable. A report from each overseer should be made daily, weekly, and monthly, to the Committee of Inspection, of the quantity and quality of labour, and also of the moral conduct of each individual of his class; who should, accordingly, certify the same against the name of such individual in the *general register*, which should be open to the inspection of every one; by which means the employer might, at one view, see who were fit for his employ, and what they were capable of performing, with their general conduct in the Institution, the length of

time that they had been in the establishment, and their behaviour during that time. By these means, many might re-establish characters to set them forward again with the public in their original employments. An Institution somewhat similar, under the denomination of a *Spinning House*, has long subsisted in Holland, and its advantages, moral and political, have been found great beyond expectation; surely, in this country then, which boasts so able a police, it might be made an object of the highest political magnitude.

It is only necessary for Parliament to empower men of weight and influence to make the attempt, in order to insure a completion of the plan; let such commence this laudable undertaking, and the whole country would, I am confident, come forward, and add its assistance to their energies; especially as such an Institution, with proper management, would nearly support itself, in a short time, from the produce of its own labour.

In my official situation, as Clerk of Arraignment on one of the Circuits, it has frequently fallen to my lot to observe how requisite such an establishment was, to receive the convict when discharged from gaol; too many of those unfortunate beings, though disposed to return to the paths of honesty, are from thence sent at large again upon the world, without friends, without characters, without the means of subsistence, (for none will employ them), and without an asylum to shelter them from inclemency and famine, are forced to resort to their old habits of plunder to supply the immediate calls of nature.—The poor female outcast, and forlorn prostitute, too, claims loudly your consideration for the amelioration of her state, by offering her employ; for cold is her resting-place, and bitter is her bread of life.—I am, Sir, your's obediently,

TRIMMINGS.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

MR. EXAMINER,

I think you must admit, that when a man assumes an office, he at the same time imposes upon himself a duty, and that he ought to perform the duties which attach to that office, however laborious, or even disagreeable, they may be. On this principle I address myself to you. The office of EXAMINER, which you have taken upon yourself, most certainly has its appendant duties, the performance of which is required of you, nor can your utmost diligence, in this respect, be dispensed with. If indeed you are the enemy to something called bigotry, which your correspondent PRIMO RELIGIO asserts you to be, then I protest against your competence to execute the office of EXAMINER at all; but if, on the other hand, this exordium of his is only a piece of sycophancy intended to cajole your good sense, and to soothe you into a good humour to publish his scurrility, I then conclude that your judgment will require but a little jog to arouse it. You must admit that it is a principle of equitable justice, in all cases submitted to you, that you should exert all your diligence to discover Truth, and to be guided by her; your duty as EXAMINER impels you to this, in all cases in which the principles of another are called in question, and most particularly so, when whole bodies of people, whose sentiments do not exactly coincide with your own, are invidiously attacked; then it is that your duty imperiously commands you to examine carefully, and by so doing to

prove to your readers that you are an EXAMINER indeed. Impressed with the idea that in some of your late publications your judgment has been caught a little napping, I shall take the liberty to point them out, and do not entertain a doubt, but that you will immediately perceive that either your judgment or diligence stands impeached. Some few months ago, your paper, of which I am a constant reader, ushered into the world, under the gloss of a translation from the Spanish, (I suppose, a Spanish inquisitor, for it was worthy of such a character only), a rhapsody, under the title of an Account of Joanna Southcott.—Now, Sir, if in this case you had not been strangely remiss in your duty, you would have discovered that the whole of this account was a gross, if not a wilful, misrepresentation; and that it contained at the same time most palpable falsehoods. Two of these I shall just notice.—He says, report informs him, “that the number of the sealed amounts to Thirty Thousand! so that the sealing must be a very lucrative trade;” and adds, that another trial of the woman’s visitation is to take place this year. Both these assertions are false.—The woman, nor any of her friends for her, never took a single farthing for a seal of any one; and as to when her last and greatest trial will take place, no one that is joined with her, nor even she herself, knows whether it will be this year or next, and therefore cannot have fixed a time. Therefore, whether it was Mr. Southey, or whoever else it might be, that wrote that account, he has asserted gross falsehoods.—I come now to your last correspondent, Philo-Religio, and must observe, that the acrimony of his heart very ill agrees with the signature he has used. He is guilty of the same degrading crime as your former correspondent.—He publishes it as a fact notoriously known, that Mrs. Southcott extorts half-crowns, crowns, seven shilling pieces, &c. for her blasphemous passports. I should be as far from being guilty of a violation of good-breeding towards him, if I were to make use of the vulgar tongue, and pronounce him a palpable l—r, as he supposes himself to be when he attacks a Society of which he apparently knows nothing but by report. But I forbear; such a buzzing insect may flutter for a day, and then fall under the chilling air of contempt. He calls himself a Lover of Religion. This is the veil under which he endeavours to conceal the rancour of his heart. He puts me in mind of the stinging nettle covered over by a flimsy cobweb, which can neither conceal the weed nor defend your fingers, if you venture to touch it; and so far is this gentleman’s cloak, which he calls the love of religion, from concealing the acrimony of his heart. If I compare him to a stinging nettle, I hope his *Nettleship* will not take it too much to heart, for if he does, I must expect to feel his sting. But I forewarn him of this, that I shall not notice any thing he may say, except he communicates his address, and then I promise him he shall have mine. To conclude, Mr. EXAMINER, as I have shewn that your correspondents have prevailed on you to publish in your respectable paper those things which are not true, you cannot in justice deny me the privilege of denying that which they have said. And I also persuade myself that you henceforward will be more circumspect; for you must admit, that in this country no one can plead a right to incommode the peace of any one by whom himself is neither injured nor insulted.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

May 5, 1810.

PHILO-YERAX.

COURT OF KING’S BENCH.

BLANCKLY V. TOMLINSON.

This was an action by which the plaintiff, who is the daughter of a poulterer in Bloomsbury market, sought to recover from the defendant, an engraver, a compensation in damages for a Breach of Promise of Marriage. It appeared in evidence, from letters by the defendant to the plaintiff and her father, and also by parole testimony, that the defendant had offered the plaintiff marriage; that in the latter end of the year 1808, the banns of marriage between them had been thrice proclaimed in the church of St. George’s, Bloomsbury; and that the defendant then drew back, on account of an alleged failure on the part of the father to fulfil a promise made by him relative to the bride’s portion. The defendant, however, again made his advances to the plaintiff, was once more received into favour, and the celebration of the marriage was fixed for the 16th of October, 1809.—Within a few days of the marriage, however, the defendant again retracted, after the bridal cloathes were purchased and the dinner was in the course of being prepared.

Mr. PARKE, for the defendant, stated a variety of circumstances relating to the plaintiff, which, having been communicated to the defendant, had deterred him from consummating the marriage, forming altogether a case, which Lord Ellenborough declared, could he make out any thing like it, the action could not be sustained.

Several witnesses were then adduced, whose evidence it would be neither profitable nor becoming to detail; suffice it to say, that it was proved, that, previous to the final breach on the part of the defendant, it had been communicated to him, that the plaintiff had declared that she did not care a d—m for the defendant; when she was married she would be kept as a lady, would take off her ring, and run into the streets for a bit of fun; and, that she should be drinking her wine, while her— of sisters were drinking water. She was also proved to have talked of improper female acquaintances whom she kept; and had been detected reading books highly unbecoming the perusal of a modest female.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH thought it unnecessary to go further. The defendant, though he might not be absolutely convinced of the truth of the information thus communicated to him, was clearly entitled, even on suspicion of its being correct, to retreat from any engagement he might have formed with the plaintiff. It would be too much to hold that he was bound to make an experiment how far the information was or was not well founded, at the risk of his own misery for life. His Lordship, at the same time, suggested the propriety of the defendant, who had, at one time, trifled with the plaintiff, consenting to a Juryman’s being withdrawn.

A Juror was then withdrawn, the effect of which is to subject each party in payment of their own costs.

Wednesday, July 4.

SIR F. BURDETT V. THE SPEAKER, &c. &c.

A conversation between the Bench and the Bar took place, concerning the demurrer; at length the ATTORNEY-GENERAL remarked, that it lay entirely with the plaintiff, to say whether the demurrer should have precedency of the trial or not. But he trusted that the Court would not drive him to trial till the law of the case upon the arguments on the demurrer should be first settled.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH.—“It is not for the Court to say whether the argument on the demurrer shall take place before the trial or not, that remaining with the suitor. But in the present application the Court will now decide; and, therefore, let the trial at bar take place on Tuesday, the 20th of November next. Applications relating to the argument on the demurrer may be a distinct and separate thing.”

Rule absolute for trials at bar on Tuesday, the 20th day of November next.

Thursday, July 5.

THE KING V. COBBETT AND OTHERS.

Mr. Cobbett came into Court, about a quarter past ten, with the other defendants, and many of his friends. The four Judges were on the Bench, and the Court was unusually crowded. When the bustle had subsided, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL

rose, and briefly moved the judgment of the Court against the proprietor; Messrs. Bagshaw and Budd, William Cobbett, the proprietor; Messrs. Bagshaw and Budd, the publishers; and Mr. Hansard, the printer, of *The Political Register*.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH recapitulated the evidence given on the trial; and when this had been concluded, enquired whether the defendants had any affidavits to produce.

Mr. Cobbett replied, that he did not intend to offer any to the Court.

Affidavits on the parts of Richard Bagshaw and John Budd were then read. They severally stated, in nearly the same terms, that their connection with Mr. Cobbett was merely as vendors of his paper; that they had no peculiar profit on it; and that they merely ordered it as they would have ordered any other, at the desire of their customers. They both stated that they had not read the paper in question previously to publication, and that they were not acquainted with its libellous tendency. They were married men, with children, and their presence was necessary to their business. They were both advanced in life and infirm, and confinement would be ruinous to them. They had suffered judgment to go by default, and now threw themselves on the mercy of the Court, with the stronger hope, as they had never before been prosecuted on any charge of libel.—Affidavits from medical men were read in corroboration of these statements of their health.

Mr. Hansard's Affidavit stated, that having purchased the stock in trade of a person who had formerly printed Mr. Cobbett's Parliamentary History, he came into the printing of that work. That in some time after, about 1805, Mr. Cobbett having a quarrel with Messrs. Cox and Baylis, his printers, prevailed upon the deponent, with much entreaty, to undertake the printing of the *Political Register*. That Botley being 70 miles from London, and the communications from the author coming in late on Thursday in each week, every thing was required to be done with the utmost expedition, to be ready for publishing in time. That the separate divisions of the work were brought to him in the form which was called *proof slips*; and it was only in this broken and partial way that he had an opportunity of reading the composition. That though it might have been proper for the deponent to inspect the entire work on the morning of publication, yet that from anxiety, to send out the work, and from having no suspicion that it was libellous, he had omitted that duty. That deponent had no other profit by the *Register* than the common price of printing; that he had no share, kept no copies, recommended none to buyers, did not provide even paper or stamps, and was altogether unconcerned with the objects which the Author might be supposed to have in view. This was the first time he had been before the Court for an offence of this nature; and he therefore prayed for their consideration.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH.—“Have the defendants any Counsel?”

Mr. Cobbett.—“My Lord, after what has already been said on the subject, I have nothing at present to trouble your Lordship with, except to say, that the defendants had no share whatever in the composition of the *Register*; and, I believe, no opportunity of looking over it before publication. In this I except Mr. Hansard, the printer; but I here declare, that in my whole intercourse with them, I cannot recollect ever having heard a disloyal sentiment from the lips of one of them. I need not now repeat, that the paragraph, which has been made the foundation of the charge, was not written by me with any evil or libellous intention.”

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—“I think the defendant let drop the word *present*, which seems to imply a future address; but your Lordship will inform him that what he has to say he must say now.”

Lord ELLENBOROUGH then addressed Mr. Cobbett, and desired him to speak at the present time whatever he might have to urge before the Court.

Mr. Cobbett.—“My Lord, I am aware of that; but after what has been already said, I do not intend to trouble the Court with any further observations.”

Mr. BURROUGHS for Mr. Hansard, Mr. GUNNEY for Mr.

Budd, and Mr. BOWEN for Mr. Bagshaw, briefly addressed the Court in mitigation. Mr. Bowen's address, which, though like the others, was little more than a repetition of the affidavits, was delivered with an unusual feeling and impressiveness. He stated his client to be a man much bowed with years, and to whom sending to confinement would be sending to the grave.

The ATTORNEY GENERAL.—“My Lords, I fully agree with my learned Friends, that there is a strong distinction in the guilt of the several defendants—between that of the subordinate agents and Mr. Cobbett; but they do not, and cannot deny that they have committed a crime. They are guilty, yet they have not aggravated their guilt by the pretence of innocence; they have not availed themselves of the privilege of defence, only to pour out slanders almost as libellous as those for which they had been already arraigned; but they must learn that every man, who has been connected with such a transaction, deserves punishment. I proceed to speak of the principle criminal; for your Lordships must perceive, that all the affidavits speak of him as the sole author, and solely enjoying the emolument of the Paper; so that whatever of malignity there was in it—whatever of base profit or vile thirst of lucre might urge to the dissemination of such principles as those of the libel, all was to come home to Mr. Cobbett. The reading of the libel must raise feelings very different from those which its guilty author had in contemplation. It was at a time when a large share of the population was necessarily in arms; when it was important, peculiarly important, that discipline should be preserved; that the civil and military classes of the country should think kindly of each other, and be cordial in the great common cause;—it was in the very hour, when it became most vitally necessary that the soldiery should be convinced that no tyrannical hand was intended to be held over them;—even then this *obscure tempter* started up in his proper shape, to lead them from their allegiance—to set before them a false contrast of the British government with that of the enemy—and at once make the soldiery mutinous, and the people disaffected. I may say, and say it with my conviction, that at no other time and in no other country were the comfort and honour of the army so highly valued by the Legislature; and the army have repaid, and more than repaid their care, by the brilliancy and valour of their achievements abroad, and by the propriety and moderation of their conduct at home. I go to the libel, and need I say that its object was to loosen the bond by which the soldier is bound to the laws of his country—to alienate his mind, and make him as detrimental to the public security as he is now an ornament and a defence? I beg leave to briefly point out the circumstances of the event on which the libel is founded. The Local Militia in the Island of Ely had mutinied; they proceeded to violence, and overpowered their officers. The force on the spot was not sufficient to suppress the tumult, and the German Legion, who happened to be the nearest Regiment, were ordered to the protection of the inhabitants, and the support of the laws. Tranquillity was restored, a regular court martial was held, and a few of the offenders punished. What does Mr. Cobbett make of this? He represents it as an innocent difference about some petty sum of money, between men who had been equals a month before at the same plough-tail. For this, any animadversion was insult, and any punishment, tyranny. He insults and taunts the soldiers for submitting to the punishment which the law, in its most regular course and in its most lenient form, appointed. He set the German Legion in the most odious light, and held them up to the Army, and the nation, as men expressly fitted and designedly brought forward to execute the arbitrary purposes of an oppressive authority. How is it possible to expect loyalty or courage either in native troops, or in those gallant foreigners whom the misfortunes of their own country have sent to the cause of ours, if this language is permitted to proceed from a licensed libeller? He insults the people of the Isle of Ely for not rising in rebellion against the Government, which had the cruelty to put down the disobedience of the soldier, and the obstinacy to persevere in the execution of the laws. But this, black as it is, is not the blackest part of the venom which the libeller has prepared for the popular

mind. He turns off from meaner considerations, and fixes himself on the government of the country. He draws his picture of the cruelty which Napoleon is, according to his softened phrase, said to exercise. He draws his picture of the rigid spirit of the British Government, bids his readers look on the sketch of his master-hand, and draw their conclusion. Is it to be borne, that this libeller should tell the people and the army that the sword of despotic power is hung over their heads by a hair—that our laws are caprice, and our justice oppression? Mr. Cobbett is delicate; but his delicacy consists in palliating the conduct of our enemy, and his candour in defaming our own. He charges the crime of calumniating that enemy—upon whom? Upon “the loyal” of this country; upon the obedient, the honest, the industrious, and the honourable: for after all his explanations, I feel that he means no others. This is the character of the libel. I have not pressed it beyond its meaning; I have not exaggerated, I have not urged; I have judged it out of its own mouth: and if this be the genuine character of the work, what was the consequence which it was intended to produce—what was to be the triumph of the writer—what was to be the result of his libel after it had made its progress through the minds of the people? Was he to be content with nothing less than seeing the army droued to overturn the state, general disaffection rising through the land, and the country in flames? Those consequences have not been produced: but is the failure of his objects to be made a plea for the libeller? The escape was due not to him, but to the virtue, to the loyalty, to the vigorous spirit and manly good-sense of the people. But, my Lords, look to the consequence of suffering this man to escape without any thing that can be called impunity. He has already told us of worse libellers than himself having escaped. This reasoning would be quickly adopted; if another instance of impunity occurred. Others will follow the example, and count upon the escape of the criminal who now stands before you. Libelling is lucrative. If I were poor, and if poverty could beget me into a villain, could I find a more certain, a more expeditious, or a less laborious mode of making a fortune?—There was danger in increasing the long suffering of the laws; but if that danger should be done away, there is nothing to save the State and the People from the malice and the necessities of every vulgar scribbler. Your Lordships may be strong enough now to restrain the criminal who now awaits your sentence; but if you let him loose, who can say that you will have the same strength next year? I say it in deference, but it is the duty of your Lordships, when such an offender comes within the view of public justice, to mark him with peculiar punishment. You have had private libellers before you; you punished them justly, though their offence could scarcely reach beyond the casual pain of the individuals whom they aspersed. You have had before you libellers on the administration of justice, and those you felt it your duty to punish; not from any personal feeling, but from the honourable and dignified consciousness that the character of the Courts of Justice ought to stand in spotless and unblomished majesty before the people; and that an insult on their purity was an attack on the best interests of the nation. These libellers arraigned the course of law; they did not dare to think of abolishing it altogether. Their guilt sinks and vanishes away before the bold and glaring crime of the man who stands before you. Their object was not to destroy society. If you punished others, you will punish this criminal with a more severe visitation, for a more extensive crime.—My Lords,—the Army, insulted by this libel, calls on you for justice. The Government, which, however it may be formed, must look to public esteem for any power of public good, and whose authority, to be useful, must be conformable to the laws—the People, terrified, disgusted, and indignant, at the calumnies by which this libeller would shake all the foundations of national security, call on you for justice.—I leave the case to you; I know that justice will be administered by you, tempered with mercy; but your Lordships will not forget, that if there be a mercy due to the individual, there is a worse solemn and important mercy due to the nation.

Mr. GARDNER.—“My Lords, after the speech which we have just heard, I do not think it necessary to trouble your Lordships with any observation.”

Lord ELLENBOROUGH.—“Let the four defendants be brought up for judgment on Monday next.”

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

A number of accidents happened in different parts of the metropolis on Sunday evening, occasioned by the hurricane. Mr. and Mrs. Lemaire, of the King's Arms Chop-house, in Mary-le-bone-street, were walking down Rupert-street, about a quarter past nine o'clock, when a brick parapet at the top of the house of Mr. Aubery, a liquor merchant, was blown down, and it fell on the head of Mrs. Lemaire. She was taken into the house of Mr. Aubery in a lifeless state, and in a moment was covered with blood from various fractures about the head. Surgical aid was obtained, and Mrs. Lemaire was conveyed home in a chair. She died on Monday.—Another accident happened in Piccadilly, to Miss Byfell, daughter of Mr. Byfell, in Park-street, by the falling of a stack of chimnies. The young lady was walking with her mother and brother when the accident befel her, and although walking arm in arm, neither of the others received any injury; but Miss Byfell was so much bruised, that she expired on being conveyed home.—A light vehicle, in the stage-coach trim, was blown off the wheels, at the top of Sloane-street, about half past eight o'clock, whilst the owner was driving on the box, accompanied by another gentleman, and two servants in the dicky. One of the servants had his arm broken by the fall, and the gentleman who was driving, whom we understood to be Mr. Sourby, was much bruised.—A fruit-woman was killed on the spot in Duke-street, Oxford-street, by the falling of a chimney-pot.—A servant maid in Westminster was struck blind with lightning on Sunday night, and remained in a hopeless state till Monday evening, when she recovered the sight of one of her eyes, but there is no chance of her recovering the sight of the other.

On Monday morning, a well-dressed woman, near Fish-street-hill, attracted the attention of a great crowd of people by her shrieks and lamentations. On approaching her, it was found that her infant, which she was taking out for the benefit of the air, had expired in her arms. The populace sympathised with her in her grief, but she was so absorbed in sorrow that she seemed insensible to their attention.

Wednesday afternoon a Mr. Higgins put a period to his existence, at his lodgings in Suffolk-street, Charing-cross, by cutting his throat. He was a young man, about 28 years of age, and held a situation in the office of the Board of Control. He was taken suddenly ill on Saturday, in consequence of which his father was sent for; and Wednesday forenoon he attempted to throw himself out of the window, but was prevented by his father. In the afternoon, about six o'clock, he said he wanted to go down stairs, but his father entertaining some suspicion, followed him. His suspicions were too well founded. The young man bolted into the kitchen, and laid hold of a large carving knife. The father attempted to seize him, but he, being a powerful young man, cut his father in a dreadful manner across the hand, and threw him to the other side of the room. The father called out for assistance, but before any person could arrive, the act of suicide was accomplished. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who sewed up the wound, but, in about an hour after, the young man expired in great agony.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday, in Upper Berkley-street, in the 75th year of his age, Wm. Johnston, Esq. of the Inner Temple, many years Clerk of Indictments of the County of Middlesex, and of the Oxford Circuit.

On Monday, at Turnham Green, — Ogden, Esq. a gentleman well known on the turf.

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