

THE EXAMINER.

No. 91. SUNDAY, SEPT. 24, 1809.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 91.

CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

I HAVE read of a facetious Barber, who when he was sick used to place by his bed-side a number of blocks in perukes, and flatter himself they were a consultation of Physicians. This piece of humour might have done very well in a common touch of sickness which wanted nothing but quiet and patience, but it would have been carrying the joke too far in a malignant fever; and yet, such is the farce that the English People have tolerated in the midst of diseases that threaten their existence. One old worn-out block, originally intended for nothing but a post about the Court, they have seen erected into a Prime Minister; another, manifestly designed for the prop of some Methodistical Pulpit, or at best for a subject on which to manufacture Lawyers' Whigs, is entitled Chancellor of the Exchequer; and a third, which was known only as one of the worst tools of a set of bad workmen and served for an instrument of torture in Ireland, was a day or two since a Secretary of State. To these rulers gravely set round a table, to these idols of Contractors, these Dagon of the Money-changers, we have trusted our resources and our reputation, and of course we have seen both at the mercy of the enemy. However, after all the argument that has been wasted upon them, and all the laughter that has assailed them, the ridiculous figure they cut has at last become too apparent to be tolerated, and we are really, it seems, to be gratified or at least beguiled with some sort of change.

Experienced as this nation has become in the disasters arising from vanity, and ignorance, and corruption, it is not to be told that no change can be of any great service unless it be radical. We can be saved from similar measures, only by having dissimilar men; and this dissimilarity must not consist in mere opposition of opinion or of measure, for the one extreme may be as injurious as the other, but in minds differently framed, in consciences differently educated, in ambitions more philosophically directed. It was said, by CHESTERFIELD, I think, who knew more of sound politics than we might imagine from his despicable Letters, that England wanted for its Minister, a man rather of plain strong sense than of brilliant talent, a man who could think and act steadily for himself upon good general principles, and direct the machine of the Constitution with a firm but not an officious hand. Such a man, I have no doubt, is the proper Minister for this country in times of what may be called common history, and such a Minister, I have no doubt, does, in reality, with his plain good sense, confound

more dangerous schemes than that Court craft so sadly mistaken for true politics. As he has fewer schemes to occupy his head, so he has fewer cares to distract it: his two eyes calmly fixed on one great point are of more service to him than fifty others, that turn every suspicion into an object of vigilance; and he even deceives your fine politicians by the very want of deception, disappointing them by keeping his word, and acting upon what in their little way they took for intrigue and pretence-making. Mr. Fox, besides genius, had much of this character about him, and was formed to have been a great Minister, had not that unfortunate easiness of temper, which could deny nothing to his acquaintances, become a habit independent of his very will: he erred, not because he did not see his error, but because it had grown upon him like any other indulgence; and thus this celebrated man, who conquered his love of gaming and of dissipation, could not get rid of one more weakness, which at his life's last stake hazarded his reputation and lost it.— But the character of the present age, which is as great in somethings as it is novel in every thing, requires a great character to cope with its leaders. Court politicians are wretched men for these times. England wants for its Minister, not only a possessor of good sense and decision, but a true philosopher, who in studying the means of success should not be taken up with mere heaps of money, but should go at once up to first causes, such as the genius of his enemy; the alteration or improvement of opinion; the counter weapons necessary to be put in the hands of his country's intellect; the temper, not of the court or of the city, but of the age in which we live; and a due appreciation of all these causes, not upon hearsay from others or upon the more deluding whispers of self-interest, but upon a knowledge of human nature and a solicitude for the welfare of human kind. It is impossible to contemplate even our own misfortunes with a grave face, when we see our profound politicians attempting to make England great and glorious, one by trying to smuggle a creature into Parliament, another by cultivating the Lord Mayor's interest, a third by thinking it necessary for social order to protect a foolish Prince in his vices, all of them scattering rewards by favour and rebukes by fits of spleen, and all of them absorbed in the petty interests of the day and the office. Such men do not really fight BONAPARTE; they only fret about him, and keep those who might be troublesome to him in employment; they use nothing but the physical powers of their country, and those in a very bad way, while they leave its intellect and all its better strength neglected: in the mean time, BONAPARTE takes as much care about intellect as he does about numbers; he makes war against the old ruined systems instead of fighting for them; he well manages the temper of his sword by sharp-

ening it upon, not by blunting it against, the temper of the age; he flatters and assists talent wherever he finds it; he cultivates the fine arts of every kind; in short, he endeavours to conquer men's minds as much by the force of contrast as he does the legitimate monarchs by force of arms; and all the while, our Ministers afford him objects for amusement at his leisure. To conquer such a man in the only effectual way, is to imitate what virtues he may possess, and scrupulously to avoid his vices, which can be of no use whatever to a free state; thus anger and ambition will do nothing for us; but promptitude, vigilance, temperance, and the studious encouragement of intellect will do a great deal, and virtuous motive added to all these, will do every thing.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, AUG. 30.—(From the *Moniteur*.)—The English Commander in Spain having been obliged on his retreat to leave a great number of wounded at Talavera, wrote the following letter to the General in Chief of the French Army:—

“SIR—The fate of war has placed in your hands a number of English officers and soldiers.—They are brave, and merit the attention and regard of those by whom courage is valued. I have the honour to recommend them to you, and to request that you will permit me to send to Talavera, for the purpose of taking care of them, some officers, who shall not be considered prisoners of war, but be permitted to return when the wounded have somewhat recovered.

“I also request your permission to transmit to the wounded Officers small sums of money, of which they must be very much in want.

“It is in the name of humanity I address these requests to you, and I have even a right to make them, since I have always paid particular attention to the French soldiers whom the chance of war has rendered my prisoners, and I have even supplied the officers with money.—I have the honour to be, &c.

“ARTHUR WELLESLEY.”

ANSWER OF THE DUKE OF TREVISO (MARSHAL MORTIER.)

“Head-quarters, Aug. 10.

“SIR,—I have received the open letter addressed by you to the Commander in Chief, and requesting his attention to the sick and wounded, whom you have been under the necessity of leaving behind you. They are treated as our own sick and wounded are, and I have studied to give all possible assistance to those that have fallen into my hands. These, General, are debts which two brave nations owe to each other.

“I shall forward your letter to the Commander in Chief, who alone can answer your request to send officers to Talavera, until the sick and wounded be somewhat recovered. In the mean time I shall do myself the pleasure to supply them with what money they may want.—I have the honour to be, &c.

“The Marshal Duke of TREVISO.”

While the English, after exposing their allies to all the disadvantages of a pursuit, placed themselves in security against events, the Spaniards imagined that they could cover their retreat if they took a position at the bridge of Arzobispo. The 5th corps passed the Tagus, partly by a ford, and partly by the bridge, overthrew all before them, and took thirty pieces of cannon, with the powder waggon. When the Marshal the Duke of Treviso saw the enemy's army fly before him, he was satisfied with sending some detachments after it, who every moment bring in

stragglers, deserters, and prisoners. Some Hanoverian deserters left the English army on the 8th instant, ten leagues from the frontiers of Portugal, to which they are retreating by the way of Badajos. That army is leaving every where its baggage, artillery, and sick behind: it is generally believed that its destination is Lisbon, in order to embark the troops there. Meanwhile they plunder on their route, and the enraged peasants murder all who fall into their hands. While these events occurred on the banks of the Tagus, the 4th corps returned to Toledo by the bridge of that town, and the division of Michaud on the same day forced the passage of the river by fording at Auaver del Tajo, which was defended by six battalions and four squadrons of the enemy. On the 10th the troops of the 4th corps formed a junction with the reserve at Nambroca. On the same day General Vaegas concentrated his army, 30,000 strong, at Almonacid; and on the 21st the King gave orders to attack him. An action of three hours was sufficient to drive the enemy from this strong position, to route them completely, to take a great part of their artillery, and to occasion them a very serious loss. The enemy left on the field 4000 dead, and we have made about 4000 prisoners. We have also taken 35 pieces of artillery, with 100 powder waggons, and 200 other waggons. Several standards are among our trophies. An incredible number of wounded increases the loss of the enemy, who, unable to re-unite, fled in every direction. The troops destined to the pursuit have therefore fallen in with only parties of fugitives, scattered without order, and incapable of the least resistance.

On the Festival Napoleon, the Emperor issued the following decree:—

From our Imperial Camp, at Schoenbrunn, Aug. 15.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French, &c.

Whereas it is our desire to commemorate, by a lasting monument, our satisfaction with the conduct of our army and our people during the campaigns of Jena and the Vistula. We have determined, and here decree as follows:—

I. There shall be erected on the Pont Neuf an Obelisk of Cherbourg marble, 180 feet high, with this inscription—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

II. On the sides of the Obelisk shall be represented all achievements which in those two campaigns contributed to the glory of France.

III. The Director-General of our Museum is charged with the execution of this monument.—Our Minister of the Interior shall present to us a model of the Obelisk, on the 1st of January, 1810, and the work shall, at the latest, be completed in 1814.

IV. Particular funds shall be appropriated to defray the expence of this monument.

NAPOLEON.

The *Moniteur* also contains accounts from Constantinople, dated the 13th instant, which state that the project of the English Ambassador, Mr. Adair, to excite the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands to insurrection, and to re-establish the former Republic of the Seven Islands, has completely failed. The Chancery of this would-be Republic, which a person named Dendrino, a native of Corfu, had established at Constantinople, has been abolished, and this was notified to the French Charge d'Affaires on the 4th of July. Dendrino was afterwards arrested, and thus (says the *Moniteur*) the foundation of Mr. Adair's scheme was completely exposed.

PARIS, SEPT. 7.—Letters from Munich confidently report the rumour that the intermarriage of the Hereditary Prince of Bavaria with the Archduchess Louisa, the eldest

daughter of the Emperor of Austria, will take place immediately after the signature of the treaty of peace, and that this union will be the pledge of that which is subsequently to take place between Austria and Bavaria.—It is rumoured that the kingdom of Bohemia will in future constitute an independent State, and have for its Sovereign an Archduke of Austria, who is to be a Member of the Confederation of the Rhine.

SPAIN.

MADRID, AUG. 10.—Yesterday at noon, the King returned to this capital under salutes of artillery. He entered on horseback, at the head of his guards and corps of reserve. His Majesty proceeded to the church of St. Isidor, to be present at the Te Deum. When he prayed, his Majesty descended from his throne. The church was full of civil and military officers, and common people. After the ceremony, his Majesty proceeded, at the head of his troops, to the Palace. In the evening the town was illuminated. Within these few days there have been daily brought in here wounded English and prisoners. Among them are a number of Hanoverians. To-morrow we expect, from Talavera, eighty English officers, who have been taken. According to their own statements, their loss in the late battles has been very considerable. A son of the Duke of Bedford, a son of Lord Somerset, and Major Ponsonby, a Member of Parliament, are stated to be killed, and three Generals wounded. For a long time open discord has prevailed between Generals Wellesley and Cuesta. The latter pretends to be the Generalissimo of the Junta, and wants to command in Chief. They reproach one another with the failure of the last operations. The battle of Almonacid was very serious. Vanegas, who commanded the Spanish army, believed that he would still find Cuesta and the English in line. The corps of General Sebastiani particularly distinguished itself in this affair. The Poles and our troops had a competition in bravery. They have lost a Colonel, who was the only officer of distinction who fell on our side.—The fate of Spain has been decided during the 22 days in which the King was absent.

AUGUST 25.—This capital continues to enjoy the most perfect tranquillity. The energetic measures adopted by the King, since his return, made an impression upon the disaffected, since they perceive that his Majesty is resolved no more to forgive those who have so long abused his benevolence. The secularisation of the Monasteries proceeds without any opposition.—The 6th corps, under the Duke of Elchingen, proceeded on the 12th from Placentia towards Salamanca. On their arrival at Oliva, they heard that the enemy, in great force, occupied Aldea Nueva del Camino, and particularly the heights and passes of Banos. The advanced guard fell in with the enemy at Aldea Nueva; to attack and to succeed were the work of a moment; the position was carried; and the 3d regiment of hussars made an excellent charge, by which the enemy were defeated and broken. They joined, in small parties, their principal corps on the heights of Banos. General Wilson occupied the height with four Spanish battalions, two Portuguese battalions, and 1000 men, who had just come from Ciudad Rodrigo, making in all between 4 and 5000 men, in an almost impregnable position, the natural difficulties of which he had increased by rendering all the foot-paths leading to it impracticable, by breaking up, cutting deep trenches across them, and blocking them up with pieces of rock. As soon as the eschelons of the

army had penetrated as far as Banos, our troops advanced against the enemy. That instant the soldiers forgot the extraordinary fatigues of a nine hours' march in excessive heat. The 59th and 50th regiments moved on with the greatest intrepidity, and made themselves masters of the heights. General Wilson rallied his troops, and even attempted to act upon the offensive, but this cost him dear. The advanced guard formed in a body, and a conflict with the bayonet ensued, in which the enemy were completely broken. The hussars and chasseurs completed the blow, and made them fly in the utmost disorder. They were pursued beyond Montemayor and Calfada. The whole of this legion, which left 1200 on the field, has suffered extremely. Our dragoons were in several places obliged to dismount, and fought on foot. The artillery was well served. A private of the 59th regiment seized a standard; according to the report of the prisoners, the rest were broken and thrown into ditches. Our loss was very trifling. The 6th corps continued their march, driving before them several small parties of the enemy, who fled to the mountains. There were at Salamanca 1400 infantry, and 400 cavalry, under the command of Gen. Castromocho, who, upon learning that the pass of Banos was forced, commenced his retreat in the direction of Ciudad Rodrigo. The 6th corps arrived at Salamanca on the 14th, the inhabitants of which, and particularly the Bishop, conducted themselves in the best manner; all of them hastened to relieve the wants of the army.

BADAJOS, AUGUST 31.—The following Royal Order, directed to his Excellency the Marquis de Romana, has been transmitted to him by Don Martin Garay:—

In the midst of the great cares and attentions which the Supreme Governing Junta of the Kingdom has taken to effect with activity and firmness the defence of the country, it has never lost sight of the salutary reforms which the nation earnestly expects, which its actual situation requires, and which must be the foundation of its future prosperity. One of the greatest objects which now claims its attention, and which ought to occupy it with the greatest activity, is the convocation of the Cortes, the most important object which can or ought to employ the Supreme Junta. The more important this object is, the more necessary are the knowledge, the observations, and the experience of those who compose that assembly; and, as in a discussion of such magnitude, it will be expected by the nation that all should concur, his Majesty has been pleased to order, that all the Deputies shall give their assistance. It will therefore be necessary, in consequence of this determination, that the Marquis de Romana separate himself from the troops, and come to this city, to exercise the functions of representative of the National Body; though it is certainly most difficult to place at the head of the army a Chief of equal experience and achievements. Considering, however, the state of the kingdom of Galicia and the principality of Asturias, the Junta, after mature deliberation, has determined, that the Marquis shall transfer his command to that General of his army whom he shall judge most fit. I communicate to your Excellency the Order of his Majesty for his fulfilment, advising at the same time that the command of the army cannot with propriety be transferred to the Major-General the Conde de Noronha; because he being second Commandant-General in Galicia, ought always to remain in that kingdom."

In consequence, the Marquis de Romana has confided the command of the army to Major-General Don Gabriel de Mendezabal, and that of the kingdom to the Conde de Noronha.

PROCLAMATION TO THE ARMY, BY THE MARQUIS DE ROMANA.

Soldiers!—The august voice of our Sovereign Ferdinand reached our ears by Desamark, and we obeyed the call. Our

country invoked our aid; and a generous nation, traversing
 conducted us to join our valiant countrymen, from
 whom we had been separated by the atrocious perfidy and vile
 prostitution of an individual. You have resisted the mortal
 blows aimed at you by the tyrant Napoleon to destroy you; you
 have suffered with me the disasters which his unequalled
 force has spread through the whole nation, and through all
 Europe; but you, without other assistance than your own
 valour, without other arms than those furnished by nature,
 without other ammunition than your own inimitable constancy,
 without other stimulus than your own heroic patriotism, with-
 out other ambition than that inspired by your honour and fide-
 lity, have disputed the first fruits of his triumph, and have
 raised your names to a level with those of the men who have
 been born to inspire admiration.

Gallicia is covered with French carcases. Neither ancient
 Carthage, nor modern France, can compare their marches
 with those incessant ones, which during six months of want and
 privation, you have made among the impenetrable Alps of
 Castile, Gallicia, and the Asturias, in their most exposed and
 rigorous situations. Immortal warriors! without great and
 signal battles, you have annihilated the proud army of the ty-
 rant, by aiding the national patriotism, supporting the noble
 fermentation, harassing the troops of the enemy, destroying
 them in small skirmishes, and reducing their possession to the
 ground on which they stand. You have fulfilled the most
 elevated obligations of the soldier; and the fatigues and cares
 which I, as your General, have undergone for your sakes,
 is the reward I owe you. The country has not for some time
 known your best services; but the actions of Villa Franca,
 Vigo, Lugo, San Jago, and San Payo, where your valour
 shone, must free you from any stain which may seem to have
 been incurred by your having refused battles which must have
 been destructive; and you have rendered yourselves formidable
 to your enemies, who have been repulsed and conquered when
 the superiority of their numbers did not present an obstacle
 absolutely insuperable to your valour.

Yes, brave Spaniards, in viewing you this day, I have no
 longer that serenity of mind with which I before have ever
 met you. I am no longer your General; his Majesty has call-
 ed me to occupy a place in the Supreme Central Junta. Had
 not this been his irresistible will, nothing should have separated
 me from you, nor made me renounce the right I have to partici-
 pate in your future victories, under the command of your new
 Chief, and the Generals who command you. Receive, soldiers,
 the last word of your General, and accept the love and pater-
 nal gratitude of your countryman and companion in arms.

The MARQUIS DE ROMANA.

PORTUGAL.

Lisbon, Aug. 31.—By letters from the frontiers of Alen-
 tejo, it appears that his Excellency Marshal Wellesley has
 entered that province, compelled by the excessive want of
 provisions which he has suffered. By accounts from Tra-
 los Montes, we learn that the Marquis de Romana, with
 the greater part of his army, has arrived at Zamora.

GERMANY.

Leipzig, August 27.—The discussions at Altenburg have
 now lasted ten days, having commenced on the 17th; and
 every thing promises that the event will be speedily made
 known, and that it will be of a satisfactory description.—
 The interchange of couriers between that place and Scho-
 onbrunn is incessant. On the 20th his Excellency Count
 Champagne gave a magnificent entertainment, which was
 attended by the nobility and gentry of the town and en-
 virons of Altenburg.

August 26.—There has not been, within 30 years, so
 abundant an harvest as the present year in Hungary, and
 the other provinces of the Austrian Monarchy. The Em-
 peror of the French has ordered that every impediment in

the way of this important service should be removed.—
 General Bellegarde is now with the Emperor of Austria,
 and enjoys his entire confidence. The General is nomi-
 nated Chief of the Grand Austrian Imperial Staff. Notwith-
 standing the continuance of the war is not to be believed in,
 the organization of the Austrian army still continues, and
 all possible means are taken to procure recruits. We hear
 that the command of the Austrian troops in Moravia has
 devolved upon the Archduke Ferdinand, who has fixed
 his head-quarters at Olmutz. In Gallicia there are no
 longer any Austrian troops, who have all left this province
 to proceed to Moravia. The Poles now occupy all the
 posts of which they were in possession.

PASSAU, AUGUST 28.—The greater part of the 1st Ba-
 varian division have retreated from the territory of Saltz-
 burg. General Deroi maintains his position at Rosenheim,
 where he defends the passage of the Inn. The Tyrolese
 are making every exertion, by blowing up the rocks, to
 render the passes into their country impracticable. The
 report of there being English Agents in the Tyrol, pro-
 ceeds from their being such an overflow of specie in that
 quarter at present, that the sharpshooters have had prompt
 pay every day for the last fortnight, whereas before they
 had no pay whatever.

FRANKFORT, SEPT. 6.—On the 23d, the Marshal Duke
 of Dantzic, accompanied by the Prince Royal of Bavaria,
 returned from Vienna to Salzburg. The report that the
 Voralberg has been evacuated by the French is unfounded.
 In the bridewell at Munich, is confined at present, a Countess
 from the Tyrol, who has drawn upon herself this punish-
 ment by words and actions. Intelligence from St. Gall an-
 nounces, that travellers are arrived from the Tyrol, pro-
 vided with passes, signed Andreas Hofer, inn-keeper of
 Passau, and Chief of the Insurgents. The following de-
 scription has been given of this infamous character:—He
 is a tall, well-made, strongly built man, and possesses much
 natural eloquence; he wears a broad, green, Tyrol hat,
 with a long heron's feather in it; his neck, and part of his
 breast open, and his dress that of a Tyrol peasant. His
 head-quarters are at Inspruck, in the Palace; his Adjutants
 are likewise peasants, but some English officers are also ob-
 served, among whom are some from the fugitive Swiss re-
 giments, Roveray and Watteville; he has taken it into his
 head to be the William Tell of the Tyrolese; but in the
 insolence arising from the success of some of his under-
 takings, he seems to have forgotten that the Emperor Na-
 poleon will suffer no new Vendee between Italy and Ger-
 many.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

An affray took place last week at Didmarton, Gloucester-
 shire, between G. Chappell, of that place, and J. Matthews,
 of Sopworth. After fighting some time, Chappell, a very old
 man, finding his strength fail him, declined the contest, when
 his brutish antagonist, a hale hearty fellow, of about forty,
 rushed on him, and striking him a violent blow under his ear,
 killed him on the spot. The Coroner's Jury sat on the body,
 and brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Matthews,
 who is committed to Gloucester gaol for trial.

On Wednesday se'night, Thomas Morgan, late Master of
 his Majesty's ship Tyrian, was brought up to the Town Hall,
 Portsmouth, on a charge of having stabbed Mr. C. Stewart,
 taylor, of Corsham. It appeared in evidence, that as Mr.
 Morgan and a lady were returning from Petersfield, they stopped
 at the Bricklayer's Arms, Corsham, when Mr. Stewart asked

Morgan) to permit him to blow a horn, which was pending at the latter's side; upon which Morgan exclaimed,—“You damned rascal, how could you think of asking a gentleman of my cloth such a question?” Stewart begged pardon, and said he meant no harm;—Morgan continued—“You are a damned impudent fellow—if you do not take care, I will send you on board the Royal Billy, before to-morrow night.” Stewart replied, he was not afraid of that. Morgan then went into the public-house, and shortly after, apparently in a vehement rage, came out, and jumping into the gig, took up one of the cushions, and threw it down with violence; he then took up the other and from under it a dirk, which he instantly drew, exclaiming—“Now, you damned rascal! and immediately ran towards Stewart (who had been standing quietly near the horses), who perceiving he was pursued, ran up and down the street, until he fell upon his hands and knees, when Morgan came up, and with his extended arm, apparently with all the force he was master of, gave Stewart a violent stab on the right side of his back, exclaiming at the same time, “you damned rascal.”—Stewart gave a loud scream, and with a violent effort recovered his legs, and ran towards his own home, Morgan again following him, with his drawn dagger. Stewart, however, ran into the Blue Anchor to avoid Morgan, then only a few yards behind. Morgan did not follow him into the house, but repaired to the Bricklayer's Arms, where he was immediately taken into custody.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitehall, September 19.

The King has been pleased to grant the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to Thomas Sheppard, of Thornton Hall, in the County of Buckingham, Esq. and the Heirs Male of his body lawfully begotten,

GENERAL ORDERS.

Horse Guards, September 18, 1809.

It is his Majesty's command, that all Officers belonging to regiments stationed in the island of Walcheren, shall immediately join their regiments; and they are positively ordered to repair for that purpose forthwith to Deal, from whence the means will be furnished to them of proceeding to their respective corps. The only exceptions to this General Order are, those Officers who are absent on a regular certificate of ill health. By command of the Right Honourable the Commander in Chief, HARRY CALVERT, Adjutant-General.

Admiralty-Office, Sept. 19.

Copy of a Letter from Vice-Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren, Bart. K. B. to the Hon. W. W. Pole.

Halifax, August 14, 1809.

SIR,—I have the honour to enclose, for their Lordships' information, the copy of a letter from Capt. Mounsey, who arrived here on the 1st instant, in La Bonne Citoyenne, with La Furieuse French frigate, her prize, having struck to the British colours after an action of six hours and forty minutes, an event which has added fresh lustre to his Majesty's arms, and will, I trust, entitle the officers and ship's company of La Bonne Citoyenne to their Lordships' favour. I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN B. WARREN.

His Majesty's sloop Bonne Citoyenne,
Halifax, Aug. 1, 1809.

SIR, I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 18th day of June, having sailed from Spithead in company with his Majesty's ship Inflexible, and the Quebec trade, on the 2d of July, in lat. 44 deg. North, long. 27 deg. West, I had the misfortune to lose sight of the convoy in reconnoitring a strange suspicious sail astern, and by traversing between the parallels of 43 and 44 deg. North, edging to the Westward in proportion to the distance I supposed they would sail with such winds, in order to regain the fleet, I had the good fortune, on the 4th, at three P.M. in lat. 43 deg. 41 minutes North, and long. 4 West, to fall in with a French frigate in the act of taking

possession of a large English merchant ship, which they shortly relinquished on our approach, and steered to the Northward under a press of sail. Finding they did not answer the private signal, I immediately bore up in pursuit, and after a chase of 18 hours, at 25 minutes past nine A. M. on the 6th, had the satisfaction to lay his Majesty's sloop alongside within pistol-shot of the enemy, who had brought-to to engage us.

A brisk cannonade with round and grape immediately commenced, and the combat continued with unabated fury, gradually closing, until 16 minutes past four, P.M. when our powder being nearly all expended, I determined to carry her by boarding with all hands, and at the instant of laying her aboard for that purpose, they called out they had surrendered, and struck their colours to his Majesty's sloop. Thus ended a conflict obstinately maintained for 6 hours and 50 minutes, during which the enemy fired away more than 70 broadsides, whilst his Majesty's sloop, not less sparingly, discharged 129 destructive broadsides alternately from the starboard and larboard sides, as circumstances would permit me to change her position with advantage, so as to avoid the necessity of slackening our fire from the guns being over-heated, three of which were dismounted and rendered useless early in the action.

She proved to be La Furieuse, a French frigate of the largest class, that escaped from the Saintes on the 1st April, commanded by Captain Le Marant Ker Daniel, pierced for 48 guns, but having only twelve 42-pound carronades and two long 24-pounders on the main deck, with six of smaller calibre; forty soldiers at small arms, her full proportion of officers, and a complement of 200 men, besides the Colonel, two Lieutenants, and a detachment of the 66th regiment of the line; partly loaded with sugar and coffee, and sailed from Basse Terre the 14th June, bound to France; is seven years old, and sails very fast.

After a hard contested action, a most arduous duty still remained to be performed. On taking possession, we found the frigate in a most perilous state, with 14 shot-holes between wind and water, and five feet water in her hold; her topmasts, and all her yards (except the cross-jack and sprit-sail) shot away, and her lower masts so badly wounded as to render it almost impossible to prevent them from falling, with more than 70 men killed and wounded; whilst his Majesty's sloop was reduced to a mere wreck, having all her lower masts badly wounded in several places, as well as the fore and main topmasts and mizen topmasts shot away, nearly all the standing and every part of the running rigging, sails, boats, &c. cut to pieces. After securing the prisoners, (the weather being very favourable during the night) by the exertions of Mr. Sandom, Second Lieutenant, and Mr. Atwater, the carpenter, several of the most dangerous shot-holes were stopped, so as to enable them to keep the ship free; but all their efforts to save her masts proved ineffectual, as the main and mizen masts went over board the next day, leaving the bare foremast standing, wounded in three places.

The indefatigable exertions of every officer and man in the Bonne Citoyenne in fishing and securing her masts, so as to enable her to take the frigate in tow, and surmounting every other difficulty, merits my warmest praise and admiration; and I feel highly gratified in reporting to their Lordships, that nothing could exceed the animated zeal and unwearied intrepidity of the officers, seamen, and royal marines, whom I have the honour to command, in a contest with an enemy apparently of so great a superiority of force; and I beg particularly to mention the able assistance that I received from Mr. Syms, the first, Mr. Sandom, the second Lieutenant, and Mr. Williamson, the Master, which contributed greatly to the success of the action. Mr. Scott, the Purser, Mr. John Black, Mr. M'Auley, passengers, in the handsomest manner volunteered their services, assisted at the guns, and wherever they could make themselves most useful; and Mr. Stewart, the surgeon, deserves much praise for his humanity and great attention to our own as well as the wounded prisoners; indeed the patience with which all hands have borne the extreme fatigue and privation of being constantly on deck for 25 days and nights, does them infinite credit, and urges me to so long a detail.

Thus circumstanced, I was induced to make the best of my way to this port, where I arrived with the prize on the 1st inst. the *Bonne Citoyenne* requiring three lower masts, topmasts, &c. to enable her to proceed in the prosecution of their Lordships' orders.

I have the honour herewith to enclose a list of the killed and wounded, and I am happy to say that our loss has been inconceivably small, which I can attribute only to the lowness of the *Bonne Citoyenne's* hull, and being so close under the enemy's guns. I have the honour to be, &c. W. MOUNSEY.

List of the Killed and Wounded.

William Pokes, seaman, killed; Jacob Anderson, seaman, badly wounded; Robert Carr, seaman, ditto; Robert Lawrence, seaman, ditto; Wm. Gordon, seaman, ditto; Richard Chapman, marine, ditto.

Killed and Wounded on board the Furieuse.

Two Quarter-masters, 27 seamen, and 6 soldiers, killed; the first Captain, 2 Lieutenants, 2 Midshipmen, 4 Cannoniers, 19 seamen, 1 Lieutenant of Artillery, and 7 soldiers, dangerously wounded.—Total killed and wounded, 71.

Admiralty-Office, September 16.

Notice is hereby given, that his Majesty's gun-brig *Minx*, which had been stationed off the Scaw Reef, for the purpose of exhibiting a light, is reported (by a letter received this day from Capt. Thicknesse, of his Majesty's sloop *Sheldrake*) to have been captured by a division of the enemy's gun-boats, on the evening of the 2d instaut. W. W. POLE.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

T. Newstead and J. O. Cooke, Kingston-upon-Hull, soap-manufacturers, from Sept. 5, to Oct. 24.—R. Jones, Albion-street, Blackfriar's road, merchant, from Sept. 16, to Oct. 4.—S. Beck, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe, jeweller.

BANKRUPTS.

W. Huskyn, Oawsand, Cornwall, brewer. Attornies, Messrs. Blakelock and Makinson, Elm-court, Temple, London.
W. Clearby, York, grocer. Attorney, Mr. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London.
J. Dyson, Liverpool, druggist. Attornies, Messrs. Shephard and Adlington, Bedford-row, London.
P. Elton, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, innkeeper. Attorney, Mr. Windle, John-street, Bedford-row.
J. Culvert, Brook-street, victualler. Attorney, Mr. Unwin, High-street, Shadwell.
T. Berry, Tooley-street, Southwark. Attorney, Mr. Millward, Bucklersbury.
G. Pearson, Friday-street, warehouseman. Attornies, Messrs. Holmes and Lowden, Clement's Inn.
J. Hillier, Rathbone-place, picture-frame-maker. Attorney, Mr. Mills, Vine-street, Piccadilly.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

At the Court at the Queen's Palace, the 20th of Sept. 1809, present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council,

It is this day ordered, by his Majesty in Council, that the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Thursday, the 28th day of this instant September, be further prorogued to Thursday, the 2d day of November next.

[This Gazette contains also an account of the capture of the French Jaeger privateer *Aurore*, of 16 guns and 69 men, by the *Plover*, *Iris*, and *Lively*, after a severe chase.]

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED:

J. Chorley, Bzer-lace, London, merchant, from Sept. 26 to Oct. 1, 1809, in Guildhall.
J. G. [unclear], linen-draper, from Sept. 26 to Oct. 1, 1809, in [unclear].
[unclear], chandler, from Sept. 19 to Nov. 7, 1809, in [unclear].



BANKRUPTS.

J. Scrace, Widcombe, Somersetshire, mason. Attornies, Messrs. Lemay, Bristol.
C. Stuart, Berwick-street, taylor. Attorney, Mr. E. Allen, Carlisle-street, Soho.
W. H. Free, Broad-street, Horsly Down, Surrey, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Kirkhan, Shorter's-court, Throgmorton-street.
J. Bailey, Long-acre, lace-manufacturer. Attornies, Messrs. T. and S. Naylor, Great Newport-street.
W. Keighley, Castle-street, East, St. Mary-le-bone, stationer. Attornies, Messrs. Dawson and Wratlaw, Warwick-street, Golden-square.
M. Rogers, Toofing, Surrey, victualler. Attornies, Messrs. Bourdillon and Hewit, Little Friday-street, Cheapside.
J. Lewis, Bristol, brick-maker. Attornies, Messrs. Daniel and Son, Bristol.
J. Gregory, Eccles, Lancashire, dealer and chapman. Attornies, Messrs. Foulkes and Creswell, Manchester.
W. Lavender, Old Cavendish-street, japanner. Attornies, Messrs. Dawson and Wratlaw, Warwick-street, Golden-square.
A. Watson, Walworth, Surrey, corn-chandler. Attorney, Mr. Clutton, St. Thomas's-street, Borough.
W. Pass, Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street, hardwareman. Attorney, Mr. Mayhew, Symond's-Inn.
W. Gadden, Cranbourn-alley, Leicester-fields, draper. Attornies, Messrs. Swain, Stevens, and Co. Old Jewry.
J. Malt, Jermyn-street, St. James's, victualler. Attorney, Mr. Cuppage, Jermyn-street, St. James's.
H. Dowling, Castle-street, St. Martin in the Fields, linen-draper. Attornies, Messrs. Wadson, and Co. Austin-Friars.
J. Huson, Dunstable, Bedford, victualler. Attorney, Mr. Hooper, Dunstable, Bedford.
W. Lowe, Coventry, soap-boiler. Attorney, Mr. Mason, St. Michael's Church-yard, Cornhill.
J. Marson, Walsall, Staffordshire, sadlers' ironmonger. Attorney, Mr. Marklew, Walsall, Staffordshire.

CERTIFICATES—OCT. 14.

M. R. and W. Bishop, Cambridge, woollen-drapers.—T. Miller, Ilford, Essex, dealer and chapman.—Wm. Wright, Queenhithe, provision-merchant.—J. Scott, North Shields, grocer.—R. Farbridge, Kent-road, Surrey, timber-merchant.

The Committee appointed by the Court of Common Council to consider the most appropriate manner of celebrating the Anniversary of his MAJESTY'S Accession to the Throne, on the 25th of October next, have resolved unanimously to recommend to the Corporation that they should attend Divine Service on that day, and present a Congratulatory Address to his MAJESTY. To this they have subjoined the expression of their unanimous opinion, that it is neither necessary nor expedient for the Corporation to dine together on the occasion. The LORD MAYOR will hold a Court on Tuesday next, to receive the Report of the Committee, when no doubt this Resolution, though probably not exactly what the original proposers intended, will be confirmed.

On Tuesday the Lord Mayor ordered the price of bread to be raised to 1s. 4d. the quartern loaf of wheaten, and 1s. 2d. household.

The Spaniards really quite outdo the French in gasconade. Look at ROMANA'S Proclamation, for instance. Who would suppose that he was addressing men, whom SOULT'S intercepted letters prove he could never bring to face him?—Yet these are the "brave Spaniards," the "immortal warriors," who "have raised their names to a level with those of the men who have been born to inspire admiration!!!"

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Consols 68½ | Red. Ann. 68½ | Omnium. ¾ prem

The Remarks on Madame CATALANI's engagement at Covent-Garden are postponed by the Theatrical events of the week, but will afford a very proper subject for a separate article.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 24.

Our Ministers can do no good by fighting BONAPARTE, but then they try to make up for it by fighting each other. Mr. CANNING and my Lord CASTLEREAGH had a duel on Wednesday last, the cause of which is said to have existed ever since his Lordship's mal-practices with REDING, when Mr. CANNING communicated to the Members of the Cabinet his conviction of the necessity of Lord CASTLEREAGH's retirement from office, and the Duke of PORTLAND was induced in consequence to advise his MAJESTY upon the subject. Mr. CANNING, it is supposed, took no pains to disguise his opinion on this head, but somehow or other they were concealed from Lord CASTLEREAGH, and for this concealment my Lord the Plaintiff brings his duel.—The public know the result. Mr. CANNING's wound in the thigh is not of an alarming nature: it leaves him his rest and his proper circulation; but trifling as it is, every body agrees to say, that it is a pity *he* had it. If Lord CASTLEREAGH would needs fight, because a few people concealed their ill opinion of him, his opportunities of fighting must be so few, that it is to be regretted he was not indulged with something towards effectually cooling his passion, though this mode of satisfying his heroism might not be so exalted a fate as his countrymen the Irish must wish him. As to duelling itself, I believe the nation never saw it in so favourable a light as when they heard the first rumours respecting his Lordship's attachment to it, and SWIFT's defence of the practice immediately came into my head, where he says that he could discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, &c. to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law hath not been able to find an expedient."

The Cabinet, in the mean time, has been and is in a state of distraction, as the *Post* assured us the other day, when he said it was no such thing. The Duke of PORTLAND has resigned, they say, already, as well as the Duellists: Mr. HUSKISSON and Lord LEVESON GOWER are expected to retire, but not Messrs. LONG and ROSE; and as to the Prime Minister, they mention various singular persons, LONSDALE the profound and constitutional, MELVILLE the patriotic and immaculate, &c. Certainly, there are numbers fit to succeed the Duke of PORTLAND, but it is also as certain, that there is no person just now who appears likely to prove such a Minister as we ought to possess. Lord GRENVILLE undoubtedly surpasses in ability fifty such men as his Grace, and would unquestionably be fifty times as re-

spectable a Minister, but the GRENVILLES are as contaminated as their opponents with self-interest, and in fine, they are none of them great men. The Reformists, whether fit for the office or not, can have no hope of it; and as to the present, or late, Ministers, or whatever else they may be called, who are half in and half out of place, nothing is to be expected from them, or from any one of their connections, but the same ruinous system, however changed in appearance. If Mr. PERCEVAL is to be Prime Minister (for people have been so used to the ridiculous of late that they have thought even of him on the occasion) we shall have the old system over again somewhat puritanized;—Parliament kept corrupt for God's sake, and innocent cities demolished "by faith and not fighting," as Lord GAMBIER says:—if it is to be Lord LIVERPOOL, we shall have the old system somewhat romanticised: if the Marquis WELLESLEY, we shall have the old system under a mask of dignified concentration—the former men kept under, no doubt, but folly and self-interest made as paramount as ever:—the Marquis will fight BONAPARTE with his ambition but not with his genius, and this is precisely, as I have before said, what we do not want: his Lordship may gratify himself by making the war a sort of political fencing-match between himself and BONAPARTE; he may put himself in a very dignified attitude,

And stamp, and then cry *Hah!* at ev'ry thrust, but if he does not make himself ridiculous in the eyes of all Europe by his pompous antics, he will be a very different person from the Marquis WELLESLEY who has just been treading on the French flag, and drinking "inevitable success" to the Monks and Marplots in Spain.

Dispatches of an important nature are said to have been received at the India House yesterday morning, but their contents have not transpired. The EXAMINER however has been favoured with the India Government Gazette of May the 4th, by which it appears that the most violent disputes existed between the Council and the Army. Several officers, some of them of considerable rank, are charged with preparing a *sedition* paper, "purporting to be a remonstrance in the name of the Army against the acts of the Government under which it serves," and "calculated to destroy every foundation of discipline, obedience, and fidelity." Other officers are accused of circulating inflammatory papers, censuring the suspension of Major BOLES, the late Deputy-Adjutant-General; and all these proceedings are attributed to the example set by the "violent and intemperate acts of the late Commander in Chief." A considerable number of officers have been rebuked or suspended in consequence, and among others Lieutenant-Colonels ROBERT BELL and J. M. CHALMERS have been removed from their commands, Lieutenant-Colonel JOHN CUFFAGE and Captain J. M. COOMES separated from the Staff, and Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. ARTHUR SENTLEGER, Major JOHN DE MORGAN, Captain JOSIAH MARSHALL, and Captain JAMES GRANT,

ordered to hold themselves in readiness to return to England. In short, from whatever cause these divisions may have arisen, whether from the late Commander in Chief having claimed like his predecessors a seat in the Government, whether from usurpation attempted on the part of the army, or refusal of right on the part of the Council, they appear to be of a most extensive and serious nature. Distance alone renders the tenure of our East Indian possessions a precarious one, but at such a time as the present, when the genius of our enemy is lurking about them ready to take advantage of every incidental weakness, we ought to render ourselves more invulnerable than Achilles himself, and not leave even a heel exposed. Yet, alas! the nation is at this minute distracted in head and sick at heart, and the very hands that should be its safeguard are employed in madly smiting each other. Is this the country of BURLINGHAM and of CHATHAM?

Dispatches were received yesterday morning from the Marquis WELLSLEY. They do not, we understand, contain any military intelligence of importance. The French corps were at Placentia, Toledo, and Talavera. Our army had retired to Portugal, and Marshal BERNARDINI'S headquarters were at Tamer. The Junta, it is supposed, has by this time been dissolved. A Regency was expected to be declared at Cadiz, about the 5th of this month. The Archbishop of TOLEDO was to be Regent.

Mails arrived yesterday morning from New York and the Leeward Islands—They have not brought any news of importance. When the Packet sailed from New-York, Mr. JACKSON had not arrived; and the Captain reports, that the received opinion was, that he would not be received!

“Various reports continue to be circulated relative to the new Cabinet arrangements, in consequence of the resignation of the Duke of PORTLAND; among others, that Lord GRENVILLE and Lord GREY have been sent for. There is, however, no truth whatever in this assertion; and we believe we may venture to state, that the new arrangements will effect *no change of principle* in his Majesty's Councils, while they will tend to give force and efficacy to them, by establishing a more combined and certain system of action.”—*Morning Post*.

The opinion gains ground that the island of Walcheren is finally to be abandoned. To alleviate this further mortification, it is now intimated that measures have been taken to effect what we lately heard had been deemed impracticable, viz. to stop up the passage of the Scheldt by sinking vessels in its channel; and, it is said, that orders have been sent to prepare eight line-of-battle ships at Portsmouth, to be used for that purpose.—The following vessels, it is said, are to be devoted to this object: Goliath, 74, Brunswick, 74, Thunderer, 74, Canada, 64, Diadem, 64, Texel, Guelderland, and Haerlem.

The disease contracted by our troops in Walcheren does not appear to have abated by their return to their native shores. Twenty of them died on Saturday, at Deal, in the hospital, and five in the barracks.

On Wednesday his Majesty's held his usual Levee, at which the Earl of CHATHAM was presented on his return from Holland, and received very graciously.

AMERICA.—Ministers may well quarrel and fight among themselves, for they have brought this country into an almost hopeless state. There is every reason to believe that such proposals are gone out from America to France as will terminate in a Treaty between the two nations. This is owing to the refusal of Ministers to ratify the settlement made by Mr. ERSKINE, whom they accuse of not confining himself to his instructions. We believe the fact will turn out thus, that the instructions given to Mr. ERSKINE were of such a dubious character, that a difference of opinion might rationally be held as to their interpretation. Had not the Austrian war broken out, and had not Ministers deluded themselves and the nation with a belief that the whole Continent would rise up in insurrection against BONAPARTE upon the appearance of their Grand Expedition, Mr. ERSKINE'S version of his instructions would have been held the true one, and we should now have been on good terms with America. This is the pettifogging stile of Ministerial diplomacy; and such has ever been the conduct of Government towards the United States. When continental coalitions fail, then they are willing to hear reason; but Mr. ERSKINE'S amicable arrangement with America arrived in England at the very moment that Ministers were delighting themselves with the prospect of the downfall of the French Emperor, when feelings of peace and amity were lost in dreams of conquest and empire. There is indeed reason to think, that the most extraordinary hopes, as to the future relations with America, continue to be cherished by the British Court. The Government of America is not thought to be of the most stable nature. Dissensions may one day arise, and the Union be broken up. The different States, on such an event, might want Rulers, and his MAJESTY has Sons enough to mis-govern much more powerful monarchies. This, it may be said, is very romantic, if not very ridiculous; but it may nevertheless be very true, for how many ridiculous hopes have been cherished by Courts full as wise as the British?

The *Times* of yesterday had another long article urging the propriety of our continuing the contest in Spain, “because it multiplies the chances and increases the probability that such a state of things may emerge, we know not how or whence, as will throw a more effectual obstruction in the way of the Tyrant!”—So British gold is to be wasted by millions, and British lives sacrificed by thousands, on such worse than idle grounds!—The expense and loss of blood in a war in Spain we know to be evils of the first magnitude; yet these certain evils we are to encounter for the hope of a good which is to arise “we know not how or whence.” Was there ever such infatuation!

Accounts from Spain state, that the British army, under Lord WELLINGTON, amounting to 25,000 men, has got from the Portuguese fortress of Elvas to Badajos, in the contiguous Spanish province of Estremadura.

Mr. CANNING may think himself very lucky in escaping with a wound which occasions but little pain, for in opposing Lord CASTLEREAGH he must have had reason to expect that he would be put to the torture.

We stop the press to state, that at the close of the representations last night, Mr. Kemble informed the audience that the engagement entered into with Madame Catalani had been dissolved, and that the Theatre would be closed for a time, in order that an Account of the Profits of the Concern might be laid before the Public.

The Westphalian General REUBELL is arrived in this country. It is said that the General, feeling for the misfortunes of the Duke of BRUNSWICK OELS, favoured the escape of his Highness and his party from the Continent. The circumstance coming to the knowledge of JEROME BONAPARTE, he gave orders for the arrest of General REUBELL, who was fortunate enough to make his escape to this country. His wife was the intimate friend of Miss PATTERSON.

Sir WILLIAM CURTIS, in his late speech to the citizens, evidently confounded HENRY III. with EDWARD III. which was very natural in a City Baronet. Now as it is most likely that Sir WILLIAM never read the history of his own country, we will present him with the character of the latter King, in order that he may at once perceive the close resemblance between his reign and that of our Sovereign:—

CHARACTER OF EDWARD 3D, BY BARNES THE HISTORIAN.

“He was fortunate beyond measure, wise and provident in council, well learned in the laws, quick of apprehension, judicious and skilful in nature, elegant in speech, apt for war, but a lover of peace, of an exalted, glorious, and truly royal spirit, which never entertained any thing trivial or vulgar, which appears by the excellent laws he made, and of those two famous Jubilees which he kept; he was loving to his friends, terrible to his enemies—and because he was so valiant, politic, and fortunate, his subjects imagined that to live under him was to reign in triumph; and his renown ran abroad, even into barbarous nations; all thought themselves happy and secure if they were under his protection, or confederate with him.—The Turks and Saracens feared him; the Germans he had at his command; the Flemings, were his confederates; the Italians he obliged by the bond of affinity; the French, Spaniards, and Scots, he subdued by force of arms! He won Calais, recovered Aquitaine, Normandy, and Pontheco; took John King of France, and David King of Scots, his prisoners; he pawned his Crown, for the purpose of carrying on the war, and never separated his own interest or emolument from that of his people.”

The following *Jeu d'Esprit* has appeared among the papers circulated at Covent-garden:

This is the *House* that Jack built.

These are the *Boxes* let to the Great, that visit the House that Jack built.

There are the *Pigeon-holes* over the Boxes, let to the Great that visit the House that Jack built.

This is the *Cat* engaged to squall to the Poor in the Pigeon-holes over the Boxes, let to the Great, that visit the House that Jack built.

This is *John Bull* with a bugle-horn, that hiss'd the Cat engaged to squall, to the Poor in the Pigeon-holes over the Boxes, let to the Great, that visit the House that Jack built.

This is the *Thief-Taker* shaven and shorn, that took John Bull with his bugle-horn, who hiss'd the Cat engaged to squall, to the Poor in the Pigeon-holes over the Boxes let to the Great, who visit the House that Jack built.

This is the *Manager* full of scorn, who raised the prices to the People forlorn; and directed the Thief-taker shaven and shorn, to take up John Bull with his bugle-horn, who hiss'd the Cat engaged to squall, to the Poor in the Pigeon-holes over the Boxes let to the Great, who visit the House that Jack built.

At a moment, when this empire is surrounded by dangers more fearful and pressing than any by which it has ever been menaced, when the very Cabinet, which has contributed to bring us into this situation is in a state of distraction so complete, as to settle their differences by at-

tempting to murder each other, this is the season selected for a JUBILEE!!! If the *Illuminati*, who have proposed this ill-timed Festival, be not insane, there never yet was an individual confined in Bedlam without manifest injustice:

“It is the very error of the moon,

“It comes nearer to the earth than it were wont,

“And makes men mad.”

DUEL BETWEEN LORD CASTLEREACH AND MR. CANNING.

On Wednesday evening Lord YARMOUTH went from Lord CASTLEREACH'S house, in St. James's-square, to Mr. CANNING'S, in Bruton-street, where, understanding that Mr. CANNING was at his country residence, at Old Brompton (called Gloucester Lodge, from having been formerly the residence of the late Duchess of GLOUCESTER), he left a letter to be conveyed to him without loss of time; and this letter is supposed to have finally fixed the meeting, the preliminaries of which had been already arranged. In the morning of Thursday, about five o'clock, the Earl of YARMOUTH, drove in his curriole from his house in Half Moon-street to Lord CASTLEREACH'S house in St. James's-square, where he took in that Noble Lord, and they proceeded together to Putney Heath, near the border of Wimbledon Common. Mr. CANNING left Gloucester lodge at five o'clock, for the same destination. He went in a curriole, which was driven by the servant who accompanied him. Mr. GEORGE ROSE ELLIS attended on the ground as Mr. CANNING'S friend, and Mr. HOME as surgeon. It is said that the whole party went into the Earl of YARMOUTH'S house, and remained there half an hour, for the purpose of concerting more especially the objects of the meeting, and, if possible, to conciliate matters. The hostile result being inevitable, the parties passed through the gardens to the heath in the rear of the house. The ground was measured, and the first shots exchanged by signal, without effect. After some fresh, but ineffectual, attempts at conciliation, another fire took place, and on the exchange of the second shot, Mr. CANNING received a wound in the right thigh, which is not dangerous. We understand that Mr. CANNING still stood on his post, as if waiting for another shot; when the blood from his wound was perceived flowing copiously through his dress (nankeen trousers), when the seconds immediately interposed, and he was taken off the ground. He was able to walk, with assistance, into Lord YARMOUTH'S house, where a temporary dressing and bandage was applied, and he was thence conveyed back, in the same carriage, by the same servant who brought him to the ground, to Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, where he continues, attended by Mr. HOME, whose replies to the numerous inquirers respecting the health of his patient are of the most satisfactory nature. The ball passed through on the outside of the bone, leaving the principal blood-vessels untouched. It was reported that a bit of cloth had entered with the ball, and remained still unextracted; but this is untrue. Lord CASTLEREACH arrived in the course of the morning in St. James's-square, accompanied by Lord YARMOUTH. His Lordship was, shortly after his arrival, visited by the Earl of LIVERPOOL, and in the afternoon went to join Lady CASTLEREACH at Stanmore. His Lordship, it is said, had a narrow escape, the button on the right lappet of his coat having been shot off.

Mr. WILKES fought in succession Lord TALBOT and Mr. MARTIN, in defence of his principles—Mr. WILLIAM ADAM fought Mr. FOX, in consequence of some reflections cast by the latter on the connection of the former with Lord NORTH; Mr. FOX, on being wounded, humourously exclaimed, "By Heavens, ADAM, you would have killed me, if you had not charged with *Government powder*." His Royal Highness the Duke of YORK fought Colonel LENNOX, now Duke of RICHMOND, in consequence of some dispute during the debates upon the Regency.—Mr. TIERNEY fought Mr. PITT in consequence of a squabble in the House of Commons. Lord CASTLEREAGH and Mr. CANNING, colleagues and Cabinet Ministers, have fought in consequence, as the *Morning Chronicle* says, of the latter having prevailed on the Duke of PORTLAND to represent to his MAJESTY the propriety of dismissing his Lordship from office, on account of the exposure of his conduct relative to the traffic in seats in Parliament. The *Herald*, however, states, that the quarrel originated in Mr. CANNING's reflections on Lord CASTLEREAGH as the author of the wretched Expedition to Walcheren.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 52.

COVENT GARDEN.

It was ardently hoped by all the lovers of the Theatre, that the Managers of Covent Garden, in shewing their taste for the fine arts, would have shewn also a liberality worthy of the taste, and thus increased the respectability and the true interest of the stage: but people, it seems, are destined to be disappointed, who expect from these men any thing but the merest feelings of tradesmen. The new theatre opened on Monday night with the increased prices of 4s. to the Pit, and 7s. to the Boxes, and if the town at least expected an increase of comfort on the occasion, it was to be disappointed even in that respect.

The appearance, indeed, was classical and magnificent throughout. On your entrance through the portico, you turn to the left, and pay your money at the top of a short flight of steps, adorned on each side by a bronze Grecian lamp on a tripod: immediately beyond this is the grand staircase, rising through a landing place adorned on each side with large Ionic pillars in imitation of porphyry, between each of which hangs another lamp of bronze: this brings you directly opposite Mr. Rossi's statue of SHAKESPEARE in the anti-room; it stands in an easy assured attitude, making a sling of its cloak with its left arm, and holding a scroll in the other; its countenance does not much remind you of any of the faces attributed to the Great Poet, nor was it desirable that it should, for of the two commonly received likenesses, the Chandos and the Felton, the former is the head of a coxcomb, and the latter that of a dolt; but Mr. Rossi has very poorly supplied what was deficient in dignity and genius; the poet merely looks as if he good humouredly enjoyed his elevation, an expression certainly very distant from the noble simplicity of the antique, and in short, the figure altogether exhibits the usual feebleness of this artist, resulting from want of invention. This anti-room leads to the principal lobby, which disappoints one at first sight with regard to size, but it is quite large enough for the proper purposes of ingress and egress, and is very classically adorned with eight casts from the antique, among which are

Minerva, Venus, and Bacchus, the Apollo de Medicis, and the Farnesian Flora, so justly celebrated for its magnificent breadth of drapery. These entrances are certainly worthy of introducing you to a stage over which SHAKESPEARE presides.

In the audience part of the theatre, appearances are still as magnificent, but there is a sad abridgement of comfort. Those who had obtained seats in the *lower boxes* or *pit* might certainly feel themselves comfortable enough to look about and admire the aspect of the place. It is of a chaste and classical elegance. The boxes are of a dove-colour ground in front, the lower circle ornamented with a simple Etruscan border in gold, and the rest with the Grecian honeysuckle alternately upright and inverted. The light pillars that support them remind you of Drury-lane Theatre; they are of a gold colour, and furnished with superb chandeliers, which, however, do not shew the backs of the boxes to advantage, smeared as they are with glaring red, and abruptly patched with doors of new mahogany that look like common unfinished wood: the slips and galleries are improved in appearance by being formed into a row of semicircular arcades, and the arched front of the stage is adorned at top by a short curtain like the Greek peplum, festooned at intervals, and ornamented in each festoon by an Apollo's wreath: the pilasters at the side are in imitation of yellow stained marble, but unaccountably supported upon bases of most evident wood. The drop-scene is worthy the general classicality, and represents a temple dedicated to SHAKESPEARE, who stands in the vista in his usual attitude, while your eye approaches him through two rows of statues, consisting of the various founders of the drama in various nations, *Æschylus, Menander, Plautus, Lope de Vega, Ben Johnson, Moliere, &c.* They seemed to be looking over the way at each other with surprise, to find themselves on a spot so new to a set of wits.

But the Managers, in all this display of taste, seem to have had no eye to the improvement of the public taste, but to have obeyed a certain aristocratic impulse of their pride, and consulted little but the accommodation of the higher orders. The people felt this immediately. It is certainly monstrous to pay seven shillings for admission to the garrets at the top of the house, where you can neither see nor hear, and still more monstrous, when you see a whole circle taken from the public by way of private boxes with anti-chambers, to make room for which the places and comforts of the lower orders have been so circumscribed: that old nuisance, the basket, as it is called, has been preserved to give the usual effect to the noise and interruption of the lobbies, and thus if the accommodations are confined in some respects, the theatre is altogether as large in others, as the avarice of the Managers and their contempt for a real taste in the drama could make it. In no such theatre can a true taste be excited, because a true drama, which requires nicety of expression in the voice and countenance, cannot be felt in it: SHAKESPEARE may be played to the pit and side boxes, but he will be little better than dumb and blind shew to the people in the basket, who pay seven shillings to hear nothing but noise, or to those in the upper boxes, who pay seven shillings to see nothing but indecency. Naturally therefore the rise of the old prices entirely disgusted the public, and their disgust was increased by various attempts on the part of the Managers and their friends to plead the

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excuse of necessity. It was stated at one time, that the Managers could not reimburse the expences of rebuilding the theatre without raising the prices; at another, that their profits have lately been only six per cent.; and the Editor of *Bell's Weekly Messenger* gravely desires us to "look round and point out any one who has been enriched by a patent." "Is Colman rich?" he asks—"Is Sheridan rich? Is HARRIS rich? In the course of nearly one hundred years," he continues, "GARRICK will be found to be the only man who was enriched by a theatre. But GARRICK was at once actor and proprietor," and the writer should have added, an economist and no debauchee. The Proprietors he has named would not thank him for obtruding the causes of their poverty on the public recollection. Mr. HARRIS however, as we see by the papers, keeps his country house, and can entertain Madame CATALANI there, and Mr. KEMBLE, besides his reputation as a bon-vivant, can afford to throw away his fifty and a hundred pounds upon old black-letter books which no man of taste would read. The public therefore neither does nor will believe a syllable respecting any plea of necessity, or rather they will treat it as ridiculous and contemptible, till they are convinced of its truth by inspection of the theatrical accounts.

With these impressions, people went to the new Theatre on Monday night, and though by a stratagem as barbarous as it was mean, numbers had been admitted into the house before the doors were regularly opened, the public feeling most decidedly predominated, and obtained the general voice of the audience.

On Mr. KEMBLE's appearance in the dress of *Macbeth*, the character he was about to play, he was received with a partial applause, which was instantly drowned in a torrent of execration, and after plaintively bowing, and looking as tenderly disconsolate as he could, for a minute or two, he was compelled to retire. The curtain then drew up, and the noise and outcry that followed were continued with an energy truly terrific the whole evening. It was impossible that more determined resistance could be displayed on any occasion, and as it consisted entirely of noise, it was gratifying to see how much the audience felt themselves in the right by abstaining from every other mode of opposition. Every species of vocal power was exercised on the occasion, and some persons seemed to pride themselves in shewing their invention at making a noise: in one corner of the pit you had a heap of groans, in another a combination of hisses, in a third a choir of yells, in a fourth a doleful undulating moaning, which, mingling with the other sounds, reminded you of the infernal regions, when in an instant the whole house seemed about to be rent asunder with a yah! of execration, whenever Mr. KEMBLE presented himself from the side-scenes. When Mrs. STODONS appeared, and seemed to petition for a little compassion, there was a general groan of disgust; but the death of her brother in the last act was followed by triumphant shouts of exultation, as if the spectators congratulated themselves on this temporary demise. After the farce, some persons, said to be magistrates, appeared on the stage, but soon vanished before the general indignation; and it was not till two o'clock that the audience retired, growling as they went, like HOMER's lions, at those who had laid toils for them.

"'Twas the same the next night, and the next, and the next," as Mr. COLMAN says in a production, much superior to the Prologue which he gave Mr. KEMBLE to gesticulate

on the present occasion. Each succeeding evening increased in noise: to catcalls were added horns and trumpets; and to a placard or two, banners all over the house covered with proverbs, lampoons, and encouragements to unanimity. An attempt on Tuesday night to fasten one of these placards on the stage-curtain at the end of the performances, which closed at half past nine, produced a whole regiment of Bow-street officers, constables, and bruisers on the stage, the trap-doors were opened to guard against approach, and when all this was found to be no intimidation, a noise of pumping was heard by way of innuendo, and one or two engine pipes were insinuated through the stage door, a threat that served no purpose but to make the indignation of the audience ten times hotter. A respectable gentleman of the name of LEIGH then addressed them, and exhorted them to a proper perseverance, a lesson which they put in practice the next night, Wednesday, with unabated energy. The actors by this time had become the audience, and the audience the actors, and Mr. KEMBLE seeing no probable termination of the tragedy, again presented himself and begged to know, in the usual frigid way which he mistakes for dignity, "of what the House had to complain?" This ludicrous piece of affectation produced the usual burst of impatience and execration, but after another very temperate and strenuous exhortation from Mr. LEIGH, the Manager again made his appearance; he stated that "for the last ten years the Proprietors have not received for their capital more than six per cent.," and talked of "the exigencies of dress and scenery," having "doubled, trebled, and quadrupled," besides other expences "too numerous to mention," and "with which he was in fact unacquainted." This egregious trifling produced nothing but laughter: the same indignant vociferation was kept up all Thursday evening, and on Friday Mr. KEMBLE once more presented himself "to submit a proposal." This proposal was to submit the decision of the question to a few great men, such as the "Governor of the Bank of England," the "Attorney-General of England," &c. &c. but it said nothing about lowering the prices till the question should be decided. Of course, the speaker met with his usual reception. The audience, less molested than before with the interference of the peace-officers, were left to amuse their lungs to their hearts' content, and so they were doing last night when this paper went to press. It is evident that the managers cannot proceed in their plan of obstinacy much longer, if such a determined system of opposition be continued, for they must be losing a good deal by it already, in consequence of the temporary retainers they keep about the theatre, and the orders that they scatter by hundreds through the hands of their friends and tradesmen. If it is true, that they have made only six per cent. of their property, no reasonable person can deny them the advance of price; but when Mr. KEMBLE talks of average, and tells us nothing of the deductions, hazards, crosses, and losses, unconnected with the people's responsibility on those occasions, he must not be surprised, that his speeches are treated as so many evasions, and that the people will believe nothing till they can inspect his accounts through an open and popular medium. Till then, it is to be hoped, that they will repeat and invigorate their efforts, and that, whenever the word necessity is mentioned, they will only answer, that they see no necessity why Mr. HARRIS or Mr.

KEMBLE should grow immensely rich, or why that grave actor should be so pathetic upon his necessities, when he carries hundreds of pounds on his back in *Macbeth*, and has the face to make pitiful bows to the poor fellows crouched up in the galleries.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

MR. EXAMINER,

Tuesday, Sept. 19.

In the name of public justice, I solicit your insertion of the following letter in your next Sunday's paper.

YOUR FRIEND AND READER.

TO JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

SIR,—I am a Citizen of the World, and a Man of Pleasure. I have visited the different Courts of Europe, and am an enthusiastic admirer of the Drama; but I never witnessed, in any country, so perfect a contempt of public opinion, from a servant of the public, as you were pleased to display in your unfeeling conduct on yesterday evening. In the morning, you advertised in every newspaper, as well as at the corner of every street, that a pit entrance would be opened in Bow-street, south of the grand portico. Desirous to see the House, and attracted by the joint splendor of your talents and those of your inimitable sister, I advised with a performer as to the practicability of my obtaining a seat; I was, by him, decidedly advised to go to the Bow-street pit door.

At this door, Sir, from the bursting open of the iron gates, I was confined, beneath the arcade, from about four o'clock till a quarter before seven,—so oppressed by the crowd, and so overcome by the heat (perspiration streaming from all around me) that nature was almost exhausted when the entrance doors opened. And here, Sir, a scene of terror and uproar, altogether unrivalled in dramatic history, presented itself to our astonished contemplation. The admission door was barred against us to an individual, and the change we experienced was from an arcade, partly open, to a long confined avenue, impervious to the air. At this moment, with hundreds pressing in upon our rear from the street, I confess I saw no prospect of escaping with life. All that I had read of the memorable night at Calcutta rushed on my mind with agonies not to be described. My strength was gone, and I, mentally, took leave of my family, when hope was revived by the admirable construction of the building; which, after a last desperate struggle, permitted me to regain the air, when I fell exhausted on the pavement.

Now, Sir, let me ask you, what measure of public indignation ought to stigmatize your name for this atrocious act of wanton barbarity? Did you not order, that the Bow-street pit door should *not* be opened? Did you not know that many hundreds of people awaited admittance there? And did you, by any act of communication, or of commiseration, seek to disperse the crowd, by signifying your mighty will against their admission?

Surely, Mr. KEMBLE, you must have forgotten, that the public munificence has raised you from penury to independence; and that merit, however exalted, is not an exclusive road to fortune: and this public you have dared to insult with a degree of arrogance degrading to humanity. It is not the "HIGH BORN CIRCLES" that have alone ele-

* Mr. Kemble, when addressing the House on any emergency, throws himself on the high born circles.

vated you from the dust,—you are indebted, Sir, as much—perhaps more, to the pit and galleries for the luxuries you enjoy; and yet you have ungratefully presumed to expose your benefactors to suffocation, while you indolently dozed over your snuff-box in an easy chair behind the scenes.

The public, formerly, was accustomed to humility in its servants; but, even in these days of enlightened equality, they are entitled to deference from them. But you, its pampered favourite, have yet to learn, that the arrogance which emblazons your fame in certain stages of your public character, stains that fame when assumed in private life; and exhibits you, to the world at large, a contemptible object of excessive vanity and of gross ingratitude.

The public, Sir, demands your explanation on this head.

A SUFFERER.

FINE ARTS.

PATRONAGE OF THE ARTS THE POLICY OF GOVERNMENTS.

It is the duty and policy of government to promote the Fine Arts, because it is the duty and policy of government to promote the innocent amusements and morality of the people of which it is the guardian. The cultivation and enjoyment of a taste for those productions of the intellect which are allied to fancy, are favourable to virtue, because they refine away the gross propensities of the human heart, and innocently, elegantly, and delightfully occupy that time which would often be idly or criminally engaged. They awake those graces and energies of mind, and that "strong divinity of soul," which ameliorate the rude, and conquer the guilty passions.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus:—

"These polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,

"Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the boisterous mind."

They who relish the refinements of art, will generally delight in those of morality, for there is a close analogy between them, having order, beauty, and truth, for their mutual objects.

Beside amusement and the higher moral advantages of Art, a nation derives the secondary, but important, benefit of commercial acquisition. Every fine picture and print is a valuable commodity in trade: it is the introduction of the amount of its value in gold from the mine of genius. Thus an engraving by SHARP or SCHIAVONETTI, a landscape by TURNER or CALLCOT, a fancy piece by OWEN, or a noble historic performance by WEST, enrich the country by so many-hundred or thousand pounds each. Mr. PITT, who studied so much the promotion of the commercial interests, entirely overlooked this important branch of trade, and while, for his interest, he was so perpetually sacrificing his time and talent to his favourite Mercury, the god of commerce, he omitted to derive a similar benefit by paying due honours to him as one of the presiding deities also of the Fine Arts. His utter want of taste, which prevented him seeing even his interest in their promotion, has with an exception or two descended to his successors in office. The interest of the money paid for the acquiring national disgrace this summer in Holland, and sacrificing there thousands of our brave countrymen, would be more than sufficient to place the Arts for ever in

this country on the firm pedestal of national patronage. It is really doing Ministers too much honour to make a comparison between their talents and policy and those of the French Emperor. NAPOLEON perhaps has no more critical discernment of the beauties of Painting and Sculpture than our tasteless rulers, but he too justly appreciates their value to the community, not to bestow an enlarged patronage on them.

I am informed by a gentleman recently from Paris, that he never omits paying due respect to the Arts, by always attending the annual exhibitions in person with DENON and other distinguished artists and amateurs. There he usually orders two dozen of the best pictures and sculptures by French artists, and pays for them in princely prices of from 500*l.* to 2000*l.* each. To DAVID, for his painting of the *Coronation*, he gave 4400 guineas, and twice that sum for two copies of it. To the same noble artist, who is however inferior to our venerable President of the Royal Academy, he gave 2000 guineas for his *Rape of the Sabinas*. Previously to his leaving Paris for the campaign in Austria, he munificently distributed premiums and medals to the young French artists. To VERNET, who is a son of the celebrated landscape painter, and an admirable painter of battle-pieces, he gave the Ribband of the Order of Merit of the Legion of Honour. Large sums are now expending on the grand national Picture Gallery of the Louvre, where every possible facility is given by the French Government to the genius of French art. But the comprehensive mind of NAPOLEON is not circumscribed by local prejudices; his capacities, though, in many respects, highly criminal views, are bounded only by the circumference of the globe. Foreigners of every country partake of his patronage. Sir JOSEPH BANKS and Mr. DAVY are both English Members of the National Institute, and two English Engravers are now employed for a grand national French work. So enlarged and complete a patronage has not, with the exception of the Medicean Age, been exhibited since the renowned eras of Greece, in the times of PERICLES and ALEXANDER, and forms a striking contrast to some other countries, where the Monarch merely affixes his name at the head of the Institutions of Art, and suffers whole years to pass in succession without aiding them with a single guinea. In England the title of Knight conferred on artists is an admission that they are worthy of civil distinctions; and, indeed, they are so in proportion as the Arts contribute to national grandeur, which they do in a very eminent degree. Are they then worthy of no greater distinction than what is conferred on a set of ignorant tradesmen, whose only recommendation is their wealth, who vote for or go up to the King with an Address, the lackeys of Ministers, and with no other superiority beside an empty title over those behind their carriages than that they sit within? The voice of an indignant people is heard in one general complaint against the prostituted honours and situations of the highest trust conferred on worthlessness. A decrepid man is made Prime Minister, a lazy Lord is elevated to a Commander in Chief of a Grand Expedition, and a violator of the British Constitution, a trafficker in legislative seats, and a patron of torture in Ireland, is listened to as an adviser of the King of a FREE NATION, and none of them resign till the horrible disasters they have occasioned to their country point at them the "slow unmoving finger of scorn." On the contrary, the universal success of our

ambitious enemy is in a great measure attributable to his care in bestowing power and rank on military and political talent, and in no small degree to his cultivating the friendship of the votaries of Art and Science, not only in France, but throughout Europe. Unlike our peeping-eyed Ministers, he clearly sees the immense advantages he derives from the friendship and influence of so large and enlightened a body of men. Even in England, the Artists in general are soothed in their dislike of NAPOLEON's unjustifiable ambition, by the just compliment bestowed on them in his princely patronage of the Fine Arts, those elegant Arts, which render a great nation still more respectable in the eyes of foreigners, and confer on it felicity and fame.

R. H.

ACCOUNT OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

[Extracted from the "*Letters from England, by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella,—translated from the Spanish,*"—a work attributed to Mr. SOUTHEY.]

In the early part of the thirteenth century there appeared an English virgin in Italy, beautiful and eloquent, who affirmed that the Holy Ghost was incarnate in her for the redemption of women, and she baptized women in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of herself. Her body was carried to Milan and burnt there. An arch-heretic of the same sex and country is now establishing a sect in England, founded upon a not dissimilar and equally portentous blasphemy. The name of this woman is Joanna Southcott; she neither boasts of the charms of her forerunner, nor needs them. Instead of having an eye which can fascinate, and a tongue which can persuade to error by glossing it with sweet discourse, she is old, vulgar, and illiterate. In all the innumerable volumes which she has sent into the world, there are not three connected sentences in sequence, and the language alike violates common sense and common syntax. Yet she has her followers among the educated classes, and even among the benefited clergy. "If Adam," she says, "had refused listening to a foolish ignorant woman at first, then man might refuse listening to a foolish ignorant woman at last;"—and the argument is admitted by her adherents. When we read in romance of enchanted fountains, they are described as flowing with such clear and sparkling waters as tempt the traveller to thirst; here, there may be a magic in the draught, but he who can taste of so foul a stream must previously have lost his senses. The filth and the abominations of demoniacal witchcraft are emblematical of such delusions; not the golden goblet and bewitching allurements of Circe and Arida.

The patient and resolute obedience with which I have collected for you some account of this woman and her system, from a pile of pamphlets half a yard high, will, I hope, be imputed to me as a merit. Had the heretics of old been half as voluminous, and half as dull, St. Epiphanius would never have persevered through his task.

She was born in Devonshire about the middle of the last century, and seems to have passed forty years of her life in honest industry, sometimes as a servant, at others working at the upholsterers' business, without any other symptom of a disordered intellect than that she was zealously attached to the Methodists. These people were equally well qualified to teach her the arts of imposture, or to drive her mad; or to produce in her a happy mixture of craziness and knavery, ingredients which in such cases are usually found in combination. She mentions in her books a preacher who frequented her master's house, and, according to her account, lived in habits of adultery with the wife, trying at the same time to debauch the daughter, while the husband vainly attempted to seduce Joanna herself. This preacher used to terrify all who heard him in prayer, and make them shriek out convulsively. He said that he had some-

times, at a meeting, made the whole congregation lie still upon the floor till he had got the evil spirits out of them; that there never was a man so highly favoured of God as himself; that he would not thank God to make him any thing, unless he made him greater than any man upon earth, and gave him power above all men; and he boasted, upon hearing the death of one who had censured him, that he had fasted and prayed three days and three nights, beseeching God to take vengeance upon that man and send him to eternity. Where such impious bedlamites as this are allowed to walk abroad, it is not to be wondered at that madness should become epidemic. Joanna Southcott lived in a house which this man frequented, and where, notwithstanding his infamous life, his pretensions to supernatural gifts were acknowledged, and he was accustomed to preach and pray. The servants all stood in fear of him. She says, he had no power over her, but she used to think the room was full of spirits when he was in prayer; and he was so haunted that he never could sleep in a room by himself, for he said his wife came every night to trouble him: she was perplexed about him, fully believing that he wrought miracles, and wondering by what spirit he wrought them. After she became a prophetess herself, she discovered that this Sanderson was the false Prophet in the Revelations, who is to be taken with the Beast, and cast alive with him into a lake of burning brimstone.

Four persons have written to Joanna upon the subject of her pretended mission, each calling himself Christ! One Mr. Leach, a Methodist preacher, told her to go to the Lord in *his name*, and tell the Lord that *he said* her writings were inspired by the Devil. These circumstances show how commonly delusion, blasphemy, and madness, are to be found in this country, and may lessen our wonder at the phrenzy of Joanna and her followers. Her own career began humbly, with prophecies concerning the weather, such as the popular English almanacks contain, and threats concerning the fate of Europe and the successes of the French, which were at that time the speculations of every newspaper, and of every ale-house politician. Some of these guesses having chanced to be right, the women of the family in which she then worked at the upholstering business, began to lend ear to her, and she ventured to submit her papers to the judgment of one Mr. Pomeroy, the clergyman whose church she attended in Exeter. He listened to her with timid curiosity, rather wanting courage and credulity to become her disciple; received from her certain sealed prophecies which were at some future time to be opened, when, as it would be seen that they had been accomplished, they would prove the truth of her inspiration; and sanctioned, or seemed to sanction, her design of publishing her call to the world. But in this publication his own name appeared, and that in such a manner as plainly to imply, that if he had not encouraged her to print, he had not endeavoured to prevent her from so doing. His eyes were immediately opened to his own imprudence, whatever they may have been to the nature of her call, and he obtained consent to insert an advertisement in the newspaper with her signature, stating that he had said it was the work of the Devil. But here the parties are at issue: the advertisement was worded, it signifies that Mr. Pomeroy always said her calling was from the Devil; on the other hand, Joanna and her witnesses protest that what she had signed was merely an acknowledgement that Mr. Pomeroy had said, after her book was printed, the Devil had instigated her to print his name in it. This would not be worthy of mention, if it were not for the extraordinary situation into which this gentleman has brought himself. Wishing to be clear of the connection in which he had so unluckily engaged, he burnt the sealed papers which had been entrusted to his care. From that time all the Joannians, who are now no inconsiderable number, regard him as the arch-apostate. He is the Jehoiakim who burnt Jeremiah's roll of prophecies, he is their Judas Iscariot, a second Lucifer, son of the Morning. They call upon him to produce these prophecies, which she boldly asserts, and they implicitly believe, have all been fulfilled, and therefore would convince the world of the truth of her mission. In vain does Mr. Pomeroy answer that he has burnt these unhappy papers:—in an unhappy hour for himself did he burn them! Day after day long letters are dispatched to him, sometimes from Jo-

anna herself, sometimes from her brother, sometimes from one of her four-and-twenty elders, filled with exhortation, invective, texts of Scripture, and denunciations of the Law in this world and the Devil in the next; and these letters the prophetess prints, for this very sufficient reason—that all her believers purchase them. Mr. Pomeroy sometimes treats them with contempt, at other times he appeals to their compassion, and beseeches them, if they have any bowels of Christian charity, to have compassion on him and let him rest, and no longer add to the inconceivable and irreparable injuries which they have already occasioned him. If he is silent, no matter, on they go, printing copies of all which they write, and when he is worried into replying, his answers also serve to swell Joanna's books. In this manner is this poor man, because he has recovered his senses, persecuted by a crazy prophetess, and her four-and-twenty crazy elders, who seem determined not to desist, till, one way or other, they have made him as ripe for Bedlam as they are themselves.

The books which she sends into the world are written partly in prose, partly in rhyme, all the verse and the greater part of the prose being delivered in the character of the Almighty! It is not possible to convey any adequate idea of this unparalleled and unimaginable nonsense by any other means than literal transcript. Her hand-writing was illegibly bad, so that at last she found it convenient to receive orders to throw away the pen and deliver her oracles orally; and the words flow from her faster than her scribes can write them down. This may be well believed, for they are mere words and nothing else: a rhapsody of texts, vulgar dreams and vulgar interpretations, vulgar types and vulgar applications:—the vilest string of words in the vilest doggerel verse, which has no other connection than what the vilest rhymes have suggested, she vents, and her followers receive, as the dictates of immediate inspiration. A herd, however, was ready to devour this garbage as the bread of life. Credulity and vanity are foul feeders.

(To be Continued next week.)

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

On Tuesday, Edward Dearlove was convicted of a wanton and unmanly assault upon Jane Moore, an unfortunate woman of the town, by rushing out of his house, knocking her down, and severely wounding her head by the fall. He was sentenced to a fine of 20l.

James Deadman was indicted for a violent assault upon John Rudd, the second husband of his mother, attended with circumstances of peculiar atrocity.—It appeared in evidence, that the prosecutor, a respectable butcher at Fulham, married the mother of the defendant, who was the widow of an extensive market-gardener, in the same vicinity. She had seven children by the former husband, who, being displeased with their mother's second marriage, took every opportunity of marking that displeasure by undutiful and disrespectful conduct towards their mother and father-in-law. On the 8th of December last the prosecutor was at his own house, and received a message to come to that of his wife, whither he came and found the defendant and two of his brothers treating her with the grossest abuse. This abuse was not confined to words, for the moment the prosecutor appeared, the defendant violently seized hold of his mother, and attempted to drag her to the ground, and would have done it had not his father-in-law interfered and rescued her from his gripe: upon which the defendant turned fiercely upon his father-in-law, and after much opprobrious and insulting abuse, and horrid oaths of vengeance, seized him by the throat, and twisted his hand so violently in his neckcloth, that the blood gushed from his ears, and he was in imminent danger of strangulation. With some difficulty the prosecutor was extricated from this danger, when the defendant, seizing a brass candlestick, attacked his father-in-law again, and beat him with it so cruelly about the head, as scarcely to leave any part of it exempt from a wound or contusion. But his fury was not yet satiated; for not content with the vengeance he had thus wrecked on the head of the prosecutor, he rushed in

to the next room, seized an iron poker, and swore he would put an end to his existence, which he would most probably have done, had not the prosecutor effected his escape.—During the whole of this desperate attack, the defendant was abetted and encouraged by his brothers; but, in consideration of the sorrow they had since expressed, and the promises of better behaviour, they were not prosecuted. And even this prosecution against the defendant himself was not commenced until he had frequently since threatened the prosecutor's life, in defence of which the prosecution was instituted.

The prisoner offered nothing in palliation of his offence; but Mr. CONST, the defendant's counsel, urged, that the defendant's feelings were exasperated by the marriage of his mother; which, by placing the whole property willed to himself and his brothers and sisters, in the hands of a stranger, rendered their dependence very precarious.

The defendant was, however, found Guilty; and the Court sentenced him to six months imprisonment in the House of Correction; after which, to find securities of the peace for five years; himself in 1000*l.* and two sureties in 500*l.* each, and to remain in prison until he shall find the same.

On Friday, at the Middlesex Sessions, Mr. WARDLE preferred a Bill against Mrs. CLARKE and the two WRIGHTS for a conspiracy, in the evidence they had given in the late trial. After the examination for two hours of Mr. WARDLE, Major DODD, Mr. GLENNIE, and other witnesses, the Grand Jury found a *true Bill*.

OLD BAYLEY.—The trials last week were of little interest. William and Mary Jordan, natives of Ireland, were found guilty of Manslaughter, on Friday, for having killed Walter Flaherty in a quarrel in St. Giles's. There was a fight among the low Irish, which the deceased joined in, when Patrick Duffy gave him a blow on the head, and Mary Jordan ran up to him with a flat iron, and said, "if that has missed, this shall not;"—and struck him on the forehead with the iron. His skull was fractured, and he died in a few days.

POLICE.

ASSAULT AT WORTHING.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

On Wednesday Mr. Barret, a wine and brandy merchant, in great trade in the City, underwent an examination at this Office, charged with committing an odious assault upon Miss Latham, daughter of the eminent Dr. Latham, at Worthing, on the 12th of June last.

Mr. ALLEY addressed Mr. Neve, the Magistrate, and requested, on behalf of his client, Mr. Barrett, that the examination should be public, in order that the case should be fairly represented to the public.

The testimony of the Prosecutrix was read over, and was as follows:—She was walking along South-street, Worthing, at seven o'clock on the 10th of June, after having left her brother and maid-servant at a bathing-machine, when she was overtaken by the Defendant, who took her by the arm, and pressed his conversation on her. The young Lady declined his company, but he still solicited her to grant him five minutes conversation. The Defendant followed her to the door of her lodgings, where he left her. The next morning, being the 11th, Miss Latham saw the Defendant pass the house, but she supposed he did not see her. On the morning of the 12th the young Lady had returned from bathing, and whilst sitting on her sofa and perusing a book, she heard the lock of the door opened, and suspecting it to be the son of Mr. King of Bedford-row, she went down stairs, and to her surprise beheld the Defendant, who followed her hastily into her drawing-room. He immediately began to take liberties, and Miss Latham fainted. She did not know what happened until some time after, when she partly recovered and found herself on the sofa, with a handkerchief tied over her mouth. The Defendant had taken off her white sash, and tied her hands at the wrist. He observed that she should not be hurt, and advised her not to be

alarmed. After having violated her person, the Defendant used pressing solicitations to prevail on the young Lady to elope, and he added, that a post chaise should be waiting for her at the door of Mr. Ogle. He assured her that he would treat her affectionately; she should go to his country-house, and have servants at her command. The Defendant loosened the handkerchief from the young Lady's mouth, in order, as he said, to receive a gratifying answer to the proposed elopement; but on her indignantly expressing her abhorrence of his conduct, he again fastened the handkerchief over her mouth, and left the room, after having placed the furniture, &c. in order. Miss Latham loosened the handkerchief, by placing her hand against the table, and she contrived to ring the bell for her servant, who untied the white sash, and loosened her hands. The Prosecutrix swore positively to the Defendant, as being the man who violated her person, and whom she had opportunities of knowing, from repeatedly seeing him.

Mr. ALLEY begged to offer such evidence to the Magistrate, by *alibi*, as should convince him of the total innocence of Mr. Barret, and which would be proved by a host of unimpeachable witnesses.

Mr. Felfoe, an Excise Officer, proved having executed two bonds in the presence of the Defendant, on his premises in Thames-street, on the 12th of June (the day the assault was said to have been committed), betwixt the hours of twelve and two, which bonds were produced, with the defendant's signature.

Mr. Morley, a merchant, effected a policy with defendant on the morning of the 13th; and several other witnesses proved an *alibi* as completely as ever was proved in any Court.

Miss Latham did not attend at this examination, but Mr. GURNEY watched the evidence on her behalf.

The Magistrate expressed his conviction of the innocence of Mr. Barret; but he felt it his duty to order another examination, to give an opportunity for other witnesses to be brought forward on so serious a charge.

Miss Latham is a handsome young lady, 16 years of age, and she had accompanied her parents to Worthing, who left her with her brother and a female servant.—Mr. Barret is a married man with five children; he had been at Worthing, with Mrs. Barret and his children, in the early part of the season as was his usual custom.

UNION-HALL.

On Tuesday, Mr. Elliston underwent his third and final examination: he was fully committed to take his trial, for firing the pistol with the intention to murder Miss Colson.

Elizabeth Holland was charged by Mrs. Wooding, of Pit's-place, Kent-road, with stealing an elegant shawl, value between three or four guineas. It appeared from the evidence, that the prisoner called at Mrs. Wooding's house on Sunday afternoon, and finding the family all out, represented herself to the servant as niece to Mrs. Wooding; and after expressing her sorrow that her dear aunt was out, said she would sit down and rest herself a few minutes; she soon afterwards requested the servant would let her have something to eat, saying she had walked all the way from Deptford, which had procured her an appetite. The servant, who had frequently heard her mistress mention a niece who lived at Deptford, immediately laid the cloth, and set some cold meat on the table. The young lady made a hearty meal, frequently expressing her regret that her aunt had not been at Deptford for so long a time, and that she should not be able to stop to see her then. Perceiving a very elegant shawl lying on the sofa, she inquired if it belonged to her aunt, and being answered in the affirmative, she said she would borrow it to go home in, and would keep it till her aunt, who her mamma was very anxious to see, should come for it; she accordingly put the shawl on and took her leave; the aunt called for it rather sooner than she expected, and she not being able to produce it, was obliged to attend the office to Union-hall. Being recognized by Goff as an old acquaintance, she was remanded for another examination.

BOW-STREET.

On Tuesday, John Simons, driver of the Gloucester mail-coach, was finally examined upon a charge of having fraudu-

lently embezzled Bank-notes to the amount of 5*l.* the property of Mr. Capel, stock-broker, a passenger in the carriage.—It appeared from Mr. Capel's evidence, that he took his passage in the coach from the Angel Inn, behind St. Clement's, in June last. At the time of his entering the carriage he had the bank-notes in his pocket. On his arrival at Oxford he quitted the coach, and in about twenty minutes he missed his notes, and returned to search the coach, in which the prisoner assisted, but the search was fruitless. The prisoner then suggested that Mr. Capel's pocket might have been picked after he went from the coach; and Mr. Capel immediately wrote to his clerk in town, describing the number of the notes, desiring him to stop the payment at the Bank, and advertise the notes in hand-bills, offering a reward for their return. This measure was adopted, but in vain. Some time afterwards Mr. Capel received an intimation from the Bank that one of the notes, No. 5,688, for 5*l.* had been paid in there from the house of Meux and Co. brewers. Inquiry was consequently made, and the note was traced to a Mrs. Stevenson, who keeps the Queen's Head public-house, in Wych-street, and who attended to give her evidence. She stated, that the prisoner ran into her house, apparently in a hurry, on Monday the 30th of June last, and asked her for change of a 5*l.* note; adding, that he should lose a shilling if he did not get it. She changed it for him; and, on the Thursday following, she paid this note, with others, to Mr. Meux, her brewer, and it proved to be one of the notes lost by Mr. Capel.—Sayers, the officer, stated in evidence, that in consequence of instructions he received, he went to the prisoner, and advised him to acknowledge at once how he came by the note he had passed to Mrs. Stevenson. The prisoner for a long time persisted in saying he had found it. Sayers told him he was going down to Oxford to search his house, upon which the Prisoner acknowledged he had found the notes in the coach, just after Mr. Capel had left it; and he gave Sayers a letter to his wife, desiring her to deliver up to him the bank-notes in her possession, which she did, and they corresponded exactly with those Mr. Capel had lost.—The prisoner was fully committed for trial.

On Tuesday, a number of young men were brought before the Magistrate, charged with having been aiding and abetting in riotous proceedings at Covent-garden Theatre, on Monday night. The most serious charge against any of them was against a clerk in the Office of the Commander in Chief, who was alleged to have been seen kicking one of the box doors off the hinges. He pleaded, that having dined with some friends he was somewhat inebriated, and that he was induced to mix in the general clamour by the example of all about him. He acknowledged his error, and expressed his regret for it; but he was held to bail for his appearance at the Sessions.—The other charges were for making a noise, attempting to put out the candles, and other such crimes and misdemeanors. The young men had been all night in custody, and they were ordered to find bail for their appearance, which they instantly entered, and were liberated.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

MURDER.—Ensign MEADLY, of the 60th regiment of foot, was most barbarously murdered on the Parade at Portland, in Jamaica, on the 24th of March last, by a private soldier of his regiment, named *Christian Beuteer*. Without any known cause, the assassin, on meeting Ensign Meadly, exclaimed, "Oh, you dog, you come now; I have long waited for you!" and instantly plunged a knife into his body, the blade of which he completely sheathed in the belly. The Ensign uttered a dreadful shriek, and cried out, "I am killed, I am killed!" He died in half an hour in great agony. The murderer has been committed for trial; but so far from shewing compunction he absolutely glories in his crime, though he was sober and in his senses.—The unfortunate sufferer bore an excellent character, and has left a young widow and child.

About three o'clock on Monday morning, a fire broke out in the square building in the middle of Bear-yard, Lincoln's Inn-fields. It is generally supposed to have originated in the

imprudence of some working men about the stables, in consequence of which a snuff of candle set fire to a truss of hay or straw. The flames spread to Mr. Simmons, the carpenter's, work-shop, well stocked with timber, and which was originally the Little Theatre, Bear-yard. The whole of the stock, together with tools, benches, &c. were quickly destroyed, together with the square building in the centre of the yard, and the flames then extended to the rows of houses on each side. On the north from Mr. Griffiths, a Compositor's house, to that of the Caledonian Chop-house, four houses had their doors, windows, &c. burned, and the families suffered extremely by the consternation into which they were thrown, and by the hasty and confused removal of their goods. On the south, next Clare-market, some partial injury was done to the rear of the White Lion, and some slaughter houses. On the east there was a small row of decent private houses, inhabited mostly by working people, and in it seven houses suffered very heavily, although not totally destroyed. On the west, the rear of Mr. Sadler, the Tallow-chandler's premises; those of Mr. Biss, the Undertaker; Mr. Jardine, Earthen-ware and Glass-seller; Mr. Watson, Bottle-seller; the Bull's-head Public-house; Dines, coalman; and Brown, hair-dresser, all sustained injury. Three old wooden houses at the back of them were entirely destroyed. Underneath the great square building in the centre of the yard, below the carpenter's shop, set of stables, &c. there was a most extensive range of cellaring, containing stores belonging to Mr. Rex, a wine and brandy merchant, Mr. Cullum, cheesemonger, and others; to these, however, notwithstanding the archway in some places had given way, the flames did not extend. Upon the whole, there were besides the centre buildings three houses totally consumed, and about twenty partially injured; but the case of the poor inhabitants of the three wooden houses is most truly pitiable—they lost their all.—Much praise is due to Mr. Bott, the butcher, at the corner of Gilbert's passage, who broke open a place in which about fifteen or sixteen sheep belonging to Mr. George Scrivener were, and saved the whole; he also assisted in rolling away some casks of tallow from Mr. Sadler's, and was probably the means not only of saving the greater part of his stock and premises, but in all appearance the whole range of houses in Vere-street, next Bear-yard. There were a great number of engines, and, after some time, a good supply of water, so judiciously managed, that the flames might be said to be entirely subdued by five o'clock in the morning, though it was found necessary to keep the engines playing on the embers all day and part of the following night. The St. Clement's and other volunteer corps attended, and were extremely useful.—When the situation and structure of the building on fire is considered, it appears almost a miracle that the whole neighbourhood was not involved in the flames. It was built almost entirely of wood, and it occupied so much of the yard, that a cart could merely pass between it and the surrounding houses. Fortunately there was scarcely a breath of wind, and to this circumstance alone the salvation of the neighbourhood is owing.

On Monday morning a young Midshipman, who had lodgings in Little Bath-street, near Bath-square, Clerkenwell, was found dead in his bed, having taken a dose of laudanum. Disappointment in love is supposed to have been the cause of this rash act.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. J. Paynter, a respectable man, about 30 years of age, put an end to his existence, in a room adjoining his father's stables in the curtain-road, Shoreditch, by cutting his throat with a table knife, with which he nearly severed his head from his body.

DEATHS.

On Wednesday morning, at the house of his brother in American-square, Sir William Douglas, Bart. of Castle Douglas, aged 64.

On Thursday se'night, in Liverpool, at the great age of 104, David Salmon; this veteran sailed round the world with Anson.

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