

# THE EXAMINER.

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## THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 120.

### ON THE TEMPER BECOMING A REFORMIST.

As there is no feature in the Westminster Meeting more applauded by thinking men than the order with which it dissolved, so nothing could have been better calculated to do service to Reform. In every combat, whether of arms or of arguments, the best thing you can do for your enemy, and consequently the worst for yourself, is to meet him with an intemperance that at once baffles and exposes you. This is so well-known a maxim, that one might apologize for repeating it; but it shares the fate of all other well-known maxims; people applaud it with vehemence, and then go and do just what it forbids.—Here perhaps the reader winks at me with his mental eye, and exclaims, "Ah, Mr. EXAMINER, you say what is very true, and will no doubt give us a *severe* philippic against the Ministers by way of illustration."—Well,—I shall have no objection, if it fall in my way:—I am never more conscious of doing my duty than when employed in holding up those delinquents to scorn; but indignation is not incompatible with self-command: intemperance does not consist in striking a severe blow, but in striking a rash and passionate one; and a proper temperance, so far from being inconsistent with vigour, resolution, or indignation, strengthens by regulating them, and exalts by refining:—it keeps the indignant spirit *longer upon the wing*, elevates it above all common impulse, and directs it's eye, with an awful and irresistible calmness, to the objects which it would conquer. A writer, whose great excellence was the delineation of character, describes this self-command, as uniting in it the perfections of the useful and the agreeable; and my readers will see how much more I regard their improvement, than my own literary interest, when I quote his beautiful description of it. "This watch over a man's self, and the command of his temper, is the effect of a strong and resolute mind. It is not only the most expedient practice for carrying on our own designs, but is also very deservedly the most amiable quality in the sight of others. It is a winning defence to mankind, which creates an immediate *imitation of itself* wherever it appears; and prevails upon all, who have to do with a person endued with it, either through shame or emulation."\*—Accordingly, we find that the *truly great men*, such as SOCRATES, the ANTONINES, ALFRED, NEWTON, and LOCKE,—men above all little policy, above all shuffling and all surface, have been as noble in

their temper as in their views; and this quality not only rendered them doubly illustrious in fame, but was a material help towards that clearness of thinking and of elucidation, which rendered their philosophy so beautiful and so useful. In short, vice, which is always compelled to copy virtue when it would seem amiable, cannot find, in all the compass of what is *politic* as well as good, so advantageous a model as equanimity; and we may judge of the superiority of it's effect to that of all other qualities, if only from one circumstance, which we have all witnessed in familiar life,—that the very acme of malice consists in the imitation of good temper. The cheat indeed wears itself out, and is short-lived, as it ought to be; but a temper, really good, goes as patiently as it goes powerfully to it's object, neither *relaxing* however patient, nor *encroaching* however powerful: it is at once the strength and ornament of every one that wears it, becoming at all times, and fit for all purposes, whether of theory or practice, of acquirement or avoidance, of private or of public life, from the familiarities of the social circle to the high interests and struggles of the world of politics.

Let the Reformist then be resolute, be ardent, be indignant, but let him keep a just temper, that is, let him always have the proper respect for himself and for truth. The first requisite to a manly and consistent behaviour in this respect, is to have a strong consciousness of right; and to this end, the first business of the Reformist is to make his own heart as well acquainted as possible with the motives upon which it prompts him to act, and to be sure that they are founded on no ill principle; for he may be certain, that if there is any wrong impulse in his mind or bias in his wishes, it will lead him into some unwarrantable or impolitic error, expose him in some shape or other, and thus injure at once himself and the cause. The maxim, that honesty is the best policy, is unfortunately too common a one to be received at Court, otherwise the statesmen would discover that no tricks or intrigues are to be compared with a frank simplicity of conduct, even with regard to all the purposes of artifice. If there is any shuffling or insidious feeling about you, it leads you into fifty bye-paths, which not only take you out of your road, but are the most likely of all ways to bring you into contact with others who are beating about the same mazes, and who well understand what induces you to skulk thither; while, on the other hand, the honest and truly wise politician, walks directly up the strait road, and thus not only arrives at his object sooner, but baffles all those who from a consciousness of their own ways, thought to find and to obstruct him in the labyrinth which they had chosen.—This singleness of pursuit, arising from singleness of motive, is the greatest help in the world to a pre-

\* STEELE, in the *Tatler*, No. 176.

per temper. A man hunting after a number of petty objects will gradually distract himself, and grow worse and worse from the very consciousness of his folly, as you will sometimes see a nervous man fretting round a room after some things he has mislaid, first beginning to swear at the things, then proceeding to swear at himself for being vexed, and at last distracting his perceptions and rendering himself ridiculous to all about him. The true Reformer has but one great object, and therefore no excuse for running after trifles: he has but one great motive, and therefore no reason for becoming peevish and little-minded. It is for such men as PERCEVAL, YORKE, and WINDHAM, to be in a perpetual fever, who have too much to obtain, to keep, or to conceal: it is for such a man as the Attorney-General to be continually ill-tempered, who is continually occupied in proceedings at once unpopular and unjust, and who takes his stand by the side of power, like an angry little cur, snarling and snapping at every body who dares to approach with the least freedom, and fastening with its teeth upon the stick that would put it aside, till compelled to drop off by its own ridiculous exertions. Let us despise or pity these men, but unless we would become pitiable or despicable ourselves, let us never think of doing like them. It is not their ill-doings or ill-temper that make them powerful; it is the corruption, which has enabled such beings to get into power, and which must be conquered by weapons the very reverse of those it uses—by uncorrupt motive, by a steady integrity, by an equal disdain of despotism and republicanism, by a spirit at once ardent, well-tempered, and inflexible. These are the arms a Reformer should use against that "siege of troubles," which weak and bad men have been carrying on for so many years against the crumbling edifice of the Constitution, and which now threatens the last sanctuary of Freedom, the Englishman's private dwelling. It is not every Reformer that can act in public, but every Reformer may so act in private that his character and exertions will have their due public effect, and strengthen the aggregate mass of constitutional virtue. Let him ever keep in mind that candour is one of the first virtues of those who seek redress, and who are resolved to obtain it by fair means. It is not only one of his first, but one of his most persuasive qualities, acting silently but surely, and drawing from the heart an irresistible argument in favour of the head. Then our zeal, if it be not always "according to knowledge," will be always according to the love of knowledge, and this itself is a great attainment and assistance. It is sometimes asserted, that in arguing a point that has a good end, you may fairly pass over some obstacles in the way of your conclusions, or in other words, prudently sink some unpleasant acknowledgments, such as a flaw in your favourite's character, &c. &c.:—but this is at once unfair and impolitic,—for this reason, if for no other,—that it is dishonest. It is what you will not allow your opponent to do with respect to his own favourites; it is borrowing, and therefore secretly

helping, the corruptions of your opponent; and it is one of the strongest weapons you can put in his hands, for he soon detects it and throws it with double force against your stubbornness and insincerity. If your favourite therefore has an apparent flaw in his character, acknowledge it with just as much plainness, as you would acknowledge your error, in case it turn out to be no flaw:—if he is unwise in his proceedings, never delay to advise him against the injury he is doing his cause, for your silence will do it a much greater:—if he is vicious, let him be your favourite no longer. The countenance of honest men, even by implication, is the greatest and most monstrous encouragement that can be given to vice. Be as secure as possible of your man, and you are secure of yourself, of your dignity, and of your proper effect in society.—In private, there are a number of flippant persons, who will attack you with sneers, assertions, and big words,—a sort of conversational bullies, who combat with volleys of Aye or No, affect a frankness which their bad temper contradicts, and think to overwhelm where they cannot convince. If you are very malicious, you will be as patient as possible, and let these men expose themselves, as they infallibly will to any decent company; for their noise is a drum that acts against as well as for them,—serving at once to keep up their artificial courage, and to gather recruits for the very person they oppose. When it becomes you, however, to speak, you will do it with a calm manliness, which shews that you care for nothing but plain argument, and if they persist, as no gentleman would, in rudely interrupting, or peevishly answering you with negatives and exclamations, you will either turn the matter into a jest, or treat it with a contemptuous silence. Pleasantry is also the most useful weapon for *interference*, and serves in the best manner to separate other talkers who are ill-paired, or whose ignorance and bad temper lead them into those desperate arguments, which may be called *after-dinner duels*.

As to the charge of wrong motive, I need not say that its best refutation is right conduct. Those who talk of their anxiety for public virtue, and at the same time care nothing for private virtue, are not only to be suspected, but deserve every contempt and deprecation; they may have talent, but talent only makes them worse engines of a good cause; they attach suspicion to every thing they advance, and corruption to whatever they obtain; and are the cause of those general aspersions upon motive, which afford a counter-cry to men like themselves, and which in the main, do more harm to the public weal than all the immediate corruptions of government. The strife between profession and practice is the destruction of all example, and a perpetual holiday for public vices. And this brings to my mind a query that was sent to this office the other day, whether a man could be a true lover of freedom who was a tyrant to his servants? The answer requires no hesitation:—he certainly cannot. He may approve it in theory, but it is a theory which he would never reduce

to practice: his cry in its favour is nothing but impatience of restraint; he neither loves freedom in his heart, nor assists it in his actions, nor has a right to have it in his lips.—Such men may perhaps be found among the demanders of Reform; and wherever they are found, let them, in the name of every thing decent, be despised. Such a man, thank Heaven, is not Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, at once the champion and the ornament of that noble cause; who, versed in the theory, is also exemplary in the practice, of all the social charities, and gives to every one within his vortex an earnest of that rational liberty, which he would win back for all his countrymen. The personal example of such a leader is one of the greatest benefits that can attend the cause; it regulates its temper and its actions, leaves it nothing to feign or to conceal, and exalts its motives and policy by grounding them upon the only foundation of general happiness—the happiness of the individual. The imprisonment of Sir FRANCIS, therefore, takes away his liberty only to give him greater dignity and a nobler personal advantage. His virtues are abroad, ranging about in all their example and effect, entering every open heart, and inspiring every honest enthusiasm. What the poet beautifully said of the imprisoned philosopher, may be applied in a still more enlarged sense to the imprisoned patriot:—

Th' oppressor holds  
The body bound, but knows not what a range  
The spirit takes. COWPER.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

#### FRANCE.

PARIS, APRIL 21.—In the first ten days of this month, upwards of 20,000 troops passed through Antwerp, on their march from Holland. A large cutter is building at Antwerp for the use of their Majesties, upon their visit to that city. The command of it will be given to Vice-Admiral Missiessi, and his crew will consist of Captains in the Imperial Navy.

It is stated in the Dresden Journals, that besides Kotzebue's *Bee*, the Government intended also to prohibit the circulation, and to prosecute the venders of a pamphlet written in German, under the title of "*Considerations on the Peace of Vienna.*"

#### SPAIN.

VALENCIA, APRIL 2.—On the 5th of last month, the enemy appeared before the walls of this Capital, and on the 6th they occupied the suburbs of Marvedro, the College of Pius V., the Royal Palace, and Zaidia, all situated without the walls of this city, and on the other side of the river; and in the night between the 10th and 11th ult. they moved off in a very precipitate manner. During the time they were before our walls they committed many robberies and murders in the neighbouring places, but undertook nothing of moment against the city. The inhabitants of the environs joined by thousands its flying parties, the large number of which probably induced the enemy to retreat. In Castellan de la Plana, and Villa Real, were 300 of the enemy's foot, and 200 horse, but

only 80 of the former, and 120 of the latter, came away. The enemy's loss in other places was equally considerable. He is most vigorously pursued

### PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

William Rickards, Esq. Collector of the Customs at Deal, received, by post, a letter, dated Deal, April 9, 1810, signed "Mr. Air Gun, without a noise," and a postscript signed "Burdett," stating, that a plan was laid to take away his life in February last, but that the plot was discovered by a woman; and warning Mr. Rickards to prepare for the worst to come, and expressing the writer's hope that they should soon have the pleasure of seeing the blood from Mr. Rickards's carcass running down the canals. His Majesty's pardon (excepting him, or them, who actually sent the said letter) and a reward of 300*l.* by the Commissioners of the Customs, are offered for the discovery and conviction of the offender or offenders.

A melancholy accident happened on Monday, at Temple, the seat of Owen Williams, Esq. Two Gentlemen and two Ladies ventured, for their amusement, into a boat upon the mill-stream, at a short distance from the wiers. They were at first so insensibly drawn towards the sluices, that they did not perceive their danger. As they approached them, the force of the current baffled their efforts to direct the boat, and they were carried upon them. One of the Gentlemen leaped out on the bank with the chain in his hand, and endeavoured to pull the boat from the opening of the sluice, but the torrent was irresistible, and his strength availed nothing: the boat filled, instantaneously sunk, and was dashed to pieces. In a few seconds two of the party appeared at some distance struggling in the stream, which soon threw them on a shoal in the middle of the river. The third, a young lady, sister of Mrs. Williams, rose no more. The Lady and Gentleman so providentially saved have not sustained any material injury, except in their full share of that deep affliction which overwhelms the whole family.

### SIR F. BURDETT.—MIDDLESEX MEETING.

On Thursday, pursuant to the requisition of a number of the Freeholders of Middlesex, a County Meeting was called at the Mermaid, Hackney, to take into consideration the conduct of the House of Commons, in the case of Sir F. Burdett. About one o'clock, the great room appearing crowded, it was announced to the assembly, that the meeting would be held on the green, to which place they immediately adjourned, and the Sheriffs, County Members, and intended Speakers, arranged themselves on the top of the steps at the door.

Sheriffs WOOD and ARKINS stated the object for which they were called together, and bespoke the attention of the Meeting to those who should address them, of whatever description their opinions might be.

The Clerk then read the requisition.

Mr. HARE TOWNSEND, as he was to have the honour to propose certain resolutions, wished to notice the cry that had been raised against Sir F. Burdett, with the intention of injuring him in the public opinion; but it had not succeeded; for the trick was too stale, and would not go down. The enemies of Sir F. Burdett were always trying to attribute motives to him which never existed, but in their own perverted minds. The two parties in the House of Commons were both alike in this respect; the Opposition were as bad as the Ministers; and all united to vilify Sir F. Burdett. This indeed was very natural, for they must have the same aversion to him that wolves had to the shepherd and his dog, or the zites to the keeper and his gun. If they had only known Sir F. Burdett yesterday, they might pause before they came to an opinion on his conduct; but they had long known him; and now when his colours were flying to engage the enemy, they ought to rally round and aid him to victory and triumph. He had a few observations to make on that party, which had gone with Sir F.

Burdett till he defended his castle: Sir Francis always meant what he said, the Talents never, but when they expressed a desire to change from the Opposition to Treasury Benches. He (Sir Francis) had always redeemed his pledges, the Talents never. When they came into power, his heart beat high with expectations of what they would do. But what had they done? They raised that most inquisitorial of all taxes, the Income Tax, from 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 10 per cent, and told the people this was its *natural level*.—(So they did.) They tried to introduce the Excise into private houses, in which, had they succeeded, there would not now have been any need for breaking open doors. These were the *Judas*s, who, when they thought Sir F. Burdett needed them most, contributed to hand him over to *Pontius Pilatus* and his myrmidons. From the brightest angel they endeavoured to transform him into the blackest devil. But they could not succeed; they could not blind the people; and he anticipated that the day of his release would indeed be a day of *general Jubilee*. Every true patriot, from John o'Grout's House to the Lard's End, would flock to hail him on the day of his deliverance. The Talents wanted Sir Francis to commit a *felon de se*. They would have had him surrender, and thereby acknowledge the omnipotency of the Speaker's, or rather the Minister's warrant; the very thing which he argued against and denied. But if he had not stood out as he did, if he had not defended his house when attacked, he could never, as he could now do, carry his cause to that only *palladium* of British liberties—a Trial by Jury. Sir F. Burdett's cause, though strong, lay in a nutshell. His health had not permitted his attendance, in Parliament, at the time Mr. Jones was committed. On his return he pleaded most eloquently, but ineffectually, that person's cause. He then took a good old course, and addressed himself to his Constituents, to shew them what he had done, for to them he was accountable. He wished to inform them of the grounds on which he stood—the best of all grounds, *Magna Charta* and the *Bill of Rights*. In this letter the arguments were so cogent, so unanswerable, and unanswered, that the House of Commons voted it to be a libel. They might endeavour to drown discussion—they might endeavour to exclude all hearers from their debates, convert themselves into a secret inquisition, and their Serjeant into a runner, to seize the unsuspecting subjects, and drag them to distant prisons, never to be heard of more. But Sir F. Burdett had succeeded in all he wanted.—He took the House from off the weaker party (Gale Jones), and drew them upon the stronger opponent—himself. He had grappled this *Belshazzar*, with his hundred heads and hands; he had taken the strong fellow, Corruption, by the leg; and they must all rejoice in his successful struggle. A question was put to him, "What had become of the Whigs all this while?" He would soon answer that—they were lost in the Talents—they were like a few grains of corn in the surrounding chaff, to be known only by their sterling weight; but Sir F. Burdett would sift them, and under him they would unite, as they had formerly done under the Marquis of Rockingham, rescued from the dung under which they had been so long buried. Then there would be days of plenty and joy in Britain. Mr. Townsend concluded by proposing four Resolutions to be adopted by the meeting, and reading a Petition to the House of Commons, which he offered for their approbation. [This speech was heard with repeated shouts and cheering.]

#### PETITION.

"That the Petitioners have observed with concern, in the cases of John Gale Jones and Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. that the House had assumed and exercised a power unknown to the Law, and unwarranted by the Constitution;—that the Speaker's Warrant has been executed by military force; an Englishman's house, his sanctuary, has been violated; and the blood of innocent citizens has been shed in the streets. —Against the exercise of this power they solemnly protest;—a protest which they allege to be more necessary, because their votes in its support are entered on the Journals; but not so the Letter of Sir Francis Burdett to the Speaker, denying the House such jurisdiction.

"That, in the early part of this Reign, in the case of Mr. Wilkes, the rights of this county, and of the nation, were repeatedly and grossly violated by the House of Commons—but that notwithstanding at length the law triumphed. After a struggle of nearly 30 years, the House abandoned the pretensions they had arrogated, and expunged from their Journals all their declarations, orders, and resolutions, as being subversive of the right of the whole body of Electors of this Kingdom. That the House of Commons, during its pleasure, have now deprived the Citizens of Westminster of their share in the representation, and the public at large of the exertions of a faithful servant, in whose ability, firmness, and integrity, they pre-eminently confide.

"The Petitioners view with jealousy and suspicion the shutting up of Sir Francis Burdett in prison, when the attention of the nation is directed with anxiety to his intended Motion for a Reform in Parliament in that Honourable House—that House in which, they assert, the traffic in seats has been avowed in the case of the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval and Lord Castlereagh, to be as notorious as the sun at noon—a practice, at the mention of which, in the emphatic language of the Speaker, "our ancestors would have started with indignation."

"They therefore pray the House of Commons to follow the example of their predecessors, and to "expunge all their Declarations, Orders, and Resolutions on the subject, as tending to the subversion of our liberties, and the introduction of a military despotism; and to recall Sir Francis Burdett to the service of his country in Parliament, that he may there improve that plan of Reform, which, last Session, he so powerfully recommended, and which, in the opinion of the Petitioners, is absolutely necessary for the stability and honour of the Throne, and the safety and well-being of the people."

#### RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, 1. That the Petition now read be adopted, and that it be presented to the House of Commons by our Representatives, G. Byng and Wm. Mellish, Esqrs. who are hereby instructed to support the same.

2. That we highly approve of the proceedings of the Electors of Westminster, at their late Meeting, and most heartily concur in the sentiments contained in their letter to Sir F. Burdett, and in his answer.

3. That the Thanks of this Meeting are due and are hereby given to Sir Francis Burdett, Baronet, for his truly patriotic conduct in Parliament—for his unanswered and unanswerable argument in the case of John Gale Jones, vindicating the rights of the subject, and denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison, without trial, and during pleasure, the people of England—for his letter to the Speaker, protesting against the power of the House of Commons, to imprison, in like manner, one of their own Members—for laying before his Constituents a faithful account of his conduct in Parliament—and for his constitutional resistance to the Speaker's warrant, whereby he has given a practical illustration of its ineffectuality and has shewn that it could not be put in force, without military aid, a violation of our ancient laws, and a breach of the privileges of Englishmen.

4. That these Resolutions be fairly transcribed, and presented to Sir F. Burdett by the Sheriffs, accompanied by G. Byng and Wm. Mellish, Esqrs. our Representatives, who are instructed to support the same.

The Resolutions were then seconded by Mr. HOLDEN; and, on the first being put to the vote,

Mr. BENTLEY said, that the cry raised against Sir Francis Burdett was a libel upon the whole people of Britain. But it was not the only, nor the greatest libel—a still more atrocious one had been committed, in calling, not the military, but a whole army, to the Metropolis; to do what? Not to enforce the laws, but to keep down the subjects, whom they accused of a design to overturn the Laws and Constitution. To have witnessed this host, any one would have thought the enemy was upon the coast. But it was against no enemy the army was called in; it was to countenance a measure, which the

very authors of it knew to be illegal and unconstitutional. They knew it to be so, and they knew that the people were too loyal to suffer any inroad to be made upon the Constitution, without resistance. To shew this in a stronger light, he would suppose a *mittimus* was made out by any Court, to commit a delinquent Minister; how many armed men would it require to carry that into execution? (*A laugh.*)—He had seen the whole of this long reign. Yes! he was old enough to have seen the beginning of it, (*a person from the crowd exclaimed, "and I hope will live to see the end of it!"*) he had traced these men with a scrutinizing eye. He could trace them from the Star Chamber Court; they were the men who, in 1715, and 1745, had agitated the country; who excited the American and entered into the French war. These were the men who had libelled the people, who had raised the national debt to such a pitch, that it would be sufficient to rebuild every city, every town, every village, every hamlet, every house, nay, every hut in the empire. Were they not also the same men who had screened every public delinquent, when charges were made against them? Were they not the same men who were the advocates for the Convention of Cintra, the Walcheren Expedition, and for every measure of which the people now complained?—the same men who were the invariable, systematic opposers of every species of reform, or any measure tending to renovate the Constitution? The King, at the beginning of his reign, had carried with him to the throne the hands, the hearts, and the affections of every man in the empire, and if he had had honest Ministers about him, he would to this day have insured all their hands, hearts, and affections.—(*This speech received much applause.*)

Mr. MELLISH stepped forward to address the Meeting; but he could not then obtain a hearing.

Mr. H. TOWNSEND begged them to hear what the Hon. Gentleman had to say, and also give Mr. Clifford an opportunity of hearing him.

Mr. MELLISH would detain them but a short time, and hoped they would be so obliging as to hear him. As their representative, he felt it to be his bounden duty to present any petition agreed to at a county meeting, legally called and convened, as the present was. But with respect to the latter part of their resolution, instructing him to support the petition, he thought it would disgrace them, and other freeholders not now present, should he so commit himself, and lose that independent situation.—[Here the clamour became so great, that Mr. Mellish retired from the squalls, hisses, and revilings of the Meeting.]

Mr. BYNG said, he would present their petition; and hoped, that, on all occasions, as on the present, his opinions would enable him to support the principles on which their petitions might be founded. The House of Commons, in his opinion, ought to have great powers, but they ought only to be exercised for the people's good, and on important occasions. From this view of the subject, it was, that he voted in favour of Mr. Jones.—Mr. Jones had criticised the past conduct of the House; and this he conceived every Briton had a right to do. In the case of Sir Francis Burdett, he was against moving for an adjournment; and thought it would have been better to meet the question with a direct vote, that the paper was no libel. Sir Francis Burdett had an undoubted right to address himself to his constituents; and he was sure, that Hon. Baronet had never meant to libel the House. From his earliest days, he had been a friend to Parliamentary Reform, and an adequate representation of the people of England.—As wealth and intelligence extended, the legislature ought to be enlarged. He was sorry that Mr. Townsend had so indiscriminately attacked all public men. The House of Commons, even as it was now constituted, boasted as many men as ever sat in it at one time who were anxious to act for the people. He called upon all patriotic, all honest men, all friends to reform, and enemies to corruption, to unite in declaring their sentiments, and they would find support in that House. They would be successful; but unanimity was necessary, for the only way they had to oppose was always united.

Mr. CLIFFORD said, of all the arguments he had ever heard in defence of the House of Commons, the most curious was that with which Mr. Byng had concluded his speech. He had stated, that if the people expressed themselves strongly in favour of Reform, they would find in that House men who would enforce their claims. What, however, was the fact, with respect to those who had dared to avow their opinions? The one was sent to Newgate, and the other, who had attempted to defend him, was sent to the Tower.—(*Loud applauses.*)—With respect to the encouragement which their worthy Representative was desirous the people should give to those in Parliament, he believed it was seldom wanting; but even if it was, they delegated Members to that House, who were supposed to know the Constitution; from which knowledge they were bound to act for the benefit of the country, even though they should have no other support than the consciousness of doing right. But their Representatives, who were seat in as servants, were now endeavouring to alter the relation in which they mutually stood towards each other, and to commit their masters.—(*Applauses and laughter.*)—And it became them, who were really and constitutionally the masters, to take care, lest, in the language of Sir Francis Burdett, they should subject themselves to the curse of Canaan, and become the servants of their servants.—(*Applauses.*)—As to their other Representative, Mr. Mellish, he was willing to allow that he was, what perhaps very few public men could boast, perfectly consistent.—(*Applauses.*)—The sentiments expressed by him on the present occasion were those upon which he had always acted. Mr. Clifford objected not only to the exercise of the power in the present instance, which was claimed by the House of Commons, but to the existence of such a power.—(*Loud applauses.*)—At no period of our history, except at the time of the rebellion, was such power exercised; and as long as the spirit of the Constitution was preserved, as long as a spark of freedom existed in the breasts of Englishmen, so long would such power be denied it.—(*Applauses.*)—What were the objects for which Parliament was instituted? The redress of grievances, the protection of privileges, the providing for the exigencies of the state, and the exercise of the functions of a Court of Inquiry; but this Court was not to punish by its own authority, even in case of ascertained guilt, but to address, in order that steps should be taken to punish, according to Law and the Constitution. (*Applauses.*)—A Member of the House of Commons (Mr. Whitbread) had lately put a case, the force of which he (Mr. Clifford) could not perceive. He had asked, if a mob had collected together in Palace-Yard for the purpose of obstructing the passage of some popular Representatives, would not the House have a right to inflict punishment for such proceeding? He had no hesitation in answering, that in that, and in every case, he denied their right to punish; they might remove the obstruction, but, that being done, they should resort to the Courts of Law for satisfaction and redress. The House of Commons was not the Legislature, but one branch of the Legislature. They might recollect, that, some years ago, when his Majesty was going to the House of Lords, his carriage was stopped, and some misconduct had taken place upon the part of those assembled. The Constables proceeded to remove the obstruction, which they effected. But they did not presume to inflict punishment for the offence. One of the persons concerned was Kyd Wake, who was tried in the regular course of law, and condemned to imprisonment. They were told that the Speaker's warrant, bearing analogy with the King's writ, should be executed in the same manner; and it was not improbable, that if that point was surrendered, the Honourable House would see an analogy between the Speaker's wig and the crown.—(*A laugh.*)—that it would contend there was as much dignity in the wig as in the crown; and in the mace, as in the sceptre.—(*Applauses.*)—There were some who were of opinion, that the power against which he was contending should still remain to the House, though they allowed that it ought not to have been exerted upon the late occasion. That power he should deny; nor could he see any great use, though he might see much mischief, in contending for any power, the use of which

they could not at present see; and which was only to be kept in reserve for some particular occasion, which they could neither anticipate nor conjecture. It was conduct such as this that had lost America—(Applauses.)—There was one observation more which he was desirous of making, respecting the blood that had been spilt in the streets. It was a circumstance much to be lamented. He for one was thankful to Sir F. Burdett for the resistance he had made, as such resistance was necessary to shew that the warrant could not be carried into effect without the interference of military power; that the constitutional force of the country was not sufficient. Mr. Walpole had once said, "give the power of shedding blood and you give blood;" and Lord Chatham had since paraphrased the observation, by saying, "give the power of corruption and you give corruption." They should therefore be careful what privileges or prerogatives they would recognise, lest, by establishing them, they might be undermining their own security and independence. How, he would ask, could that power be necessary against the Crown, the exercise of which, in fact, depended upon the Minister, and thereby upon the Crown itself?—(Applauses.)—The House of Commons, it was to be hoped, if it had nothing else, was at least possessed of wisdom sufficient not to resist the public voice, when generally and justly expressed; not to act in contradiction to that opinion upon which all Governments stand; but, if he was disappointed in his hope, let the people still persevere—let them still continue to discuss the subject, until no argument should be left unexplored, no objection unanswered; and when they succeeded in making every one ashamed to defend it, it was impossible but that the House of Commons would be ashamed to persist.

The Rev. Wm. Draper observed, that much as the fate of the Electors of Westminster was to be regretted in being deprived of their Representative, that of the County of Middlesex was still more deplorable. For although the former had not the support, it could not apprehend the opposition of its representative; but the case of Middlesex was materially different. The Hon. Member behind him [Mr. Mellish] had just declared his resolution to violate the contract and to cancel the bond between the Representative and the Constituent, and had endeavoured to palliate his purpose by pleading his independence!! He was ready to confess his predilection for any man who declared his independence; yet he must have something more than the declaration to induce his confidence.—But he could not approve of an independence of honest obligation—he could not approve of the boast of a representative, that he would be independent of the opinions of his constituents—he could not approve of the purpose of the Hon. Member behind him [Mr. Mellish] to act independently of those who had invested him with the power of acting an independent and an important part. The man who could forget his duty to the people when placed in a situation of consequence by the people, must forget himself, and could only escape censure by being forgotten by the people.—With regard to Parliamentary Reform, he was always a friend to that measure, and he should continue to support it. He would, however, protest against any thing of a half measure, which must only serve to impose upon the wishes and to delay the attainment of the great object for which alone it was worthy of the People of England to make any struggle. He thought that the desire and the interest of the whole of the people ought to be consulted in any plan of reform which might be adopted. It had been observed, that those who paid the reckoning ought to have the control of the account, and, according to his judgment, those who paid any part of that reckoning ought to have a share of that control. The Rev. Gentleman concluded a very neat speech with observing upon the promptitude of some men to quote Scripture so far as it suited their purpose. It was true, there was a text, "Honour the King," but the first part of the text was, "honour all men."—(Applauses.)

Mr. W. Draper entered so fully into all that had been said, that he had not time to urge in opposition, and little would be required in explanation, after what had already passed.—Their worthy Friend, Mr. Clifford, had stated, that the present contest was similar to that in which they had been engaged

about forty years ago; the observation was just, for the only difference between the two cases, was, that the former was about the warrant of the Secretary of State, and the latter, about the warrant of the Speaker.—(Applauses.)—The country was much indebted to Mr. Wilkes, whatever might be his character, for the manly manner in which he had made a stand. In that instance, if a stand had not been made against the warrant of the Secretary of State, it was probable that they would not now be met together upon such an occasion; for he was sure they would all agree, after the number of flagitious acts imposed upon the country since the commencement of the French war, that if the warrant of the Secretary of State had not been resisted, no Englishman would be secure in his property and privileges at the present day.—(Applauses.)—The House was now attempting to try the same question. It was contended, that such a power in the Parliament was necessary for the people; he could not see for what purpose; all writers upon the Constitution maintained, that each power of which it consisted, formed a check upon the other; but if this now contended for was admitted, it was his opinion, that the constitution would have reached that state, in which Montesquieu pronounced it lost; namely, when the representative and executive powers should become the same. He agreed with their worthy Representative, Mr. Byng, that they should be cautious how they abused public men, provided those public men shewed an inclination to do their duty.—(Applauses.)—He regretted much that many worthy, upright, and honest characters were blinded by their attachment to particular parties, to the true motives by which those parties were influenced; it was to such attachment he attributed this advice, and the language with which it was likewise accompanied.—One of their Representatives had told them, that they ought to speak their minds; another had assured them there was no use in it; one of them had said that if they wished for Parliamentary Reform, they ought to say so; while another gave them to understand that he was independent of them; that they had sent him into Parliament, where he would act for himself, and where they would do him the justice to say he had never acted for any body else. (A laugh.) Now which of the prescriptions of these learned doctors were they to follow? (A laugh.)—The present contest was similar in another point of view to that with which it had been compared; it respected a power which was used against the people, and it was used against them by the worst and most contemptible Administration that had ever disgraced the country, previous to that period.—(Loud applauses). But what was their justice in the present case? They had seen Ministers tried for acts which called for the most exemplary punishments—for a profligate squandering of the resources of the country, and an extravagant sacrifice of her troops; they had seen them so tried, and what was extraordinary enough, they had seen them speaking and voting in their own favour, surrounded with plaudits!! But the two honest men whom they had put into prison were neither of them permitted to speak a word for themselves at the Bar of the House.—(Applauses). Such was the rigid rule applied to them by those who deserved to be brought to the block, even though they had the support of their independent Representative behind him.—(A laugh). He would ask, whether the conduct of Mr. Yorke, in enforcing the standing order for the exclusion of strangers during so important an enquiry, was not a violation of justice, and an outrage upon public feeling?—(Loud applauses.)—There never was an instance in which the people did not support the House of Commons, when they were contending in a just cause.—(Loud applauses). Even if their independent Member could prove to them that he had more sense than the whole county, he would still find a difficulty in convincing them that he had more honesty.—(A laugh). He hoped that they would continue to petition from day to day for Parliamentary Reform, without waiting for any individuals to pledge themselves to support it. When men were placed in a public and distinguished situation, they were bound to exert themselves in the public cause. Those advantages which fortune and circumstances conferred upon them,

should not be abused or neglected. They should recollect that they were sprung from the people, that they were a part of the people, and it should be their highest ambition, as it was certainly their highest honour and best policy, to act along with them.—(Loud applause.)

Mr. CLAYTON JENNINGS conceived that there existed no remedy for the present afflictions under which the people laboured, except an immediate, free, and just representation; and, under such an impression, he was of opinion that a vote of censure should be passed upon Mr. Mellish for his Parliamentary misconduct.—(Cries of move! censure! censure! no Mellish!)

The first Resolution being then put, it was carried with only one dissentient. The second, third, and fourth Resolutions were carried in the same manner, as was also the Petition.

Mr. CLIFFORD recommended that Mr. Mellish should not be censured.—(Shouts of disapprobation.)—The Learned Gentleman repeated his advice, and for two reasons—first, that if censured, Mr. Mellish might plead that having been so treated, he was not bound to support the measures of the Meeting; and, secondly, that he did not wish that any thing like ill-will or passion should be imputable to their proceedings. He would rather advise that a vote of thanks should be passed to Mr. Byng, and that Mr. Mellish should be entirely overlooked, thus marking their indifference in a way which must be more painful to a man of proud or proper feeling than any direct censure.—(Applause.)

Thanks to Mr. Byng were accordingly voted, with the exception of one hand, which the crowd exclaimed to be that of Mr. Mellish's servant.

Major CARTWRIGHT said, that he had been now nearly forty years engaged in a voyage in pursuit of Parliamentary Reform, in the course of which he had encountered many changes of weather—he had met with calms and storms—he had met with the calms of apathy, and the storms of passion and prejudice. Now, however, he congratulated the public on the prospect of success; and he really thought that the Tower of London would serve as a light-house to conduct them into the wished-for port.—(Applause.)—The Hon. Officer concluded with proposing an Address to Sir Francis Burdett.

“ TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT,

“ A PRISONER IN THE TOWER,

“ *The Address of the Freeholders of Middlesex, in full County assembled.*

“ SIR—With the name of Hampden, consecrated to the eternal gratitude and veneration of Englishmen, for having resisted the illegal exercise of power by a King, the present and future ages will couple the name of Burdett, for having resisted an illegal exercise of power by a House of Commons.

“ To you we are indebted for having caused discussions which have done honour to our age and nation; but such a variety of principles have been shaken in the strange proceedings against you, that the extent of our obligations to you, first, for your constitutional doctrine, and then for your resisting the violators of our Constitution, cannot as yet be estimated. We trust the obligations will prove beyond all estimate; as we trust they must terminate in a restoration of that violated Constitution.

“ Whatever, Sir, may be the prostitution within certain walls, whatever may be the profligate abuse and peculation of office, we may, however, congratulate our country, that she has yet able defenders of her rights, who, with you, are rallying around our two-fold Constitution—a Constitution that hath not only a law, which is “the perfection of reason;” but whenever that law may meet with lawless opposers, hath also “a sword of its own,” without needing to borrow any other, native or foreign, for the sure and resistless enforcement of that law.

“ Inquiry, Sir, is now awake, and at work. Reason, founding itself on constitutional principle, hath now to decide, whether, for either keeping the peace, or for enforcing any process of English law, recourse ought to be ultimately had to the County Power, or to the standing army; that is, shall the

peace, and the law of England, be upheld by the civil power, or by a military force?”

Here the Address proceeds at some length to shew the difference between civil and military governments, that is, free States or despotisms; the former of which resort for the execution of laws to the civil force, and the latter to the military. The County Power of England, it says, being composed of free citizens only, has been aptly termed the martial branch of the constitution. The arbitrary measures of late Administrations had almost thrown the employment of this power into complete disuse, although it was well known in former times to have quelled internal disorder, as well as to have repelled foreign invasion, a duty which such a power was always most likely to perform better than hired soldiers, whether natives or foreigners, because a regular army was always a machine in the hands of its commander, who himself was under the absolute controul of the existing Ministry.—The Address then proceeds and concludes as follows:—

“ We particularly thank you, enlightened countryman, for continuing your resistance to the right point; that is, until your house—in law your sacred place of repose—was forced by military violence. Had you sooner submitted, our oppressors would only have been guilty of once more repeating the stale and hackneyed illegality of keeping the peace by military force. But you have extorted from tyranny a manifestation of its latent wickedness.

“ This new stretch of arbitrary power, of executing legal process against an Englishman by military force, is to be considered as the Minister's proclamation, that we are henceforth to consider ourselves as living under a military government, subject to the law of arms, and to the dominion of the sword. Here, Sir, is ample matter for our contemplation! Is this the goal to which we have been led by privilege!

“ Had you, Sir, reeled beastly drunk into the House of Commons, made a scandalous brawl, and thrown a chair at the head of the Speaker, it may even be doubted whether you would have incurred more than a momentary displeasure, although the dignity of the Assembly might have required the form of a reprimand.

“ Or, had you, as a base traitor to the constitution, even sold its seats by dozens at noon-day, some are of opinion the profanation, although it might have shocked the piety of the Speaker, might have been passed over even without inquiry.

“ Why then are you in the Tower?—Our hearts tell us it is because you are Sir Francis Burdett—because your presence is painful to the seat-selling crew—because to all unprincipled factions, contending for power and pelf, you are a common enemy; one who, equally regardless of Ins or of Outs, looks neither to the right hand nor to the left, but only straight forward, to the constitution and the liberties of your country.

“ Imprisonment, Sir, is not in itself enviable; but it may be made so. To you it is just cause of exultation. You triumph. Your enemies only are degraded. Intending to involve you in public odium, they accused you of unconstitutional conduct, of violence, and of shedding innocent blood. But odium recoils: the false and feeble accusation has, by an awful public voice, at which they tremble, been hurled back in thunder on themselves; and they are universally pronounced invaders of the Constitution, men of violence, men of blood. Endeavouring to lower your reputation, they have doubled the public confidence in your knowledge, your wisdom, your integrity. Meaning punishment, they have conferred reward. Designing disgrace, they have bestowed on you the highest honour in their gift—their own impotent malice! But panic-stricken, to shun danger they rush in destruction: they saw not that, in violating your person, they were promoting your purpose; in forcing you from your seat, they were forwarding your work; in the persecution of the Reformer, they were accelerating Reform.

“ Infatuation thus frustrated all their counsels, foreign or domestic. But what then?—It pleaseth our Borough and our Sovereigns that such men shall rule the law. And are they not fit servants of such masters?

“ Accept, illustrious Countryman, once more the thanks of

our hearts; together with our earnest prayers to Heaven for your health; that you may, ere long, renew your Parliamentary exertions, in co-operation with the honest among your brethren of the House, and all of our good men, towards a complete restoration of our two-fold Constitution for the salvation of our country!"

This Address was adopted with acclamations.

Thanks to the Sheriff's being voted upon the proposition of Mr. Cliford,

MR. SHERIFF WOOD, in returning his thanks, took occasion to advert to certain misrepresentations of his conduct, with regard to the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett, which had gone forth to the country, through newspaper paragraphs, and insidious insinuations in the House of Commons, but particularly through the address of two Magistrates, to whose application to him he gave the short answer he thought proper, and therefore they thought proper to address the public. In consequence of Sir F. Burdett's letter, he immediately called upon the Worthy Baronet, and ordered the soldiery to withdraw from before his residence, with which order they promptly complied; and he had made arrangements to call out the *posse comitatus*, who would have been in readiness to act, if Sir Francis had not, contrary to the expectation which he had reason to entertain, been taken from his house so early on Monday morning. But it was his intention to publish in a day or two a correct statement of the whole of his conduct in this transaction, which statement indeed would have appeared before now, if it were not for the pressure of his official duties. In this statement he had little doubt that he should be able to repel the invidious publications he had alluded to, and to satisfy the country of the propriety of his conduct. (*Applauses*).

Mr. Sheriff ATKINS expressed his disinclination to take any part in a political question of this nature, but merely to perform his duty as a ministerial officer, in pursuance of which he felt it incumbent upon him to comply with the requisition for convening this meeting, and to attend to its regulation. He declared his thanks for the honour which the Meeting had conferred upon him by their vote, adding, that he would much rather they had not required him personally to communicate their Resolutions to Sir Francis Burdett.

The Meeting was then adjourned *sine die*.

#### TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

##### BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

Wm. Lifford, Shadwell High-street, Middlesex, rope-maker, from April 28 to May 5, at ten, at Guildhall.

R. Rice and W. Cross, Bristol, merchants, from April 24 to May 7, at ten, at Guildhall, London.

##### BANKRUPTS.

E. Hobson, Beverley, Yorkshire, widow, dealer.

G. Lawle Neve, Ipswich, Suffolk, draper.

T. Clayton, Bollington, Cheshire, victualler.

H. Eccles, Beverley, Yorkshire, victualler.

F. Hunt, Bristol, butcher.

T. Chandler, Hatford, Cheshire, banker.

J. Tebbats, Nottingham, dealer.

T. Hartley, Woodstock, Oxfordshire, hatter.

B. Green, Aikew, Yorkshire, cattle-jobber.

#### SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

##### BANKRUPTCY ENLARGED.

J. Aldridge, Bowling-street, Westminster, Taylor, from April 25, to May 7, at ten, at Guildhall.

##### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

R. G. Dyson, Rosemary-lane, victualler.

T. Johnson, Macclesfield, victualler.

##### BANKRUPTS.

W. Holland, Elland, Yorkshire, woolstapler.

M. G. Morris, Northumberland, skinner.

G. Peacock, Skinner-street, London, baker.

T. Duckworth, Parbold, Lancashire, victualler.

J. and R. Storey, St. Margaret's-hill, Borough, linen-draper.

E. Best, jun., Birmingham, merchant.

J. Buxton, Derby, mercer.

BRUTUS, who is so severe and so wrong, next week.

## THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, APRIL 29.

THERE is no foreign news of the least interest.—The Electors of Middlesex held a Meeting last Thursday, and voted a Letter of Thanks to Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, which had been drawn up by the venerable Major CARTWRIGHT. It had somewhat of the garrulity of old age about it, but shewed us true Constitutional principle in all its youth and vigour, and will no doubt give a just pleasure to the manly spirit it addresses. The determination, exhibited at these successive Meetings, and so ardently but not intemperately expressed, is one of the best signs that have appeared in favour of REFORM, which can only be compassed by general exertion; and general exertion, we should always remember, is made up of individual exertion. Every lover of the Constitution should have this proper respect for his own labour in its behalf, for every body can do something, one by his pen, another by his speech, another by his vote, another by his family talk, and all by consistency and good conduct. If the people do not obtain Reform now, the fault will be fairly attributed to their own apathy rather than to the corruption of their rulers; and it must be confessed that the indifference with which they have viewed the result of the Walcheren Expedition, may afford too natural a subject of despondency to experienced and observant men. Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, whose name, when he can write so seasonably and so eloquently, every body must lament to see no longer in the Parliamentary debates, has published a second edition of his pamphlet on the scarcity of coin, in which he plainly tells us, that there can be no chance of Reform but from a resolute and regenerate spirit in the people, and even of this he has little or no hope.

Believing, as I do, that some internal catastrophe hangs over us, which might possibly be averted or provided for by wisdom at the helm, but which ignorance and folly can only accelerate, I call on the nation to look at their Government. Is it an abuse to be endured, that any set of men, with no other title or shelter but the word *prerogative*, should dare to hold and retain the executive power of the state, with a hundred Peers protesting against them, without the confidence of the House of Commons, and themselves on their trial at the bar of that House? At the public shame of such a sight, indignation sickens into scorn. Resentment dies of contempt. Such authors of such ruin take away all dignity from distress, and make calamity ridiculous.

The ancient maxim of criminal justice, was, "*ut melius ad omnes, quam ad paucos perveniret*;" that the few might be punished, and the many be deterred. In the present prac-





tice, this wholesome relation of guilt and punishment is inverted. The few escape, and the multitude suffer. The highwayman is guilty of violence and injustice, but not of breach of trust. When he is detected and taken, would you pardon him the robbery, because at last he offered to return the watch or the purse, or as many of the guineas as he had not made away with? The crimes of individuals, however enormous, are not necessarily mortal to great communities. The death of nations is impunity. Still we are lulled with fine promises and flattering prospects. Hope is a dangerous narcotic, and not only sets the mind asleep, but, like opium to the Turks, furnishes the brain with many delightful visions. Thus it is that a nation may walk in its sleep, until it reaches the edge of a precipice without the power of turning back. These treacherous delusions are deadly symptoms. When nothing but a drastic resolution can save the animal, false hope supplies him with palliatives, and bars the last extremity of its last resource, by the exclusion of despair.

“Not long ago an opportunity came of itself, of stating some new opinions of my own on the subject of a Reform of the House of Commons, to a Member of Parliament, of whose integrity no man can be better satisfied than I am. I took the liberty of saying to him; “Sir, do whatever you think right, for its own sake, and never look to popularity for support or reward. Honest fame will follow you, if you deserve it. The very people, whom you serve, may be turned at any moment against you, by a cry or signal, and run you down for your pains.—Your own hounds, any fine morning, had as lief hunt the huntsman as the hare. As to Parliamentary Reform, I have tried it enough to be convinced that it never can be adopted on any sound principle, that would at once be safe in its operation, and effective to its purpose. The people are well enough represented. The milk throws up the cream. No change in the form will mend the materials. I am sure you will find it, as I have done, a vain attempt to build Grecian temples with brick-bats and rubbish.” This anecdote is nothing to the present purpose, but it may answer some other; nor would I now, in April, have uttered any thing like despondence or indifference on the subject. The division of Saturday, the 31st of March, supersedes all argument. The case speaks for itself, and necessity makes a law for it. Extremities are not to be governed by mediation. In the language of Mr. BURKE, the *treacherous expedients, called moderate measures, are exhausted*. I am as little sanguine as ever about the success of a Reform in the construction of the House of Commons. But, knowing of no other remedy, I cannot answer those, who say that, when the exigency leaves you no choice, the last chance is to be taken. The opinions of wise and thoughtful men, on this great question, are changing every day. For myself, I can only say that I did not abandon my principles with my hopes; and that, whenever the nation shall be generally disposed to adopt the measure, I shall be found where I was left, and ready to take part in the execution of it.”—(Page 45 to 49.)

These are melancholy pictures and more melancholy prospects; but I confess, that had I any great opportunity of trying to influence the public mind, they would only stimulate me to greater exertion. There is in the nation a sense of national error, particularly with the reflecting part of it; and if all reflecting men were to unite in a cordial exercise of their individual powers, that fabric of corruption must be fortified with something stronger than paper and defended with something more potent than

court-arguments, which could withstand the force of intellect armed with necessity. It is the fault of every existing age, and perhaps of its philosophers too, to make despairing comparisons between past and present times, and to gather despondency from those very circumstances which, at a former period, have produced the blessings of which they despair. Sir PAUL says, and I rejoice, even at this doubtful distance of time and event, to hear him say so, that whenever the nation shall be generally disposed to adopt the measure of Reform, he shall be found, willing and active, in his place; but he will allow me to say, that *before* such a nation can be generally disposed to such a measure, it is absolutely necessary that all great and good men should do their utmost so to *dispose* them.



A mail from Cadiz has reached town, brought to Falmouth by the Countess of Chichester packet, which left Cadiz on the 8th instant. The papers, to that date, express a very confident expectation of ultimate success against the enemy. These journals contain a confirmation of the retreat of the enemy from Valencia. The French, after occupying Marviedro, the suburb of that city, with 17,000 men, left it precipitately, marching in the direction of Arragon.—It appears, by private letters, that treachery had been practised in the city, and in consequence of this perfidious disposition in some of the principal inhabitants, the enemy had been emboldened to appear beneath the walls with an army inadequate to conquer the place with open force. Of the spirit of rebellion, CARO, the Commander of the Valencians, had been apprized, but, from prudential motives, he did not instantly apprehend the traitors. Suddenly, he collected all the troops, and such of the inhabitants as chose to follow him, who rushed through the gates upon every station the enemy occupied, who were compelled to retreat with great loss. Two hundred and forty persons charged with treachery, were thrown into prison, a large proportion of whom were tried, convicted, and immediately executed.—After this disappointment the French withdrew towards Teruel and Albaracin, on the Southern boundary of Arragon; and it is probable that they proceeded to Tarragona. A letter from thence, of the 18th ultimo, several days subsequent to the event, mentions that the French were in a condition to force the Spanish army in that neighbourhood to abandon its position, and that the latter was hastening to the town, with the enemy in full pursuit.—It has been deemed prudent to remove the French prisoners from Cadiz. They are to be conveyed to England. The military force in Cadiz amounts to 37,000 men, including the Spaniards, British, and Portuguese; and it is stated that 20,000 of them are preparing to proceed beyond the limits of the Isle of Leon, to commence offensive operations against the enemy.

The downfall of the Turkish Empire will not be much longer procrastinated. The *Moniteur* paves the way for military enterprise against the power of the Sultan, by stating that the soldiers of the latter have been guilty of a disorderly attack on the French troops; and articles of a similar tendency from Germany plainly indicate a settled plan; from the execution of which the Emperor of Austria will doubtless profit.

There have been some disturbances in the island of Teneriffe. At Santa Cruz, during Lent, the people assembled in large bodies, and very religiously and gallantly murdered, in the most savage and disgusting manner, two French Gentlemen, who had been long settled in the place. They then proceeded to assassinate the French prisoners, but this noble attempt failed, owing to the exertions of the wealthy inhabitants, who armed in their defence.

**SCARCITY OF COIN.**—From the Report of the Committee of Secrecy, it appears that the total amount of cash, expended for the purposes of war, in the West Indies and in Europe, during the last four years, is 33,510,422*l.* of which nearly half that sum has been expended on the Continent, to the great advantage of the French Emperor. To these sums is to be added the enormous cost of our fleets on foreign service, &c. &c. about which the Report is silent. The balance of commerce, however, the Report states to be greatly in our favour. The value of the exports of last year was 30,424,184*l.* which is one-third more than it was during the last peace. The exports to Germany alone, for the last two years, amounted to more than 8,000,000*l.* annually, when in time of peace they did not usually exceed 1,900,000*l.* and these exports exceed by 2,600,000*l.* the whole that was annually exported, in times of peace, to France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany.

The *Sun* of Saturday says,—“A report was very currently circulated this morning, which we should feel most happy to be able to confirm, viz. that an engagement had taken place between the British and Toulon fleets, and that the latter had been defeated, and the greater part of it taken. We have made every possible inquiry upon the subject, and cannot find that the report rests upon any authority. No intelligence of the kind has been received at the Admiralty.”

“We are happy to have it in our power to remove the doubts which subsisted respecting the fate of JEFFREY, the seaman, who was left on the island of Sombrero. Authentic accounts were yesterday received of his having been taken off that island a very short time after he was left there, by an American vessel, and is now in perfect health, in the province of Massachusetts, where he goes by the name of “the Governor of Sombrero.”—*Sun.*”

**VOLUNTEERS.**—The First Regiment of Surrey Volunteers have held a Court of Inquiry on the conduct of some of its Members, who would not attend during the late disturbances. The Court resolved, that Lieut. ROSE was unworthy of holding his commission; that Privates HOLMES, ALSITT, and BOOTH, were deserving of the strongest censure, and should be expelled the regiment;—and that Corporals JEWETER and DAY, and Privates MANDEVIL, HUMPHRIES, HOOPER, JOHNSON, JACKSON, ROGERS, CATTAMORE, LANGTON, SPENCE, and CAWTHORNE, not having satisfactorily accounted for their absence, ought to be struck off the roll. It is not at all necessary to inquire into the *prudence* of this measure; but it may be asked whether it is *legal*? The above Volunteers are not the only ones by hundreds who declined attendance on the occasion, and if they are all to be dismissed on this account, the Volunteer force will be thinned with a vengeance!

On Thursday last died suddenly, Mr. E. WRIGHT, printer, St. John's Square.—This is the third brother in the same trade who has, within two years and a half, died prematurely.

The *Morning Post*, that “servant of servants,” talks of the “rabble” Meeting at Hackney. The assembly there amounted to between two and three thousand, and a more respectable body of men perhaps never met together on any occasion. Many elegant and beautiful women were spectators of the scene, and not the slightest indecorum occurred. Had this been an assembly of courtiers, contractors, and place-hunters, men who were corrupt in public and debauched in *private* life, the *Post* and its Editor would doubtless have been well satisfied.

Mr. Sheriff WOOD yesterday published a Narrative of his Proceedings during the late Disturbances, in the *Alfred* new Evening Paper.—Mr. WOOD's statement shows the unjustifiable violence of some of the Life Guards, who even assaulted his Deputy in the execution of his duty.—Mr. WOOD appears to have conducted himself with much prudence and temper.

**PRIVILEGE.**—The privilege of protection, to the persons of Members of Parliament, is of high antiquity; so early as the Saxon Government, security was provided to all the Members of the *Wittenagemot* (or Council of *Wise Men*), both going to and returning from their meetings, “*except they were notorious thieves and robbers.*”

A Scotch Paper states, that James Arnot, weaver, Cairneyhill, had a son baptized in the Auld Light Congregation in Dunfermline, on Sunday last, the 15th of April, by the name of FRANCIS BURDETT. The father insisted on the Minister to name the child *Sir FRANCIS BURDETT*, but this was refused by the Clergyman *as illegal!!!*

The Spaniards on board the *Iphigenia* frigate at Plymouth, having again suspended the effigy of Judas Iscariot the whole of Saturday, at sun-set threw it overboard, when one of them, according to the custom of their country, jumped over after it, with a large clasp knife in his hand to rip it up. The strength of the tide, however, drew the unfortunate man under the vessel, and he was drowned.

Another large field beyond Somers Town is about to be covered with houses, for the purpose of assisting London in its progress—towards York!

**FRENCH GALLANTRY.**—A Paris Paper says, that the Archduchess MARIA LOUISA had a little dog and a bird, which she had brought up herself. Her room was ornamented with tapestry, of a plain but elegant pattern. On leaving Vienna, she bade adieu to her little dog, her bird, and her favorite apartment, and appeared much affected. Immediately after her departure, the Prince of NEUCHÂTEL took care to have the little dog, the bird, and the tapestry, removed with great expedition and secrecy to Paris; so that upon her arrival in that city, she was shewn into a room which seemed exactly the same as that she had left at Vienna.

Dr. VALENTIN, of Marseilles, has in a well-written pamphlet made public appeal to the gratitude of the French nation, to remunerate Dr. JENNER for his important and beneficial discovery of the Vaccine Inoculation. He also proposes, that a statue shall be erected in honour of the Doctor, and a deputation appointed to wait on him in England, when circumstances shall permit, to tender him the homage and gratitude of the French nation.

The person who is principal proprietor of most of the *City brothels*, has been several times tried for capital offences. A short time ago he had the *modesty* to publish a *five-shilling book*, giving an account of his *life, character, and behaviour!*

The family of Sir F BURDETT is descended from Hugo DE BURDETT, who, with WILLIAM the CONQUEROR, came into this country, and has always been of the equestrian rank. It has also enjoyed the reputation of patriotism and love of liberty. One, indeed, of the family (THOMAS BURDETT) was executed for what was called high treason, in 1477, for wishing "the horns of a favourite white buck, which was killed by EDWARD IV. in his park, in the belly of the person who caused it to be killed." The cruelty of such a sentence was acknowledged even in that age.

Wednesday evening the remains of EBRALL, the unfortunate young man who was murdered in Fenchurch-street, by a Life Guardsman, were conveyed from the Hospital for interment in Aldgate Church-yard. Sixteen persons followed the coffin in couples. A young woman walked first as chief mourner. The parents of the deceased next, with other relations. The procession was met by the Minister at the great gates, and the deceased was interred at the west side of the church-yard. The spectators filled the burying-ground, and every face appeared to sympathize in the feelings of the disconsolate family, who had so unfortunately been deprived of their innocent and respected relative.

#### COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

On Monday the Prince of WALES gave a grand dinner to the Knights of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle. All the Royal Dukes were present. As politics could not be discussed in such an assembly, the papers say that the conversation turned upon the institution of the various Orders. The Knights engage to be *religious, chaste, and temperate*: how the Duke of YORK, the Marquis WELLESLEY, &c. &c. must have looked at each other during this curious conversation!

None of the Ministers were present at the LORD MAYOR'S dinner on Easter Monday; but many honest men were there.

ROURS.—This is the season for Routs. You cannot take up one of the fashionable Papers, without seeing whole columns devoted to the detail of the Duchess of ——'s Assembly, the Marchioness of ——'s Party, Lady ——'s Rout, &c. &c.—Of all attempts at amusement, perhaps a Rout is the most feeble and futile. Five or six hundred persons are assembled together,—in fact, a mob is created; for the only difference between the mob in doors and the mob out of doors is, that the latter are ill and the former well dressed. The inconvenience, the heat, the pressure, are equally the same in both cases. You have much noise and more nonsense; for it is in vain to expect in such a multitude any thing rational. The conversation, even from the confession of the frequenters, is insufferably dull and common-place.—A certain impudent Duchess one day accosted the late Premier, with "Well, Mr. PITT, I have not seen you at my routs for some time past; do you talk as much nonsense as ever?"—"Why, Madam," was the reply, "I really do not know whether I talk as much nonsense as ever, since I have discontinued my attendance at your Grace's Routs; but this I am quite certain of, that I by no means hear so much as I used."—As for the morality of this practice, hear what a wise and a good man has written on the subject:—

The rout is folly's circle, which she draws  
With magic wand. So potent is the spell;

That none, decoyed into that fatal ring,  
Unless by heaven's peculiar grace, escape.  
There we grow early grey, but never wise;  
There form connexions, but acquire no friend;  
Solicit pleasure hopeless of success;  
Waste youth in occupations only fit  
For second childhood, and devote old age  
To sports, which only childhood could excuse.  
There they are happiest, who dissemble best  
There weariness; and they the most polite,  
Who squander time and treasure with a smile,  
Though at their own destruction. She, that asks  
Her dear five-hundred friends, contemns them all,  
And hates their coming. They (what can they less?)  
Make just reprisals; and with cringe and shrug  
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.  
All catch the frenzy, downward from her Grace,  
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,  
And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,  
To her, who frugal only that her turft  
May feed excesses she can ill afford,  
Is hackneyed home unlaqueyed; who in haste  
Alighting turns the key in her own door,  
And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,  
Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.  
Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives,  
On fortune's velvet altar offering up  
Their last poor pittance—Fortune, most severe  
Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far  
Than all that held their roots in Juno's heaven.—  
So fare we in this prison-hoose the world;  
And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see  
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.  
They gaze upon the links, that hold them fast,  
With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,  
Then shake them in despair, and dance again!

COWPER.—Book II.—The Time-piece.

#### THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 68.

LYCEUM.

Mr. ARNOLD, the Lyceum manager, and one of those council-petitioners, who are picaant enough to say that no new theatre is wanting, has produced another novelty for this good-humoured metropolis. This gentleman professes to be a great encourager of "native talent," for the sake of which, no doubt, he has encouraged himself and other great dramatists to write so much nonsense; and for the further encouragement of which said "native talent," he introduced to us on Monday night a *Portuguese posture-master*, one Signor ANTONIO FRANCESCO MONTIGNANI, the dullest and most painful twister of limbs that ever put one's feelings to the rack. Signor ANTONIO made his appearance in a new ballet, called the *Village Doctor*, which, we are told, is his own production. It is every way worthy of him, being the most disjointed nonsense imaginable, the true *disjecta membra* of the posture-master. The story consists of the adventures of two young men, who are in love with the daughters of an apothecary, and put in practice divers of the old-established stratagems to get at them, such as false letters, false dresses, &c. which succeed, as usual, as soon as they are detected, when the old gentleman forgets every thing, and unites the lovers' hands. This piece is followed instantly by another short production, called I know not what; I believe it has no name, but is meant as a kind of surprise to the spectators, who suddenly find themselves in the East in company with two young men in turbans, who laud

upon a certain coast, drink something at an inn door, and then incontinently begin dancing with a large assembly of new-comers. Signor ANTONIO was very surprising in both these pieces:—at the beginning of the *Village Doctor* he amused himself for some minutes, by favour of the company's patience, with rolling a wheelbarrow about in the most natural manner, that is to say, precisely as any unsophisticated bricklayer would do:—then he danced a little, but quite enough; then he rolled the barrow about again; then he looked foolish, and then—the spectators looked foolish. The only scene, with the least pretension to entertainment, and too disgusting to let the joke have its effect, was one in which the lovers disguise themselves as sick persons, the one (M. ROTENT), in a gown and crutches, and the other, the Signor, as an old woman seated with her legs across on a board, such as is used by the miserable objects in the streets. Whenever the apothecary left the room, these invalids jumped up in perfect health, and took a dance with the girls, but the moment he returned, they were at their posts again, the one over his crutches, and the other cross-legged on his board. There was something droll in the latter's instantaneous replacement of himself, which was effected in the twinkling of an eye; but it was repeated too often, and the sight of cripples and plaisters by no means rendered the sameness comfortable. The rest of his display, in both pieces, consisted of mere exertion and distortion. At one minute you saw him throw himself to the ground, as if he meant to dash his brains out, and come upon his back between a person's legs; at the next he whirled himself round obliquely and came like lead upon his feet: then he rose as high as possible with his legs stretched out, and descended to the ground in the same posture; and then he came jumping at you from the farthest part of the stage, and at every jump kicking his face with his knees in the most remorseless style. These exploits, which were greeted by the mingled claps and hisses of the spectators, and sometimes made them all shudder, form the whole merit and *humour* of this "celebrated mine," as the bills call him, who is no more to be compared with GRIMALDI, than a dislocated shoulder is with a merry face. GRIMALDI has expression; he conceives with considerable humour that mixture of cunning and fatuity which is appropriated to the modern fool; and his distortion, though sometimes too great, is always full of drollery: but Signor MONTESANI has no expression or drollery; his distortions are surprising, but so unwarrantable and painful, that they become purely shocking; and it is not only to be hoped, that no persons of feeling or taste will think of taking their families to see such an exhibition, but that Mr. ARNOLD will think better of his good name, and dismiss the man at the expiration of the holidays. The ancients made dancing and pantomime subservient to the purposes of mythology, of history, of poetical expression; at the Opera you may occasionally witness something classical in this way; and even rope dancing, though dangerous, occupies the attention with the grace and airiness of its movements; but all the degradation the theatres can undergo will never teach us to discover any thing facetious in pure neck-twisting, or to regard any person as a pleasant fellow who lays about his own jaws with his knees, and threatens every minute to do himself a mischief. If our children want to be amused with strange postures, we can send to the toy-shop at once and purchase a wooden figure,

which has quite as much expression as Signor ANTONIO, and with the help of the string between its legs, will perform twenty times as wonderful antics.

## FINE ARTS.

The CRITICISM on the Talents of the late GEORGE MORLAND shall appear next week, if possible.

### ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The few works in the higher departments of Art in latter Exhibitions, and in that which opens to-morrow at Somerset House, reflect disgrace on the sordid government of this country, but not on its genius; for independently of the expanding mass of merit presented by the youthful candidates for pictorial fame this year at the British Institution, a noble painting by the President WEST of *Christ teaching humility*, of two admirable sculptures by FLAXMAN, and energetic pieces by Messrs. FUSELI, NORTCOTE, and DAWE, incontestibly prove the existence of high talent, if any proof was wanting in addition to the numerous capital works painted by Mr. WEST, Mr. BARRY, Mr. FUSELI, &c. It is insulting to the genius, the understandings, the patience, and wasted industry of the British people for government to plead necessity, while lazy noblemen and court-sycophant commoners meanly receive many thousands without giving a shilling's value in return. There never will be a public feeling for elevated art as long as the public is without a national establishment to improve its taste, and its productive industry is wasted on titled boobies, time-serving commoners, and selfish ministerial schemes.—The Exhibition teems with beautiful fancy subjects, landscapes, and portraits. Mr. THOMSON'S *Titania* is worth all his former pieces for its display of female beauty, for its taste, delicacy, richness, breadth, and brilliancy of chiaro scuro and colour. Mr. WOODROSE'S *Calypso after the departure of Ulysses* is full of grace, delicate colour and pathos. Mr. DEVIS has altogether forsaken his attachment to dingy complexions, and he has a portrait of a *Lady* never surpassed for unaffected grace, for delicacy, and purity of colour, light and shade. Though the most delicately light picture in the rooms, it is among the most brilliant. Mr. PHILLIPS'S portraits are eminently vigorous in mental and exterior character. His male portraits remind us of MILTON'S portrait of Adam, in the words, "For contemplation he and valour form'd," and Sir W. BEECHER'S, and Mr. OWEN'S females, of the succeeding line, describing Eve, "For softness she, and sweet attractive grace." Mr. SNEE has several elegant portraits, and Mr. LAWRENCE some admirable ones. Two of them represent those *favourites* of England and Ireland, the late pistoling and Parliament seat-selling Ministers. We have the pleasure of beholding Sir FRANCIS BOURGEOIS appear improved considerably in strength; he has lost the yellow jaundice, but is linctured with the green sickness. Mr. ARNOLD has a rich *View of London from Greenwich Park*. The magnificence of India scenery and architecture adorns the splendid canvass of Mr. T. DANIELL. The utmost fascination of colour, of light and shade, of aerial hues, and perspective, is stamped on that of Mr. J. M. W. TURNER. Sir G. BEAUMONT'S *Thunder Storm* is painted with boldness. Mr. CALCOTT has far exceeded his former meritorious pieces, in the magni-

ficent scenery, chaste but rich colour, and brilliant effect of a *Landscape*, in which is introduced the story of *Diana and Acteon*, with a characteristic and classical energy very unusual in landscapes, and which confers on them so vast an increase of interest and importance. Miss GOULD-SMITH'S *Fisherman's cottage* is deep-toned and vigorous. A *Scene on the Paddington canal*, by Miss REINAGLE, is forcible. Mrs. LORA has two beautiful Landscapes. Mr. CRANMER'S *Crossing the brook* has a pleasing breadth of effect, and is vigorously pencilled. Mr. B. BARKER has two spirited Landscapes, and Mr. LOUTHERBOURG two of rich and noble scenery. In the class of genteel domestic life, Mr. A. CHALON has a rich characteristic piece called *The Toilet*, and Mr. SHARPE one called *The Bunch of Keys*. In that of vulgar life Mr. BIRD has two of much merit, and highly characteristic; but it is lucky for him that Mr. WILKIE is absent from the Academy this year. A *Monument for India*, and a *Basso-relievo* by Mr. FLAXMAN, might be contemplated with pleasure by PHIDIAS himself. Mr. NOLLEKENS has some capital busts, as have also some other artists. There are many excellent architectural models. Mr. POPE'S Portrait drawings are superior to his former ones, and Mr. EDWARDS'S are as excellent as usual. There are many beautiful Miniatures, and Mr. BONE has many excellent Enamels.—During the Exhibition the *Examiner* will scan its merits and defects.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Mr. HOWARD'S little cabinet and poetical subjects in the British Institution are conceived and coloured with much vivacity. 171. *Pigmalion's statue animating*, describes the sculptor in a very expressive attitude of pleasure and surprise on beholding his beloved statue warming gradually into life under the inspiring touch of love; and 175 represents with much animation,

“A mermaid on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;”

with the personification of

“Certain stars shot madly from their spheres  
To hear the sea-maid's music.”

## EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The sixth Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and the third of the Associated Painters in Water Colours, commenced last Monday, the former in Spring Gardens, the latter in Old Bond-street. In the former, translations of a great portion of picturesque buildings and beautiful scenery of Great Britain, and various fancy scenes, are presented from the tasteful pencils of HAVELL, VARLEY, GLOVER, BARRETT, J. J. CHALON, NICHOLSON, REINAGLE, TURNER, DEMINT, UWINS, &c. with some charming fruit and flower pieces by Miss BYRNE. Mr. HEAPHY'S vulgar figures are executed with minute attention to some of the perfections of manual execution, and a considerable portion of low character; but those who have presumed to compare his clowns and wenches to the inimitably characterized plebeians of WILKIE, shew a vulgarity and depravity of taste worthy only of the Whip Club, and evince consummate ignorance of the characteristic features of the plebeian life. The Exhibition of the Associated Painters has suffered much from the secession of Messrs. W. WESTALL and DE WINT, the former of whom is very poorly imitated by Mr. WALKER, as is Mr. HEAPHY by Mr. HOLMES.

Mr. CRAIG has some presumptuous attempts at elegant fancy and historic pieces, for he exhibits just as much delicacy and dignity, and is just as graceful an ornament in the higher department of Art, as Biscuit and Bacon-selling Barons are in the higher ranks of political and polished life. Fancy, taste and vigor characterise the productions of Messrs. COX, CLENNELL, RICHTER, S. OWEN, WILSON, LAFORTE, PROUT, &c. Mr. HEWLETT has two rich flower pieces, and Mrs. GREEN some tasteful little fancy pieces and miniatures. The general effects of Mr. FRANCIA'S drawings are impressive, but he is slovenly in his execution of the separate parts. A *Portrait of Miss Ferrars bathing*, and other miniatures, by Mr. HORT VILLIERS, are highly delicate and pleasing.

R. H.

It is unfortunate for the progress of Art that its eminent votaries are often snatched away in the maturity of their powers, and, that by too sedulous an exercise of them, become martyrs of their profession. The property of genius is to impel to excellence by an intenseness of application frequently beyond the strength of the human frame to sustain. The distinguished Engraver, Mr. LOUIS SCARAVONETTI, has been attacked by a severe pulmonary complaint, accompanied with alarming bilious symptoms, the consequence of unremitting study and industry. Sir WALTER FARQUHAR and Dr. BLACK attended, but for a long time no hopes were entertained. He is now, however, convalescent, and if he can resolve to control his passion for Art, there can be no doubt of his complete recovery. The admirers of superior Engraving exhort him “to have a revered care” of it; for his rapid professional advancement has already raised him to a station few would be competent to succeed to. Many of his finished productions prove this, and especially the Engraving of Mr. STOTHARD'S celebrated cabinet picture of *the Canterbury Pilgrims*, the completion of which is delayed by his illness. The Etching, just published, is in itself a chef-d'oeuvre, and the Subscribers will cheerfully accede to the delay when they consider how difficult it would have been for an Artist of even equal ability, to perfect what he had begun. He is indeed peculiarly qualified for the undertaking, as he unites the vigorous splendor of AUDRAN with the grace and delicacy of BARTOLOZZI.

CANOVA, the sculptor, has erected a funeral monument to the memory of his friend VOLPATO, the eminent engraver. It is to be placed in the vestibule of the church of the Apostles at Venice. The portrait of VOLPATO is a striking resemblance, and the whole composition combines grace with simplicity.

## JOANNA SOUTHCOTT AND W. SHARP.

MR. EXAMINER,—As your opposition to bigotry in religion has ever been co-equal with that to corruption in politics, I feel no hesitation in addressing you on the present occasion. I shall not therefore lose that time in exordium, which may be better employed in proceeding immediately to the subject. The notorious Joanna Southcott has for some years past found a warm admirer and champion in the person of a Mr. Sharp; who has printed and published, at his own expence, the prophetic works of the above-named lady, for the benefit of mankind!

An introduction to this work, Sir, signed “W. Sharp,”

is what I shall chiefly call your attention to. After some preliminary remarks, Mr. Sharp adverts to a second redemption of mankind; referring his readers to the 6th book of Joanna's works, "where (he says) the *whole* is explained, and the truth *completely* established, which none but a God could *know*, and none but a God could *reveal*." I have read a great portion of Joanna's *cabalry*, and really, Sir, I can discern nothing short of the ravings of insanity, or the ignorant brawlings of an artful impostor. But as Mr. S. assures us that none but a God could know or reveal these *truths*, we have a right to conclude that none but a God can comprehend them.

Mr. S. continues:—"It is from the spirit of Jesus Christ that Joanna Southcott writes; for of all her productions from 1792 to this day, many have *come true*, and the rest are daily fulfilling. I have read, I have reflected, I have taken every pains to find out imposition, and her character I have found to be without deception; neither has she the *talents or abilities* to deceive."

Is it possible, Sir, to read the outset of this sentence without expressing, in the strongest terms, our pity or contempt for the author? Here is a man supposed to be in the full possession of his faculties, in affluent circumstances, and of no small celebrity in his profession, who does not hesitate to forfeit the good opinion of every sensible and well-informed man, by publicly asserting what there is no possibility of proving, and the avowal of which subjects him to the imputation of blasphemy. The latter part of the sentence, if not so disgraceful, is equally absurd, where he amplifies so notably on Joanna's impeccability. Refined creature! she has not even the *talents or abilities to deceive!* Does Mr. S. really conceive that extorting half-crowns, seven-shilling pieces, and half-guineas, for blasphemous passports to heaven, is no proof of imposture? Does he seriously believe that Joanna's avowed conference with his Satanic Majesty is no proof of deception? But Mr. Sharp assures us, that *he must endure the mockery of the world*; and even admits, that *many of his friends are sorry for him*. I can assure him for one, that I am heartily sorry for him; and I hope *shortly* to hear of his recovery from existing delusion.

Mr. S. then states:—"It is to be understood that the woman (Joanna Southcott) has been writing for many years from a spirit invisible, and what that spirit is the world must judge: however, by reading her writings, and comparing them with the 12th chapter of Revelations, her character will there be found at the 1st verse. Some such character must come forth. Many of her communications have been given in answer to questions proposed, and also to objections made by different persons. Such answers have been given that human learning could not produce, and will in the end prove the complete fulfilment of the Scriptures."

How we are to understand that this woman has been writing from an invisible spirit, is not at all visible to human optics or intellects. The world however *will* judge of this as well as Joanna's character. How far she has written what human learning *could* not produce, is more than twenty Sharps can prove. But this I will affirm, that the trash which she and her adherents have written, human learning would be *ashamed* to produce.

I shall not now encroach farther than to inform you, Sir, that Mr. S. kindly hints at a prophecy of Joanna's, wherein England is to be the first nation *as how* that shall be

redeemed; and then it will extend to all the world. This is written in elegant rhyme, the insertion of which would disgrace your columns.

I have only to add, that I trust Mr. Sharp will awake from his present slumber, and avail himself of the advice afforded him in the language of Juvenal:—*Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano*.—If, however, he is determined to persevere in the height of his past folly—

"A Muleteer's the man to set him right."

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Southwark, Dec. 20, 1809.

PHILO-RELIGIO.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have been informed Mr. S. has asserted that mankind are *becoming enlightened* in matters of religion; that, quitting the *vile sectarian* taint of the day, they *cleave* to Joanna Southcott! This reminds me of an anecdote of a Presbyter of the North, who took occasion to assure his flock of a *reformation* in the parish; "for," says he, "they have left off drinking *gin*, and taken to *whisky*."

### STITUKONSHUN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR—Having lately met with the following very singular relation, in a book balled "Herms Unmasked, or the Art of Speech founded on the Association of Words and Ideas," which was written by one Captain Browne, and published about fifteen years ago, I should be glad if you could spare a column of your paper for its insertion, and shall feel obliged to any of your readers who will inform me more particularly respecting the manner and customs of the country, in which no strange (I had almost said so incomprehensible) an assembly took place.

I am, Sir,

London, April 11, 1810.

A QUERIST.

"In a country where the people all fancied themselves the cleverest and the freest on earth, a certain odd number of odd Gentlemen used to meet every day, in a certain place, to consult for the good of the nation.

"In the middle of this place where they met, there was a thing suspended like a chandelier. It was in the nature of those paper toys we see curiously cut out and hanging to the ceiling in ordinary houses, to catch flies. The thing was not round nor square, nor pentagon, nor hexagon, nor heptagon, nor octagon, nor *triangular*, as some wise people had once imagined; but it was polygon, of the most wonderful structure imaginable!—and there was not a mathematician nor a metaphysician in the country could tell how to express its make and shape otherwise than by the vague word *Stitukonshun*.

"However, as every thing must have a name, they all agreed to call it *Stitukonshun*.—But, Sir, said the Crier, the real shape of this thing was the least remarkable circumstance attending it; for it never took its colour, as other things do, from the rays of light that fell upon it; but it appeared differently, according to the *internal and concealed* aims, views, and sentiments of the beholders.

"One man would exclaim, it is true blue!—another said, it was royal-blue!—a third, it was imperial-purple!—a fourth, it was orange!—a fifth would have it white, with fleurs-de-lys!—a sixth, that it was black and blue!—a seventh, that it was so tarnished, it had quite lost all its lustre!—and some there were who said sometimes, they could not see any remains at all of it; and this, too, at

the moment when others, the wisest men in the room, were praising the brilliancy of its colours, which reflected, said they, the highest honour on the makers and immediate supporters of it.

“ And what is more remarkable, the men who thought it true-blue one day, would often fancy it imperial-blue the next day;—and, perhaps, the man, who could not see any remains of it, while his opposite neighbour was admiring its resplendent condition, would see it next day in the most brilliant colours, when the same neighbour, in return, would not be able to see the smallest traces of it.

“ Yet it is very certain, said the Cobler, the identical *Stutkonshun* did always hang up in its place; for there was always one party, at least (and that sure to be the strongest), that could see it clearly in all its glory, though they generally allowed that it was in great danger of being knocked down and trampled under foot by the opposite party;—who, in their turn, pretended likewise it was in danger of being destroyed, though they declared in the same breath that it had already vanished.”

#### POWER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

April 17, 1810.

SIR,—As an humble individual, I beg leave to add my mite of cooperation in the public cause, by calling, through the medium of your paper, the attention of that public to the following points:—

1st, That, as the question is now at issue between the people and their representatives, whether the political power delegated to the one, is superior to the native rights inherent in the other, it is the duty of every well-wisher to his country to examine with the most scrupulous solicitude the construction of the Constitution.

2dly, That, as the political union of society, by general consent, to submit individual will to appointed discretion, gave birth to the sovereignty of the British Constitution, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, it is the first duty of every honest citizen, to watch, “with a guarded caution,” the equilibrium of power delegated to each particular branch of the legislature.

And 3dly, That as every man gives up a certain portion of his natural liberty as the price of the benefits of society, he is also to be protected in the exercise of the remaining part of his individual freedom by virtue of the original compact: otherwise, as is observed by Mr. Justice BLACKSTONE, is there “at once an entire dissolution of the bands of government; and the people are thereby reduced to a state of anarchy, with liberty to constitute to themselves a new legislative power.”—*Black. Comment.* l. p. 52.

Now, Sir, whether the late extraneously coercive measures, resorted to by one branch of the legislature, tends, shortly, to destroy that just balance of power, in which consists the happy excellence of the British Constitution, I will not insult your readers by venturing to discuss. I will only entreat every upright and independent man, to read, reflect, and judge for himself.

However, I cannot close this letter without quoting a passage from JUNIUS to the Duke of GRAFTON, too unfortunately applicable to the present times and the present Ministry:—

“Such are the extremes of alternate indolence or fury, which have governed your whole administration. Your cir-

cumstances with regard to the people soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants, you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourselves. We owe it to your well-directed labours, that your Sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their Sovereign, at a time when both were unquestionable. You have degraded the legislative dignity into a base dishonourable competition with \* \* \* \* \*; nor had you abilities to carry even this last contemptible triumph over a private man, without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and rights of the people. But these are rights, which you can no more annihilate than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honour and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. In the common arts of domestic corruption, we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's (read Mr. Pitt's) system, except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded, safe and contemptible, you might probably never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and you might even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished, and to minds like yours there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force, introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws,” &c. &c.

“The principles on which this violent measure has been defended, have added scorn to injury, and forced us to feel, that we are not only oppressed but insulted.”—JUNIUS, Letter 15.

I am, Sir, yours,

TRISMIAMES.

#### POLICE.

BOW-STREET.

Our readers will recollect the story of Ensign Cowell having been fired at near St. Margaret's Church, in Old Palace-yard, during the late disturbances. On the Wednesday following, as T. Hassell, a groom, in the employ of the Duke of Cambridge, was exercising a horse in St. James's Park, at the time the guards were about to march off to St. James's Palace, a townsman of his, of the name of *Hen. Blackin*, who is a gentleman's servant out of employ, they being old acquaintances, entered into conversation with him, and among other matters observed, that he knew the man who shot at Ensign Cowell, in Old Palace-yard, and was standing within two yards of him when he discharged the pistol. Blackin also made some observations respecting the conduct of the troops, which induced the witness to mention the conversation to the Duke of Cambridge the first opportunity, and he reported it to the Secretary of State for the Home Department; and a warrant was issued from that office against Blackin. He was apprehended and underwent an examination there, when he denied the principal parts of the conversation with the groom respecting his knowing the man, and being near him, when he shot at Ensign Cowell.—Several gentlemen who were on the spot at the time the pistol was said to have been discharged, attended, to see if they could identify the prisoner, but they were not able to do so. The prisoner was, however, committed for a misdemeanor, charged with refusing to give evidence upon the capital charge, to Tottenham-fields Bridewell, where he remained till Monday, when he was brought to Bow-street Office, and admitted to bail.

#### ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

An inquest was held on Tuesday at the White Horse, Gilbert-street, Clare-market, on the body of James Cowling, a deserter from the West London Militia, in which he was a private, who cut his throat with a razor on Monday. William Huffel, a corporal in the West London Militia, stated, that on Monday he went into the Crooked Billet public house in Portsmouth-street—he saw the deceased, and recognized him as a

deserter belonging to the second company of the West London Militia, from which he had deserted five or six months ago. The witness addressed the deceased, and said, 'Cowling, how do you do?'—'How do you do?' said the deceased, in answer, calling the witness by his name, and laid down a pipe of tobacco, which he was smoking, and went out of the house. The witness followed him, and called to him, in Sheffield-street; the deceased stopped, and witness said, 'Where are you going?' The deceased answered, 'to a friend round the corner.' The witness told him, he must not part with him, as he was a deserter from the regiment. The deceased answered, that his friend had settled all that business, and that he was to pay the thirty pounds to-morrow for his discharge. The witness asked him where his friend lived? The deceased answered, 'Round the corner of Gilbert-street;' and he went into a fin shop. The witness following him into the passage, the deceased said, 'I have made a mistake—this is not the right house,' and they came out together; the deceased went into the adjoining house, the White Horse, in Gilbert-street. The witness laid hold of his apron before he got into the passage—he did not use any force, but said, 'You must not come in here.' The deceased said, he must go in to see his friend, and went to the foot of the stairs, the witness keeping close to him; but finding the stair-case dark, the witness said, 'you must not go up,' and a second time laid hold of his apron, and perceived the deceased fumble in his pocket, at which he, the witness, was very much terrified, thinking he was going to do something to him; the deceased got about five steps up, the witness still holding some part of his garment, at arms' length, and observed him take something out of his pocket and put his hand towards his throat, and immediately afterwards the witness heard something trickling on the stairs like drops of water, but imagined it was blood, he (the witness) became alarmed, and called out for assistance. The first person that came was the maid-servant belonging to the house. The witness said to her, 'For God's sake call some assistance, for I am afraid the man has done some mischief to himself.' The young woman being terrified did not say any thing. The witness ran to the tap-room, and desired the landlord and another man to come. They went and brought the deceased down into the passage. He had a razor covered with blood, and a case, which he held in his right hand. When he was brought down, he pointed to Corporal Hullet, and said, 'That is the man.'—Mr. Wilson, the landlord, said, that on Monday afternoon, as he was in his bar, he perceived two men going along his passage towards the stairs; the witness told his maid-servant to go and inquire what they wanted; the servant returned, and dropped down in a fit. The witness went up five steps of the stairs; he found the deceased leaning against the bannisters, and brought him down in his arms into the passage; he perceived some blood issue from his mouth, and some coming through his neck handkerchief. He also perceived a razor covered with blood, and a razor-case, in his right hand; while a chair was procured, the deceased, pointing to Corporal Hullet, said, 'That is the man, that is the man,' and spoke no more, but threw the razor and case away. The witness sent for surgical assistance, but could not procure any. He then assisted to take the man to St. Clement's work-house, where surgical assistance was immediately procured, but the wind-pipe was divided, as well as the jugular vein, and he expired about ten minutes after he had been taken into the work-house. The Jury returned a verdict of *self-murder, by cutting his throat with a razor*. The deceased had deserted several times from the regiment, and lately was employed as a porter to an upholsterer in Moor-fields; he was about 45 years of age, and has left a wife and two children.

On Tuesday morning, at two o'clock, as Mr. Cheevly, an Attorney, was passing through St. Martin's-court, he was much alarmed at a woman running out of the house of Mr. Kenelly, a man's mercer, with nothing on but her chemise; she addressed him, by saying, 'For God's sake, Sir, pray assist me; there is a fire in the house, and I am afraid something has happened to Mrs. Kenelly.' Mr. Cheevly entered the house, which he found filled with smoke; he went up into the first floor, by

which time he was almost suffocated; on entering the room, he perceived Mrs. Kenelly extended on the carpet, very much burnt; her hands were nearly consumed, and she was calling out, 'Water! Water!'—She appeared to be partly undressed, as her stays were in an adjoining room.—No person whatsoever was present at this dreadful scene except Mr. Cheevly and the servant, who called him in.—From the noise, a young man, clerk to Mr. Kenelly, being awaked, came down stairs, with only his shirt on, in dreadful terror, and assisted in extinguishing the flames, which had communicated to the adjoining room, Mrs. Kenelly still groaning in a dreadful manner.—The flames being got under, by which they both got severely burned in the hands, their attention was next directed to Mrs. Kenelly. The clerk dressed himself and went for medical assistance. Mrs. Kenelly died, however, soon afterwards. Mr. Kenelly was at his country-house.

On Wednesday morning Wm. Maddox, for a burglary in the house of Wm. Gustard, Bedford-street, Covent-garden; and George Upton and Edward Duffy, for a burglary in the house of T. Duncan, Wapping, were executed at the Debtors' door, Newgate. The unfortunate men came upon the scaffold a few minutes after eight o'clock, and after spending a short time in devotion, they were launched into eternity. An immense concourse of spectators were present: The culprits were young men, the eldest only 34, and conducted themselves in a manner becoming their unhappy situation.

#### BIRTHS.

Yesterday morning, the Lady of Dr. Sutherland, 1, Parliament-street, of a Daughter.

#### MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday, the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale (son and heir apparent of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon) to Susan Eupheina, youngest daughter of William Beckford, Esq. of Fonthill, by the Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of Charles Earl of Aboyne.

#### DEATHS.

It has seldom, if ever it has, occurred to us, to notice so calamitous a train of misfortunes as that which has lately occurred in the family of Capt. C. of the East Budleigh Regiment of Local Militia. An affectionate anxiety toward a nephew, who was seized with a fever, at a boarding school, near his residence, induced Capt. C. to remove him to his own house; but the efforts of medical care were unavailing, and he fell a victim to the disorder. The infection remaining in the house, Capt. C.'s eldest daughter, a most excellent and accomplished young lady, about 22 years of age, soon fell a sacrifice to its malignity. Another daughter, 18 years of age, had scarcely followed her sister to the grave, before she herself became a corpse through the same fever. Intelligence, at this unhappy juncture, also reached the wretched parents, announcing the death of a son of 16 years of age, in the East Indies; and confirming a prior account of the shipwreck of another son, (their eldest) in the Bay of Bengal; and that this cup of woe should want nothing of its bitterness, it was the will of Providence that another daughter, a lovely girl of 7 years of age, should be seized with illness on Good Friday, soon after leaving church, where she had been in apparent health; and on Saturday night, her short and innocent career of life was also terminated!! These appalling events have all transpired within the last two months. The afflicted parents, supported by a correct sentiment of duty toward their few remaining offspring, and strengthened by an habitual sense of religious feeling, upheld themselves under their dreadful visitations of domestic misery with becoming fortitude; and although the Pleads of Heaven are thus fiercely pouring upon them, evince a corresponding sincerity with that Heaven-ward ejaculation, which says, 'THY WILL BE DONE!'—*Taunton Courier.*

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