

THE EXAMINER.

No. 136. SUNDAY, AUGUST 5, 1810.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 133.

REMARKS ON THE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. COBBETT BEFORE AND AFTER HIS LATE TRIAL.

As the only argument of the Corruptionists against the Reformists is to doubt their motives and to class them with the turbulent pretenders of other times, they naturally watch the conduct of their opponents with a microscopic exactness, and seize every occasion to enforce their accusations. Lost to all public feeling themselves, having no principles to preserve, and detected beyond hope of concealment by all decent people, they have the greater leisure to pursue their hostilities, and are aware that they cannot be revenged more effectually than by proving their antagonists to be as bad as themselves. Now the surest check to attacks of this nature is a practice consistent with our professions,—that is to say, a consistency that does honour to the necessity, firmness, and justice of our claims, equally removed from bravado on the one hand and timidity on the other. It is for this reason that the conduct of some of the leading Reformists, Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, Major CARTWRIGHT, &c. has attracted so much respect, and done so much good, to the great cause they advocate; and it is for this reason that the *Examiner* has done it's best to recommend the estimation of every thing private and public by a high standard of principle, caring for nothing but the dignity and integrity of it's cause, and having respect for no man, of whatsoever denomination, but in proportion to his exemplary and disinterested behaviour.

Having endeavoured to act according to these rules in the little perils it has hitherto undergone, and feeling how much, in the public view, the character of our journal sympathizes with that of another which advocates the same cause, it has a more than common right to scrutinize the conduct of it's fellow-labourers, to inquire into what is doubtful about them, and to deprecate what is unworthy. The moment therefore Mr. COBBETT became suspected of proceedings contradictory to his professions and general tone, and in one respect manifestly proved himself irresolute and timid,—the moment it was said, upon very good authority, that he had attempted to make a compromise with Administration, and that people saw him downcast and bewildered at the thoughts of his trial,—the *Examiner* stated that a public explanation was expected of him, and waited two or three weeks in the hope of seeing a refutation of the suspicions, if not of the rest. But no such thing has appeared. Mr. COBBETT, who has not disdained

to answer the most frivolous charges brought by the most frivolous of his opponents,—who is anxious to clear himself from the imputations of hirelings and hand-bills, and who thinks it necessary to assure us, over and over again, that he is a good master and a laudable family man,—holds his tongue when he awakes the suspicions of the Reformists themselves, and when his conduct has given disgust even to some of his warmest admirers. He may call this a dignified silence, but after what is past, people will be much more apt to consider it as conscious wrong.

Doubtless it is a very uncomfortable thing to be taken from one's home and family, to be put on the rack of a triumphant Attorney-General's reply, to be fined, and to be locked for years in prison. The liability to these pains and penalties is a tax which every politician who speaks his mind must undergo. Prepared to say what he thinks proper on all occasions, he must be prepared to endanger his individual freedom for the sake of the general good; and must be content to give up that beautiful description of the poet, which breathes so refreshing a philosophy, for the sake of the two last lines:—

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace:
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright ding face:
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

For my part, as I look out of window upon the fields and groves before me, I cannot but regard the ATTORNEY GENERAL, who sometimes favours them with a passing glimpse in his chariot, as one of those terrible magicians of old, who upon muttering a few words could make the beauties of nature vanish before your eyes and convert the luxuriant landscape into a dungeon.—All this is very obnoxious, and Mr. COBBETT may think his situation more peculiarly hard, because he has not only been accustomed to live in the country, but to enjoy it's riches, to look after fields of his own, and to superintend it's various cultivators; but this very circumstance, which some persons bring in excuse for his faint-heartedness, is a considerable argument against it, for the wealthier he is, the better is he enabled to bear his condition:—but in a word, Mr. COBBETT is the last man breathing that ought to have exhibited signs of timidity. For years past, he has been in the habit of using a tone not merely high but defying; he has called his antagonists all sorts of names expressive of corruption, time-serving, and cowardice; and Heaven knows what satires and denunciations people expected upon the head of any wretched Reformist, who should compromise

his principles and be cowed down by attack. There were appearances indeed which gave no favourable idea of his self-knowledge;—such were his attack on learning, of which he knew nothing,—his reproofs of other persons' grammar, with bad grammar in his own mouth, and other weaknesses,—and his long avoidance of having any thing to do with the detection of Mr. WINDHAM. Cautious persons also were little inclined to trust a writer, who had run so directly from one side in politics to another, and who exhibited in both the same tone of defiance and assault. The generality of his readers however saw in him one of those violent tempers only, which are so liable to run to extremes and to be equally sincere in all; they saw in him a powerful and apparently a bold advocate of Reform,—a writer who, though never philosophically enlarged, has of late years been politically correct;—and they were always ready to pardon his weaknesses for the sake of his good sense, and to believe as well as they could of him for the sake of his efforts. But, after all, how does this high-toned writer, this bold advocate of Reform, this despiser of all that is petty and time-serving,—how does he conduct himself in the first hour of trial? It is said, and he does not contradict the circumstance, that he proposes to Government, through his Counsel, to drop his publication provided they will stop their proceedings against the accused libellers, but gives up his proposal on finding that they are unwilling to include him among the escapers;—but whether this be true or not, how does he conduct his pen before and after the trial? For two previous weeks he tells us, that he cannot produce his usual remarks on Politics, because “his mind and heart are pulled so many different ways,” and “it would be affectation in him to attempt it.” Fourteen days, and yet he cannot find time or spirit enough to write Politics for a few hours, his time is so taken up with his bail, and his hurrying here and there, and his poor distracted feelings! It would be affectation in him to attempt it! Affectation is a very useful word in Mr. COBBETT'S vocabulary; at one time he tells us, that it is affected not to swear, and now we are assured, that it is affected not to be weak. I must confess that this paltry excuse for irresolution perfectly disgusted me, and so it has done many others who had hitherto defended and admired him. Here is a man by no means poor, in good health, and a bold political writer, who has talked about HAMDEN and SYDNEY, perfectly overwhelmed with the very idea of going to prison! What does he say to a politician like BOETIUS, who in banishment and under the expectation of death wrote his *Consolations of Philosophy*? What does he say to CICERO, to LUCAN, to LONGINUS, and fifty other examples of a noble spirit under circumstances to which his own sufferings are but the pinch of a baby's finger? Had he possessed the least spark of philosophy, he would never have shivered as he has done at the first touch of the hand of law;—had he possessed the least spark of philosophy, he would have sitten down, collected his thoughts to advantage, and from the very

circumstances of his danger, provided he conscientiously felt them, derived a new spirit and a new dignity. Yet when the business is over, and he sees it in vain to whine any longer, he assumes his former tone and thinks himself justified in prefixing a lofty motto to his week's number, informing us that it was in a prison CERVANTES wrote his *Don Quixote*, and RALEIGH his *History of the World*. So it was; but our modest prisoner forgot to add, that CERVANTES and RALEIGH were men of high spirit in all places and on all occasions. Many persons supposed from this high-minded commencement, that Mr. COBBETT was about to retrieve as much as possible of his character, and shew himself in an unexpected light of philosophy;—but no: two numbers were occupied with long arguments to disprove assertions founded on nothing—one to shew that the ATTORNEY GENERAL was wrong in imputing to him the love of “base lucre,” and the other to denounce with pretended alarm one of Sir VICARY'S climaxes, when he called on the bench for judgment, and said that “the army called for it” too—a sentence which Mr. COBBETT would swell into a very dangerous sentiment on the part of the ATTORNEY GENERAL; whereas the words “call for,” however better to be avoided in a Court of Law, are, in the sense here used, a mere common-place phrase, meaning nothing but a just desire or claim in the nature of human feelings. This studious display of nothing, to hide what was more important, completed the suspicions of Mr. COBBETT'S readers, and however they may be pleased henceforward with the vigour of his pen, and the utility of his expositions, it is much to be doubted whether he can ever re-inspire them with confidence in his professional service, or respect for his professions of courage.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, JULY 23.—Prince Napoleon, the Grand Duke of Berg, arrived at St. Cloud on Friday the 20th instant. The Emperor clasped him for a considerable time in his arms.—“Come,” said he, “my son, I will be your father, you will lose nothing by that. The conduct of your father wounds me to the heart; his infirmity alone can account for it. When you come to be a man you will pay his debt and your own. In whatsoever situation my policy and the interests of my empire may place you, never forget that your first duties are towards me; your second towards France. All your other duties, those even which regard the people I may confide to you, come only in the next degree.”

(FROM THE MONITEUR.)

“The English newspapers never were so full of false news as they have been for these fifteen days past; the reason is that the English people were never more uneasy; that the English Government never stood more in need of deceiving them respecting the mad system which they follow, of wishing to struggle alone on the Continent with France! The good sense of the English Nation enables them to foresee the dishonour and destruction of their army in Portugal; they are convinced that the most fortunate event which could befall that army would be a catastrophe like that of Moore. The English

too much accustomed to calculate chances and events, not to know that alone against France, they can, in such a contest, meet with only disasters, and obtain only disgrace. Men of sound judgment, like Grenville or Grey, are numerous in England; but they are at present without any influence.—Ministers, therefore, not being able to change the public opinion, endeavour to deceive the people. For instance, it is said that General Sebastiani has capitulated; this report is soon contradicted; but it is not the less repeated in a thousand different ways; at one time it was a mule-driver, at another it was the master of a ship which had arrived at Cadiz, who brought these great news!!!—They also wish to occupy the minds of the people about the army of Lord Wellington: this army, it is said, amounting to the dreadful number of 24,000 English has arrived at such a state of discipline, and the soldiers have so much confidence in their Commander in Chief, that they will be able to beat 70,000 Frenchmen; for it is proved that a British soldier is, for courage, worth at least four French grenadiers!—The French army says nothing; but it has invested Ciudad Rodrigo, opened the trenches, and is battering in breach. The cries of the inhabitants of Ciudad Rodrigo are heard in Lord Wellington's camp, which is only six leagues distant; but all ears are shut against them. It was thus that the inhabitants of Madrid endeavoured to move General Moore by their cries; but he also shut his ears against them, and Madrid was taken in his sight. And it was thus that very lately the inhabitants of Seville and Andalusia called their most faithful allies to their assistance, and that Wellesley answered them, according to the constant custom of his country, *Get out of the scrape the best way you can.*

"The following particulars respecting the affairs of Spain are positive:—That the French and English armies are in sight of each other on the frontiers of Portugal. That in this situation the French are besieging Ciudad Rodrigo. That the English do not attempt any thing towards giving succour to that city; and that after all their boasting, they will be the laughing stock of Europe, if it is captured within the reach of their cannon.—The Editors of the English newspapers turn and twist themselves in a thousand different ways; they intercept letters, copy libels on the insurrection, and wind themselves into every possible shape, in order to induce the nation to believe that the French armies in Spain are but a confused crowd without discipline; discouraged or incapable to act as soldiers, and commanded by chiefs who are ignorant and without any experience; that the only good troops are those of which the English, Portuguese, and Spanish armies consist; but while all this is proclaiming by them, the French armies are in sight of the English army, capturing Astorga, besieging Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Cadiz; capturing in Catalonia and Arragon, Lerida, Mequinez, and Hostalrich; the French army in Arragon is besieging Tortosa, and that in Catalonia, Tarragona. The French armies are carrying on five great sieges, and have just terminated five others; they occupy the provinces of Spain from the north to the south, and from the east to the west, and they every where repress the robberies which are excited by the intrigues of England.—This necessity, felt by the English, of deceiving the public respecting the real situation of things, leads them a great way; they published pretended letters from the Emperor Napoleon to the former Queen of the Two Sicilies; ridiculous letters, in which the Emperor Napoleon is represented as making numberless apologies to that furious woman; and while they are printing such absurdities, their cannon of alarm is reverberating throughout Sicily; and the Neapolitan navy are covering themselves with glory in the presence of their King, by beating the Anglo-Sicilian fleet.

"Respecting the affairs of the Continent, they publish as one story, that they are going to have peace with Russia; that a war between France and Russia is going to break out, and that a new coalition is about to be formed; at another, that the Emperor Napoleon is forming such or such a project against the tranquillity of Russia, &c.

"The great Powers of the Continent are daily drawing tighter the knot by which they are united; they are daily be-

coming more convinced of the folly of fighting for the English. When Ciudad Rodrigo is captured, the catastrophe will be more imminent for England, and it will be necessary to call to the helm of the state, men who are more prudent, and who are better acquainted with the nature of the resources and of the strength of their country, and therefore more moderate. Such men will be sensible of the urgent necessity of liquidating the national debt, of calming their passions, and of giving peace to the world. But never will such results be obtained from presumptuous and ignorant men, who mistake what is well known by every coffee-house waiter in Europe; viz. *the influence of the English at sea, and their weakness on land!*"

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

WORKHOUSES.—An instance occurred, a few days ago, at Dover, of the horror entertained by the poor of living in a workhouse. Ann Kecey, a young girl, about 14 years of age, had left the poorhouse at River, to go into service; but being disappointed in procuring a place, the poor girl was so alarmed at the idea of returning, that she resolved on terminating her existence, which she did by hanging herself in her bedroom. Surely there must be something grossly defective in the management of those places, or the hatred of them would not be so universal amongst the poor.

NEWPORT, JULY 28.—A Petition was recently presented to the Master of the Rolls by a Friendly Society in Newport, Salop, against one William Higgins, their late Treasurer, who had got very considerable sums of money belonging to the Society into his hands, and persisted in calling himself and acting as Treasurer, although another Treasurer was duly elected in his stead by a very large majority of the Members. On the decision of the Court being known on the 23d instant, that the gentleman of their choice, Thomas Jukes Collier, Esq. was confirmed by the Court their Treasurer, and that Wm. Higgins was ordered to deliver over all books, monies, and other articles belonging to the said Society, into the hands of their lawfully elected Treasurer, a flag was hoisted upon the steeple of the church, the bells were set ringing to proclaim the good news, a subscription was entered into upon the occasion, and two sheep were roasted and distributed to the poor Members of the Society; the principal members of the town and vicinity dined together with some of the respectable inhabitants, and spent a very convivial evening.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR JULY.

The genial showers in the early part of the month, have, in some degree, impeded the hay harvest in the Midland Counties; but they have thrown the corn into a large and fruitful ear, giving the harvest the most promising and productive appearance. The wheat crop, except in a few instances, will be more than an average crop. The barleys are a full crop in most counties, and the late growing weather has forced the ear out of the hose, even upon lands in the worst state of cultivation. Oats, in all situations, on both high and low lands, have the most promising appearance, and shew well for a full crop. The winter tares have yielded much food for soiling, which has been almost invaluable, on account of the scarcity of grass. The latter-maths and turnip crops promise to be very great. The summer fallows, owing to the late dry weather, are in a forward state of cultivation, and will not require much attention through the month of harvest.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Downing Street, July 31, 1810.

Dispatches, of which the following are extracts, were yesterday received at Lord Liverpool's Office, addressed to his Lordship by Lieut.-General Viscount Wellington.

Extract of a Dispatch from Lieutenant-General Lord Viscount Wellington to the Earl of Liverpool, dated Alivera, July 11, 1810.

The enemy passed the Agara in force on the morning of the 4th inst., and obliged Brigadier-General Crauford to fall back with his advanced guard to the neighbourhood of the fort of La Concepcion, which had been occupied by a part of the 3d division of infantry. In making this movement, Capt. Krauck-emburgh and Cornet Cordeman, at the head of a small body of the 1st Hussars, had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves by making a gallant charge upon a superior body of the enemy. Upon mentioning the 1st Hussars, it is but justice to inform your Lordship, that they have been with the advanced guard throughout the winter, and have performed their duty in the most satisfactory manner. The 3d battalion of Portuguese Chasseurs, under Lieutenant-Colonel Elder, had also an opportunity of shewing their steadiness during this movement of the advanced guard, and the skirmishing of the enemy which attended it. The 1st Hussars had five men and three horses wounded, and the 16th Light Dragoons three horses killed.

Alverca, July 11.

Since I write to your Lordship this day I have received a report that Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered to the enemy yesterday evening. There was a practicable breach in the place, and the enemy had made preparations for a storm; when Marshal Ney offered terms of capitulation, the garrison surrendered. The enemy took up their ground before this place on the 26th of April; they invested it completely on the 11th of June, and opened their fire upon it on the 24th of June; and, adverting to the nature and position of the place, to the deficiency and defects of its works, to the advantages which the enemy had in their attack upon it, and to the numbers and formidable equipment by which it was attacked, I consider the defence of Ciudad Rodrigo to have been most honourable to the Governor, Don Andres Hervasi, and its garrison; and to have been equally creditable to the arms of Spain with the celebrated defence of other places, by which this nation has been illustrated during the existing contest for its independence. There was an affair between our pickets and those of the enemy this morning, in which the enemy lost two officers and thirty-one men, and twenty-nine horses prisoners. We have had the misfortune to lose Lieut. Colonel Talbot, and eight men of the 14th Light Dragoons killed, and 23 men wounded.

BANKRUPTS.

T. Laycock, Minories, slopseller.
H. Moore, Bromley, Kent, taylor.
J. W. Ashwell, Colchester, grocer.
J. Fea, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.
R. Bulbin, Horton, Yorkshire, calico-manufacturer.
R. Weale, Kingston, Herefordshire, taylor.
T. Hewitt and Co., Cloth-fair, clothiers.
D. Organ, Bristol, broker.
H. Harrison, York, rope-maker.
M. Cobper, South Shields, Durham, merchant.
J. Mitchell, Titchfield, Hants, linen-draper.
W. Fleming, Birmingham, timber-merchant.
J. Gould, Harington, Worcestershire.
M. Burroughs, New Sarum, Wiltshire, Banker.
G. Tallor, Shemeld, cordwainer.
J. Collett, jun. Halesworth, Suffolk, tailor.
T. B. Child, Neath, Glamorganshire, tanner.
J. Tierney, Bishopsgate-street, merchant.
W. T. Dulin, St. Margaret's Hill, jeweller.
W. Harrison and Co., Little Tower-street, merchants.
T. Williams, Moneythusloyne, Monmouthshire, coal-merchant.
T. Dickins, Chapel-place, South Audley-street, tailor.
T. Boreman, Bunhill-row, calico-glaier.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, Aug. 4, 1810.

Copy of a Letter transmitted by Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, Bart. Commander in Chief in the Mediterranean.

Spartan, off the Bay of Naples, May 3.

4. Sir, — On the 1st inst. his Majesty's ships Spartan and Sacerdos chased the French squadron, consisting of one frigate of

44 guns and 352 men, one corvette of 20 guns and 60 men, one brig of 8 guns and 98 men, one cutter of 10 guns and 80 men; they succeeded in getting into the Mole of Naples, favoured by light and partial breezes; as I was sensible they would never leave that place of refuge whilst two British frigates were in the Bay, I directed Capt. Ayscough to remain on my rendezvous, from five to ten leagues S.W. of the Island of Capri, continuing with the Spartan in the Bay of Naples.

At daylight this morning we had the pleasure of seeing the enemy's squadron as before-mentioned, reinforced by eight gun-boats, standing towards us in a close line. The action began at fifty-six minutes after seven with the enemy's frigate, exchanging broadsides when within pistol-shot, passing along their line and cutting off their cutter and gun-boats from the body of the squadron. The enemy was under the necessity of wearing to renew his junction, but was prevented by the Spartan taking her station on their weather beam; a close and obstinate contest ensued; light and variable winds lead us near the batteries of Baia; the enemy's frigate making all sail to take advantage of their shelter. The crippled state of the Spartan not allowing her to follow, we bore up, raking the frigate and corvette as we passed them, and succeeded in cutting off the brig. The corvette, having lost her foretop-mast, effected her escape with the assistance of the gun-boats; the latter had, during the action, galled us excessively by laying on our quarter, and the severity of our loss, having 10 killed and 19 wounded, may in some measure be attributed to this circumstance.

I was myself wounded about the middle of the action, which lasted two hours; but my place was most ably supplied by Mr. Willes, my first Lieutenant, whose merit becomes more brilliant by every opportunity he has of shewing it; he is, without exception, one of the best and most gallant officers I ever met with. To Lieutenants Baumgardt and Bougne I feel equally indebted for their exemplary conduct and gallantry.

Capt. Horte, of the Royal Engineers, had been sent with me for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy's positions on the coast. Upon this occasion I requested him to take the command of the quarter-deck guns, foreseeing that the whole attention of the first Lieutenant and myself would be required in manœuvring the ship during the variety of service we were likely to expect. His conduct was truly worthy of the relationship he bears to my distinguished friend Capt. Horte of the Amphion.

The intrepidity and judgment of Mr. Slesner the Master was also very conspicuous. Nor must I forget Mr. Darin the Purser, who took charge of a division of guns on the main deck in place of their Officer, absent in a prize with eighteen men (which reduced our number to two hundred and fifty-eight at the commencement of the action), where he displayed the greatest gallantry. The warmest praise is also due to Lieutenants Fegan and Potterell of the Royal Marines, whose conduct was truly deserving of admiration.

The Warrant and Petty Officers and Ship's Company evinced a degree of enthusiasm that assured me of success at the earliest period of the action.

To the light and fluctuating winds, to the enemy being so near their own shores, which is lined with batteries, they are indebted for the safety of their whole Squadron, which at a greater distance from the shore I do not hesitate in saying must have fallen into our hands.

Among the killed we have to regret the loss of Mr. Robson, the Master's Mate, a young man of great promise.

I inclose a list of the killed and wounded, and the damages we have otherwise sustained. — I have the honour to be, &c.

J. BAENTON.

List of Enemy's Ships, &c.

Ceres frigate, of 42 guns and 350 men; severely crippled, escaped under the batteries.

Fame corvette, of 28 guns and 260 men; lost her foretop-mast, and otherwise severely crippled.

Le Sparviere brig, of 8 guns and 98 men; taken.

Achilles cutter, of 10 guns and 80 men; escaped under the batteries.

Eight gun-boats, each with one 24-pounder and 40 men; ditto. 96 guns and 1108 men.

A List of Killed and Wounded.

KILLED—Mr. W. Robson, Master's-mate, and nine seamen and marines.

WOUNDED—J. Brenton, Esq. Captain, severely; Mr. F. W. Willes, Lieutenant, and nineteen seamen and marines.

This Gazette contains also an inclosure from Sir C. Cotton, giving an account of the final reduction of Santa Maura, by the capitulation of its citadel, which surrendered to Gen. Oswald and Capt. Eyre, on the 15th of April, after a very spirited attack, in which Captains Eyre, of the *Magnificent*,—Stephens, of the *Imogen*, and Snowe, of the *Royal Marites*, with Lieutenants Morrison and Lamphier, of the *Belle Poule* and *Leubidas*, were wounded, the three former severely.—There were also seven men killed and 39 wounded.

Likewise a letter from Sir J. Stuart, announcing the capture of 14 large boats, and the destruction of eight gun-boats, by a flotilla under the orders of Capt. Reade, who had one man wounded and one boat sunk.—Also a letter from Capt. Maxwell, of the *Alceste*, mentioning the destruction of a battery in the Bay of Agaye, the capture of four feluccas, and the destruction of two more.—And an account of a most gallant attack by the boats of the *Success*, under Lieut. Sartorius, on some vessels on Castiglione beach. The boats struck on a sunken reef, and were swamped—the ammunition was all wet. The officers and men swam on shore with their cutlasses in their mouths, landed under a fire from cannon and musquetry, and drove the enemy first from behind the rock, and next from houses. They then spiked the guns on the beach, burnt two vessels, launched their own boats again, and returned on board with only two men killed and two wounded.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Paul, Paddington-street, Mary-le-bone-street, pawnbroker.

W. Sykes, White-Lion-street, Norton-Falgate, seed-factor.

J. Anderson, Gateshead, Durham, grocer.

J. Sharpe, Great Peter-street, Westminster, baker.

W. Hassall, Manchester, grocer.

W. Woodman, Lime-street-square, London, merchant.

J. Earl, Uxbridge, Middlesex, shopkeeper.

A. Hancock, Sheffield, grocer.

G. Wheatley, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.

J. Smith, Withington, Manchester, victualler.

W. Higgins, Newport, Shropshire, stocking-manufacturer.

S. Downend, Sheffield, grocer.

C. B. Sharp, Birmingham, factor.

J. Newman, Cornhill, insurer.

W. Hobley, Manthorpe, Lincolnshire, miller.

P. Howarth, Sowerby-bridge, Yorkshire, linen-draper.

J. Dawes, and Co. Pall-Mall, bankers.

W. Wild, Budge-row, London, warehouseman.

R. Pearson, Tenterden, Kent, draper and tailor.

W. Wild and J. Dalton, Manchester, dealers in twist.

J. Dawson, Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, scrivener.

J. Rayner, Homer-street, Mary-le-bone, builder.

D. Elstrand and S. Valley, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per cent. Cons. 68½ | Omnium 12½ dis.

Various Communications, for want of room, are delayed till next week.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, August 5.

THERE has been no news of any importance during the past week. The late King of Holland's son has arrived at Paris, and was elapsed, we are told, for some time in the

arms of his Uncle, who said he would be a parent to him, complained of the conduct of Louis, whose actions he attributed to some "infirmity" or other, and altogether reminded one of King John's soothing of little Arthur:—

Cousin, be not sad!

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will

As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Not that whenever BONAPARTE smiles upon any body, he is meditating assassination, as some persons would have us believe; or that he is really the father of the child, as others say. These are credulities and tattlings fit only for the lowest of tea-tables. There is enough in our NAPOLEON'S head, without imputing to him useless crimes; and none of the man's habits warrant us in believing him guilty of adultery with a woman who was the daughter of his own wife, and is the wife of his brother. What the infirmity is which he attributes to Louis is not known, perhaps imbecility of mind arising from that languishing state of body of which Louis himself speaks; but neither the actions of the late King, nor the document which confesses this bad constitution, will allow us to believe any insinuations of the kind; and whatever NAPOLEON may say or do against him, he must be content, in the eyes of all Europe, great as he is in war and in power, to cut a very poor figure by the side of his fallen brother.

The Dinner, in celebration of Sir FRANCIS BURBETT'S Release, was held at the Crown and Anchor on Tuesday, Mr WISHART in the Chair. Sir FRANCIS made an excellent speech, in which he exposed the sophistries of Lord GRAY, noticed the gross time-serving with which people confounded popular claim and popular clamour, and concluded by turning the eyes of his brother Reformists to the unhappy state of Ireland. The state of that fine spirited and abused country is indeed most deplorable,—so deplorable that a person who feels it properly has scarcely the heart to ridicule the utter stupidity with which the Government of this country has conducted itself towards her. We say to her, "Hate us, and fight for us." The *Examiner* has hitherto delayed to notice this subject at large, only from a desire to be fully acquainted with every possible reasoning on the various questions that are agitated respecting it; but the worst part of the prospect is, that there appears no hope of its amelioration, at least for some years to come.

The Gazette of Tuesday contains "Extracts" of Dispatches from Lord WELINGTON, giving an account of some skirmishes with the French; and of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo. The *Courier* of last night says,— "There is no further intelligence from Spain or Portugal this morning. There are rumours of MASSÉNA having divided his force—of his having sent not only 25,000 men to Castel Branco, but of his having marched with the rest of his army to Salamanca and Zamora, with the view of entering Portugal through Galicia. Such a movement

would not accord at all with the idea of his being in great want of provisions—for if he be, which we believe he is, far from being abundantly supplied, it seems extraordinary that he should undertake so long and circuitous a march, three hundred miles, from Ciudad Rodrigo, through Galicia to the banks of the Douro, through a country where he could not obtain supplies for so large a force. These reports are not confirmed by any intelligence received by Government. MARSENA, they had reason to believe, was, when the last accounts came away, still between the Agueda and the Coa. There he would probably wait the result of his demonstration to Castel Branco.—Or, if he make a shew of marching from Ciudad Rodrigo to Salamanca, it may only be for the purpose of inducing Lord WELLINGTON to quit his strong position and advance in pursuit of him. Is it improbable or impracticable for the enemy to follow the line of the Agueda to its junction with the Douro, and then taking their course parallel with the Douro to St. Joao or Lamego, descend from thence upon Vizen? They would thus get in the rear of our position. All these speculations, it must be confessed, shew that nothing certain is known with respect to MARSENA'S movements or intentions."

The Gazette of last night contains the details of several brilliant Exploits performed by our gallant Navy in the Mediterranean.

The Revolution in Spanish America is proceeding with much promise. The Governments of New Andalusia and New Barcelona are following the noble example of the Carracas; and private accounts say, that there is every probability of the same spirit of independence extending itself throughout the whole of that immense region.

The Baltic convoy of 42 sail, under the escort of the Forward gun-brig, Lieutenant BANKES, were all captured on the 19th ult by seven Danish armed vessels. Lieut. BANKES says, that on the convoy being fired into, they immediately brought-to, without making the least exertions! Treachery is suspected.

The failures among the Merchants and Bankers still continue. The respectable House of DEVAYNES has stopped, and others of much importance are hourly expected, whose names it would be improper to mention.

EXPORTS.—The Exports of last year double in value the amount of former years. They reach the enormous sum of fifty millions. This, it will be recollected, was a subject of much boasting in the House last Session, being urged as a proof of national prosperity. Now, however, even the Ministerial writers begin to lower their tone: They allow that the goods have been sent out of the country, but observe, if whether they have gone to a good market, is another question, about which some doubts may be entertained, if the accounts be correct of the amazing quantities of goods heaped up in our foreign depots."

At Cork, as in Dublin, the most melancholy scenes have taken place. A few days ago, three thousand starving creatures, men, women, and children, paraded the streets in sad procession. They conducted themselves with much propriety, and the Mayor promised that he would attend to their Petition for relief.—How will all this end?

GENERAL SARRAZIN.—A Letter has been published in the French Papers from Madame SARRAZIN to General VANDAME, in which she says she has been living these five years in Switzerland, her native country, with her son, for that the bad treatment of her husband compelled her to live at a distance from him. She says that his late conduct strengthens the suspicion she had formed seven years ago that her husband was deranged in his intellects. The object of the letter is to secure to herself and son the property the General may have left in France.—General SARRAZIN, in a letter to his uncle, Mr. FISCHER, a merchant at Leeds, affirms that he has made a solid provision for his wife, whose letter, he says, "was either fabricated or extorted by the violence of BONAPARTE'S agents from Mad. SARRAZIN, an excellent but delicate and timid woman."—The General asserts that his wife is an English woman, born at Exeter; and then goes on to assign as a reason for BONAPARTE'S hatred of him, that ten years ago he refused Madame MURAT'S proposition to him that he should dismiss his wife and marry a French woman!—The General, according to his statement, made Madame MURAT the following reply:—"I am an honest man, and shall keep my wife."—General SARRAZIN may be a very honest man, but there is something not very satisfactory in his abandoning his country, his son, and his wife, merely because his advancement in the army was not sufficiently rapid, and that he was ordered to take the command of Cadix.

WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS IN THE PAY OF BONAPARTE.—A book has recently appeared under the title of "The Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte." The author is Mr. LEWIS GOLDSMITH, formerly Editor of the *Argus*, a paper in the English language printed at Paris. In this book, p. 125, is the following sentence: "In London, I am sorry to say, that he (BONAPARTE) has also succeeded in bribing the Editors of two Weekly Papers to write in his favour. One has received the stipend for his infamy these nine years; the other was only enlisted in his service about six years ago."—These are very positive and bold assertions, and it will well become Mr. GOLDSMITH to stand forward and name the Editors and Papers so charged with the basest of crimes. Unless he does this, the conclusion must be, that he is a vile calumniator.

Robert Curtis, a Corporal in the Oxfordshire Militia, has been recently tried at Brighton, for endeavouring to excite a spirit of discontent among the men, and for having falsely accused and spoken disrespectfully of his officers.—He has been found guilty, and sentenced to be reduced to the ranks and to receive one thousand lashes!—When about to receive the dreadful punishment, on Wednesday last, he petitioned to be sent to a condemned regiment, and the execution was suspended.

The following extraordinary inscription has lately been cut upon a tomb-stone, at the back of St. Martin's Church, in the small piece of burying ground in Church-court.—

Sacred to the memory of

JOHN IRWIN, Esq.

of Bligo, in Ireland,

Sergeant to his Majesty's Forces,

who died on the 22d day of April, 1910,

Aged 38 years;

A victim, like thousands of our gallant Countrymen,

to the fatal consequences of the

unfortunate Expedition to the Scheldt,

commanded by

JOHN, Earl of CHARLTON.

PAPER MONEY.—Things are a little altered since the following passage was written:—

“They” (the French Revolutionists) “forget that, in England, not one shilling of Paper Money of any description is received but of choice; that the whole has had its origin in cash, actually deposited; and that it is convertible, at pleasure, in an instant, and without the smallest loss, into cash again. Our Paper is of value in commerce, because in land it is of none. It is powerful on Change, because in Westminster-hall it is supotent. In payment of a debt of twenty shillings a creditor may refuse all the paper of the Bank of England. Nor is there among us a single public security, of any quality or nature whatsoever, that is enforced by authority. In fact it might be easily shewn, that our paper wealth, instead of lessening the real coin, has a tendency to increase it; instead of being a substitute for money, it only facilitates its entry, its exit, and its circulation; that it is the symbol of prosperity, and not the badge of distress. Never was a scarcity of cash, and an exuberance of paper, a subject of complaint in this nation.”—BURKE. *Reflections*, 1790.

Though Sir FRANCIS BURDETT left the Crown and Anchor on Tuesday by a back door, in order to avoid the populace, yet he was recognized before he got home, the horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn by the populace to Piccadilly, amidst repeated acclamations.

TALE OF MYSTERY.—The following curious Narrative, says the *Morning Chronicle* with much gravity, has been authenticated to us by a Correspondent:—

“The inhabitants of a farm-house at Denham, near Tiverton, Devon, have been lately very much disturbed and alarmed by noises, which human reason is incapable to account for; the many reports concerning them induced some persons in the neighbourhood, of the first respectability and character, to inquire into the circumstances, and ascertain their truth or detect the imposition; to this end they made strict inquiries of the family, under an impression that the whole was an imposture—the family, however, all concurring in asserting the truth of the reports, some of those Gentlemen have sat up many nights in an adjoining room, and are fully satisfied that the singular noises there heard are supernatural. The Farmer’s female servants sleep in an upper chamber, into which they pass through an outer one; about midnight a tapping is heard against the wainscot of the outer room, which proceeds gradually into the chamber; the most horrid and supernatural noises immediately begin; a weight seems to press the bed, like a chest of drawers; an old sword that hangs behind the bed is violently shook, and something is heard to pace the room, which, they say, is like the foot of a bear without claws; a young child which slept with the maids was nearly suffocated with this supernatural pressure, but nothing can be seen.—It sometimes visits the farmer’s bed-room:—one night, a brass candlestick which was on the floor spun round with the greatest velocity; the farmer being alarmed, attempted to ring his bell, when the candlestick was thrown with great violence at the bed’s head, but fortunately missed the farmer—the room was immediately searched, but nothing could be discovered.—The house is built with stone, and there is not any space between the wall and wainscot to practice a deception.”

A Morning Paper says,—“A young Lady of most exemplary mildness, and no inconsiderable charms, a short time since advertised for lodgings in a respectable private family and retired situation, and was in consequence referred to a house in Goswell-street. The lady being quite satisfied that the family saw little or no company, and professing her own wish for seclusion and quietness, said she never saw any visitors but her *uncle* and *guardian*, who might some time call in an evening to take tea, and play a game of chess with her:—she was received as an inmate. Two evenings after, her uncle and guardian called to see her, but a little *mal-a-propos*—he was recog-

nized by the gentleman of the house as a *grave* and *worshipful Magistrate*, on the wrong side of *sixty-three*, whose gallantries were too well known to elude suspicion, even under the sanction of his grey hairs. The lady and her *guardian uncle* were therefore told they might instantly seek some other place for their amusement at *chess*; and they retired, much shocked at the *rudeness* and *indelicacy* of their host.”

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 76.

HAYMARKET.

It is quite unpardonable in Mr. COLMAN that he does not give his theatre a new play of his own a little oftener. If honest critics have reason to object to the carelessness of the condescension with which he falls into the vices of much inferior writers, they have nevertheless much reason to be pleased with the occasional truth and vivacity of his delineations, and are at least obliged to him for keeping their eyes open and their ears in expectation. Setting aside however the comforts of such persons, for whom he took so much pains to convince the town he cared nothing, it is not easy to conceive how he can reconcile it to his conscience to see the character and profits of the Haymarket Theatre injured by a succession of bad pieces, when he might produce, every season, one so much better at much less expense. But so it is. The expense, indeed, may not be so different as I imagine, for most of the pieces which he accepts are so poor and possess such little charms for a man of wit, that they have very much the appearance of being literally *accepted* on his part; yet even this would be bad policy, for it would be much better to pay a few hundreds to get more, than to pay nothing and get nothing; and it would be still better, by writing a play of his own, to pay nothing and to get a great deal. Had Mr. COLMAN the proper feeling on this subject, he might render his little theatre the refuge of a better dramatic taste and make larger houses shrink before it’s character; but as things are, all it’s uncomforable circumstances come into play, and a person of the least taste can only regard it as a hot-house for all sorts of weeds, perplexed with cramped walks and pestered with bad company.

Among the numerous compilations of common-places which have been lately presented us at this theatre, I think I never saw one of a more decided character than the piece produced the other day, called *High Life in the City*, the making of which has been attributed to Mr. EYRE the performer. As this gentleman not only gave no contradiction to the report, but had already produced a deal of afterpiece of about as much value, which the collectors of play-bills may recollect, under the title of the *Vintagers*, people saw no reason to apprehend any deception in the matter; and I confess I was preparing my critical knife for a decent analysis of Mr. EYRE’s pericranium, when the following letter, directed personally to me, was sent to the Examiner Office:—

SIR,

Saturday Night,

As the Examiner generally takes a particular notice of Theatricals, I wish, through the medium of your paper, to contradict a report generally circulated and hitherto tacitly acquiesced in by myself, that the Comedy of *High Life in the City* is written by me; the fact is, only two of its characters, viz. those acted by Messrs. MATTHEWS and LESTER, proceed

from my pen; the plot, dialogue, &c. of the piece belong entirely to a lady, who requested me to superintend its production and make what alterations seemed necessary for stage-effect. The lady's original motives for concealment have now ceased, and I am authorized to state to the public unequivocally, that Mrs. CAVENDISH BRADSHAW is the real parent of the play now acting at the Haymarket theatre.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

C. J. EYRE.

21, Hampden-street, Somers-town.

What Mr. EYRE means by saying that two characters proceed from his pen, and yet that the plot, dialogue, &c. of the piece, belong entirely to a lady, I do not exactly see; but I take it for granted that all that belongs to those two characters belongs to him, and that the "alterations" of which he speaks consisted chiefly of the insertion of these two characters and their speeches, so that the dialogue, whatever it may have done before, does not belong entirely to the principal writer. I thank him, however, for contradicting a report which would have misled me. If any thing could stop a critic's mouth, it is certainly the hand of a lady; and it is amiable to see our grave reviewers occasionally smoothing their brows and putting on little deprecatory dimples at this fair writer and that fair authoress. But if the critic is a true worshipper of the beautiful, there is a much fairer lady who claims his attachment,—a fair one who has been celebrated by the greatest pens in Europe,—the mistress whom the philosopher preferred to his friends PLATO and SOCRATES,—*Truth*.

The plot of *High Life in the City* consists of the adventures of a merchant and his wife, and of a pawnbroker and his daughter. The merchant, according to custom, indulges his wife in every fashionable extravagance, till she makes him a bankrupt; and the pawnbroker, who, according to custom, has risen in the world by embezzlement and intends to marry his daughter to a man of fashion, suddenly finds himself detected and the girl married to a fortune-hunter. These incidents are represented to us in the usual way by a highly dressed lady (Mrs. GEORGE), fond of card-playing and having routs;—a husband (Mr. EYRE) very serious in the midst of said routs and card-playing;—a Deputy of the City (Mr. GROVE) very proud and unfeeling;—the daughter (Mrs. GIBBS) very proud, vulgar, and by no means delicate in her anxiety to be married;—an Irish fortune-hunter (Mr. JONES) who flatters himself that he has no brogue and that all the ladies are in love with him;—a man of fashion (Mr. MATHEWS) who never keeps appointments and is always saying "To-morrow will do as well," (poor MATHEWS!);—and a bumpkin in livery (Mr. LISTON) who professes his astonishment at fashionable doings, gives advice and consolation to the ladies, and in a word, as the *Times* observed, is "a poor imitation of John Moody."—I had almost forgotten two lovers, who are, of course, all that is tender, disinterested, and pure; but it is no matter: it would be tedious and useless to enter more minutely into the plot and characters. The dialogue suits them well; in the humorous part it gives us some bad puns; in the serious it goes the old sentimental round about vice and repentance, virtue and happiness, and tells us for the thousandth time that the great beauty of possessing wealth is the power of being benevolent. Really it would be unreasonable, even in a lady, to expect any critic to be flattering or even attending to her, when so much pains are taken to set him asleep.

To crown the whole, we have an epilogue which after talking about fashion, runs into a satire upon BONAPARTE, who is described in the old way, as an "upstart Corsican," possessing all CROMWELL's villainy and "half his brains," and foolishly attempting to "vie" with the King of ENGLAND, who, on the other hand, is represented as every thing great and good, and so temperate in the exercise of his sway, that

"The dove sits perching on the lion's mane."

This reminds one of COLLEY CIBBER's idea of "a wren flying to heaven on an eagle's wing," which he had the face to shew to JOHNSON for his approbation. As to the parallel between BONAPARTE and the British Monarch, nobody will think of comparing them as members of society, but when they are opposed as political rivals, the thing is too ridiculous and ought never to be brought forward. This pretty piece of mawkishness and loyalty is attributed to Mr. SKEFFINGTON. It is a pity to see a worthy man take such various methods of rendering himself ridiculous.

It is highly creditable to Mrs. CAVENDISH BRADSHAW, a lady of rank and wealth, that she has a taste, if not for fine writing, for something beyond the frivolous occupations of fashionable life: it is highly creditable to her that she has the sense to ridicule its vices or mimeries, and that she devotes those hours to such a purpose, which women of less intellect waste in shopping and scandalizing. But it is possible for a lady to be very rational and very superior to her coterie in private, and yet to have no pretensions to great talent or public reputation; and our fair dramatist would by no means do herself less credit, or society less good, by confining her good sense to the adornment of her rank and the instruction of her family. Such females are like the Lares or Household Deities of old: abroad they are out of place and stand a great chance of being overlooked; at home, and adorning the fireside, they are always divinities.

As to Mr. EYRE's concern in this piece, it is altogether unpleasant to consider. The two characters he has furnished are as common-place as any he could have chosen, and so little has he contributed to that "stage-effect" of which he speaks, that so late as the fourth night of the performance his share in the play roused the hisses in the pit. I used to be willing to respect Mr. EYRE for his decent appearance on the stage, his attention to what was going forward, and a manner, which though declamatory, seems indictative of a respectable understanding. But it is perfectly obnoxious to see him coming forward in a piece partly written by himself, as he did the other day in one that was entirely his own composition. It is so direct and awkward an appeal to the forbearance of the audience, that were his productions twenty times better, it would still be disgusting. Mr. CHERRY did the same, and injured himself in no small degree in the eyes of the town by so doing. I shall be told perhaps, that SHAKESPEARE performed the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and that VOLTAIRE acted also in his own pieces. True: but MESSRS. EYRE and CHERRY, in the first place, are not SHAKESPEARE and VOLTAIRE; and the difference of times, of manners, and of circumstances, of a rising stage and a private theatre, make a very great difference with regard to propriety. It is too gross; and if Mr. EYRE wishes to give the town a proof of his good sense, he will either write no more plays or never appear in them himself: if he wishes to give them a still greater, he will avoid both.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—I send you another paper on this subject, for which I am indebted to the same source as I was for the last. It is almost needless to observe, that the "fortunate period" which the writer speaks of, refers to the time in which he was writing (1764).—The last clause is so important, that it will no doubt sink deep in the minds of all those who wish to live and die free!—I am, Sir, your constant reader,

M.

Wareham, July 25, 1810.

"In one of my preceding papers I observed, that the people of Great Britain had every whit as much to dread from Oligarchy as to fear from the Crown; and that it is utterly indifferent from what quarter our Constitution is attacked, if it must ever be subject to a stroke.

"In the year 1704, the Constable of Aylesbury having maltreated five Burgesses, and prevented them from voting at an election, an action was commenced against them at common law; which the House of Commons considering as a breach of their privilege, not only stigmatized with a vote of the strongest disapprobation, but even committed the plaintiffs for carrying a cause to another tribunal, which (though no Court of Judicature) they insisted was solely cognizable at their own.

"Happily, at this period, there was no good understanding between the Commons and the other House, else in all probability the Peers would have overlooked these proceedings; and that spirited remonstrance of theirs, which now makes so glorious a figure in our parliamentary annals, had never been drawn up to testify their own justice, and assert the freedom of the people.

"From this remonstrance it was *incontestably evident*, that an Englishman *could not be imprisoned by the Resolution or vote of either House of Parliament*; such imprisonment being diametrically opposite to the fundamental law of the land, which retains that power entirely to itself.

"By the Constitution of Great Britain, the joint concurrence of the three estates of King, Lords and Commons, must be first retained before any resolution can pass into a law; of-course, therefore, nothing can be more arbitrary or tyrannical than the resolution of either House for seizing the person of the subject; and as it is notorious that damages have been frequently recovered from the Officers of the Crown, in cases of false imprisonment, so it is equally notorious that damages are recoverable from the Officers of either House, when they break upon the liberty of the people.

"Parliaments surely can plead no privilege for the commission of atrocious crimes, nor think they have a right to trample upon the Constitution whenever they please, because they are sworn to stand on all occasions in its defence. Infringements of such a nature, on the contrary, are infinitely more criminal in them than in any other set of people, because they have *falsehood* and *perjury* to aggravate the blackness of arbitrary proceedings, and cannot take a step the least prejudicial to their country, without violating the sacred obligation of that oath, which they have registered in the immediate presence of God!—Such were the sentiments of the Peers, in 1704, in relation to the five Burgesses of Aylesbury; nay, they went farther than all this;

they insinuated, that when any branch of the legislature claimed a right of imprisoning the subject at discretion, it counteracted the most solemn end of its own institution, and was no less inconsistent than presuming; since it could not lay the smallest pretension to this right, without breaking through the very laws with which it had itself originally concurred. The Lords might, however, have gone still further, and observed that *no one* branch of the legislative power could assume this right, without a manifest infringement on the privileges of the other *two*. If the King usurped it over the People, he broke the privileges of the Lords and Commons, who had joined in the laws for the general defence; so also, if either of the other Houses laid a claim to it as their due, they were guilty of an infraction, not only on the privileges of the other House, but even on the prerogative of the King. Which ever way it was considered, it could not be justified; in the *Crown it was oppression*;—in either Assembly of Parliament, *rebellion!*—Hence the Lords might have concluded that the best expedient to preserve the privileges of Parliament, was to maintain an inviolable deference for the laws; and that nothing could so effectually secure the dignity of the legislature, as an inflexible attachment to the freedom of the people.

"We are very fortunate to live at a period when the august Houses of Parliament, so far from striving to encroach upon the privileges of the subject, appear rather ready to relax in their own.

"The foregoing detached thoughts can therefore, at the present æra, be of no service; but they may serve to let the kingdom see, upon some *future occasion*, that as a free-born Englishman has a legal remedy, in any case of oppression from the Crown, so he has likewise **THE LAWS OF THE LAND TO REVENGE HIM**, *if ever he should happen to be injured by either House of Parliament!*"

MAGISTERIAL DECENCY.

Edinburgh, June 23, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although what I am to communicate is sufficiently contemptible, I feel myself impelled to make the communication, from the high respect I have for Sir Francis Burdett.

Please then be informed, that an Englishman, who has been some years domiciled in Scotland, lately resolved on opening a house for selling draught porter, and seeing Lord Duncan exhibited in the Cannongate, and Lord Melville in the Castle-hill, he had written over his door "Sir Francis Burdett's Tap-room." This attracted the notice of the Police of Edinburgh, and he was called before that tribunal a few days ago for keeping a disorderly house.—It was proved that on two occasions (one of them the King's Birth-day), there had been company in his house to a late hour, and rather noisy; but it was not established that any ladies were ever seen in his house. He was fined in 40s. and ordered to find security to keep the peace for twelve months, and was ordained to implement the sentence instantly; or go to Bridewell. A gentleman in Court had the humanity to pay the fine, and become bail for the Englishman, and he returned to his tap-room.

You will perhaps say there was nothing singular in all this; but mark how Mr. John Tait, the Judge of Police, introduced the business. On the cause being called, Mr. Tait uttered the following words, which a Gentleman present took down:—

"Sir Francis Biddell is a vagabond, a scoundrel, a blackguard, and so is every person that has him up as a sign. Indeed such a house should be blown up with fire and gunpowder. Should any man be brought before me for drinking his health, or mention his name otherwise than as a scoundrel and vagabond, I would have no hesitation in sending him aboard a man of war as the only place for him. This is the day he must be liberated; but so soon as Parliament meets, he will be sent back to his old quarters. Thank God, his principles are not known in Scotland—I hope they never will.—Call the witnesses."

This said Judge of Police is very intemperate, and has frequently got himself into awkward situations, and it occurs to me it would be beneath Sir Francis Biddell to stoop to take notice of such Billingsgate; but I think some notice ought to be taken of the matter, and you will consider whether the best mode of disposing of it would not be to insert the words spoken in the Newspapers, as a specimen of the purity and chastity of language used on the Bench of the Police Court of Old Reeky by Judge Tait.

I have only to add, that I am, my dear Sir, with high esteem and respect, ever your's, &c.

THE LATE MR. WINDHAM.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum" was a maxim very well altered by JOHNSON into "De mortuis nil nisi verum."—To speak nothing but good of the dead would put an end to all reasoning from example, not to mention the strange predicament in which it would place us by making it a shame to abuse HENRY the Eighth, BORGIA, or even NERO and DOMITIAN; for if death is in itself a merit, those who have been dead the longest must have the greatest claim upon our respect. On the other hand, to speak nothing but truth of the dead is an admirable rule, as just to the departed as it is useful and honourable to the living; it anticipates the reward of good ambition and the punishment of bad; it gives history its beauty, strength, and utility; and indeed were history and biography to cherish this maxim above all others, we should almost be enabled to do without experience."—EXAMINER, Sunday, June 24, 1810.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

MR. EXAMINER,—The extract from your Paper of June 24th, which I have taken for my motto, and the individual who is the subject of the essay for that day, have induced me to offer a few observations on a subject connected with that gentleman's political life which you have not touched upon; and to state some facts, which, although not known to the generality of the public, yet, I conceive, may have come to the knowledge of a few individuals with whom the person I am about to speak of might have been in the habits of close intimacy.

Subsequently to the death of Mr. Windham, that gentleman has been mentioned in several newspapers and other publications as having been the author of the plan brought forward by him for the recruiting and better regulation of the Army; for "limiting the duration of the time of service to a certain number of years instead of enlisting men for life, &c."—Mr. Cobbett also, in one of his late Registers, alludes to Mr. Windham's plan, and takes some praise to himself for the ideas which he says he suggested to Mr. Windham.

Now, Sir, as the late Mr. Charles Francis Sheridan, formerly Secretary at War in Ireland, (the elder brother of Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan) was the skilful statesman

in whose comprehensive mind the said plan originated, it is but justice to his memory to give him (Mr. C. F. Sheridan) the credit for whatever merit that plan may have possessed.

Many a one, I have reason to think, has built fame on foundations laid by him; while his own immediate family have derived little or no benefit from the mental exertions which ultimately destroyed him. I am only sorry that no one more capable than myself and better acquainted with his public and private life, has stepped forward to prevent the memory of that honest and very sensible man from sinking into unmerited oblivion.

The Plan for the Recruiting and better Regulation of the Army; limiting the Duration of the Time of Service, &c. he considered as so salutary, that, with his usual philanthropy, he could not rest until he should put it into the hands of some able Member of Parliament, by whose exertions it might be likely to be carried into execution; and Mr. Windham was the person whom he pitched upon. To that gentleman he gave his plan; Mr. Windham matured and altered it; but I have often heard Mr. C. Sheridan say, that he did not by any means consider these alterations as IMPROVEMENTS.

Should it be asked how I came by my knowledge that Mr. C. Sheridan was the real author of the plan alluded to, I reply, that having had the honour to be in the habits of intimacy with him (and with such a man as Mr. C. Sheridan it was really an honour to be ranked in the list of friends and intimates) he has often in conversation with me mentioned many particulars of the plan (which was, indeed, in some measure, one of his hobby-horses) long before ever he had shewn it to Mr. Windham. I do not exactly remember the precise time; but it was when he had lodgings in Maddox-street, and a considerable time before the death of Mr. Pitt.

When I read Mr. Windham's parliamentary speeches on the subject, I recognized many of the passages, as proposing those measures, the necessity or expediency of which I had long before heard Mr. Sheridan enlarge upon; and have afterwards heard him complain, and with considerable acrimony (being very irritable in his temper for some few months previous to his death, which happened in June, 1806) of the alterations and innovations, as he called them, in his plan, which, he used to say, Mr. Windham had quite spoiled.

There may, doubtless, Mr. EXAMINER, be many of your readers who will refuse to give credit to what may be the mere ipse dixit of an individual, comparatively obscure; but, if I have offered no more than the truth, I trust there are those in higher life, and especially Members of the Legislature (with many of whom my friend was in habits of intimacy) who can confirm my assertions. The plan, delivered into the hands of Mr. Windham, was written on several sheets of paper; each sheet, (I have heard Mr. Sheridan say) was signed at the foot with his name (Charles Francis Sheridan) at full length. These sheets the executors of Mr. Windham have, no doubt, found among his papers after his decease, unless care has been taken to destroy them.

Those who esteem the real author, will be glad of an opportunity of doing justice to his memory by joining me in asserting his right to those posthumous laurels, which the newspaper panegyrists of the lately deceased Statesman (whose talents, it must be confessed, were unusually

great) have snatched from the peaceable grave of Charles Sheridan, to embellish the monument of Mr. Windham. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, W. CHAMBERLAINE.
Aylesbury-street, Clerkenwell, July 23.

THE INQUISITION.

"Jamais la nature humaine n'est si avilie que quand l'ignorance superstitieuse est armée du pouvoir."

MR. EDITOR,—You will probably remember the channel through which we were lately favoured with the following remark:—"Bonaparte is said to have done something to soothe and allure the inhabitants of the Peninsula by the suppression of the Inquisition—an effete and harmless Court of Ecclesiastical Law: but had it reigned in its utmost rigour, how circumscribed is its range over an industrious and simple people, and how few are its victims when compared with the all-searching Conscription!"

Now, Sir, I disclaim all partiality to the character or general policy of Bonaparte; I am as much an enemy to both as the writer of the article of which the above is an extract: but I trust we may duly proclaim our aversion to his cruelty and ambition, without at the same time heaving a sigh for the fall or dropping a tear of affection to the memory of the Spanish Inquisition—the vilest instrument of priest-craft and bigotry that ever disgraced Christianity or oppressed mankind. Fortunately for the honour of religion and humanity, it no longer stands a reproach to either, and when we see this prostrate monument of superstitious cruelty inscribed with an inscription like the above, it is, I think, a duty we owe to both, publicly to enter our protest against it. Is it decent, Sir, in a country where civil liberty and religious toleration are so ardently beloved, and so considerably enjoyed, to speak of the Inquisition in the language of an apologist? Is it prudent or consistent to do this in a declamation against oppression?—That no praise is due to Bonaparte for having abolished this Institution, we well know; fortunately it was more convenient to the purpose of his ambition to suppress than encourage it; and we may allow ourselves to regret, that this badge of barbarism and bigotry should at length have been wiped from the blushing face of Europe by the polluted hands of this ambitious despot; but let us nevertheless rejoice that it is gone; and let us no longer mourn for the fall or wish for the re-establishment of the despotism by which it was so long protected; they are fit companions for oblivion, and nothing worse can succeed them. But let us see by what means this tyrant, Bonaparte, has been conquering Europe, and particularly the Peninsula,

"Bonaparte is said to have done something to soothe and allure the inhabitants of the Peninsula by the suppression of the Inquisition."—O the wretch!—Here is a *ruse de guerre* for you with a vengeance! What, Sir, soothe and allure the victims of his ambition by redressing their grievances!! What base and cowardly rascals must these Spaniards be, to suffer themselves to fall a prey to an artifice like this! Who ever thought the tyrant fool enough to dim the lustre of his arms, and sacrifice his interest as a statesman, by such an unheard of proceeding? Aye, aye; Count Zenobia has reason on his side;—he must be mad; this might be added to the Count's catalogue of proofs, if more were necessary to establish the fact. Yet I think,

Mr. Editor, there is a little *method in his madness* too; and I am sure there is danger in such conduct as this: the remaining independent powers in Europe might not, certainly, to lose a moment in testifying their abhorrence of it; they ought, Sir, jointly to protest against it, as an infamous violation of the law of nations, and as contrary to the rules by which conquest is made, as it is foreign to the purposes for which it is desired. It is, indeed, a most dangerous precedent; but we may rest satisfied that our statesmen will never admit it as such: No, no; they will fight for public abuses and corruption abroad, they will cherish and defend them at home; but they would not take up arms against them for the dominion of the whole world.

We are told the Inquisition was "*effete and harmless*"—how long it has been so, I shall not attempt to determine, but I find a very eminent historian speaking of it in the following terms, so late as the year 1772:—"Ces exécutions * sont aujourd'hui plus rares qu'autrefois; mais la raison, qui perce avec tant de peine quand le fanatisme est établi, n'a pu les abolir encore." That the latter part of its reign was comparatively mild, I am willing to allow; like the despotism under which it existed, it died in its dotage; but unless it had been either practically oppressive or theoretically odious in the Peninsula, how could Bonaparte have soothed or allured the inhabitants by suppressing it? In short, such an institution should not have been suffered to see the nineteenth century: it ought, with many other grievances, in common prudence, to have been redressed by the Spanish Government before it called upon the people to sacrifice their lives in its defence.

But unfortunately for mankind, Reform is a drudgery for which governments ever have had, and still continue to have, the greatest aversion; and no experience seems sufficient to teach them the *absolute necessity* of cultivating a taste for the employment.

I shall conclude by glancing at the comparison here made between the Inquisition and Conscription. The preference given to the latter, even had the former reigned in its "*utmost rigour*," is amiable enough; and we will allow it to be just; as the comparison is not worth drawing, the preference cannot be worth contending for. They are both detestable engines of oppression; and it is perfectly ridiculous to attempt to excuse the one, in order to render the other odious. While the Inquisition reminds us of what mankind have suffered from religious cupidity and bigotry, the Conscription warns us of what is yet to be endured from political tyranny and ambition.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

F—n
Finsbury-square, July 30, 1810.

* Alluding to the executions called *Auto-da-fé*.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

MONNING-DRESS.—A white robe of French cambric or jaconet muslin, buttoned in front from the throat to the feet; German cape, and antique cuffs edged with vandyke lace. A plain muslin short pelisse, trimmed with the same. Cottage cap of lace, decorated on one side with a French bow and ends of violet-coloured ribbon, and tied across the crown and under the chin with a silk handkerchief of a lemon-colour.—Hair in distrevelled curls. Lemon-coloured kid slippers and gloves.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—A cambric or Indian muslin frock, with long sleeves, Spanish cuffs, and high front and collar, with

med with double platings of French net. An Arabian vest, or tunic coat, of apple-green crape trimmed round the bottom with two rows of violet floss binding, and tied down the front, at regular distances, with bows and ends of violet-coloured ribbon. Woodland bonnet of straw, or primrose chip, ornamented with violet-coloured ribbon. Slippers of green kid. Parasol of green Chinese silk, with deep awning. Gloves of primrose kid.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

On the 26th ult; in lat. 48. 12. long. 10. 0. W. the Marlborough packet, commanded by Mr. James, (acting), fell in with a large French brig privateer, fighting eight guns each side. At four p. m. commenced action from our stern and quarter guns; 4. 30. close alongside, yard-arms locked, and the enemy attempted to board, but were repulsed; continued close action until 6. 30.; at that time we having shot away her maintopmast and main-yard, and otherwise must have disabled her, she sheered off, and hauled her wind to the northward. About the middle of the action the enemy hoisted the bloody flag at the foretopmast head; which was replied to by three cheers by the brave little crew of the Marlborough, consisting of but 28 persons, including three boys. At the close of the action the Marlborough had two and a half feet water in the hold, from an 18lb. shot under the main whales on the larboard side; providentially two men only were wounded in the Marlborough. Mr. James is most certainly entitled to every commendation for his gallant conduct on this as on two former occasions; in one of which, about two and a half years since, he (then acting in the command of the same packet, Capt. Bull remaining home on leave) bravely engaged and beat off a French privateer of 14 guns in the West Indies, after an action of five hours. On the whole, the exertion of this valiant young man (who has nothing to depend on for maintenance of a wife and two children but his own exertions) are most certainly entitled to the notice and protection of his Majesty's Post-master General.

About half past ten on Sunday night, as the Ranger, a whaler, Captain Whitters, was coming round the North Foreland, on her way to the Downs, she was hailed by a large lugger, and asked if she wanted a pilot. Captain Whitters, suspecting she was a French privateer, desired her to keep off, but she ran alongside, and boarded with about 20 men. The crew of the whaler had no time for preparation, but flew to the handspikes, which lay forward; by this time the Frenchmen had got complete possession of the quarter deck. Captain Whitters, who had but one arm, with his brave crew (only 16 in number), engaged the Frenchmen, and literally beat out their brains, or drove them overboard. The lugger again boarded with as many more, and met with the same reception, the whole being either killed or wounded, with the exception of four, now on board the whaler prisoners; one of them an Irishman, a Lieutenant on board the lugger; one an American, and the other two Frenchmen, all having their skulls fractured, and their faces in a shocking state. The lugger was not long out of Calais, had made no capture, pierced for 18 guns, but had only 14 on board, with 82 men—she sheered off; and as she was going off, the whaler fired at her, and shot away one of her masts, but she escaped. Not one of the whaler's crew was hurt, though fired at repeatedly by the lugger, as well as the boarders.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT'S LIBERATION.

On Tuesday a large body of the Electors of Westminster dined together at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, to celebrate the release of Sir Francis Burdett from the Tower. Mr. WISHART was in the Chair. The great room was soon filled to an overflow, and part of the company were compelled to resort to tables which had been spread in three other rooms. About five o'clock Sir Francis entered the room, with Major Cartwright, Mr. Wardle, Mr. Clifford, Mr. Mallet, and other Gentlemen, who were received with great applause.

Dinner being over, Mr. WISHART observed, that no one act of the House of Commons during the past Session had excited the interest of the nation so much as the commitment of their Representative to the Tower; for having advocated the cause of an oppressed individual. This Meeting was held to commemorate the liberation of that upright Patriot; it was not the celebration of a triumph, for the day had not yet arrived when constitutional Law should overthrow assumed Privilege.—(Loud applauses.)—Mr. Wishart then gave,

"The King, the Law, and the People."

The Band struck up "God Save the King," and both toast and tune were received with much applause.—Next followed, "The Liberty of the Press.—It is like the air we breathe; if we have it not, we die."

Mr. WISHART here remarked; that it was not at all necessary for him to recapitulate all the benefits conferred upon them by the exertions of Sir Francis Burdett, who had devoted his labour and talents, and even his health, to their cause.—It was not therefore at all to be wondered at, that the corrupt should set up a cry against and calumniate him. This had been the case in all times. Thus the Ephesians of old calumniated even the Apostles, when their craft was in danger, calling out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Their enemies asserted; too, that they had met together merely for purposes of anarchy; their conduct, he knew, would give the lie to such wretched assertions.—Mr. Wishart concluded with proposing the health of Sir Francis Burdett, which was drunk with enthusiasm—and when the applause had subsided;

Sir FRANCIS BURDETT rose; he said, that after attempting to do them every service in his power, his first object was to merit their approbation,—and he knew no better method of obtaining it than by feeling conscious of his own. His sole view was to serve the People of England, from whose cause, he trusted, he should not be induced to turn to the right or to the left, either by the prospect of advantage on the one hand, or by intimidation on the other.—(Loud Applause.)—This applause convinced him that his conduct had met with their approval; and he was satisfied that their exertions had not been altogether ineffectual. Though all that had been wished had not been accomplished, yet the great cause had considerably advanced through the country at large. It was a phenomenon of the present times, that in an Assembly calling itself popular,—the Lower House of Parliament,—which ought to be the servants of the people, no topics were so palatable as those which went to cut up by the roots the liberties of the country, and to vilify the people!—They were charged with not belonging to a party, and with endeavouring to calumniate all public men. But was it calumny to speak the truth? Let their accusers point out the public characters so calumniated. He had not condemned all parties; and he believed there were honourable men who adhered to party; though he thought they were thus prevented from doing real service to the country. When he spoke disrespectfully of parties, he meant those who wanted others out that they might get into their places,—who aimed solely at their own emolument,—it was against a party all compromise and no principle that he spoke; a party which led the high road to misery and destruction.—There was a Speech published as coming from the Head of a Party, (Earl Grey) or of two Parties united, which he should notice. Cerberus was a three-headed monster, so he could not liken this party to that fabulous beast; but it might however be strictly termed *bifrons* (two faces).—This speech contained a great deal of pompous declamation against wild and visionary Reformers. But Lord Grey was himself once a great friend to Reform, and he laboured hard to reconcile his former with his present conduct. The Noble Earl talked much of mischievous and misguided men, who wanted to overthrow the Constitution, evidently alluding to him (Sir F. B.) and those with whom he acted. He did not believe there were any set of men in the country who wanted to overthrow the Constitution: the men with whom he associated were not mischievous theorists,—they were the Electors of Westminster, whose sentiments were independent, patriotic, honourable, and wise; but he did say that the man who wished to dispense with the law was neither prudent nor wise.—(Loud

approbation.)—The speech, in fact, was long, laboured, futile, and fallacious. Alluding to the Privileges of Parliament, it said, that supreme power must rest somewhere; but the contrivance of all our political Constitutions was, that the supreme power should rest nowhere. Ours was a Government of checks and controul. The truth was, the final supreme power was in the People: so said the Bill of Rights, and the Law and the Constitution were founded upon that principle. For the good of society the People did delegate large portions of that power to the King; but even the King himself could not exercise it in the manner lately adopted by the House of Commons.—(Applause.)—Their Representatives had a power delegated to them to check the influence of the Crown, and they ought to act as faithful servants. The Borough-mongering faction told them that the power of the King was to be dreaded by the People; but they knew better than to be so gulled. The People had nothing to fear from the power of the King; their interests were the same. Mr. Ponsonby indeed had said, that Kings could not love Parliaments, because they controuled their authority. Now it could be clearly shewn that Parliament had usurped on the laws, but he defied those advocates for Privilege to point out an instance in which Parliament had checked or controuled the Crown. The People would not however be duped by these sham Patriots. The plain truth was, the only omnipotent power which practically existed in England, was the Borough-mongers faction; and such was its strength, that it even threatened the Monarch himself. Who could forget the infamous attempt to murder, in 1794, some of the wisest and honestest men in the country? Lord Eldon, then Attorney-General, said, in effect, that if the King were to yield to the wishes of the People and grant a Reform, he would deserve to die. Was such language ever held by the Reformists? Lord Grey says that in his youth he certainly did advocate the cause of Reform, but in his more mature age he felt himself bound to recede! But was this an excuse for the abandonment of principle? A man might grow older without growing wiser or honest, of which indeed a change of principle was no very good proof.—(Laughter.)—If such an argument was admissible, there could be no reliance placed on any human being, nor could a person so liable to change have any confidence in himself even. Principles were immutable and incapable of change. But the Whigs went beyond Ministers, and seemed anxious to lead into the quagmire. They asserted that both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox united with them in opinion on the subject of Parliamentary Privilege; but such was not the fact; for Mr. Giffard, in his Life of Pitt, Vol. II. p. 508. has this sentence:—"This was (said Mr. Pitt), a question of very considerable importance; for if a popular assembly had a right, not only to be judges in their own cause, but to make their own cause, and to make their own will, the substitutes for law, both in declaring the crime and fixing the punishment, there was an end to civil liberty; because there existed in the State a large body of men who were not merely above the law, but who controuled the law; and acting in open defiance of the law, deprived the subject of his freedom at their pleasure, while they violated the inviolability which they had themselves proclaimed and established." Such were the sentiments of Mr. Pitt. Frequent changes in opinion on great principles tended to cut up all confidence in public men. The Noble Lord also talked of wild and extravagant theories; yet what did the People want? Not punishment for the past, but indemnity for the future. They were content that those who had fattened on the spoil of the public should pass with impunity, provided security was obtained to prevent such grievances in future. All he wanted was to be found in the Statute Book. But the popular clamour must be resisted! When Lord Grey and his party came into office, we all saw how they redeemed their pledge to the deluded public; they did not even touch on the subject of Reform, about which they had talked for years before; and what reason did they give? Why, truly, the People did not ask for it! Really, he thought that a most dishonest conduct, which waited to be asked for justice. Neither in public nor private life, should a man wait to have that extorted from him which ought to be freely granted. Statesmen in particular

should be anxious to get credit for doing what was right, and not wait till it was reluctantly wrung from them. Such arguments were neither wise nor honest.—(Great applause.)—How indeed were the Reformists to act? If they were silent, Reform was not wanted; if they called for it, then nothing was to be yielded to popular clamour! Nothing, in the eyes of the Factions, was so contemptible as the People; they were low and vile; and he supposed those who thus talked believed that a popular Assembly like the present were in danger of giving each other the itch! Yet, proud and magnanimous as they were, they had no objection to handle the money of the People! Like Vespasian, who, when reproached for laying a tax on the Sewers, said, "He did not perceive that the money smelt." So these revilers seemed to think that the only connection they had with the People was with their pockets! He (Sir Francis) had been personally named in the Speech as an enemy to the Constitution, and rated as comparing himself to Sidney and Hampden, who, it said, did not die in contending against Parliament, but in resisting an arbitrary King. What was all this? What was it to them whether their lives were lost in resisting an arbitrary power assumed by a King, a House of Lords, or a House of Commons, or all three together? A pickpocket might as well say, "I did not pick your right pocket; it was your left. There was also a sovereign power in this country, which our fathers had put into the hands of a Jury; and they ought to keep a watchful eye over it, for in this, as in other things, the forms might be preserved, and yet, if like Parliament corrupt, instead of being the safeguard, Juries might become the master-grievance of the country. The crime of libel was unknown to the ancient law of the land; no mention was made of it till it was regulated by Mr. Fox's Bill. When they considered the Star Chamber sentence on a well known author, writing for great public interests, strongly impressed with the importance of his subject, where they may have been a warmth beyond what coolness might have dictated,—when they saw such offences tried by Special Juries nominated by an officer of the Court,—when they saw the authority of the Attorney-General sweeping away that great barrier, the Grand Jury,—when they saw imprisonments of so long duration inflicted, followed up by the demand of bail that may have the effect of confining a man for ever,—when all these things were considered, he thought we had no reason to boast of the Liberty of the Press. It was evident the alleged Privilege of Parliament, when conjoined with the power of the Crown, and operating upon a corrupt House of Commons, might finally destroy all our liberties. It was a power which could only be enforced by the King's troops, Germans as well as others, none of which the Crown had a right to keep, and the existence of whom in this country was contrary to the Constitution. (Great applause.) But whether kept or not, they had no right to murder people in the streets; that act had drawn the veil aside, and shewn them the nature of their situation. In such a situation, he felt as every man of common sense must feel,—that there was no longer security for any man, nor any means of redress. The minds of the people in time might be fitted to their situations, and when once we know ourselves to be slaves, we must bear in mind that slavery has but one virtue—obedience. He should never be able to get so much of the Englishman out of him as to bring his mind to submit to it. (Bursts of applause.) If doomed to fall, he would rather fall with a falling country, than be elevated on the ruins of its liberties. (Continued applause.)—The feelings they expressed, however, gave him better hopes; he still had hope; he still hoped for success in their great object,—the Renovation of the Liberties of the Country, and the fixing them on the immovable Rock of the Constitution. (Great applause.) The legality and propriety of a late conviction he would not impugn; he disclaimed all intention of reflecting upon either the decision or the punishment; but he trusted he might say, that if we were not permitted to express our indignation at seeing Englishmen flogged while Germans stood over them, we were in as base and degraded a situation as any nation; if they were reduced by Germans or otherwise to this inhuman punishment—worse than

man would inflict upon dogs,—if they were thus reduced, it were better to die than to live.—He had thus touched on a few of the prominent evils of the times; and before sitting down, he would assure them, that in whatever situation of life he was placed, he would ever be found doing his utmost to restore their rights and liberties. Whatever was the condition of the country, none ought to despair. The great cause of Reform never wore so favourable an appearance as at this moment. He would also say a few words on another point. They all knew the wretched condition of Ireland, but oppressed by their own griefs, they had not sufficiently sympathised with the Sister Kingdom. The cause, however, was one of common interest; with Ireland we must sink or swim, and it was now high time to extend relief to that brave, generous, and suffering people. He should conclude with one remark,—let us use every possible exertion, and do all we can to keep alive the spark of liberty.—(Loud applause for several minutes.)

Lord Cochrane's health was then drunk with three times three. After which was given in like manner,

"Colonel Wardle, the vigilant detector of public abuses."

Col. WARDLE returned his thanks in a short speech.

The following toasts were then given:—

"Sir Samuel Romilly, and the Reform of the Penal Code," with three times three.

"Lord Erskine, and the Trial by Jury," drunk with great applause.

"Ireland in our hearts, and her persecutors in our remembrance," with three times three.

"Major Cartwright and Reform."

The MAYOR said, he did not mean to trespass upon the attention of the company for many minutes, but he would tell them an anecdote.—Some years ago after he had written upon the means of calling forth the energies of the Constitution for the defence of the country, he was asked by a literary friend how he could write so much about non-entities, but he answered, No: but he was not writing about non-entities, but advising for stolen goods. (Laughter.)—These stolen goods the country was now, he hoped, in a fair way of recovering. The cause of Reform was, he was happy to see, daily gaining strength, but it was a misfortune that so much was said, and by some of its friends too, about the merit of moderate reform. For himself, he would not hesitate to declare that he never was, that he never should be, a friend to what was called moderate Reform. The object of his search and solicitude always was, and always would be, the Constitution, the whole Constitution, and nothing but the Constitution. (Applauses.) The moderate Reformers proceeded, in fact, upon principles and calculations which betrayed a complete ignorance of the character of the common enemy. They seemed to consider the borough-mongers as mere drivellers, who could be induced to make a concession dangerous to their power, who could be persuaded to allow their foes to advance one step against the citadel of their authority. But, no; the borough-mongers were not to be deluded—they would struggle to the last to maintain their influence; and the only way in which any effectual struggle could be made against them would be by national unanimity, by a cordial union of all the friends of Reform; and in order to produce this desirable effect, nothing should be left undone to enlighten the understanding, to interest the hearts, and to animate the hopes of the people. (Applauses.) He concluded by proposing—

"Representatives without rotten Boroughs—Defence without Foreigners—and Laws without Military Execution."

Mr. MALLET said, that he had changed his opinion on the subject of Reform, which he formerly deemed hopeless, when he saw the progress of that spirit which had first risen in Westminster,—when he saw so much performed by the steady operation of moderate means against the Borough-mongering faction. That faction, when they came into power, forfeited all their promises to the people; and now their impotent malice was directed against Sir Francis Burdett. Mr. Mallet here uttered a warm panegyric upon Mr. Horne Tooke, who, he said, was an honour to his country and the age in which he

lived. While the English language was understood, the mine of Tooke would be handed down to posterity,—while the memory of Pitt would be coupled with French victories, and stigmatized by his attempts to prevent the people from asserting those principles which constitute the very spirit of the Constitution. (Applauses.) The factions attempted to alarm the country with the power of Bonaparte. He admitted all they said of his hostility; but he had raised himself by his merit to his *bad eminence*, while they had reached their *bad eminence* in a very different manner.—After some other remarks, Mr. Mallet gave,—

"Mr. Cobbett—and may Englishmen never forget their English feelings."

The CHAIRMAN then gave,—

"Gen. Matthew, Mr. Hutchinson, and the Irish Members who have done their duty to their Constituents."

The following toasts succeeded:—

"May all House-breakers by Analogy, and their Abettors, be brought to condign punishment."

"The Lord Mayor, Common Council, and Livery of London."

"Lord Archibald Hamilton, the Hon. Mr. Maule, General Ferguson, and the Friends of Reform in Scotland."

"The Duke of Norfolk, and may the Aristocracy unite with him in defending the Rights of the People."

"Mr. Wyvill, and the Friends of Religious Liberty."

"The House of Commons represented, and not mis-represented."

Mr. CLIFFORD gave, "The health of Mr. Wishart, the Chairman;" immediately after which Sir Francis Burdett, and the greater part of his friends, withdrew. The room continued full for some time after, and the evening concluded with every appearance of harmony and good-humour.

LAW.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Wednesday, August 1.

BISHOP AGAINST ROBINSON.

This was an action brought to recover compensation in damages for a Breach of Promise of Marriage, made by the defendant to the plaintiff.

Mr. GANNOW stated the case. It appeared that the parties are of much consideration in life. The young lady is the daughter of a Gentleman of fortune, and the defendant is a young man, and a merchant of opulence in the city. The families had been acquainted with each other nearly 16 years, and the alliance was mutually approved by both.—Within the last three years the intimacy between the younger branches of both increased to such a degree, that at length marriage was proposed by the defendant, and accepted by the plaintiff. This took place about the 20th of August last.—Every thing for the marriage was managed between the parties, and several letters passed between them, in all of which the marriage vow was mutually plighted, and mutually received. This intercourse and correspondence, as well as the multiplied visits of Mr. Robinson to Miss Bishop, continued up to the 22d of September last, when, to the astonishment of the lady and to the surprize and indignation of her friends, he wrote a letter, stating, that he had consulted with a medical friend upon the state of his constitution, and his report was, "that he could not enter into the state of matrimony, as it was quite impossible for him to perform those duties which that state required."—(The letter containing this announcement was read in Court.)—The Lady upon reading it, immediately sent him a very suitable answer, accusing him of his unbecomingly and disgraceful conduct, and renouncing him with becoming language. It would seem as if this was exactly the object which he sought for, as in four days after he wrote her another epistle, telling her, that he had consulted another physician, and that the impediment to his matrimonial union was removed. This, however, was not to be endured; the Lady was not to form so grave and important a connection as a matrimonial one

With a man, who, to say the least of it, had already rendered himself both contemptible and ridiculous, with all who had heard his behaviour and the statement he had published of his own incapacity; she was therefore necessarily driven to the alternative of buckling herself to such a man, with all the consequences attending such an union, or availing herself of this resource. This then she flew to, and he had no doubt that an English Jury would visit the defendant as he deserved.

Evidence to the foregoing facts was produced. Among the witnesses was Miss Bishop's brother.

For the defendant Mr. PARKER, in a speech delivered with considerable emphasis, endeavoured to shew that his client was not actuated by any intention to wound the feelings or honour of the lady, but that he was led into the error which he committed from infatuation of mind, and an inexperience of the world.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH observed, that either what the defendant stated of his incapacity to enter into the wedded life, which he had promised to the plaintiff, was true, or it was not. If it were true, then his culpability and his indecent demeanour were both without excuse, and much enhanced his offence; for he ought not, in such a situation, to have cajoled the understanding and duped the feelings of an innocent and most deserving young lady; in justice at least to her comforts, he ought either to have desisted from his suit, and made known to her male relatives, who were his own intimate friends, this incapacity that he complained of, and that would have been, though a slight, some apology for his dereliction, after a period of three years. If, on the other hand, the whole was false, and but a pretext for his dishonourable violation of his plighted faith, then nothing was so base, nor could any visitation of the law be severe enough for the offence; and to shew either that it was false or that it was true, no attempt whatsoever had been made to the Jury. It might be said that he had made a species of reparation in the proposition that he submitted four days after he assigned his culpable pretension for rejecting the matrimonial contract. That, if any thing could, did increase the immorality of his behaviour. How (his Lordship put it to the Jury) could a woman with any sense of honour enter into the sacred bands of matrimony with a man who had made himself so contemptible and unworthy of her in the eyes of the world? What security, said he, could she have from such a man for the safety of her future fame? He had entered up the record of his own unworthiness, and it would be out of her power to remove it from the recollection of the world and her friends. With these and other strong marks of reprobation, but with a due consideration of all that could possibly arise in favour of the defendant, his Lordship left it with the Jury, who, without retiring from the box, brought in a verdict for plaintiff—*Damages 5000l. 11s.*

Thursday, Aug. 2.

FIELD v. RYAN.

This was an issue out of the Court of Chancery to try whether a deed of appointment was executed by Mrs. Ryan, wife of the defendant, under duress, or by her free consent. Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL led the cause. The defendant was an Irish Gentleman (brute) who had embarrassed himself. Being at Scarborough about the year 1790, he became acquainted with his late wife, who was then a widow, and after a courtship of less than a month, they were married. The lady possessed a considerable fortune, and particularly a life estate, which she had the power of appointing after her death.—Some persons of the family were called, who stated that the late Mrs. Ryan was a woman of very timid mind, and soon after her marriage with Mr. Ryan, she appeared completely subdued to his purposes. She lamented her unhappy situation in private with her relatives, and seemed quite depressed in spirits. The unhappy lady was studiously insulted by her husband,—the money occasionally given her by her fond mother (who had endeavoured to soften the heart of the savage by giving him 500l. a year, which compelled her to put down her coach), was taken out of her pocket,—and even violence was exercised, as marks of cruelty were left on her person. Mrs. Wilmer, the mother, subsequently died, and her life was doubtless

shortened by the misery occasioned from her daughter's sufferings, whose release she had in vain endeavoured to obtain by offering Ryan 1000l. Soon afterwards he took her abroad to Holland, whither she was unwilling to go. In the family was a young woman, a servant, of the name of Dolly Sellers, whom the defendant seduced, and kept in the same house with his wife, who was never suffered to go out of doors without a guard, and was in fact a prisoner in her husband's house. In this situation he wrote to England to a Mr. Robert Keating, a friend, who procured the deed in question to be prepared, and went with it himself, in the year 1793, to Holland, when it was executed at Antwerp, Dolly Sellers being one of the subscribing witnesses. By this deed, which was the deed in question, she conveyed to her husband the estate after her death. Soon afterwards Mr. Ryan came to England, and left his wife abroad in care of a Mrs. West, with positive injunctions to restrain her liberty, to let her have but a quarter of a bottle of small wine per day, and no medical assistance, though she was then labouring under a severe malady!! Afterwards in England she was brought to the same house with Dolly Sellers, who acted as the mistress, and the unfortunate lady was a mere captive. She became mad, and died in 1799!! Under these horrid circumstances, the Attorney-General contended that she could not be considered as a free agent when she executed the deed, but that she did it under a broken spirit, and a mind harassed and worn out by long continued severities.

Mr. PARKER, for the defendant, addressed the Jury at considerable length, and called Dolly Sellers; but the evidence of this wretched woman was a complete tissue of prevarication and falsehood, in which she was satisfactorily contradicted.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH, without hearing the Attorney-General in reply, informed the Jury, that there was no occasion that constraint should be proved at the moment the deed was executed; it was sufficient, if by the exercise of a constant train of restraint, the mind had been reduced, and brought into a complete state of domination; just as a wave of the hand would have an immediate effect on any of the brute creation, after having previously been subdued by ill-usage.

The Jury found the deed to be executed by duress, and consequently void.

Friday, Aug. 3.

ATHERTON v. WILLSHEN.

Mr. GARROW stated this to be an action by which the Plaintiff, who was a carver and gilder in Long-acre, sought to recover from the Defendant, a goldbeater in the same street, a compensation in damages for the seduction of the Plaintiff's wife. The Plaintiff, previous to his present marriage, which took place in the year 1807, was a widower, and had a daughter of his former marriage. In his second wife he had found a careful and affectionate mother to his child, and an attentive manager of his concerns in his absence. By the act of the Defendant he had been deprived of both of these valuable acquisitions, and he had, in consequence, been a great sufferer in a pecuniary point of view, which was all that the Jury, in considering a case of this kind, could look to. The parties in the present action were not in the higher ranks of life, but still persons in their situation must be allowed to have their feelings as well as those in a more exalted sphere. In a pecuniary point of view, too, their interests were still more sensibly affected by such a derangement of their families, than the more opulent and more elevated class, who had many ways of alleviating their misfortunes, could possibly be. It would be shown that the Defendant having first formed a connection with the Plaintiff in the way of his business, was afterwards in the use of calling every other day at his house: when the Plaintiff was at home he refused to allow him to be called; but when the wife opened the door, the Defendant uniformly went into the back parlour, where he and the Plaintiff's wife were shut up together. On one occasion they were discovered by the servant in such a situation, as left no doubt of the nature of the commerce between them.

These facts were proved by three witnesses, from whose evidence it appeared, that the connection had gone on for a considerable time, the defendant sometimes coming into the par-

door, and at other times knocking at the door, and then crossing to the other side of the street, when the plaintiff's wife dressed herself, and went out to meet him.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, for the Defendant, argued, that where a woman evinced so little regard for virtue or decorum, as to meet with a man in consequence of signals made by him at the door, and that too, only a few months after her marriage, the person who was her husband could have lost nothing.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH recommended to the Jury to take the easy conquest of the wife (if conquest, in this case, it could be called, where she seemed so willing a victim) into consideration. The husband was surely entitled to compensation for the injury he had sustained; but this compensation could only be regulated by the extent of his loss.

The Jury found for the plaintiff—Damages 100*l*.

THE KING V. DE YONGE.

This was an indictment under certain ancient Acts of Parliament, by which the purchasing of the gold coin of this country, at more than its current value, is prohibited, under certain penalties.

The fact of purchasing a number of guineas at the rate of 22*s*. 6*d*. each was clearly made out.

Mr. MARRYATT, for the defendant, argued, that the Acts did not extend to purchases or exchanges for paper, which was not then known as a circulating medium.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH was of opinion, that the paper had here been dealt with being of the ordinary value. He reserved to the Learned Counsel, however, to bring forward his argument in a motion for a new trial. The fact itself was not disputed.

The Jury, accordingly, found the defendant Guilty.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

About four o'clock on Sunday morning, a dreadful conflagration burst from the back warehouse of Mr. Gillet's Printing Office in Hanging-sword-alley, Water-lane. In the course of the last five years three fires have happened at the same residence. The front part of the premises is Mr. Gillet's dwelling-house in Salisbury-square; the flames were, however, confined to the warehouse for paper and printing at the back. The calamity was first discovered by a poor woman who inhabited an apartment opposite the warehouse in the alley. She had been employed in ironing, and she observed a volume of fire burst from the windows of the printing-office.—She ran down with her twin children, eight months old, and gave the alarm, when a scene of distress and confusion ensued, which it would be painful to describe. The confined situation of the houses rendered the situation of the inhabitants truly alarming. Mothers were seen running out naked with their infants; the old and infirm were screaming for assistance, while the furniture and property of the sufferers were scattered in every direction. Those who have seen paper and inflammable materials consumed, may form an idea of the rapid progress of the flames on this occasion. In less than half an hour, the building was entirely enveloped by the destructive element, which had also extended to Salisbury-square. The wind blew the flames backwards across the alley, and the houses opposite were soon on fire. Happily the distressed individuals, who were mostly laborious persons, escaped with their lives, but the greater part of the property was destroyed. While the devastation prevailed backwards, the scene of confusion was lamentable in Salisbury-square. Books and copies of several works belonging to Sir Richard Phillips, of great value, are said to have been consumed. Five houses in the Alley are destroyed. The dwelling-house of Mr. Swan is also down, but his Printing Office has escaped. The roof of Mr. Gillet's dwelling-house, with part of the Chemist's and the Infirmary Hospital adjoining, are greatly damaged. Ten houses are destroyed and damaged, but the greatest injury is done to the poor inhabitants in the Alley, who were not insured. The engines arrived soon after the alarm had been given, and every effort was made to extinguish the flames in Crown-court, Hang-

ing-sword-alley, and through to the houses in Salisbury-square. Strong suspicions are entertained that the fire was not the effect of mere accident. It is said that there had not been either a fire or a candle in the building since the printers left off working by candle light, in March last; and that Mr. Gillet, accompanied by his sons, saw that every thing was secure before they retired to bed on Saturday night. It was customary to leave one of the windows in the lower ware-room open during the night, for the purpose of drying the sheets, which has led to a supposition, that some incendiary had introduced, through the open window, some combustible matter, which communicated to the paper.

We lately presented our readers with the particulars of a fire that happened at the House of Mr. Paris, printer, in Took's-court, which, together with an adjacent house, was entirely consumed. A Lady, who lodged in the second floor of Mr. Paris's house, was missing, being supposed to have perished in the flames. On the evening of the Sunday following, her remains were dug out of the ruins in a very imperfect state, nothing being found, but part of the bones of her neck, and one arm. On Monday afternoon, as Mr. Paris was standing within the ruins, overlooking the workmen who were clearing away the rubbish, a part of the parapet wall gave way, and falling on Mr. Paris, bruised him in a severe manner; he was conveyed into a house in Quality-court, where every care was taken of him.

On Tuesday, Thomas Eden, son of the proprietor of one of the Richmond Stages, of which he was the driver, was ordered to pay the fine with costs, for grossly insulting one of his passengers.—This fellow had used the most scurrilous language, and the example will have a very good effect, for the insolence and extortion of the stage-coachmen have been long a public nuisance. Since the late Regulation Bill, the remedy is in the power of every person so used. One of its clauses is as follows:—"If any driver of any such carriage shall use abusive language to any passenger, or shall insult on, or exact more than the sum to which he is legally entitled, &c. and being convicted thereof before any Magistrate, shall forfeit, and pay a sum not less than 5*l*. nor more than 10*l*. for every such offence."

A well-dressed woman on Monday threw herself into the Serpentine River, and would have been drowned, had not Mr. Gold, a gentleman who resides in Pall-Mall, jumped in and rescued her. When brought out, she exclaimed, "why have you saved me? Had you been a moment later, I should have been happy!"—She said she was married, and had a husband and three children living; but refused to state her name, or where she lived.—She was taken to St. George's Hospital.

On Sunday night, the shop of Messrs. Ross and Peckham, watchmakers, Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, was robbed of watches to a considerable amount. The thieves had cut a piece out of one of the shutters, after having in vain endeavoured to force open the door and shutters,—a business which must have occupied them a considerable time. All this was done under the very nose of the watchman, whose box is immediately opposite the house. The man has been examined on suspicion, but no fact was proved against him, though he confessed he saw three men about the house, but was afraid to interrupt them.

MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday se'night, at St. Ann's, Soho, Miss Reed, of Camberwell, to Mr. Ives, butcher, of Newport Market.

Yesterday, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Miss Ann Collins, of Belton-street, Long-acre, to Mr. N. Kinton, of Lambeth Conduit-street.

DEATHS.

On Friday, in the 92d year of his age, General Charles Vernon, Lieutenant of the Tower, and the oldest General in his Majesty's service.

On Sunday, in Eyre-street, Hatton-garden, in the 72d year of his age, Mr. Thomas Cruchley. He was one of the very few survivors who served under the immortal Wolfe, at Quebec.

Printed and published by JOHN HUNT, at the EXAMINER Office, 15, Beaufort Buildings, Strand.—Price 8*d*.