

THE EXAMINER.

No. 828. SUNDAY, DEC. 14, 1823.

PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES.

No. VI.—THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN—THE LATE LORD ERSKINE.

THE Marquis of LANSDOWN is rather an imposing than an instructive or agreeable speaker. He has the solemnity, the *os rotundum* of Lord GRENVILLE without his knowledge. His speeches are a string of observations of such a cast, that, according to the temper of his hearers, they may be called plain sense or common places, delivered in a tone and manner suited to the announcement of the most appalling and important novelties. Lord LANSDOWN'S declamation is of the most elevated—his thoughts are of the most ordinary description. Such a speaker, however, is often listened to with respect in an assembly. Men feel themselves flattered at finding their own opinions or prejudices returned upon them in the voice of another, and their own idle conceptions re-echoed in the noise of declamation. Lord LANSDOWN is listened to with favour; the general conviction of his rectitude, and the honourable consistency of his character, may contribute to this. He is very moderate, not to say tame, in the tone of his political principles; but his Whigism, though not loud, is supposed to be firm.

The Marquis of LANSDOWN was in office very early, and enjoyed a premature, and scarcely merited reputation. As Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Whig Administration of 1806, he was author of a scheme of finance which recognised the virtue of Mr. PITT'S Sinking Fund, and professed to improve upon it. This scheme was, however, neither better nor worse than those which preceded and have succeeded it,—a plan to disguise a truth which it should seem not very easy to hide, that a nation, so long as it spends more than its income, must increase its debt—*engin mirifique pour jeter la maison par les fenêtres*. Lord LANSDOWN, however, had great praise for his plan; it was deemed a merit that a young man should play the fool as gravely as his elders. The good opinion of mankind has always an effect upon the object of it. This may be the origin of the solemnity of Lord LANSDOWN'S representation of the character of a statesman. He has lived upon his stock of reputation, and trusted to the weight of his authority. He has been at little pains to encrease the stock of his ideas, or establish claims to public gratitude by useful labours. I may except, however, the Committee on Foreign Trade, for his share in the business of which the country is indebted to him. I must not be understood to insinuate that Lord LANSDOWN is deficient in common information, or that he does not feel an interest in the public welfare, but he has neither the degree of knowledge nor the zeal which should entitle him to rank high as a public character.

Lord LANSDOWN is a compact and well-looking man, with small features, and an appearance, when he speaks, of what anatomists call an exertion of the *buccinator*, or trumpetting muscles.

Since I commenced these Sketches, a person who would have claimed a place among them has ceased to be a Member of the House of Lords. The late Lord ERSKINE, who was a very remarkable man, was more remarkable in every other character than as a Member of Parliament. He was a striking instance how narrow may be the range of the highest excellence, and how utterly destitute of some kinds of talent may be the possessor of other accomplishments which seem, to ordinary observers, most nearly allied to them. In the House of Lords, Lord ERSKINE was a speaker

below mediocrity. It was strange to see a man whose name is recorded in the triumphs of eloquence, ineffective, floundering, imbecile. This was not the result of the decay of animal strength; for though he died old, he possessed undiminished vigour, and was carried off by a disease which seldom affects others than the young and the robust. His mind was unfitted, either by constitution or by habit, for the kind of eloquence required in a deliberative assembly. It seemed to need the stimulus of popular applause, and of the more immediate and tangible interest which judicial causes excite. He was not disposed to pursue truth for its own sake,—to excite his mind for the mere pleasure of the feeling of mental power. He had acquired no knowledge; he had no fund of reflection; he had no system of reasoning. So long as he had a particular case before him, in which his feelings were strongly roused, he brought, with almost miraculous effect, every particular fact to bear upon it. But individual interest was with him the clue of the labyrinth; without it he was lost. Experience shows us that it is not uncommon for individuals, in a still more narrow range, to possess the greatest acuteness,—viz. in the management of their own concerns,—who seem to be utterly incapable of embracing the great questions in which communities of men are interested; while, on the other hand, the most able generalizers show in individual cases a want even of ordinary sagacity. The mind, like the eye, falls into the opposite defects of an inability to perceive the details of near or the outlines of distant objects. Lord ERSKINE had a short-sighted mind of remarkable strength; a *Nisi-Prius* intellect. He had, moreover, moral qualities which would have made minor talents respectable: singleness of purpose, undaunted boldness, and kindness of heart. Never was there a man more unlike a lawyer grown old. Full of animal spirits and unaffected gaiety, of generosity and imprudence; of sincere religious enthusiasm, without the decorum which is made a substitute for religion, he was in all things the opposite of the hacknied barrister or the retired Chancellor. After a long legal career, the feelings of his youth remained strong in him, and he ended his life, as he entered on manhood, in bad habits and good feelings, a half-pay subaltern, committing follies for women, and writing pamphlets in behalf of the Greeks.

TREATMENT OF THE CARLILES IN DORCHESTER GAOL.

[Omitted last week.]

Whatever may be the differences of opinion respecting Mr. Carlile's pertinacious publication of anti-religious writings, none but the most despicable bigots or the most callous intolérants can desire to see him or his family treated in a manner calculated grievously to aggravate the severe punishment the Church-of-England tribunals have inflicted on them.

We have looked over some recent numbers of the *Republican*, and find therein details of the mean, heartless tyranny, exercised by the authorities at Dorchester gaol towards this persecuted family, that cannot fail to excite disgust for the perpetrators, and sympathy with the sufferers, in every decent and manly mind.

The two principal constant privations of which Mr. Carlile has to complain are—the almost invariable exclusion of his friends and relatives; and the restriction upon his exercise in the prison garden or court-yards, except for an hour a day (at times, only on alternate days) and in the company of a turnkey. The Visiting Magistrates affected to deny the exclusion of friends; and on one occasion of a formal complaint

from the prisoner, declared that *if* such exclusion had been made, the blame was with the gaoler. Mr. Carlile, however, was too active and too enquiring to be put off by such an evasion; and he wrote a long answer to the magisterial minute, in which he detailed a multitude of instances wherein relatives and friends had come to see him, often from long distances, and had been refused admission, in many cases by *the visiting magistrates themselves*, one after the other—in others by the gaoler and turnkeys, who frequently conveyed the grossest falsehoods to the prisoner on the subject! The Magistrates made a reply, in which they took *no notice* of Mr. Carlile's details.

The pretence for preventing the prisoner from walking in the open air unless accompanied by a turnkey, was the fear that he would corrupt his fellow-prisoners by irreligious conversation. We suspect this pretext to be as illegal as it is novel. We presume that, by the laws, all subjects are open to discussion by prisoners, and that no conversation can be prohibited, except it were indecent or inciting to violence. The prohibition of free oral communication smacks of the Inquisition; and, to be consistent, should be extended to politics and morals, and indeed to all subjects on which the visiting justices of a gaol may chuse to insist that their opinions are better and wiser than those of any prisoners under their government. However, if the authorities of Dorchester gaol did choose to pay such an equivocal compliment to their religion as to fear that "a wretched blasphemer" would be more than a match in argument for a host of believers,—the only proper consequence was, not that Mr. Carlile should be deprived of air and exercise, or compelled to enjoy them only on what he felt as a degrading condition,—but that a separate garden or yard should have been allotted him, or the use of one at times when the prisoners were absent. For our own parts, we think Mr. Carlile made needless difficulty on this head, and we should have advised him to get his daily walk without being troubled by the turnkey's presence; but we can make allowance for his wounded feelings, and at any rate, that does not make the conduct of his tormenters a whit more excusable. As to the exclusion of his friends, it is naked and unjustifiable barbarity. Every man, whether prisoner or at large, has a right to the enjoyment of his social relations—except he have committed some monstrous outrage against society and humanity; and we never heard any one that dared to insinuate, that Richard Carlile was, in his private character and habits, other than moral, social, and domestic. He is punished indeed for no moral crime; and even those who think that the good of the community justifies the depriving him of liberty, must lament the necessity of punishing a man conscious not only of innocence, but of the most laudable motives.

To come however to more characteristic particulars:—the general causes of complaint we have mentioned, are made to sink into comparative nothingness, by a special outrage, of which Mr. Carlile was lately the victim. The history of this affair is briefly as follows. Under the irritation of his ill-treatment, and his perpetual conflicts with magistrates and gaoler, the prisoner published in his *Republican*, of Nov. 14, a letter addressed to William Morton Pitt, Esq. Magistrate and M. P. for the county, respecting the gaol allowance, the restrictions upon himself, and generally, all he could adduce in proof of the misgovernment of the prison. In this letter, he declares, that he considers the privations he endures as fast tending to destroy his life, and adds, "I consider myself to be in the hands of a gang of assassins: and, as I told your gaoler to his face, if I am to be destroyed, I will not go alone, if I can otherwise manage it. My last, at least, shall be an effort to do the world of one villain; and such a villain as is a tyrant, and whom the law cannot at present reach. I will exhibit that in example which I have often taught by precept. Who would imagine, that this burst of heated impatience, this vague threat, from a man who had already suf-

fered four years' imprisonment, and a hundred aggravations sufficient to exasperate the most patient temper; who would imagine, we say, that this threat, printed in a pamphlet on the 14th of November, would have been the pretext, eleven days afterwards, for invading the prisoner's room with a parade of force, keeping him handcuffed for three hours, and taking away all his domestic utensils, for fear he should convert them into murderous weapons! But the scene is so singular, and so exhibitiv of the pranks of "brief authority," in a manner at once ludicrous and hateful, that we must give a more particular account of it.

"On Tuesday, the 25th instant, as I was making up a parcel, the gaoler introduced the High-Sheriff, Mr. Sturt, whom I received with all the hopes Mr. Colson (a Magistrate) had instilled into my mind [*i. e.* of better treatment.] The High-Sheriff politely asked, "How do you do, Mr. Carlile, I hope you are in good health?" My answer was, "Not in good health, Sir, but as well as my confinement will allow me to be." He drew a chair, sat down; the gaoler himself sat down on the sofa-bedstead; I sat down at the opposite end of the table. The Sheriff began to remonstrate about what I had been saying as to my treatment. He grew warm as he proceeded, expressed offence at every observation I made, and soon made me sensible by his hauteur and half-sentences, that I had miscalculated the nature of his visit. I was thoroughly cool and collected: he, proceeding gradually to his object, drew a paper from his pocket, in which was contained an extract from my letter to Mr. Pitt: and after asking me whether I considered my life in danger from the treatment I was receiving, as there set forth, and whether I would act upon the threat there made, as a consequence of that treatment,—I replied in the affirmative; that such was my resolution. The Sheriff nodded to the gaoler, saying, "Call them in." The two turnkeys entered.—Sheriff to turnkeys: "Secure Mr. Carlile; put handcuffs on him." The turnkey, Thomas Bunn, did it, and I did not even remonstrate, beyond saying, "I shall not resist, as I see your object, and know you cannot keep me long in irons"—considering that the object was to irritate and urge me unguardedly to some act of violence. I never moved from my chair, but sat quite unruffled. The order was given to search the room. Saucepans, even down to the pint coffee-boiler, frying-pan, candle-snuffers, hearth-brush, tin oven, footman, fire-irons, pen-knives, table knives and forks, and dumb-bells, razors, every thing, even the most frivolous, was taken away. * * * * * The tea-kettle was overlooked, or, I rather think, one of the turnkeys put it in a corner for me. There was also a consultation on the propriety of removing a set of shoe-brushes; but it was decided that they should be left! Candle-snuffers were seized, and I sent the stand after them when the gaoler told me to use my fingers as snuffers. Fire-irons were taken away. In addition, the whole of my offensive weapons consisted of two table knives and forks, two pen-knives, two pair of small scissors, three cases of razors, a pair of dumb-bells, and all the curtains were unhung to remove the iron rods; large nails were drawn, and the gaoler was going off with the last of his booty, after searching my person, when I told him that it required a large mouth to chew a quarter loaf all at once, and I wished to know how I was to divide it. "Oh! says he, yours is a quarter loaf; well! *the man must bring a knife and cut you off a piece when you want it.*" I told him I would rather break it."

And then afterwards, the turnkeys used to bring him razors to shave, and knives to mend his pen, and wait while he performed those operations, in order to take them away! The ridiculous in all this would be excessive, if it were not overpowered by the disgusting. What a pitiful thing to take advantage of irritated language escaping from a man who had been immured four years in a prison, had been calumniated and abused by all the retainers of Church and State, and provoked by all sorts of personal aggravations! How dastardly, if this *William Morton Pitt* and his fellows were really afraid of the prisoner's tongs and saucepans! How base and mean a pretext for brutal outrage, if they were not afraid! How malignant and unwarrantable a stretch of authority, upon the publication of a vague conditional threat in a pamphlet, to take forcible precautions only justifiable against a felon or murderer who had exhibited personal violence!

To shew that Mr. Carlile's irritation was not without cause—that *he could not be a man*, if he had not felt indignant at the treatment of himself and his family; to shew, too, that very shame ought to have kept the Justices from every thing but the strictly unavoidable enforcement of the law,—we will quote one instance of the conduct which Miss Carlile experienced when she was placed within the walls that shut up her brother.

"She was treated worse than any convicted felon in the gaol, by being shut up at dusk in a cell, into which both wind and rain were constantly pouring upon her, while she lay on her iron bed: and whilst the female prisoners in that ward had access to each other throughout the night, she was so closely bolted on the door side, that it was next to a miracle she escaped suffocation at the time of the chimney taking fire; and which she did escape to hear such brutal taunts and insolence from the gaoler, as to throw her into fits. * * * For months she was locked up in the same room with myself and wife, where we had to attend to every call of nature in the presence of each other, if we could no longer resist the torture occasioned by not attending. This single circumstance was really dreadful, and produced a torture which cannot be described; for she had been accustomed to observe a delicacy that was wofuled at the thought of any deviation from it."

We could cite other passages describing cruelty in a similar spirit, almost as disgusting, towards Mrs. Carlile, during her pregnancy;—but why should we say more? Is not this sufficient? Do not the roused feelings of every man who reads it cry, "Hold, enough!" And more especially, is there an Englishwoman who can peruse this description without feeling the blood rush into her face? If there be any such, they are most certainly not Christians enough to remember that *Charity is greater than Faith.*

LINCOLNSHIRE ELECTION.

There has been a pretty sharp contest for the representation of Lincolnshire. The parties were Sir William Ingilby, said to be a Whig, and Sir John Thorold, who was proposed by the Reformers, but who took no part in the business, and spent not a halfpenny; while his opponent has lavished, they say, 20,000*l.* in the attainment of his object. The cost of bringing up the voters in a County Election is enormous, and is alone enough to keep the representation in the hands of the rich. There can hardly be a doubt, from the number of unpollled freeholders, that Sir John Thorold would have been the Representative, had the votes been taken, as they clearly ought to be, in each of the parishes; but that would be putting humble Patriotism on something like a level with wealthy Aristocracy, and be one step in the way of Reform,—a thing not to be tolerated by the ruling Oligarchy.—When the poll closed on the 6th inst. the numbers were—

For Sir William Ingilby	3,816
For Sir John Thorold	1,575
Majority	— 2,241

Proclamation was then made, declaring that Sir William Amcotts Ingilby, Bart. was duly elected.

Sir Wm. INGILBY returned thanks for the honor conferred on him.

Colonel JOHNSON then said—Brother Freeholders, your votes have returned Sir Wm. Ingilby as your Representative in Parliament. Of this I complain nothing; but it is a little singular that we should lose by winning; for we have on this day's poll a majority of 22. I must admit, however, that we were run dry.—(Laughter.) I said to you the other day, that if we did not conquer we would die in the pit; and we are now dead.—(Cheers and laughter.) I am proud that we have brought to the poll 1,500 independent freeholders, to show the spirit of the county. That this has been done with little expense, you shall judge; for I pledge myself to state to you hereafter every item of expense which has been incurred on this occasion. I will now, gentlemen, say a word or two as to the numbers which Sir William has polled. He has had 3,816 in all. Now these I would divide under the following heads:—

From Lord Yarborough and his dependents, I will calculate that he has received	800
From other Whig lords, baronets, and gentlemen, that do and should hang together, I will say	600
Then I will allow the number of those who came to eat and drink, ride in chaises, and feed on the best fare (all for the belly you see) to be	1,300
Next I calculate that the Clergy and others, who enjoy "things as they are," have no wish for change, but who have an eye to the future, have given their support to the amount of	500
Next come lawyers and agents, well-paid innkeepers, steam-boat proprietors, publicans and sianers, the support from whom altogether I calculate at	500
The balance of the account then remaining on the poll, which amounts to	116
I leave to the Hon. Baronet himself, and with this number he will make up	3,816

(Loud cheers and laughter.)

The charring of the successful candidate took place in the evening. The whole did not occupy much more than a quarter of an hour.

QUERIES RESPECTING MR. THEODORE HOOK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to put the following queries to those of the public's servants, whose duty it is (and for which they are well remunerated) to be the guardians of that public's interest:—

Has Mr. Theodore E. Hook, some time ago Treasurer and Accountant-General at the Mauritius, and who is at this time a public frequenter of the neighbourhood of a certain public-office, paid into the Exchequer the sum of which he was found a defaulter, amounting to upwards of 12,000*l.* of the public money?

If not, why is the warrant which was issued for his apprehension not put in force?

Is it by the cupidity and connivance of the persons who hold the warrant, that Mr. Hook has been so long publicly at large, bruited the gulled public in the face? If so, who pays the hoodwinked? The auditors have done their duty well; and I would fain know (if this large sum be still outstanding) who are the persons that are thus guilty of so censurable a dereliction of their public duty.—I am, &c.

Dec. 12, 1823.

ACTDULUS.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, DEC. 7.—The *Moniteur* contains two Royal Ordinances. 1. The preamble declares—"The benefits which Divine Providence has showered down on us and our arms, during the glorious campaign which our beloved nephew, the Duke of Angouleme, has just terminated, have made us resolve to shew indulgence to those soldiers of our armies who have gone aside from their duties, and by this means to make their families take part in the public joy."—It is therefore decreed, that a free pardou shall be given to all subalterns and soldiers of the land forces, who are now in a state of desertion.—2. An Ordinance relative to the distribution of certain recompenses to the military according to the budget of 1823, which orders that the amount of the expired annuities paid to officers and soldiers of the Royal armies of the west shall be employed in new favours of the same nature.

DEC. 8.—The Duke of Belluno has at last accepted of the embassy to Vienna; but a difficulty has arisen in a quarter where least expected. Prince Metternich has written to M. Chateaubriand, that the title of Duc de Belluno being taken from the Austrian states, and not being recognized by the Emperor, cannot be borne at his Court. If the Duke, therefore, goes to Vienna, he can only be called Marshal Victor. Whether the Marshal will thus allow himself to be shorn of his dukedom, and retain only his military title, while Ambassador at the Imperial Court, remains to be seen. Probably, like the Irish innkeeper, knighted in a frolic by the Lord-Lieutenant, he may consent to this temporary eclipse, "if Madame la Duchesse agrees to it."—*Private letter.*

SPAIN.

The *Madrid Gazette* of the 4th contains four Royal decrees, changing the Ministry, &c. His Majesty appoints as first Minister of State, the Marquis of Casa Irujo; as Minister of Grace and Justice for Spain and the Indies, Don Narciso de Heredia; as Minister of War, Major-General Don Josef de la Cruz; and as Minister of Finance, Don Luis Lopez Ballesteros. Don Luis Maria Salazar remains as Minister of Marine. The new President of the Council is Don Ignacio Martinez de Villela. Saez, the former Prime Minister and Confessor, is nominated to the bishopric of Tortosa. He ceases also to be Confessor to the King. His Majesty further nominates ten individuals, composed of persons selected from the old Council of State, existing on the 7th of March, 1820, and others, to be a Council of State.

WEST INDIES.

The private letters from Barbadoes contain accounts of a very remarkable outrage committed in that island, of which no notice is taken in the newspapers of that place. It appears that a missionary of the name of Shrewsbury was suspected of having sent home to the society by which he was employed, statements highly injurious to the moral character of the lower classes of the white population of Barbadoes, whom he represented as bred up without any knowledge of Christianity, and incapable, from their depraved habits, of acquiring any. The people affected by such accounts obtained what they considered sufficient evidence of the fact, and were goaded by them to the highest degree of irritation. Their first proceeding was to repair in a body to the chapel in which Mr. Shrewsbury officiated, provided with catcalls and other noisy instruments, which they employed in the most violent manner, for the purpose of compelling him to quit the pulpit, and desist from the performance of his duty. All their efforts, however, were unavailing; the preacher kept his post unmoved, waited with calmness till the annoyances ceased, and then proceeded with his functions. Finding it impossible by this mode to drive him from his post, they had the audacity to invite, by written placards, an assembling of the persons aggrieved for the following evening, when they proceeded to demolish the meeting-house in which Mr. Shrewsbury officiated, which they did so effectually that not a brick or a piece of timber was left standing, after which they dispersed quietly to their several homes. So base were these deluded people on this outrage, and

so indifferent to its probable consequences, that they were overheard to declare, while the work of destruction was in progress, that if interrupted by the appearance of the military, they would resist them to the utmost. A proclamation was issued the following day by Sir Henry Warde, offering a reward of 100*l.* for the discovery of any of the actors in the attack on the congregation-house of Mr. Shrewsbury, which is said to have been followed by a counter-placard on the part of the rioters, stating that "the good people of Barbadoes would take care fitly to punish such person or persons as should make any discovery." Mr. Shrewsbury had thought it prudent to fly the island, and here the affair at present rests. It does not appear the transaction had any other cause than the supposed communications of Mr. Shrewsbury to the Missionary Society.

Letters from Demerara, of the 18th October, convey the impression that the so-much-talked-of insurrection in that colony has been little more than a riot. It seems clear, at all events, that it had no extensive ramifications. It was stated at the commencement of the affair, by the *Guiana Chronicle*, that Mr. A. Simpson had been the first to convey information of a tumultuary spirit among the Negroes of some particular plantations, to Dr. M'Turk, their burgher officer, and next to have communicated it to the Lieutenant-Governor. This turns out not to be true. Dr. M'Turk called on the *Guiana Chronicle* to contradict its assertion, and a promise was given by the printer and publisher that he would do so. No contradiction, however, appeared; and in consequence a new paper has been set on foot, called the *Colonist*. It contains Dr. M'Turk's letter, in which he states, that had he received timely notice, the progress of the riotous feeling might have been arrested at once. The trial of Smith, the missionary, had commenced. It is thought singular that he is tried by a Court-martial of officers of the army only, not including any colonist; but at the same time the Judge-Advocate appointed to preside is the Dutch Fiscal Heyliger, and the charges are so framed as to state his offence to be one against the (Dutch) laws of the colony. The President of the Court of Justice, having previously sat on the trials of the Negroes, in which the question of the revolt and rebellion, or mere riot, must have been the leading question, was, in the case of the missionary, put *hors du combat*.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Tuesday, Dec. 9.

BANKRUPTS.

- T. Ellaby, Emberton, Buckinghamshire, lace-merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row.
 S. Moses, Portsoken, Southampton, slopseller. Solicitor, Mr. Bogue, Great James-street, Bedford-row.
 J. Davidson, Chorlton-row, Lancashire, stone-mason. Solicitors, Messrs. Ellis, Sons, Walmsley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.
 W. Bromige, Hartlebury, Worcestershire, tailor. Solicitors, Messrs. Cardale, Buxton, and Parly, Gray's-inn.
 B. Baines, Canterbury, bookseller. Solicitors, Messrs. Smith and Weir, Austin-friars.
 J. and T. Penny, Shepton Mallett, grocers. Solicitors, Messrs. Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside.
 J. Heavey, Worship-street, cabinet-maker. Solicitor, Mr. Webb, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.
 R. Cross, Manchester, leather-factor. Solicitor, Mr. Edgerley, Shrewsbury.
 E. Roberts, Oxford-street, linen-draper. Solicitor, Mr. Parton, Bow Church-yard, Cheapside.
 J. Davies, Hereford, victualler. Solicitor, Mr. Atherton, Castle-street, Leicester-fields.

Saturday, Dec. 13.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

- J. Matthews, jun. Brixham, Devonshire, coal-merchant.
 R. Nunn and T. Fisher, Grub-street, timber-merchants.

BANKRUPTS.

- J. Moon, Bristol, carrier. Solicitors, Messrs. Poole and Greenfield, Gray's Inn-square.
 L. Joyce, Keyford, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, innholder. Solicitor, Mr. Hartley, New Bridge-street.
 J. Cook, Rochdale, Lancashire, ironmonger. Solicitor, Mr. Blakelock, Serjeant's Inn.
 J. G. Powell, Egham, Surrey, dealer. Solicitor, Mr. Thwaites, Vittoria-place, Lambeth.
 E. A. and W. H. Jones, Hackney-fields, brewers. Solicitor, Mr. Huxley, Pump-court, Temple.
 A. Olivant, Seuloates, Yorkshire, miller. Solicitor, Mr. Capes, Holborn-court, Gray's Inn.
 R. Grace, Fenchurch-street, hat-manufacturer. Solicitor, Mr. Wilks, Finsbury-place.
 S. Cronshey, King-street, Westminster, cheesemonger. Solicitors, Messrs. Watson and Son, Bouverie-street.
 J. Appleyard, Catherine-street, Strand, bookseller. Solicitor, Mr. Eyles, Worship-street-road.
 W. Simes, Canonbury-Tower, Islington, dealer. Solicitor, Mr. Combe, Staple Inn.
 W. Cordingley, Russell-place, Bermondsey, brewer. Solicitor, Mr. Townsend, Crooked-lane.
 D. Fasana, Bath, fancy-stationer. Solicitor, Mr. Courteen, Size-lane.

J. Hooper, Mitre-court, Fleet-street, stationer. Solicitor, Mr. Dickins, Bow-lane.

T. Hodgson, Newgate-street, linen-draper. Solicitor, Mr. Butler, Watling-street.

THE FUNDS.—Consols for Account, it will be seen, continue to rise, and their further ascent is much relied upon. The change in the Spanish Ministry, as might naturally be expected, has operated highly in favour of Spanish Bonds, which rose in the first instance three per cent. but have subsequently declined again about half way. The general opinion is, that the King of Spain cannot negotiate a New Loan without acknowledging them, which of course keeps them up for the present. All the Continental Securities at present bear high prices. Colombian and other American Stock exhibit little alteration. A New Austrian Loan to further the repayment of the adjusted part of the old one, it is said, will be announced in a day or two.

Consols, shut.	Reduced, 84½
Four per Cents. 100½	Consols for Account, 85½
FOREIGN SECURITIES.	
Colombian, 59½ 60 59½	Danish, 95½
French Rentes, 92	Ditto Marca Banco, 90½
Exchange, 25 60	Prussian, 89
French Scrip, 3½ par	Ditto Bonds 1822, 90½
Neapolitan, 80	Spanish of 1821, 28½
Chilian, 68½ 69	Ditto of 1823, 20½ 19½
Portuguese, 87½	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. J.'s Communication has been duly received. V. P. will be attended to.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, DEC. 14.

A TOTAL change of Ministry at Madrid is an early symptom of an inherent vice in the despotic Spanish Court,—namely, boundless caprice in the choice and dismissal of its servants of all ranks. For the rest, the change affords little scope for remark. The bigot SAEZ is gone, and his successor, CASA IRUJO, is said to be a man of some talent, and, according to the *Journal des Debats*, of "great moderation;" that is to say, as moderate as the Viscount CHATEAUBRIAND, one who never lets passion interfere with sordid interest, and (like servants wanting places) has no objection either to a constitutional or kingly supremacy, provided the pay be equally good. CASA IRUJO indeed has practically justified the Viscount's eulogy: for he tried hard to continue Ambassador at Paris after the Spanish revolution. But will not the Spanish councils be more moderate, under the new Minister? A shade or so, perhaps: bigotry and rapacity will allow no more, and we cannot rely even on that, until we know what influence has been at work in this change. Under a government like that of FERDINAND, the pages of the backstairs have often more to do with public affairs than the Secretaries of State.

The *Morning Chronicle* has published some original autograph letters addressed by FERDINAND in his captivity at Valencay to NAPOLEON on his throne. They are those in which he solicits a princess of the Imperial House for a consort, and congratulates the Emperor on the defeat of his own "refractory subjects;" and are such delectable specimens of abject grovelling and fulsome adulation, that we regret our space will not permit us to copy them. A little anecdote of NAPOLEON will, however, convey an idea of their excessive baseness, as well as do honour to the dignity of the talented potentate, who is so strikingly contrasted with the Legitimate specimen in this affair. A high personage of his Court, in the year 1813, urging the Emperor to publish the letters, as an apology for his conduct towards the captive of Valencay, he indignantly answered, "No—it is too much; the world will think them apocryphal. Besides, it abases too greatly the dignity of royalty, and even that of man!"

The following instance of warm-hearted sympathy, operating in a distant and remote part of the country, does honour to the Irish character; but what shall we say, if no portion of the spirit which has animated the inhabitants of a poor village so far removed from the object of compassion, should be

displayed by the people of a rich metropolis, with that object actually present amongst them?

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

" SIR,—A letter, addressed to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, having reached a small village in the county of Londonderry, the inhabitants of it and its vicinity have subscribed the sum of Eleven Pounds, in furtherance of the humane purpose of the writer. It is requested that you will take the trouble of forwarding the money sent herewith to the Editor of that paper, to be applied by him to the use of the family of the late General Reigo. And also that you will be good enough to publish in your paper the letter from the *Morning Chronicle*, and connect with it this address to yourself, in the hope that the inhabitants of other towns and districts, possessing more ample means, may be induced to follow our example, and contribute more substantially to the relief of the widow, who has now no country of her own to look to for protection.—A SUBSCRIBER."

Letters from Leghorn announce, that the ex-Emperor Iturbide is living in high style in a magnificent country-house. It must be confessed, that successful Republicans treat fallen Monarchs rather better than restored Legitimates treat unfortunate Liberals, even though they owe their lives to the latter. Witness Iturbide and Reigo.

It appears from Bayonne news received yesterday, that no less than *seventeen* persons at Madrid have suffered military execution for the fray with the French troops on the 26th ult.

It is officially announced that *five* new regiments are to be added to the army.

CITY.—On Thursday a Court of Common Council was held, when, after some observation by the Lord Mayor, and Messrs. Hurcombe, Lucas, and Dixon, respecting the high price of coals, a Committee was appointed to examine into the state of the Coal-trade, &c. Mr. SLADE then brought forward a motion for permission to erect a Statue in Moorfields to the Memory of the gallant, patriotic, and murdered Reigo; which, after some debate, was put aside, the previous question having been moved and carried. Messrs. Favell, Welch, Galloway, Patten, and R. Taylor, spoke in favour of the motion; and Sir C. Hunter, and Messrs. Dixon, James, C. Smith, and Figgins, opposed it:—the latter gentleman, however (long known as a true friend to liberty) said he had no objection to the erection of a Statue by private subscription; but he thought the Corporation should not be called upon to take a part in the measure.

The Murderer of Mr. Mumford was tried at the Chelmsford Assizes yesterday, and of course found *Guilty*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(From a MS. Volume of Poems preparing for Publication.)

FROM THE LATIN OF CATULLUS.

AT HIS BROTHER'S TOMB.

O'ER many a land and many a rolling wave,
 Along the dreary bosom of the deep,
 Alone I came to seek thy lonely grave,
 And thus, a brother, mourn a brother's sleep:—
 Vainly I come above thy tomb to weep,
 Sighing to him whose slumber ceases not—
 Vainly with tears that darkly roll I steep
 Thy marble couch, and mourn thy hapless lot!
 Yet, oh, my brother! thou art not forgot!
 And o'er thy tomb the wonted gifts I spread,
 Such as of old above the sacred spot
 The mourners scattered to the cherished dead,—
 And bid thee, kneeling o'er thy narrow cell,
 Once and for ever, hail! for evermore, farewell!

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A NEW tragedy, intitled the *Vespers of Palermo*, was performed at this theatre for the first time on Friday evening. It is the long-announced production of Mrs. HEMANS, and is founded on that well-known massacre of the French invaders of Sicily under Charles of Anjou, usually alluded to under the name of "the Sicilian Vespers." In the drama, however, strictly speaking there is but one historical

character,—that of the Count of Procida, who in reality acted the patriotic part which the tragedy assigns to him.—But to a brief account of the plot:—

Giovanni, Count of Procida, a noble Sicilian, partisan of the deposed Manfred family, upon the atrocious execution of the last King Conradin by the French, withdrew himself from the Island, and, disguised as a Monk, proceeded to Rome and Constantinople, to intrigue with the Pope and the Greek Emperor for the overthrow of the French invaders. The play opens with his return to Sicily, where, on the rising of the curtain, he is discovered in his Monkish habiliments in the midst of a group of dejected and discontented peasants, to whom he addresses himself, and darkly hints that a day of vengeance is at hand. They are roused by his exhortation, and declare their willingness to throw off their bondage should an opportunity present itself. He next has an interview with his son, whom he had left a boy on his departure, and recognising in him the noble disdain for a foreign yoke which he looked for, makes himself known, and communicates to him the intended effort against the French. The oppressed and discontented Sicilian Nobles then assemble, among whom appears the unhappy Lady Vittoria, the affianced bride of the murdered Conradin; and it is decided that in the rising they shall show no mercy to their foes. In order to forward their object, Vittoria reluctantly consents to assume the appearance of consenting to become the bride of the oppressive French Viceroy Eribert, who seeks her hand; and the ringing of the vesper bell is, by her management, fixed upon for the festivity of a banquet, to be followed by the nuptials. Raimond de Procida, averse to the indiscriminate slaughter proposed by his party, and in love with Constance, the sister of Eribert, refuses to participate in the intended massacre, and is allowed by his father to withdraw. The conspirators, however, remain unshaken in their resolves; but one of them, Alberti, is a traitor to their cause, and reveals their intentions to De Courci, an officer of Eribert's, who forwards a packet to the latter, apprising him of the danger. It reaches him during the banquet; but he is prevented from reading it by the address of Vittoria. A troop of conspirators, habited as singers and dancers, the alleged vassals of Vittoria, are introduced at the banquet; and after a brief performance in their assumed character, the fatal vesper bell is heard. Eribert and his attendants are rapidly put to the sword; Constance, his sister, being saved by Raimond de Procida. All the children of one of the conspiring nobles, Montalba, had been slain by the French; and from a fiend-like envy, and jealousy of the high character and ascendancy of Procida, resolves to press the destruction of his son. The treachery of the unsuspected Alberti is in consequence attributed to Raimond, and he is also accused of the delivery of one of the family of the fallen tyrant. The father patriotically condemns his son, who is cast into prison, and subsequently refuses his liberty from his relenting father. In the mean time, a remnant of the French forces, under de Courci, attack the city, and Vittoria, wounded, rushes into the prison for safety, where, after having liberated Raimond, she expires. Raimond, in disguise, heads the retreating Sicilians, and repulses the French, but is also mortally wounded; and has no sooner been acknowledged innocent by his father and countrymen, than he expires; his father, and his lover Constance, dying with grief by his side.

In the *Vespers of Palermo* we have what, from various reasons, we expected,—another example of the descriptive and poetical tragedy, instead of the drama of incident and action. With the exception of a scene or two, every thing is said, and nothing done; and the play being long, the usual *ennui* and languor in such cases are produced. There is also a great defect in the construction of the plot, the main interest of which terminates with the close of the third act, leaving the two subsequent acts to be supported by the comparatively feeble operation of unhappy love and paternal anxiety. The effect of a fault of this kind is not easily done away; but Mrs. HEMANS has contrived to be unfortunate in another respect: the elder Procida is either a patriot or he is not; but we are left, from first to last, to doubt whether his attempt to free his country was praiseworthy or not, and are half inclined to suspect, that the "consequential evil" was intended to be represented as greater than the positive good. If not, why oppose a second hero to the first, to so little purpose? For after the description given of French cruelty, the vengeance taken, although horrible, was natural, and Raimond de Procida appears a very selfish and equivocal personage. This by the way; and as a *dramatic* fault: in another point of view, we might be more severe, and dwell upon the very suspicious humanity which will pass over all sorts of enormities in *power de facto*, from generation to generation, and reserve horror exclusively for the cruelties extorted from overloaded human nature, when pressed into inevitable reaction,—cruelties as much the production of the original oppressors, as those which they more directly perpetrate.

Setting aside the foregoing mismanagement of plot and impolitic

collision of interests, the remaining beauties and defects of the *Vespers of Palermo*, are chiefly those to which we have already alluded, as belonging to modern tragedy more especially. Scene after scene follows, in which nothing passes but plaintive and declamatory dialogue, the far greater part of which is gratuitous, and unnecessary to the result. Nothing in the form of recitation, however beautiful, will atone for this error in a piece for representation, because people come not to hear fine verses, or a story told, but to witness a something done. We are perfectly satisfied that full three quarters of an hour in time might be retrenched from the *Vespers of Palermo*, to the advantage of the piece; and we are astonished how some of the scenes in their present lengthiness could pass rehearsal, without the truth staring the managers in the face. The scene in prison, for instance, when Procida offers to liberate his son, fatigues the audience as much as it degrades the hero, whose inconsistency of feeling degenerates into puerility. The Procidas, indeed, are a woman's heroes from beginning to end, and we fear that most of the *Dramatis Personæ* are liable to the same objection. The Viceroy Eribert is the usual tyrant of the Melo-drama, instead of the gallant and lightminded, if haughty and oppressive French noble of the middle ages;—and here Mrs. HEMAN'S might have borrowed a hint or two from the Parisian tragedy on the same subject with evident advantage. The rest of the characters are of the same common kind—a love-sick girl, an injured and revengeful lady, and a gloomy and envious hater. From the character of Montalba, in the first instance, we expected something better, but he is described as operated upon by motives which are altogether unnatural, and in the sequel he exhibits them as poorly. By the way, the deaths too are very badly managed: in two or three instances, characters are brought on the stage merely to be dragged off again in the act of expiring; and there are also more deaths than are necessary. The exit of three persons in the concluding scene is unnecessary, especially as two of them give up the ghost out of pure grief—a mode of dying which is anything but dramatic at best, and peculiarly unfit for representation.

Mr. YOUNG represented *Procida* with his usual ability, and made the most of the parts which allowed the display of mental dignity, and the genuine struggles between the patriot and the parent; and if he did little for the factitious ones, who could do more? Mr. C. KEMBLE, as *Raimond Procida*, shone chiefly in the last act. His efforts to break his bonds, and fly to open battle in defence of his country, exhibited a fine burst of the heroic. BENNETT and YATES, as *Eribert* and *Montalba*, were also very respectable, always excepted a little too much in "King Cambyses' vein" on the part of the latter. Mrs. BARTLEY, as the *Lady Vittoria*, declaimed with considerable power, but with more than enough of the measured monotony of the school oratorical. Her acting in the banquet-scene was good, but the part is very revolting. Of Miss KELLY we wish to say little, because the reproof of last night must have been very painful. The fact is, this young lady is aiming at originality without the necessary niceness of tact;—aware of the declamatory whine of female recitation in general, she affects the mastery, feeling, and transition of KEAN, in the expression of the merest common-places, and in avoiding Scylla splits upon Charibdis, for her own whine is not less obtrusive than that which she would supersede. We fear Miss KELLY is the victim of injudicious advice and misplaced ambition; for, after all, she evidently possesses both powers and discrimination.

To conclude; if the *Vespers of Palermo* will not constitute Mrs. HEMAN a dramatist, it will not deteriorate from her poetical character. We listened now and then to some very fine verse, beautiful description, and eloquent sentiment; and, like many of its predecessors in tragedy, may be read with considerable pleasure. We understand that it is withdrawn for adaptation and curtailment. This may do something; but, after all, it will scarcely become a representable stock-piece.

Q.
"ULTRA CREPIDARIUS; A SATIRE ON WM. GIFFORD;
BY LEIGH HUNT."

The Satire on the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, which has been for some time announced, was published yesterday. It is what the Author alluded to in the third number of the *Liberal*, as having been composed five years ago. That it has not appeared before, he attributes to his deficiency in his duties as "a good hater;" but states his reasons for now putting it forth in the following passage from the preface:—

"The person who crawled for his portrait in the following sketch, has no excuse for the malignity of his very mediocre pretensions and slavish success. He is no inexperienced youth; nor is he poor in his old age. He has grown grey, yet he has not grown wiser. He has en-

ured sickness and melancholy, yet they have not made him humane. The young he has treated as if he had never wanted encouragement himself, nor found it. The delicate of health he has not spared, though his own hand shook that struck them. It is said I attacked him first. It is not true. He attacked a woman. He struck, in her latter days, at the crutches of poor Mary Robinson—a human being, who was twenty times as good as himself, and whose very lameness (that last melancholy contradiction to qualities of heart and person, which he might well envy) was owing to a spirit of active kindness which he never possessed. The blow was bound to make every manly cheek tingle; and I held up the little servile phenomenon in the "Feast of the Poets." For this, and for attacking powerful Princes instead of their discarded mistresses he has never forgiven me. My first notice of him was in his praise: to which, if I mistake not, I owe the importunate requests which Mr. Murray made me to write in the *Quarterly Review*. I was then a youth, and knew his writings only piecemeal. I did not write in the *Quarterly Review*; and I soon acquired knowledge enough to sound the shallow depths of the Editor. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Hence the "misquoting" criticism on the Story of Rimini. Hence, and for no other cause, his unfeeling attack on Mr. Keats; for extraordinary genius was calculated merely to perplex him. Hence, in some measure, his unchristian hatred and misrepresentation of the christian temper of Mr. Shelley: for if ever faith and charity were separate, it was in the persons of these two men. Mr. Gifford's faith delights in scorning charity, and extinguishing hope."

The machinery of *Ultra-Crepidarius* in a small degree resembles that of "The Feast of the Poets." Mercury, rising one morning, misses one of his winged shoes, which Venus, with whom he was at that time domesticated, had dispatched to Ashburton, to bespeak a similar pair for herself. Not returning, the God and Goddess agree to go in search of it, and scarcely alight before they stumble on a *Shoe*, which behaves with the greatest disrespect to everything light, airy, beautiful, or winged; until, exasperated, Mercury translates him into the good-natured Aristarchus of the *Quarterly*.

The following description of the proceedings of the transformed *Shoe*, and its associates, is part of Mercury's curse, which operates the transformation:—

I hear some one say, 'Murray take him, the ape!
And so Murray shall, in a bookseller's shape;
An evil-eyed elf, in a down-looking flurry,
Who'd fain be a coxcomb, and calls himself Murray.
Adorn thou his door, like the sign of the Shoe,
For court-understrappers to congregate to;
For Southey to come in his dearth of invention,
And eat his own words for mock-praise and a pension;
For Croker to lurk with his spider-like limb in,
And stock his lean bag with way-laying the women;
And Jove only knows for what creatures beside
To shelter their envy and dust-licking pride,
And feed on corruption, like bats, who at nights
In the dark take their shuffles, which they call their flights.
Be these the Court-critics, and vamp a Review;
And by a poor figure, and therefore a true,
For it suits with thy nature, both shoe-like and slaughterly,
Be it's hue leathern, and title the *Quarterly*.
Much misconduct it; and see that the others
Misdeem, and misconstrue, like miscreant brothers;
Misquote, and misplace, and mislead, and misstate,
Misapply, misinterpret, misreckon, misdate,
Misinform, misconjecture, misargue; in short,
Miss all that is good, that ye miss not the Court.
Count the worth of a mind, not from what it produces,
But what it will take to fall in with abuses.
Is any one ardent, sincere, independent?
What distancing virtue! Pray try make an end on't.
Does any discover what you never could?
Pretend it's a trifle no gentleman would.
Does a true taste appear for the authors you edit?
Take pains, by your scorn, to show you never had it.
In short, be the true Representative Tool
Of a whole 'Court of Cobblers' got up into rule."

FINE ARTS.

LETTERS ON THE ARCHITECTURE OF LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS. No. III.

Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase.—
Job. viii. 7.

London.
MY DEAR EDWARD,—To trace distinguished men or distinguished towns to their origin, is a laudable curiosity inherent in man, and arises from the present interest we feel in the object. No anecdote

characteristic, or little circumstance relating to Shakspeare would be considered uninteresting; neither will any antiquity or reminiscence of the first days of London be held nugatory to the description of its present edifices.

It has always been the inclination of historians, when authenticity fails and leaves the imagination to run wild, to fabricate some high sounding origin, some startling *denouement* for those places they have taken upon themselves to describe. London has not escaped this surveillance, and we find the ancient historian describing, with great apparent accuracy, the arrival of Brute, a son of Æneas, rather prior to the existence of Rome, in this country, and his vast preparations for the founding of London. I need not remark that this account is false, for had it been accurate, it were impossible that no authentic record, no monument of that time's glories, should be forthcoming.

Setting this account then aside, one of the first notices we have of London is in Tacitus, who however announces it as a place of great commerce and considerable resort; so much so, that when the high-spirited Boadicea sought vengeance for the injuries that had been heaped upon her, London was one of the places she specially pitched upon to wreak her revenge, it being then one of the seats of the Roman Government, against which she had taken up arms. This was in the year A. D. 61, when Nero swayed the imperial diadem over the world, and the Romans held most of the places of importance in this country. In spite of this manifest evidence of the insecure and unguarded state of London, it was not till many years afterwards that the Romans undertook to give it the defence of walls, which work, according to some antiquarians, was performed during the reign of Constantine the Great, though Maitland and others ascribe it to Theodosius, who was Governor of Britain in the year 369. The former account, however, appears the more probable, for in later times several coins bearing the impression of Helena, parent of Constantine, have been dug up under the ruins of the wall, and which were most likely placed there by Constantine in honour of his mother. This wall, according to Pennant, began with a fort near the present site of the tower, were continued along the Minories and the back of Houndsditch, across Bishopsgate-street in a straight line by London-wall to Cripplegate: then returning southward by Crowder's-well-alley (where several remains of lofty towers were lately to be seen) to Aldersgate, thence along the back of Bull-and-Mouth-street to Newgate, and again along the back of the houses in the Old Bailey to Ludgate: soon after which it probably finished with another fort, where the house, some time since the King's Printing-house, Blackfriars, now stands; from hence another wall ran near the river's side along Thames-street quite to the fort of the eastern extremity. The walls were three miles, one hundred and sixty-five feet in circumference, and through this extent were dispersed fifteen lofty towers. These towers were forty feet high, and the wall, it is supposed, about twenty-two feet, which in those days must have been looked upon as a formidable defence, though as our naval skill gained ground, it was permitted by degrees to decay, and was in time looked upon as an incumbrance rather than a protection, and accordingly demolished: and so effectually has this been done, that now, without scarcely any exception, there are no remains to be traced of this vast extent of building. The towers, it would appear, had better withstood the work of time, for Maitland states, that in his time, there was one to be found twenty-six feet in height near Gravel-lane on the west side of Houndsditch; another about eighty paces south-east towards Aldgate, and the bases of another supporting a modern house at the lower end of the street called the Vineyard, south of Aldgate. All these, however, have now disappeared, and London stands to the eye unprotected.

The undertaking of the Romans, no doubt, by adding to the security, greatly assisted the commerce and consequence of London, though it had to contend with many of its neighbours for the claim of precedence and superiority, till in the time of Alfred the Great it was declared the capital of all England, and it was this prince who first extended our commerce to India, in which he was likewise backed by his successor Athelstan, who, for the encouragement of navigation, made a promise of patent of gentility to any merchant who should on his own bottom make three voyages to the Mediterranean.

Much faith, however, was not to be put in our strength by sea at this time, for no sooner had Alfred got rid of the Danes, and obtained possession of London, than he began to rebuild its walls, towers, and gates, which had almost gone to ruin while in the hands of his enemies. In less than ten years after this, however, he had the mortification to find that his walls incased little more than a heap of rubbish, for a most destructive fire dealt havoc among the houses which were formed of wood, while the sturdy walls, refusing to yield to the raging element, saw all around them levelled with the dust.

The active spirit of Alfred, in all probability, caused the first at-

tempts to be made, since the departure of the Romans, of rendering the city worthy of its commerce and opulence. Following his example, the nobility and citizens strove to give a solidity and proportion to their buildings which they had not had for ages previous. Frequent fires and conflagrations had demolished the noble edifices of the Romans, and they had been replaced in a hasty and unstable manner by the lazy citizens, who preferred seeing the building run up expeditiously to the gradual proceeding by which any strength or beauty can be attained. And it was in Alfred that London was so particularly fortunate, for he had not only established it as his own peculiar residence and the metropolis of his kingdom, but gave the inhabitants every advantage in their progress, by instilling his own spirit into their proceedings, and marking with particular approbation every attempt towards the improvement and the beautifying of the city.

One striking proof of the great exertions of Alfred and his successors towards fortifying the city is, that the Danes, in one of their after attempts, found it impossible, what with the bravery of the citizens, and what with the strength of the walls, to gain possession of London, and though they made the most vigorous efforts to obtain the town, were continually repulsed with serious loss. The bad policy and mis-management of Ethelred, the British King, however, effected what the exertions of the Danes were unable to accomplish, and, after repeated struggles, the Danes became pretty decisively masters of all the southern counties, and, in the time of Canute, of the whole of England.

From this time little occurred in an Architectural point of view till the arrival of William and the Norman Conquest. Everything then wore a new aspect, and building in most of its branches met with great encouragement from that prince, who had no objection to see the Norman barons, who, he well knew, were firmly attached to his cause, erecting in all directions castles, fortresses, and strong holds, which he looked upon as so many garrisons under his direction, to keep the rebellious natives in awe, and bring them into submission to his power. Architecture now began to wear all the genuine appearances of a science, and men of great talents among the monks and other religious orders, sprung up, and used all the efforts of persuasion and ghostly threats to induce the layman to provide the necessary supplies, while vast piles rose in all directions to point where priestcraft triumphed over superstitious innocence.

NEWSPAPER CHAT.

A soldier of the 93d. who married when quartered here, when he ascertained that his wife would not be allowed to go with him, cut off three of his toes with an axe, that he might be left at home with her.—*Edinb. Chronicle.*

Lord Mansfield went the Shrewsbury Circuit; and having been asked to dinner by the Mayor of the town, his Lordship observing an antique clock in the room, observed to the Mayor, "that he supposed Sir John Falstaff fought by that clock," to which the Mayor replied, "He could not tell, for he had not the pleasure of knowing Sir John."—Lord Mansfield then tried his host on another subject, and remarked, "that the town appeared very old"—to which the Mayor replied, "it was always so, please your Lordship."

COARSE EATING.—Judge Bailey is said to have lately stated, that one half of the people of Scotland live upon meal and water! If the learned Judge had deigned, when he was last on the Northern Circuit, to penetrate beyond the Border, he would have found that no one would have treated him so uncourteously as to give him porridge without milk. John Bull is an epicure; he has no notion of what is of less solidity than the wing of an ox; but he supposes a Scotsman can eat anything. Of old, the country-people used to make what they called *dalls*, for burning. These *dalls* were made of a composition of saw-dust, with the excrement of cows, &c. "Ah!" said an Englishman, as he passed a group who were busy in manufacturing them, "that must be coarse eating indeed!"—*Dundee Advertiser.*

GAS LIGHT.—Among the useful hints connected with Gas Light, I have seen none that pleases me so much as one thrown out by Sir Walter Scott. I have slept in rooms with sick people, and in other situations where I have had occasion to rise frequently during the night; I have tried phosphoric matches, flint and steel, and various other contrivances; and having felt the inconvenience of them all, I know not how much I would have given for a light such as Sir Walter describes, which can be so far reduced as to leave the room quite dark enough for sleeping, or by the use of a simple shade, absolutely dark—and which can yet in an instant, and even without rising from bed, be expanded into a powerful flame, shedding *plein jour*, as the French say, upon every object around. For the sick chamber, Gas Light thus regulated would indeed be invaluable. I say nothing of its utility to literary men, who watch the illapses of inspiration, who, like Pope, have often been obliged to knock up servants and put the house in an uproar, in their eagerness to arrest

the fleeting but precious conceptions which shoot like meteors across their brain in the dead of night. Even to persons like myself, who am neither smitten with sickness nor poetry, but who have the misfortune to be a bad sleeper, it would be a great accommodation, if, when troubled with watching, I could, by a mere movement of my arm, command a good light, which would enable me to beguile a few tedious hours with a novel or to administer a soporific in the shape of a sermon or a moral treatise.
—ONEIROPOLOS.—*Scotsman*.

MADAME CATALANI.—This highly gifted singer, the greatest, we believe, the world has yet seen, gave a concert on Friday se'night in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh. The attendance was highly select, and included, as far as we could observe, all the leading amateurs of the place. Madame Catalani was in great voice and spirits, and, we rejoice to observe, shows every symptom even of progress—great as her former attainments were—rather than of decay. It is as needless, as it would be impertinent, for us to offer any laboured criticism on her style, as she is a singer that is now familiar to all the people of Europe, and can boast of being equally the favourite of princes and of the people. At some of the Congresses, our readers know, that Madame Catalani was a regular attendant; and the first men, and the first musicians in the world, on all occasions, equally deferred to her. Her style, indeed, is eminently fitted to conciliate all tastes. Though not a profoundly educated musician, her efforts are always found to accord with the nicest rules of art; while they display all the freshness, luxuriance, and elasticity of uncontrolled nature. She seems to have been born a musician; and this not merely by possessing the most powerful, yet soft and mellow, voice, so entirely under control, that she can execute the most difficult passages with an articulateness and tone that are unattainable by any instrument—but also by being endowed from nature with a sort of musical instinct, which places all rule at defiance, and yet is at the same time the very perfection of rule. But we must not indulge in this strain. When we hear Catalani, we give way to our feelings; and it is with difficulty we can write about her in any other terms than of measureless admiration.
—*Scotsman*.

A tradesman in this town, who kept a donkey which was a particular favourite, admitted it as an occasional visiter into his kitchen. On Monday week, a letter, supposed to contain a bill for 50*l.* was left upon the table, which soon disappeared: the poor donkey was suspected of being the thief, was summarily executed, and ocular demonstration made of his having swallowed it. Not a vestige of either letter or bill, excepting the seal, was found in the poor donkey's stomach.—*Liverpool Advertiser*.

RAPID COURTSHIP.—On Tuesday week, as a young woman of the name of Mary Becket was on her way from her home at Wragby to Halifax, where she was engaged as a servant, being fatigued, she called for refreshment at the George and Dragon Inn, in Dewsbury. A short time after, a young butcher of the name of George Birch came in, clapped her upon the shoulder, and said, "This young woman will make me a good housekeeper." The damsel, nothing loth, assented to the observation; a serious conversation ensued, which ended in procuring a licence, and the amorous pair were married the next morning, to the great entertainment of a very numerous party of attendants.—*York Courant*.

A medal, it appears, has been struck to commemorate the triumphant entry of the Duke of Angouleme into Paris. His Royal Highness is represented on horseback, with the standard of France—faithful warriors—citizens of Paris—crowns of laurel, &c. Could not the artist have found room for a few sacks of *Louis d'or* in the back ground? Among the emblems of victory, surely the causes of it need not have been forgotten.—*Times*.

MR. JUSTICE PARK.—According to the arguments held at Hertford, there is but one wise and impartial man, and that is Mr. Justice Park!—who is enlightened by education, &c. &c. &c. As for Juries, they are composed of poor creatures likely to be warped and biassed by every rumour. All this only tends to discredit Trial by Jury—had the Judge been unshackled with a Jury, the prisoners might at once have gone to trial with the utmost confidence, for all their Counsel sung laudamus to the Judge—indeed, never did we see more fulsome praise—more sickening, abject adulation than they heaped upon Mr. Justice Park, who must have a strong appetite for sweets if he relished it.—*Chronicle*.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.—A gentleman just arrived from Germany states, that he saw the Young Napoleon at the Vienna Theatre. He describes him as a most interesting boy, full of vivacity, and restless. From the manner of the boy in his box, he was strongly reminded of his father. When this gentleman asked the box-keeper "if that was the young Napoleon," he answered, "No, it is the Duke of Rastadt;" and found upon enquiring afterwards that orders were strictly given to all persons in office never to mention the name of Napoleon.

SIR R. WILSON.—The potentates of Russia and Prussia, like their brother Legitimate of Portugal, have made a vain attempt to degrade Sir Robert Wilson, for acts which have added to his honours in the eyes of every friend of mankind. They have stripped him of their paltry decorations and orders—and let them go! They can neither lessen the lustre of those exploits by which he earned these poor distinctions, nor deprive him of the honest fame due to those later acts which have incurred the penalty of their forfeiture. He holds his truest honours—the esteem of the wise and good—by a higher patent than the *sic volo* of any of the crowned troublers of the world. It is bad enough that tyrants can sometimes command our bodies—our spirits, thank Heaven, disdain their yoke. We are not yet so far humbled as to take our standard of what is

just or honourable, manly or generous, from the Sergeant-Major of Prussia, or the Khan of the Tartars. Their poor malignity will not alter as to the true value of those badges of servitude which pass current in despotic courts by the name of honours. The time, we trust, is not far distant when enlightened men will spurn as a disgrace every mark of favour from those powerful robbers who are combined for the destruction of human liberty and happiness. We can venerate the name of Marlborough or Chatham, as the symbol of well-earned renown, even when worn by meanness or folly; but we hold in contempt those spurious honours which have no higher origin than the low passions or little caprices of a despot. Charles the Second, who murdered Sidney and Russel, and persecuted all that was truly noble in his reign, heaped titles upon the base panders to his passions, and filled up the peerage with jesters, knaves, and prostitutes. From Archangel to Cadiz on the Continent honours run pretty much in the same course at this day. It is no rash assertion, we believe, to state, that such distinctions as those of which Sir Robert Wilson has just been found unworthy, are held unchallenged by scores of gamblers, speculators, perjurers, pimps—by court parasites, and tools of every shape and dimension, who not only are inherently base and corrupt, but who owe the wealth, station, and honours they possess to their profligacy or their crimes.—*Scotsman*.

Mr. Russell, formerly of our theatre, and whose merits as a comedian were so deservedly and highly estimated by the Edinburgh audience, has lately been performing *Richard, Shylock, Sir Giles Overreach*, and other characters of a similar description, with so much success, that the Managers of Covent-garden Theatre have engaged him to perform them in London.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

A private letter from Paris says,—“The gamblers here are in great consternation, in consequence of a discovery which has been made of the employment of false dice at a certain *Salon*, which is kept by a Marquess, *ou soi-disant tel*, and was considered one of the most fashionable gaming houses in Paris. Lord T——, who is reported to have lost three hundred thousand pounds there, is going to bring an action against the proprietor.”

BATH, DEC. 10.—Last night as Mrs. Tudor, a very celebrated lady of this city, and who was, previously to her marriage, on account of her beauty and fortune (30,000*l.* a-year) the toast of Bath, was on her way in her chair to the Italian Opera, which has recently commenced here, under the management of Colonel Palmer, M.P. she was taken suddenly ill, and desired the chairmen to return home with her; but before they could get back to her residence, which is only a short distance from the theatre, on the Queen's Parade, she had expired! She was married to Mr. Tudor, a celebrated surgeon of Bath. About four or five years ago, a paralytic attack deprived her of the use of her limbs for a long time; but she eventually so far recovered their use as to be able to walk with the aid of a stick, when thus suddenly snatched from existence, attired as she was in full dress for the Opera. This memorable beauty was only 35 years of age! Her maiden name was Fenwick.

LORD ERSKINE.—The following invitation is in general circulation among the members of the legal profession:—“Understanding it to be the wish of the profession of the law that some mark of respect should be shown to the memory of the late Lord Erskine, we take the liberty of requesting your attendance at Lincoln's-inn-hall, on Monday, the 15th of December, at half-past 7 o'clock in the evening.—John Lens, John Vaughan, Arthur Onslow, Albert Pell, Thomas Jervis, Henry Martin, Jonathan Raine, James Scarlett, John Bell, John Gurney, George Heald, W. E. Taunton, Wm. George Adam, &c. &c.”

Mina is a well-looking man, and seems just the sort of *build* for such a character as his exploits have proved him to be. He has taken a house in Stonehouse, where he waits the arrival of Madame Mina, whose present residence he does not know for certain, but surmises it to be at Lisbon or Corunna. It is impossible to imagine a less assuming or more affable gentleman. One of our most respectable houses here has received a letter to honour the pecuniary demands of General Mina to any extent. It was rumoured that he would attend the theatre on Tuesday evening, but such was not the case; and from the avowed knowledge of his retired habits, we think he will appear but little in public. Many persons of distinction, among them the Consulates, have made calls on General Mina during the week.—*Taunton Courier*.

The following are some of the new Opera arrangements:—Rossini, composer; Mesdames Ronzi, Mombelli, Caradori, Vestris, and Pasta, are the principal female singers engaged. It is, however, said that the last-mentioned lady, although under a penalty of 1,000*l.* to the managers of the King's Theatre, may possibly be prevented by the French Government from quitting France. The male singers are Garcia, Curioni, Porto, Remorini, and some others. The corps de ballet includes Albert, Noblet, Le Gros, Madame C. Vestris, Mademoiselles Idalise, Leroux, Aumer, and others. The leader of the opera is Spagnoletti, and of the ballet, Mr. Lacy; the ballet-masters, Messrs. Aumer, Guillet, and Boisgerard. The theatre is to open about the second week in January.

STOCKINGS.—It being almost the universal practice to judge of the goodness of stockings by examining the calf, as it is called, the makers take care that they shall always be stoutest in that part. An intending purchaser should take the strength of the foot, and especially the heel, for his guidance. Another deception is resorted to, to make the stockings have a stout appearance, which is not so easily detected: the bleachers use stoves, in which they burn brimstone, which imparts to the stockings a stiffness.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

TO ESCAPE FROM, OR GO INTO A HOUSE ON FIRE.—Creep or crawl with your face near the ground, and although the room be full of smoke to suffocation, yet near the ground the air is pure, and may be breathed with safety. The best escape from upper windows is a knotted rope; but if a leap is unavoidable, then the bed should be thrown out first, or beds prepared for the purpose.

A new comedy, entitled *l'Ecole des Vieillards*, was brought out a few days ago at the *Theatre Francais*. The piece, which is by Cassimir Delavigne, author of the *Vépres Siciliennes* and the *Messeniennes*, was received with so much approbation, that several of the Paris booksellers immediately made high offers for the right of publishing it. The choice of the author has, however, fallen on the publishers of his other works (Ladvoat and Barba) who pay 14,000 francs for the manuscript.

Mr. D'Egville, to whom the crime perpetrated at Barbadoes is attributed, is no relation to the late Ballet Master of the King's Theatre, so well known in London. The person to whom allusion is made in the Barbadoes paper, has resided in that island for more than thirty years.

We are repeatedly asked by correspondents, whether any steps have been taken in the case of Townsend, the Bow-street officer, who was charged with an act of shocking cruelty to a dog. We have not heard the result; but we have no doubt that so active and zealous an individual as Mr. Martin will not be easily diverted from his object.—*Times*.

Two valuable horses, the property of Mr. James Moore, of Langadwock, South Wales, were killed by eating wheat, which they obtained by getting into the barn; and though every attempt was made to remove the grain from their stomachs, the poor animals died in great agony in a few hours after.

LAW APPOINTMENTS.—The appointment of Sir Robert Gifford, to succeed Sir Robert Dallas, as Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was finally settled on Thursday week, at the audience which the Earl of Liverpool and the Lord Chancellor had of his Majesty. Sir John Copley succeeds to the vacant office of Attorney-General; but, up to the present moment, no person has been named as his successor in the office of Solicitor-General. We can state, upon the best authority, that though Mr. Wetherell is talked of as the person upon whom this honour is likely to fall, he has not yet received it. No decision is yet come to with respect to the filling up of the vacant seat on the Exchequer Bench, caused by the death of Lord Chief Baron Richards.—*Courier*.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Wednesday being the Anniversary of the Institution of the Royal Academy, a General Meeting of the Academicians was convened, when the gold and silver medals awarded to the students were presented to the several successful candidates in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Drawing, and Modelling.—The gold medal, with the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds and West, for the best historical composition in painting—(subject, The contention between the Arch-Angel Michael and Satan for the body of Moses) to Frederick Y. Hurlstone.—Sculptural composition—the gold medal to Mr. R. B. Hughes.—In Architecture—for a design of an Hospital for Invalid Sailors, the gold medal to Mr. F. Bradbury.—In the School of Painting—the first silver medal for the best copy, to Mr. Cobbett; the second to Mr. Marks.—The silver medal for the best drawing in the life, to Mr. Cahusac; the second to Mr. How.—The silver medal for the best model in the life, to Mr. R. Williams; the second to Mr. Collingwood.—The silver medal for the best drawing from the antique, to Mr. G. R. Ward; the second to Mr. F. Ross; the third to Mr. Cicell.—The silver medal for the best model from the antique, to Mr. Dear; the second to Mr. Stothard; the third to Mr. H. Behnes, youngest brother of the sculptor of that name; the medal for the best ditto, to Mr. Stothard.—The silver medal for the best architectural drawing, to Mr. Richley; the second to Mr. Jenkins.—The President concluded the ceremony with a discourse.

A FREE TRANSLATION.—A certain Noble Lord, who resides not far from Aylesbury, lately sent the venerable Corporation of that town a buck, and divers large quantities of game, for their Corporation dinner—and the Mayor, as in gratitude bound, requested the honour of the Noble Donor's presence to partake thereof. This worthy head of the Corporation (glad, doubtless, of the opportunity of securing the interests of "the Family") shortly before the important meal, begged leave to present his son—a likely lad of ten years' growth—to his future patron, as he then fondly hoped. Fatal request! as the sequel will shew. The lad was introduced, and the Noble Guest asked him, amongst other questions, where he went to school, what he was learning, &c.; and was told that he was at the Grammar School, and "in *Sallust*."—Now it so chanced, that the *family-arms* of the Noble Lord decorated the wall of the room in which they were talking,—on which was displayed the *family motto*, *FUMUS* (alluding to the tradition of their descent from the "King of the East Angles," or some other such potentate.) This motto was painted, half on one corner, and half on another, of the 'scutcheon, and stood therefore thus: *FUMUS*—*MUS*.—The Mayor, proud of the opportunity of displaying to his Lordship the boy's abilities, and desirous of impressing on the mind of his son the dignity of the "great Man's" family, told the lad to construe this unlucky heraldic inscription; which he immediately did, thus—"FUM, I have been, MUS, a Mouse!"

The papers say, that "Mr. Nightingale, author of the 'Portraiture of Methodism,' who was in early life a Methodist, and afterwards an Unitarian, has, in a letter to the Editor of the Wesleyan Magazine, written in the expectation of immediate death, declared his belief in the Divinity and Atonement of Christ, and his regret at having published the above "foolish book."—It appears from this statement, that Mr. Nightingale, when in the vigour of life and in good health, despised and exposed the

Methodists; but when he became exceedingly weak and at death's door,—(his judgment of course, if not his fears, becoming stronger than ever)—he relapsed into his "early life" absurdities! And the ninnies publish the above paragraph in the way of triumph!

AMERICAN GENEROSITY.—The American newspapers have recently announced a splendid instance of individual liberality to this Institution (the Athenæum at Boston.) A Mr. James Perkins, of Boston, of the house of Messrs. J. and T. H. Perkins, has presented to the Athenæum, for the better accommodation of its treasures, a spacious building, valued at 4,500*l.* sterling. Amid all the patronage which has been bestowed on literature in our native country, I question whether we could point to an instance of equal generosity among our living commercial men. Some people become liberal in the distribution of their property when death is at hand, and they can hold it no longer; but Mr. Perkins gives his townsmen the benefit of his commercial prosperity while he is still among them. Mr. Perkins, as might indeed be inferred from the character of his gift, is said to be a person of distinguished literary attainments.—*Duncan's Travels in America*.

Mr. Horace Twiss appears to have given the Editor of the *John Bull* great offence by his contradiction of the report that he was a writer in that degraded publication. "We are requested to state" (he says) "that Mr. Horace Twiss is not the Author of *Paradise Lost* nor of *Junius's Letters*!" Meaning thereby, we suppose, that the talent in the *John Bull* is equal to that displayed in those celebrated works! Mr. Theodore Hook's modesty seems quite on a par with his honesty. But this brilliant display of wit is designed, we suspect, to show that the *John Bull* has not grown altogether so dull as some assert.—Only think, reader, of that constellation of genius—the Author of *Junius*, John Milton, and Theodore Hook!

FINE ARTS.—Mr. Duncan, in his Travels, says that the Pennsylvania Hospital "is now possessed of a permanent source of revenue in West's splendid Painting of *Christ healing the Sick in the Temple*, presented by the venerable President as a pledge of his regard for the benevolent institutions of his native country. A small building has been erected for exhibiting this Picture, and a quarter of a dollar is required for admission. It is supposed it will afford to the Hospital an annual revenue of 500*l.* sterling."—In our judgment, there are finer Pictures than this now in West's Gallery in Newman-street, which the Governors of some of our own Public Institutions would perhaps do well to obtain, in order to add to their funds, after this Trans-atlantic example, if for no other reason. Here is a striking instance of the use which may be made of the Fine Arts in the promotion of Charity, as well as of the Public Taste.

MISS PATON.—A print of Miss Paton has just been engraved by Mr. R. Newton, from a miniature by Mr. W. I. Newton, which all who have seen that charming singer and actress will instantly recognize as an admirable likeness, and all who have "an eye for art" will admire for the softness and delicacy of its execution. The artist has indeed been very happy in catching that union of arch expression, mild brilliancy of eye, and lady-like composure, which forms the great characteristic of Miss Paton's countenance, and has been so well appreciated by the public in the character of *Floretta* in the *Cabinet*. Another merit too—(at least the frequency of the contrary practice in regard to stage portraiture has made it a merit)—is, that the likeness is not flattered. This print cannot fail to be popular; and we feel gratified in thinking, that it will advance the reputation of the rising artists by whose talents it has been produced.

An extremely useful compilation has just been published, under the title of "*Chronology of the Reigns of George III. and IV.*;" by James Fordyce; which gives a summary of political events, and a catalogue of remarkable occurrences, arranged under each year, besides a very copious account of curious particulars of all kinds—such as the standard books published in the year, successful plays first performed, the most interesting deaths and marriages, natural phenomena, &c. The utility of a work is obvious, which, in a neat little volume that may almost be concealed in the hand, by the help of a clear diamond type, supplies the *élite* matter of sixty Annual Registers, besides many articles of minor interest not to be found in those cumbrous tomes, and contains all important dates. The amusement of such a work depends of course on the diligence and tact of the compiler; and Mr. Fordyce appears to us to leave little to desire in those respects.

THE VICE-SOCIETY'S PREDECESSOR.—"Feb. 25, 1763. The Society for the Reformation of Manners cast in 300*l.* damages, for indecent behaviour to the landlady of the Rummer Tavern in Chancery-lane, while searching her house under pretence of its being a place of evil resort."—*Chronology of the Reigns of George III. and IV.*—Query: How often does a similar pretence disguise a like propensity in those grave elderly persons, who are deputed from among the Members of the modern Vice Society to hunt out indecent prints? Such a body might well be called, for significance as well as brevity, the *Lewd Committee*.

THE KING AND THE JOHN BULL.—His Majesty, we should suspect, cannot half like the clumsy compliments put forth by the *John Bull*, whenever an opportunity is afforded of alluding to Royalty. The *Bull* is quite indignant that the *Chronicle* should not be delighted with the King's fondness for showing himself in a military dress. George the Third, he says, almost always visited the theatre in *regimentals*. That may be; but is it quite a discreet thing, Mr. Bull, to institute comparisons between the practices of the Royal Father and Son? Are there not several other habits (not military) which it might have been altogether as well if the present Sovereign had copied from the late one, that would

have conferred far greater honour than the wearing a blue or scarlet coat, however exquisitely cut or gorgeously bedizened?

A Correspondent says,—“In your paper of Sunday last you say, that the month of February next will contain 5 Sundays, which may not happen again for upwards of forty years. True it is that the 1st of February *Leap Year* did not fall upon a Sunday since the year 1784, now 40 years ago, when of course that month contained 5 Sundays as it will next year, but the same event will actually take place 28 years hence, in 1852, and also 28 years afterwards, in 1880, but will not happen again till the year 120, 40 years more!”

LAW.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Wednesday, Dec. 10.

LEA v. BUDD.

This was an action against the proprietor of waggons passing between Cheltenham and London, for not delivering a parcel within a reasonable time. The parcel was promised to be delivered on Monday, but it did not reach Cheltenham till the following Friday.—Verdict for the Plaintiff—Damages, 5*l.*

Friday, Dec. 12.

SEABROOKE v. WHITLAW.

This action was brought against the defendant for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife. The damages were laid at 1,000*l.*

Mr. BROUGHAM said the plaintiff was a respectable tradesman, who of late years had resided at Guildford, in Surrey, or Compton, a village near it. Before he left Suffolk, he married his present wife, whom he treated with uniform kindness, and who brought him seven children. The defendant was a brewer and a publican, a man of wealth, proud of his purse, and, in moral character, of a description which even persons of no very rigid virtue refused to countenance—he was addicted to gallantry, and fond of boasting of his successes. He, too, was a married man, with children, and had a son grown up. Between these men, an intimacy sprang up, such as would naturally arise between neighbours. Mr. Seabrooke was led to entertain suspicions of the infidelity of his wife, and instituted an inquiry, from which he derived fresh ground of suspicion. In May she went into Cambridgeshire on a visit to her friends, but returned unexpectedly—a circumstance afterwards material. Following the clue he discovered, that on the morning of the 10th of June, Mr. Whitlaw, the defendant, went to the Blue Boar, Aldgate, and said he expected his wife by a Cambridge coach. Mrs. Seabrooke arrived by the coach; the defendant met her as her husband; she inspected the accommodations provided for them; they slept together that night; and the next day the lady pursued her journey to Guildford. When Mr. Seabrooke discovered these facts, it became necessary that his wife should be identified by the waiters at the Blue Boar. She was accordingly taken to that place; and on seeing whither she was brought, uttered an exclamation of distress, and declared that she was undone. The waiter and chambermaid immediately recognised her as the lady who had slept there on the 10th of June; and the former afterwards saw Mr. Whitlaw at Guildford, and ascertained that he was the person by whom she was accompanied. The Jury would remember that the plaintiff had lost the society of a wife, to whom he was attached, and who was the mother of his seven children; and that the defendant, by whom this mischief was effected, was a man of mature age, married, and himself the father of a family; and he should expect from their justice such a verdict as would afford some compensation to the injured husband, and would teach a lesson to the wrong-doer which he would long remember.

A number of witnesses were now examined, who proved the case as dwelt on by the learned Counsel—and among them, *John Bye*, who said that Seabrooke and his wife lived in part of his house, and he knew them well, and saw them daily. They always seemed to live very comfortably. He knew the defendant, who was in good circumstances as far as he knew. He used to joke with Mrs. Seabrooke occasionally; he liked to joke. On being pressed, the witness admitted that he had heard Mr. Seabrooke make indelicate remarks respecting his wife.

Mr. SCARLETT, for the defendant, declared that he thought there was pregnant reason to suppose that this cause was got up between Mr. and Mrs. Seabrooke, for the purpose of obtaining a little money from their neighbour, Mr. Whitlaw. Where was Mrs. Seabrooke now? At Mr. Piggott's, where she had been visited by her son; and though Mr. Piggott was in Court, the plaintiff dared not call him as a witness. Was it not probable, then, that she was now placed there by her husband, because, until the trial was over, it would not be fit to receive her at home? And who, he would ask, informed the plaintiff, that on the 10th of June his wife had the misfortune to sleep in No. 1, at the Blue Boar, Aldgate, with another man? The waiter did not know either of the parties; the chambermaid was equally ignorant; and the coachman who drove them to the inn in the Borough had not been traced: who, then, told the husband, who could tell him, except his wife? Did not all this show that there was something behind the curtain which it was not proper to exhibit? It was singular that no one was called who could best speak to the conduct of the parties; there was a schoolmaster, who had not known them for the last six years; the good-humoured landlord, who used to joke with and about this very lady, and his son, were the only witnesses who had

any opportunity of observing the domestic happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Seabrooke. He (Mr. Scarlett) believed the truth was, that the whole was a matter of concert between the husband and wife; that he first sent her to the inn; and then took her there to be identified; and fixing on his neighbour Mr. Whitlaw as a proper person for a defendant, sought by this action to prove his wife a better wife than she had ever been before. How, indeed, was the defendant identified? A person went to the Blue Boar, and said his name was Whitlaw, of Godalming; and then Mr. Churchill, the attorney, sent the waiter down to his agent Mr. Potter's, at Guildford, to see Mr. Whitlaw, whom he would find at Potter's office; and the man went, and saw some one who shook hands with him, and laughed about the Blue Boar, Aldgate. Why was not this waiter sent to Mr. Whitlaw's house, to which, being a public-house, he would obtain easy access? Or why was not Mr. Potter called, who, knowing Mr. Whitlaw well, would be able to place this matter beyond all doubt, and prove that the man whom the waiter recognized was the defendant? How could Mr. Churchill know that, at this particular time, Mr. Whitlaw, who was not his client, but the adverse party, would be at the office of his agent? It would be easy to procure a man to personate the defendant, first at the Blue Boar, and then at Guildford; and the absence of Mr. Potter, and the other circumstances of the case, rendered this the more probable conjecture. He (Mr. Scarlett) was glad they had gone so near home in selecting their defendant; if, when they were in Surrey, they had gone a little further a-field, God knew whom they might have fixed on! Now suppose Mr. Seabrooke should say—“I have a wife (God save me!) of whom my best friend says, ‘If he had two such, he would give the Devil one to take away the other.’ I will try if I cannot make her at least profitable; I will talk freely about her; I will invite men by my conversation to intrigue with her; and when this fails, I will let her go to visit her friends in Cambridgeshire—it will be an excellent pretext. I will ask her to get some one to meet her at the Blue Boar; I will next take her there to be identified by the chambermaid and waiters; and then I will send down the waiter to Guildford, where the gallant shall meet him at my own attorney's office, and I shall have a complete case to go before a jury for damages.—[Here one of the jury appeared to be ill, and the counsel on both sides agreed to dispense with his attendance, and to proceed with the remaining eleven.]—Mr. SCARLETT proceeded.—Even if the defendant were the person at the Blue Boar, and he verily believed he was not, still the plaintiff ought not to recover, because his own conduct had led to his wife's dishonour. Here there was no one called to prove the terms on which the parties lived; no evidence of solicitation; no vestige of seduction: and one of two things must be true—either the parties were intimate, and then the plaintiff had dared to call no one to speak to the particulars of that intimacy; or they were strangers, and then Mrs. Seabrooke must have been ready to comply on the first request of a man of whom she knew nothing. On the whole, the learned Counsel submitted that the defendant was not identified, and was therefore entitled to a verdict; and that if the Jury should think otherwise, they would consider the lowest coin of the realm as much as the plaintiff was entitled to recover.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said, that if the Jury were quite satisfied that the defendant had criminal intercourse with the plaintiff's wife, he thought their verdict should be for the plaintiff; for he did not think there was evidence of connivance on his part. It was true that he came with her to the Blue Boar, when she was identified by the witnesses; but Mr. Churchill, the attorney, said, that he contrived the scheme to ascertain the truth, and Mrs. Seabrooke appeared angry and in tears. That some one had improper intercourse with her on the 10th of June, there was no doubt; but there was a question whether the defendant was the person; and undoubtedly the best evidence to prove the fact, if it were so, had not been produced; for Mr. Potter, who could have placed it beyond doubt, had not been examined as a witness. If they were convinced that the defendant was the person who slept at the Blue Boar on the 10th of June, they would then consider what damages the plaintiff ought to receive. Now, in reference to this point, it was very important to observe, that there was no proof of seduction or solicitation; that the plaintiff's wife might have yielded an immediate compliance; and that the loss of such a woman was a far less evil than the loss of one, who, having been virtuous and chaste, was withdrawn from her duty and her virtue by the arts of a seducer. In estimating the damages also, they might fitly take into consideration the very loose and improper manner in which the plaintiff had spoken of his wife.

The Jury consulted together for a few minutes, and found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 10*l.*

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Wednesday, Dec. 10.

FLICK v. TOULMARSH.

Mr. Sergeant VAUGHAN said, the plaintiff was a tailor at Woolwich, and the defendant a gentleman of fortune, residing at Fairfield-lodge, near Uxbridge, who had a son a cadet at the Military Academy. The defendant's son, previous to the holidays, ordered of the plaintiff a suit of plain clothes, which were accordingly delivered to him. As the defendant's son was a minor, and the goods furnished were necessities, he contended that his client was entitled to recover their value from his father.

Witnesses having been examined, and Mr. Sergeant PELL heard for the defendant,—

Mr. Justice BROUGHAM summed up the case, telling the Jury, that if

was of serious importance to the public, and for which, in his opinion, the defendant had done right in defending. When boys were young, and unaware of the consequences to which their expenditure might lead, it was not fitting that tradesmen should give them credit without the consent and knowledge of their friends. There was no proof that the father had subsequently adopted these clothes by permitting his son to wear them, and if he had so adopted them, beyond a question he would have been liable. No evidence, however, had been produced to show that the father knew anything at all of them; and as, in his judgment, there was no evidence to support a verdict for the plaintiff, they were bound to return a verdict for the defendant.

The Jury immediately returned a verdict for the defendant.

SHERIFF'S COURT, COLEMAN-STREET.

LAINGE V. HARRIS AND ANOTHER.

Mr. PHILLIPS stated that this was an action in which the plaintiff complained of assault and false imprisonment. The defendants had suffered judgment to go by default, and the present Jury were assembled to assess damages. Mr. Lainge was the master of a merchant vessel, called the Porcupine. The defendants were Captain Harris, of the Hussar frigate, and his first Lieutenant. In September last, the Porcupine was lying off Lisbon, where the defendant's ship was stationed. Whilst the Porcupine was in this situation, several of her men were tempted to enter on board the men of war. One of these men went on board Captain Harris's ship, and on doing so, demanded a certain sum for wages. There being some dispute on this subject, Captain Lainge refused to pay his demand, desiring that the matter should be referred to the British Consul. Instead of this, however, the frigate's barge, with the Lieutenant and an armed crew, came alongside the Porcupine, and the Lieutenant and several men came on board, and delivered Captain Harris's orders to Captain Lainge, for his going on board the Hussar instantly. With this peremptory order Captain Lainge refused to comply. The Lieutenant then addressing his men, and using the most insulting tone as applied to Captain Lainge, desired them to go down and bring that man up. They accordingly went down to the Captain, and he, being obliged to submit to so superior a force, came up, protesting against being understood as submitting voluntarily, and got over the ship's side into his own boat, being directed so to do. The Lieutenant and his men got into the barge, and took Captain Lainge's boat in tow; and in this degrading manner he was towed through a fleet of 200 sail, to Captain Harris's ship. The Jury would hear from the witnesses, that for an individual to be towed through a fleet, at the stern of a man of war's boat, was most disgraceful. It was a situation in which only those were placed who were accused of the most degrading crimes, and who were going to receive punishment. In this state, however, was Captain Lainge taken to the Defendant's ship; here he was taken on board, and that with such roughness, that his ankle was violently sprained, and he received so severe an injury as to deprive him of the use of his foot for five weeks. He was detained in this state for upwards of two hours, and then a message was sent for some of his own crew to come and take him back. For this assault and detention it was, that the Jury were now to give Mr. Lainge a remuneration; he trusted the Jury would give to his client ample damages, and prove to the commanders of ships of war, that individuals commanding trading vessels had rights which were not to be invaded by them with impunity.

Witnesses for the Plaintiff having proved this case, Mr. ADOLPHUS made a very poor defence for his client, Captain Harris; and the Jury, after a few minutes' deliberation, returned with a verdict of 100*l.* damages for the Plaintiff.

OLD BAILEY.

On Monday, Robert Shields was indicted for stealing in the dwelling-house of George Vipond a quantity of Irish linen and other articles. The various articles were pawned by the prisoner at various places, but it was not proved that any two of the articles produced had been pawned at the same time; each pawning therefore constituted the ground of a separate indictment; consequently, the Jury returned a verdict of *Guilty* of stealing to the value of thirty-nine shillings.

John Adams, a ruffianly looking fellow, was indicted for assaulting James Wright, on the night of the 2d of December, with intent to rob him. The prosecutor stated, that he lodged at No. 12, Broad-street, Golden-square, and was going to see a friend in Blackfriars-road, between 8 and 9 o'clock. In passing along Fleet-street he met the prisoner, who stared him very daringly in the face, and, turning round, followed him, tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him for charity. The prosecutor told him he was no object of charity, and several times bade him begone, or he would give him in charge to the watch; the prisoner however continued to walk alongside of him, and importune him for money, until he came to the corner of Blackfriars-bridge, when suddenly seizing the prosecutor by the collar, he told him that "money he wanted, and money he would have." The prosecutor called out to the watermen to call the watch, upon which the prisoner struck him a tremendous blow with his fist upon the side of the head, which he was about to repeat, when he was seized by two watchmen.—The watchmen fully corroborated the latter part of this testimony.—In his defence, the Prisoner insinuated that the prosecutor had accosted him with improper views; and that when he asked him for money, he told him (the prisoner) that he wanted to extort money from him, and that there were a great many characters of his description about town; upon which he (prisoner) replied

that he (prosecutor) was a bad man, and deserved "a lick on the head," and thereupon struck him.—He called no witnesses either to his character or in support of his story, although he mentioned circumstances that (were they true) easily admitted of proof.—The Jury, without allowing the Recorder to complete his summing up, found the prisoner *Guilty*, adding, "under very aggravated circumstances."—The Recorder said, the prisoner was one of those detestable characters that ought to be driven from society. His crime stopped short of being capital; and the greatest punishment the act prescribed for it was transportation beyond the seas for a period of seven years; to which punishment the Court accordingly sentenced him.

On Tuesday, John Weeks was indicted for maliciously causing to be administered to, and taken by, Elizabeth Turner, certain drugs, with intent to cause abortion, the said Elizabeth Turner being then pregnant.—Elizabeth Turner was called, and unfolded a most disgusting tale of depravity. There being no evidence to show that the drugs alleged to have been procured by the prisoner were of a noxious quality, the witness even swearing that she suffered no harm from them,—the learned Baron directed the Jury to acquit the prisoner. They accordingly returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

TRIAL OF MRS. STANTON.

Margaret Stanton, the wife of Richard Stanton, was put to the bar, charged with the capital offence of wilfully and maliciously cutting and maiming the said Richard Stanton, with intent to kill and murder him, &c.—The prisoner was a young woman, about 24 years of age, of a genteel figure, above the middle height, and agreeable features. She was dressed in a black silk gown, and seemed extremely neat in her person. She was allowed a chair, and remained crying and sobbing, with her head resting upon her hands on the bar before her, during the whole time of the trial.—There was no counsel for the prosecution.

David Corstophine said, Richard Stanton and his wife lodged in the house in which I live. On the 13th of October I was awoke at two o'clock in the morning by my wife. I went down to the room below, and saw Mr. and Mrs. Stanton there, both out of bed. He was in a fainting state; and I went immediately for Mr. Whitmore, the surgeon. After I returned to the room, I heard Mr. Stanton say, "She is murdering herself." I looked around for her, and perceiving her foot, I pulled her from under the bed; she had a razor in her hand.

Mrs. Corstophine said, while my husband was gone, I heard Mr. Stanton say to his wife, "I have been a villain to you these two years and a half." Mrs. Stanton said, "Did you not intend to sell the goods off in the morning, and bring the girl and let me see her?" He answered, "Yes, Margaret, I did: it is true I love another better than you." She went into hysterical crying; he said it did him good to see her cry. I don't know anything else. I saw that he was wounded; and heard each ask forgiveness of the other.

Henry Whitmore said, I am a surgeon. I was fetched on the morning of the 13th of October. I found a man lying upon his back on a bed. I desired him to remove his hand, and then I saw how he had been wounded (describing it). The prisoner was in her chemise. I asked her who did it, or what it was done with? One, or both of them, said, "a razor." I asked her where the razor was? She hesitated, but at length said it was under the bed. I desired her to get it. She got under the bed, and remained there some minutes; until Mr. Stanton cried out, that she would cut her throat. I called for assistance; Mr. Corstophine came in, and pulled her from under the bed, with the razor in her hand. She was not in a state to answer any questions pertinently. She asked me if I thought she would be hanged? She asked me that several times. She said that her husband had treated her very contemptuously. He did not contradict it. The mutilation was complete. His life was never in danger. I told her to dress herself, as she must go into custody. She did not, upon that, say that she was not the person by whom it had been done. She said and did everything she could to mitigate his sufferings, both bodily and mentally. She assisted me in every way she could; she begged his forgiveness, and he said he did forgive her. She then said, "Kiss me;" and they kissed each other heartily. He then went to the hospital, and she was conveyed to the watchhouse.

Mrs. Corstophine being re-called, said, I knew this young woman and her husband for more than three months, during all which time she conducted herself towards him as an affectionate wife. She was dotingly fond of him. I never knew her for a single moment deficient in that affectionate feeling. She was, in all her conduct, a most exemplary young woman. She was of a mild, compassionate, gentle temper. The husband was far from being as attentive to her as he ought to have been. They had no children. She was the whole of that night dreadfully agitated, and did not seem to know what she said or did. I never knew the husband use personal violence to her but once; whether he had done so on this occasion or not, I don't know.

The JUDGE directed the husband to be called on his recognizances. He was so called accordingly, but did not appear.

The Prisoner was then asked if she had anything to say in her defence, and she answered "No."

A host of respectable witnesses, most of them females, appeared on her behalf, each of whom gave her a character for humanity, gentleness, amiability, and dutifulness, and affection towards her husband which could not be surpassed.

Mr. Justice BAYLEY said, the question for determination was, whether or not the prisoner was the person by whom the injury was done to the husband.

band, who was not present to give his evidence. The case, as it affected the prisoner, depended almost entirely upon Mr. Whitmore's testimony, who had spoken to some peculiar facts, which the Jury would take into serious consideration. They would remember what that witness had related as to the prisoner's state of mind, which appeared to be exceedingly agitated at the time he was making inquiries. Her conduct was extraordinary in asking this witness whether she should be hanged. Why did she ask this question if she were innocent? And when desired to prepare for accompanying the watchman to a place of security, she neither urged her innocence of the crime imputed to her, nor did she offer any resistance. The Jury would bear in mind that other witnesses had also spoken to the agitation of mind under which the prisoner laboured before she was taken into custody. If the Jury had any doubts respecting the prisoner's being the hand which inflicted the injury, the excellent character she had received ought to increase those doubts, and induce them to acquit her. An individual (observed the Learned Judge, in conclusion) although possessing great affection for an object, may, under a paroxysm of violence or jealousy, be guilty of an act inconsistent with the general tenor of such a person's life.

The Jury retired at half-past three o'clock to consider their verdict; and returned into Court at half-past ten [seven hours].—During the absence of the Jury, the prisoner retired to a seat in the back of the dock, and, after sitting there three or four hours, she took some tea. The Recorder permitted her to withdraw to the inside of the goal, as she appeared anxious to avoid the gaze of the crowd, and hid her face as much as possible, by holding her handkerchief to her mouth. During the whole of the trial, she held her head down, so that even a glimpse of her features was not obtained, except when she occasionally raised her head to drink a little water.—On the return of the Jury into Court, the prisoner was brought to the bar. Mr. Clark, the Deputy Clerk of the Arraigns, asked the Foreman—"Is Margaret Stanton Guilty of this felony or Not Guilty?"—A death-like stillness prevailed while the Foreman pronounced the verdict—*Not Guilty*.—Expressions of approbation, and some trifling disapprobation, followed the announcement of the verdict.—The Prisoner's agitation was excessive while the names of the Jury were called over; but when the verdict was pronounced, she endeavoured to run out of Court.—The Recorder, understanding the prisoner's aunt was in attendance, ordered her to be immediately delivered over to her care.—The Court was excessively crowded.

On Wednesday, *Thomas George*, aged 19, was indicted for the murder of Charles Gibson; and *John Fawcett* for aiding therein.—On the 24th of November, the prisoner George and the deceased were at Bethnal-green, witnessing the amusement of jumping in sacks. One of the sacks belonged to Fawcett, a baker, whose servant George was. He directed George to take care of it; and the deceased refused to give it up to him. This occasioned an altercation, upon which Fawcett said he would back George to fight the deceased for a leg of mutton and trimmings. The offer was accepted; but on the following Saturday evening the parties met again, when deceased proposed that instead of a leg of mutton they should fight for a sovereign a-side, and then it would get into the newspapers. This being agreed to, the parties met on the following Monday. After fighting for an hour and five minutes, the deceased received a blow, from which he fell senseless; and he expired in 20 minutes.—Three men, named Samuel Pell, Daniel Martin, and George Webb, who were included in the indictment, but who have absconded, acted as seconds. Fawcett also acted as a second or bottle-holder to George; and when the deceased's mother called upon him to take some steps to prevent the fight, he replied, "that he would do no such thing; his boy George should fight the d—d young rascal, and he would stake a sovereign in his behalf; he would also, if necessary, get a man to do his work for three weeks."—The Jury returned a verdict of "Guilty of Manslaughter" against both the prisoners; but recommended George to mercy on the ground that he had acted under the influence of his master.—The Recorder said, that with respect to George, the recommendation should have its due weight; it appeared that he had expressed great contrition for what he had done, to which he had been instigated by a parcel of brutes. He could not, however, expect to get off without punishment, and therefore the Court sentenced him to be imprisoned for six weeks in the House of Correction, and kept to hard labour. The case was very different with respect to Fawcett; for were it not for his having proved himself devoid of every humane and Christian feeling, the young man Gibson would have been alive, and might have lived to be a useful member of society. A recent Act of Parliament left it in the discretion of the Court to punish a person convicted of this offence with transportation for 14 years. As that Act, however, was but a recent one, the Court would not pronounce that sentence in the present instance; but he now gave notice, that henceforward, if any person appeared before the Court convicted under similar circumstances, they would certainly put that act in operation. They would make it known that people would not be permitted to be guilty of this disgraceful misconduct for the sake of figuring in a newspaper. The present was one of many instances of the fatal consequences which had resulted from the infamous conduct of the press in publishing details of these brutal fights. The sentence upon the prisoner Fawcett was, that he be confined for two years in the House of Correction, and kept to hard labour.

Cornelius Lawlor, Stephen Quick, Stephen Couchman, and Edward Shackell, were indicted for a libel in the *John Bull* newspaper upon John William Dunn.—The prosecutor was called, and did not answer. In the absence of all evidence, therefore, the jury found a verdict of *Acquittal*.

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

ATTEMPT TO COMMIT A RAPE.—*Mr. Francis Colgrave*, the proprietor of a Boarding-school for young ladies at Knightsbridge, was on Monday indicted for having attempted to commit a rape on one of his female domestics.—*Ann Daniels*, the prosecutrix, a well-looking girl, about 17 years of age, deposed, that the prisoner (with whom she lived servant) kept an establishment at Knightsbridge for educating young ladies. On the night of the 27th of October, about twelve o'clock, she discovered the prisoner in her bed; [here she described the indecent conduct he pursued towards her]—she screamed out, and he crept away, but did not leave the bed, and in a few minutes after he repeated his insults. She again screamed out, and thereupon he got out, and she heard him go up stairs to his own chamber, and in a second or two he came running down into her bedroom, and said, "For God's sake, Ann, what's the matter: you quite alarm me: what caused you to scream?" Witness was alarmed at him, and replied she had been frightened. He then went to bed in his own room, and witness dressed herself and went up stairs to his daughter, to whom she related her father's conduct. She desired her not to go down to her room that night, but sleep till morning with her, which she did: and when she arose she communicated the treatment she had experienced to her relatives, who advised her to apply to a Magistrate. She instantly repaired to Marlborough-street office, and the prisoner was taken into custody that morning.—[Here the girl was so affected that she could scarcely proceed with her statement.]—The prisoner is a married man, but his wife was from home. Had never given her master any liberties.—*John and Winifred Daniels*, the prosecutrix's brother and sister, stated, that on the morning after the assault, their sister came to them, and burst into a flood of tears. She then detailed to them the facts as she had stated in her evidence, and by their advice the prisoner was apprehended.—The Prisoner declared the whole to be a false accusation. He, on hearing the prosecutrix scream out, went down to her to inquire the cause, when she declared that she had dreamed he was in bed with her. He therefore threw himself on the mercy of the Court.—The prisoner called no witnesses.—The Jury found him *Guilty*, and the Court sentenced him to be confined six months in the House of Correction, and to be kept to hard labour.

POLICE.

BOW-STREET.

On Tuesday, *Francis Sterling*, a lad of 14, was charged with putting out one of the eyes of Charles Ross, a child of nine years of age, with an arrow. Alexander Ross, a poor man, stated that he lived in Milford-lane, Strand, and when his health would permit he worked at his trade as a shoemaker. The prisoner was a remarkably mischievous boy, and a complete tyrant among the children. He was continually beating his and other children, and annoying them in every possible way. A short time ago he inflicted a serious injury upon a child of his, and he failed in getting any recompence. Tuesday morning he was called from his sick bed by a person who informed him that his boy Charles had just had one of his eyes put out. Upon inquiry, he learned that the prisoner had taken aim at him with a bow and arrow, and the arrow entered his eye, the sight of which was completely destroyed. The poor child was taken to Bartholomew's Hospital. The prisoner said nothing in denial of the charge, but cried bitterly, and prayed that he might be suffered to go home with his mother, and not sent to prison.—His mother also cried, and implored the magistrate not to send her child to prison.—*Mr. Halls* said, he could feel for the situation of the mother, but he must teach the son that he was not to indulge in his mischievous and spiteful propensities with impunity. He must be remanded until a certificate could be procured as to the state of the boy.—He was taken to prison.

William Hill, a person well known to the police, was brought before Sir RICHARD BIRNIE on Thursday night, charged with having uttered a forged 5*l.* note — Levi, a salesman in Holywell-street. After some evidence had been adduced, he was committed for further examination, and as the gaoler was leading him from the bar, he turned back and said—"Sir Richard, I wish to say a few words if you'll have the goodness to hear me."—"Say on," said the Magistrate.—"I have to request, Sir Richard," continued he, "that no notice whatever may be taken of this matter in the newspapers—at least not at present. It has been decided that such publications are extremely improper."—To this (well-backed) request Sir Richard replied, "I cannot interfere with the newspapers; it is a free Press, and I have no control over it."—The prisoner was removed from the bar.—[We remember (says the *Herald*) a notorious pick-pocket making a similar request when he was brought from one of the theatres with more watches in his possession than he could satisfactorily account for. There was no prosecutor, and had not his apprehension been published, he must have been let loose again upon the public. We took the liberty of publishing his case, however; our so publishing it brought forward the owner of one of the watches, and the thief was sent out of the country in consequence. So that "these *ex parte* statements," with all due deference he it spoken, are sometimes productive of public good.]

That tremendous Amazon, *Kit Baker*, alias *Mrs. Catherine Pitt*, famous for throwing her lover out of a second floor window, and for assaults innumerable, was on Friday charged with having violently assaulted a poor old watchman, in Drury-lane, between two and three o'clock on the same morning.—The charge was fully proved, and she was ordered to find bail—"Bail! (she exclaimed) where the h—ll do you think I am to find bail? D—n his old eyes, let me come at him!"—So saying, or rather screaming, she attempted to spring upon the poor palsied "guardian of

night" (St. Clement's) but the officers anticipating her intention, had closed around her, and they now bore her out of the office in their arms, she uttering horrible imprecations on all around her, and struggling so powerfully, that it required the utmost strength of three or four of them to accomplish it.—[Five years ago this woman was one of the gayest nymphs of the saloons. She is now a miserable drunken drab, and the wretched wife of a transported felon.]

MARY-LA-BONNE.

AFFECTING CASE.—On Tuesday, a young man of prepossessing appearance, named *Charles Saunders*, was charged with robbing his master.—The young man was in the employ of Mr. John White, shoemaker, of Oxford-street, and had been for the last two years; and on Monday evening was given into custody, on the charge of robbing his master of a quantity of shoes, and was lodged in the watchhouse.—Several pawnbrokers produced ladies' boots and shoes, which from time to time had been pawned by the prisoner, whom they identified.—The magistrate reprobated the conduct of some of the pawnbrokers, in taking such property in pledge, in a manner the most palpably careless.—Mr. White being sworn, was requested to identify the property. He examined the heap of boots and shoes, and said he could not say he had been robbed.—Mr. RAWLINSON: Why, you gave the prisoner in charge for pawning your property, and these pawnbrokers swear he pawned the shoes.—Mr. White: I, Sir, am aware I gave him in charge; but it is impossible to say whether I have lost any thing; I don't miss any of my stock, which is extensive.—Mr. RAWLINSON: You have examined the property produced; on your oath is it yours?—Mr. White: I believe these boots and shoes to have been mine, but they may have been sold, and then pawned.—Mr. RAWLINSON: I am sorry to say the pawning is traced to the prisoner, the evidence is conclusive, and I must.—Mr. White, interrupting the worthy Magistrate, exclaimed in a voice tremulous with emotion—"Do not, Sir, I beseech you; it is an unfortunate business, and I will give up all this property to save this young man.—Mr. RAWLINSON: Do you mean to give up the property to the pawnbrokers?—Mr. White: Yes, Sir; I cannot proceed; the case teems only with circumstances of poverty; and with your permission I will drop the prosecution.—Mr. RAWLINSON: I am afraid I cannot comply with your request; the case is a very aggravated one, and I must commit him. Why do you not wish to proceed?—Mr. White, with great emotion, said, I have since heard that the prisoner's father, mother, and family, were by the pressure of misfortune reduced to the utmost misery, and this poor boy, not being able to behold the miseries of his parents, plundered me, unknown to them, to procure them food.—Here the worthy tradesman's voice became choked with grief, and he could only articulate an entreaty for mercy to the prisoner, who also burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, have mercy on me!"—Mr. RAWLINSON, who was much affected, said, I am sorry to find this to be the case; but I have only a straight-forward duty to perform, and your duty to the public calls upon you to prosecute, and mine to commit him; but you can make a representation to the Judge, and mercy may be shown him: the offence is very great and mischievous.—Mr. White: But, under the circumstances of the case, I would wish not; it would ruin him for ever, and take away an only and affectionate son from his parents in their declining years.—Mr. RAWLINSON: You allowed him a salary, I suppose?—Mr. White: Oh, yes, 11s. per week. Here his father.—A wretched looking man stepped forward, and in faltering accents, and with his face bathed in tears, acknowledged the correctness of Mr. White's statement, and joined in the entreaty to save his only son.—The Magistrate regretted he was bound to commit him, and hoped an application to the Judge who tried him would be productive of some good.—After some other conversation, Mr. White reluctantly consented to prosecute; and the unfortunate victim to filial affection was removed, followed by his tottering father, giving way to the most poignant grief.

HATTON-GARDEN.

On Tuesday, *Thomas Holloway*, residing in George-street, Battle-bridge, was brought up under the following circumstances:—Blake, the constable, said he was sent for on Monday night, by Dr. McDonnell, of Constitution-row, desiring him to take the prisoner into custody, as he (the doctor) was about dressing a wound of an alarming nature, produced by the discharge of the contents of a pistol through the left thigh of the prisoner's wife. It appeared in evidence that the prisoner, whose occupation is connected with engineering, was out of employment, and that he and his wife (who is a bonnet-maker) had parted early on Tuesday morning in quest of work in their respective trades; that on his return in the evening, he did not find his wife at home, and went to his aunt's, residing next door, to take tea. He had scarcely entered the house, when his wife made her appearance, and upbraided him for not being at home earlier, to light a fire for her comfort. An altercation ensuing, she rushed into her own house, where she continued so to irritate the wretched man, that in a fit of desperation he took down from above his chimney-piece a horse-pistol, loaded with slugs (which he always kept there for the defence of his house) and, in the act of raising it, as he alleges, to terminate his existence, it went off, and the contents lodged in the left thigh of his wife, a short distance from the knee, and shattered the bone. She was taken immediately to Middlesex Hospital, where she lies in a most dangerous state, and where amputation of the limb is considered as the only means of her recovery. During the night, the prisoner made many attempts to destroy himself. The wretched man, while telling his story, dropped down at the bar, convulsed in agony, exclaiming, "Oh! my wife!" He was remanded.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

ANOTHER ATROCIOUS DEED.—MURDER OF MR. MUMFORD, JUNIOR.

The County of Essex is now the scene, as Hertford has just been, of a most atrocious murder. The victim is *Mr. James Mumford, junior*, the son of a respectable farmer; and the particulars will be gathered from the following report of the Coroner's Inquest on the body of the deceased:—

Early on Thursday morning *WILLIAM GIBSON*, Esq. the Coroner, arrived at the sign of the Flower-de-luce, in the village of Widdington, Essex, and at twelve o'clock the Jury were sworn. The Jury then retired to view the body, lying at the deceased's father's house, a short distance from the public-house. It was in a dreadfully-mutilated state; indeed, so much so, that it was impossible to recognise a single feature, the head being beaten completely flat. It remained in the same state as when it was found.

Robert Smith, of Burchanger, publican, deposed as follows:—On Monday night last, about half-past eight o'clock, I left the Flower-de-luce to go home, and in my way I saw a body lying on the road. I got off my horse, and heard a groan from the body. The clothes were much disordered; his shirt sleeves were torn, and he lay on his back with his coat nearly off his arms; his hat was off; having removed the body to the side of the road, I rode directly back to Widdington, and alarmed the inhabitants; the Flower-de-luce is nearly half a mile from where the body lay. He was alive when I left him; I sent some people on towards the body with a lantern. I then rode to Mr. Haines's, the overseer, but he was not at home; and I then rode towards the body, which was then in the care of the persons I had sent. A cart having arrived, the body was put into it; it was brought up to this house, and it seemed covered with blood; the head appeared to be much beaten; a cut was also observable under his chin; the deceased appeared to be quite dead when he was put into the cart. I knew the deceased when alive, but I could not recognise him when dead, in consequence of his mutilated appearance.

John Reid, of Widdington, carpenter, sworn.—I was in this house when the last witness came in on Monday night. My son, my brother, another labouring man, *Matthew Dillow*, and I, set off immediately. When we got to the top of the first hill, we stopped and listened, but could hear nothing; they then went down the hill very gently, and I heard some person say, "Hoy!" the person was in the road, and within three or four rods of us; I knew the voice to be *John Pallett's*; besides "Hoy," he said, "Here is *Jem Mumford*;" he added, "I picked him up in the road;" the body was across Pallett's back. I put the lantern close to the deceased's face and said, "I am sure it is not *James Mumford*;" I took the body off Pallett's back; Pallett assisted in putting the body into the cart; Pallett walked voluntarily towards this house, and insisted that the body was that of Mr. Mumford, but I thought not; when he was brought to this house and put into a chair, I examined his cheek for a mole, which I found, and then believed it was Mr. Mumford; his shirt was marked "J.M." which confirmed it; his head was knocked to pieces, a large piece being cut out from the head; Pallett then sat down, and commenced drinking in the tap-room! The constable arrived in about half an hour, and I told him the circumstance of finding the body on Pallett's back; the constable then took him into custody; he was asked by Mr. Campbell how he came by the body? Pallett answered, he had found him on the road, and intended to take him to Prior's-hall, where he lived. Pallett made a violent resistance, swore he would not be taken, and it required seven or eight men to put the handcuffs on; when that was effected, he declared he would smash them all; he was kept in this house all night, and next day was taken before a magistrate. Pallett was smothered with blood; his shirt-collar was bloody all round, but there appeared no bruises on him; when I met Pallett he was alone. I asked Pallett how he knew the deceased, and he then replied, he thought it was him; he had no light with him; it was rather a dark night; we could not recognise the deceased, although Pallett at first said it was Mr. Mumford. When asked how he knew the body was that of Mr. Mumford, he appeared confused. On the Tuesday morning Mr. John Mumford went past the window of the room; Pallett asked where they were going; I said, "They are going to try your shoes in the track on the ground;" Pallett then replied, "Then I shall be sure to be done; it is a hard thing to be born to be hung; I shall be sure to be hung. If I could get off by transportation, I should not care." All the way to the house of correction at Newport, on Tuesday afternoon, he repeatedly said, he was sure he should be hung, and cried out bitterly all the way. I asked him why he was sure of it, and he then remained silent.

George Knight, a constable, sworn.—I took Pallett into custody on Monday night, at this house, on suspicion of murdering Mr. James Mumford. Pallett said at first, "Very well; I am willing to go with you." I took him into another room, and he wished to have something to eat and drink. I refused to let him; and he said he would be d—d if he would not, at the same time jumping up, he knocked over the table, and broke the plates and glasses on it. I then tried to handcuff him by Mr. Campbell's desire, but I was obliged to call several people to assist me. About an hour afterwards I searched him, having previously tied his legs; I found in his right-hand breeches pocket a knife, a comb, and 2s. 4d. in a canvass purse; in his left-hand pocket was a buck-horn handle knife, which I knew to have belonged to *James Mumford*, the deceased; I knew it from Mr. Mumford's having shown it to me about five or six weeks ago, and his observing, "It is a nice little knife, I intend to keep it."

John Hayden, of Widdington, farmer, sworn.—About 12 o'clock on Monday night, I went to the spot where the body was first seen. I saw, by the candle I had with me, a mark of blood at the side of a clay pit; the pit was about three feet deep, and four yards long; the blood was about the size of my hat; this was about two yards from the cart track in the road; I then went on the same road above fifty rods farther, and saw a pair of gloves and a stick, which were taken by Mr. Townsend; there was a great deal of blood on the road near where the gloves and stick were found; the blood had run down the cart track. The next morning I went to the spot again, and found a stick about six rods from the spot, among some turnips. [The stick was 26 inches long, and about an inch thick; it was very much stained with blood, and split in several places, apparently as if it had been used by the murderer.] About 15 rods further, just as the stick was found, another person called to me and showed me the hat and coat. I could not recollect the hat, but I knew the coat to have been the deceased's. A little further I found two keys, a knife, a new steel pencil-case, and a new pair of spectacles in a red morocco case. [The deceased was very short-sighted.]

[The articles mentioned were all produced. A knife found on the prisoner, and belonging to him, was much notched, and the stick with which it was supposed the murder was committed, appeared to have been cut by a notched knife.] The deceased's hat was bloody in the inside, and was cut on the crown, as if from a blow.

Mr. John Mumford, of Henham, farmer, sworn.—I am brother to the deceased. About nine o'clock on Tuesday I took the prisoner's shoes from the constable, and proceeded towards the spot where my brother was found, where I saw a deal of blood. I was shown some feet marks on a piece of wheat land, about three or four rods near where the blood lay; a great many persons had been to that spot, and the marks of the feet were obliterated; but about twelve rods or more from that place, there was a place on a ridge of wheat, which appeared as if some person had sat down: there was a hole close to it, which seemed as if a stick had been stuck there. There were two marks in the hole, as if it was a split stick which had been there; I followed a foot track which began about three or four rods from the place where the blood was; the foot track ran across a piece of land sown with wheat, and it appeared evident that the person had run; from the place where a person appeared to have sat down, the same footstep seemed to have gone towards some turnips, where the hat, coat, and some other articles mentioned by Mr. Hayden, had been found; the knife found there by Mr. Hayden, I can swear to as my brother's property; I gave him the handle, and he got new blades put to it in London; the footsteps went further up to the side of the turnips, and then slanted off towards the Down-lane, leading back again towards the spot where the murder had been perpetrated. I compared the high-shoes of the prisoner to the marks of feet in the ground, in several hundred places, and found them to correspond; in two particular instances, the person in crossing the turnip-field trod with his toe on some turnips, and the nails of one of the shoes exactly agreed with the bruises on the turnips; the split stick which appeared to have been used by the murderer, exactly fitted the hole before-mentioned; I noticed that the stick had been cut with a knife that had a gap or two in it, and a knife in the constable's possession appeared, from its being notched, to have been used for that purpose; this knife was found on the prisoner. I employed a man to examine the hedges in the neighbourhood, and a place was found where the stick fitted a tree, and seemed to have been recently cut: the stick fitted the part in the hedge exactly [the corresponding piece was produced]; the knife found in the prisoner's pocket, which belonged to the deceased, the prisoner said, when before the magistrate, he found a fortnight ago in a field called Baggott, but another brother residing in London recollects seeing that knife in the deceased's possession on Monday in London.

Mr. George Mumford, apprentice to Mr. Burbidge, ironmonger, St. John-street, London, sworn.—I am brother to the deceased, who went to London on Wednesday fortnight; he sometimes slept with me, and sometimes with another brother at Chelsea; he booked his place to come by Lowe's Saffron Walden coach, and he left me about two o'clock on Monday last; I was with him when he bought the spectacles (those now produced); the buckhorn handled knife I also recollect to have seen in his possession; the knife produced, as found on the prisoner, I saw in my brother's possession on Monday last.

Thomas Kidman, of Newport, sworn.—I am a huckster; I was in company with John Pallett, at Quendon, on Monday evening, and I drank with him. When I came out, about a quarter before eight o'clock, I missed my donkey, and Pallett having found it, got on it; we came down the lane together towards the Widdington-road, where Pallett jumped off the donkey, and left me.

Wm. Dellow, of Quendon, hostler at the Coach and Horses, sworn.—I saw Mr. Mumford (the deceased) come from London by the Walden coach, on Monday evening last; the coach reached Quendon about half past seven o'clock: he said he should get down at the Quendon turnpike, about three quarters of a mile further on the road. John Pallett started from the Coach and Horses as soon as the coach stopped, and directly he heard Mr. Mumford's name mentioned, Pallett seemed to look particularly at Mr. Mumford: he had been drinking in the Coach and Horses, but was standing outside when the coach arrived. Pallett started before the coach. When the coach started I was on it. We passed Pallett and Kidman; and they then followed the coach to a trifling distance; one of them on a donkey, but I could not say which; on turning a road, the coach left them, and I saw neither of them again. From the Coach and

Horses at Quendon to Widdington is about two miles. Kidman appeared to be sober when I saw him in the house.

Kidman was re-called; and the Coroner asked him, after what Dellow had sworn of his following the coach, whether he still said he could not recollect seeing the coach?—Kidman: I do not recollect seeing it. The coach might have passed, but I cannot recollect it.—CORONER: It is a very strange thing that you should recollect trifling circumstances and yet not recollect seeing the coach.

George Say, sworn.—My father keeps the turnpike-gate at Quendon; the Walden coach arrived at the gate about ten minutes before eight o'clock on Monday evening, and Mr. Mumford got off; he borrowed a stick of me, and then bade me "Good night," and walked down the road towards Widdington. I did not see Pallett that evening, but went through the gate with a donkey towards Newport, about five or six minutes after the coach; he was quite alone; he paid five farthings for the turnpike, and said he would pay the remainder in the morning; he seemed quite sober.

John Cook, a weaver of Debden, sworn.—I knew Mr. Mumford and also John Pallett. On a Saturday about a fortnight ago I was at the Queen's Head, Walden, and heard Pallett talk there of little Jem Mumford's having had him (Pallett) up for getting drunk, and making some of them pay for so doing. He added, "I wish I had the little b—r here, I would smash him; but I will be d—d if I will not match him."

Susan Reed, wife of one of the preceding witnesses, sworn.—I knew the deceased and John Pallett. About three weeks ago I heard Pallett say he would not mind hacking Mr. Mumford's whistle. He seemed to be talking to himself, and was then standing at his own door near my house.

Mr. George Eachus, of Saffron-Walden, surgeon, sworn.—On Tuesday last I inspected the body of the deceased, and found a lacerated wound of three inches or more in extent on the left side of the lower jaw, which I have no doubt was inflicted by the stick produced; both edges of the wound were lacerated, not cut as if with a knife; the whole bones of the cranium were fractured except the frontal bones; a piece the size of my hand was loose, and I took it out. There was also a quantity of extravasated blood; a thousand times less fractures than the deceased had received was sufficient to kill him. All the wounds appeared to have been inflicted with a blunt instrument, and the blows must have been extremely severe; the bones on one side of the head were shivered to pieces.

The Coroner then addressed the Jury, and desired that they would dismiss from their minds all that they heard before they were sworn as Jurymen, and attend only to the evidence as it had appeared before them. The Coroner then recapitulated substantially the testimony of the different witnesses.

The Jury returned a verdict of "*Wilful Murder against John Pallett.*"

The prisoner was immediately sent off to Chelmsford, to be tried during the present assizes.

Pallett is a native of Widdington, where his father and mother now live in a house belonging to the deceased. Pallett also worked for Mr. Mumford, but since Michaelmas he was discharged, and it was thought to be through the deceased, whom he called "Blink-eyed Jemmy," and had often been heard to speak contemptuously of him. He is about 5 feet 9 inches high, stout made, with his hair rather reddish, and large sandy whiskers; and about 27 years of age. The prisoner, during the investigation, was alone with the keeper of Newport Gaol, in an adjoining room. The prisoner was in the most depressed condition during the whole of the time, and in fact ever since his apprehension. At times he appeared to be fainting, and was supplied with water and restoratives to keep life in him. It is a fact, which has added no little to the overwhelming distress of the family of the deceased, that a short time ago a misunderstanding took place between the deceased and some members of his family, and the deceased came to London to separate himself from his relatives till they became reconciled to him. A friend of his effected a reconciliation, and the deceased was on his return to his paternal roof, to receive the affectionate welcome of his parents, to whom the separation had been painful.

CONFESSION OF JOHN PALLETT.

Chelmsford, Friday.

Pallett arrived in town last night. He was brought with Kidman, who was examined before the inquest. His hands were confined with hand-cuffs. Throughout the journey he exhibited a mixture of hardened villainy, and a strong disposition to avow the deed. At length, on arriving in front of the Court-house, he expressed a wish to see Mr. Hall, the attorney for the prosecution. Mr. Hall immediately went to the cart in which the prisoner sat. The prisoner then said, "Mr. Hall, there is no use in denying it; I murdered Mr. Mumford." He then went on to detail the particulars. He stated his previous hostility to Mr. Mumford, for having pounded his pigs, and having had him fined 5s. for being drunk. On the night of the murder he was on the road when the Walden coach arrived, and heard Mr. Mumford's name mentioned; he then resolved to put his intentions into execution, and went to a place which he described, and cut the stake which he afterwards used to effect his diabolical purpose. Mr. Mumford, who was a very small man, three and twenty years of age, and extremely short-sighted, proceeded down the lane; the prisoner soon overtook him; he was then about to strike the fatal blow, but his heart failed him! Mr. Mumford heard some person, but could not see who it was; he, however, asked in a tone of alarm, "Who's there!" the prisoner made no answer; Mr

Mumford then again went on; and the prisoner, by a short cut, got before him, and stood by a gate, ready once more to strike; his heart again misgave him; Mr. Mumford went on to the spot in which his body was first seen by Mr. Smith, and thither the prisoner followed him, and made finally a desperate blow with the bludgeon, which knocked off his hat; with a second blow he felled him to the ground, and then, by repeated strokes, literally smashed his skull to atoms. Having thus accomplished his dreadful purpose, he retired a short distance from the scene of slaughter, and resolved to run away; but, overpowered by the consciousness of his villainy, he became as it were rivetted to the spot, and had not the power to move one foot before the other, his eyes being still directed towards the body of his victim. In this state, in a retired part of the road, he remained till Mr. Smith came up; he saw him approach the body and ride away; but still he did not move. Once more he essayed to escape, and to quit the dreadful spectacle, but he could not resist the impulse to again approach the body; and, without exactly determining on what he should do, he took it upon his shoulder, throwing the head behind, and was carrying it in that way when he was detected. It does not appear that Mr. Mumford made the slightest resistance; indeed, compared with the prisoner, he was utterly incapable of coping with such an antagonist. On being searched, the prisoner had but 2s. 4d. in his pocket, and this, it is believed, he took from the pocket of Mr. Mumford, who, it appears, had very little cash about him.

On the prisoner being conducted to the gaol he showed considerable apathy. He was immediately double-ironed, and placed in a cell under a proper guard. On his way from Newport, he spoke as if he were aware that his doom was sealed. He, however, expressed great indifference as to what might come of his soul hereafter—confining his apprehensions rather to what was likely to happen to his body. He had evidently a great dread of his body being anatomised, and spoke of this with undisguised horror. He acquitted Kidman of having taken any part in the dreadful deed.

At ten o'clock the Grand Jury assembled, and the witnesses were sworn. The bill was then taken before the Jury, and the witnesses were called in. At eleven the Grand Jury announced that they had found "a true bill against John Pallett for murder."

EXECUTION.—On Wednesday week, *Samuel Voke*, convicted of shooting at *Thomas Pearce*, gamekeeper to Lord Glastonbury, underwent the sentence of the law in front of Ilchester Gaol. He was only 24 years of age, and his parents, who are respectable, live at Compton Dundon. Until the above event he bore an irreproachable character.—Here is another, and a valuable life, sacrificed to the infamous laws which make the lives of wild animals of more value than that of human beings!!

Between two and three o'clock on Sunday morning, Mr. Elsegood, a surgeon and apothecary, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, was awoke by a strong sensation of suffocation, and immediately proceeded to ascertain the cause, when he found that the entire of the staircase was on fire. He instantly closed the door, and made arrangements to save the lives of himself, his wife, and three young children who slept in the same apartment. Recollecting that only a slight partition divided their room from that in which two female servants slept, Mr. Elsegood, with a large chair, dashed out one of the panels, through which he successively dragged Mrs. Elsegood and the three children. From this room there was a door of communication to the leads on the second floor, and on this lead Mr. Elsegood placed his family, including the two servants, with the exception of his eldest boy, about ten years of age, who slept on the first floor. In consequence of a dread of fire, Mr. Elsegood has kept in his bed-room several yards of strong rope, to assist in escape. He first made fast this rope round Mrs. Elsegood, and although she is a lady of considerable size, and far advanced in pregnancy, he, with almost a superhuman power, lifted her over a parapet wall, which is more than breast high, and suspending her by the rope, let her down a height of nearly thirty feet to the shop roof of the adjoining house; and in succession, by the same means, lowered down the whole of his charge. Mr. Elsegood now fastened the rope to a leaden pipe while he made the other end secure round his body; but just as he was on the point of lowering himself, the pipe gave way. He made a second attempt, and securing the rope to an iron staple, thus effected his escape in safety, at the very moment that the flames were bursting into the room.—The whole family having thus escaped a dreadful death, they were lodged in the adjoining house. All the efforts of Mr. Elsegood and the neighbours were now directed to the safety of the eldest boy: it was discovered that the little fellow had bravely forced his way through the flames down stairs, and made his escape into the shop, where he was found, with no other injury than the burning of his shirt and night-cap. The fire not being yet of an extent to make any very rapid progress, the united exertions of the neighbours, and a fire-engine, soon got it under.—The escape of this family being now complete, search was made as to where the fire could have originated, and underneath the staircase was found a coal-box, containing a large quantity of oil, sulphur, turpentine, &c. which had been set on fire, and communicated to the stairs.—Mr. Elsegood was at a loss to imagine who the perpetrator of this foul deed could be: but after a little inquiry, he found that one of his apprentices, who slept in the shop, had absconded. On this young man suspicion has of course fallen, although Mr. Elsegood has always entertained the highest opinion of him. It appeared that a quantity of oil and turpentine had been taken from the shop, and poured along the floor and staircase, and, as if to secure the entire destruction of

the family, the monster, whoever it may be, took the precaution to make fast a door which stood at the head of the stairs to prevent the children from falling down.—An officer is employed to search after the suspected person.

MURDER IN FRANCE.—Extract of a letter from Calais:—"About three months ago, a young woman was found murdered in her cottage at Cassel, her brains beat out with a hammer, which was found near the body. As she never had been known to have quarrelled with any person, and her poverty excluded the idea that it was done for plunder, suspicion fell on an idiot brother, who was thrown into prison, where he has remained ever since. His trial was to have taken place next week. It happened, as it very often does in such cases, that the guilty person, by some unaccountable incident, should betray himself. One of the Judges on his route to Cassel, stopping to bait his horse at a little public house, joined a number of people (most of them of the very lowest order) in the common room (this in France is thought nothing of, where equality is the order of the day); the late murder and expected trial were the subjects of conversation; one of the party was describing the situation the poor woman was found in, when the ostler came in to say the horse was ready; some exclamation which escaped him on hearing the horrid picture which the person was drawing, induced the Judge to have him arrested. The following morning he was charged with the murder; he denied it firmly: the Judge told him it was useless for him to do so, that he had been seen. "Seen (says the ostler, losing all presence of mind) that could not be, for I had bolted the door, and no person, I am certain, was in the cottage." On recovering from his stupor, and finding further denial useless, as he had condemned himself, he confessed being the murderer. The strangest part of the story is, that the wretched man does not appear to have had any motive whatever for committing the crime; he went into the hut in passing for a draught of water; the deceased got up to give it to him, when the sight of the hammer suspended over the chimney struck him with the idea that he ought to murder her. He immediately bolted the door, snatched down the hammer, and as the poor woman raised her head from the pail she was getting the water from, to see what occasioned the noise, struck her a violent blow on the temple, which killed her, as she never uttered the slightest groan; then repeated his blows until the head was literally beaten to pieces, drank the water, and walked home to the public house above-mentioned, and said that he had never thought of it since, until, hearing the peasant relate the affair in the way which he did, the enormity of his crime appeared to him."

MURDER OF MRS. D'EGVILLE.—The following tragical narrative is from a Barbadoes paper of the 9th of October:—"We have to relate a circumstance of the most horrid and afflicting nature, which took place in this town a few days ago. Mrs. D'Egville, wife to Mr. Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, the dancing master, from whom she had been separated for many years, died suddenly on the 4th instant, under strong suspicions of having been poisoned. Mr. Walrond, the coroner, promptly held an inquest over the body, and the Jury, after mature deliberation and strict investigation, brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the husband of the deceased, who was immediately committed to prison to take his trial for the horrid deed at the next Court of Grand Sessions. It appeared that Mr. D'Egville had sent the unfortunate deceased, the evening prior to her death, a dish of toasted cheese, with which arsenic must have been mixed, for she died in consequence of eating of that dish. It is melancholy and painful to relate, that Mrs. Lewellyn, the lady in whose house Mrs. D'Egville resided, has also fallen a victim to this murderous repast, for she partook of the fatal dish and died on Monday last. An inquest was also held on her body, when the Jury declared, by their verdict, that she had died from partaking of the same poisonous food which had caused the death of her friend, Mrs. D'Egville."

On Thursday last (the 4th inst.) an inquest was held on the remains of Robert Vyner, Esq. of Eathorpe, who, on Monday last, being out shooting rabbits, on getting through a hedge, his gun went accidentally off, and lodged the whole of its contents in his right side. He was carried home, and every possible assistance afforded him; but after languishing till six o'clock the next morning, he expired. Verdict—Accidental Death.—*Coventry Mercury.*

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.—On Tuesday evening, between eight and nine, a young lady of respectable appearance was accosted at the lower end of Parliament-street, by an ill-looking fellow in sailor's apparel, who roughly importuned her for relief. She answered him that she had no money to give, and desired that he might be gone about his business. Seeing the coast clear, the fellow seized a small work-basket suspended from her arm, and made off in the direction of Millbank; but just as he was turning the corner to the House of Lords, his foot came in contact with a large stone, and he was thrown against the pavement with great violence. The lady came up before he had time to rise, and held him down, notwithstanding his struggles, until her cries of "Watch," &c. fortunately brought two gentlemen to her assistance, and the fellow was given into the custody of a watchman, who all the previous time was not to be found. In the struggle, the wretch had struck the female two severe blows, one of which produced a considerable discharge of blood from the stomach. Both gentlemen, having escorted the lady to her abode, promised to appear the following day at Union-hall Police-office, to give evidence. We learned, however, that some entreaties were made by the delinquent's relatives on his behalf before the case was called on, and the lady, who had fortitude enough to grapple with and detain an athletic robber, had the humanity (however ill-bestowed) to abandon his prosecution.

MARRIAGES.

On the 30th ult. at Bath, Frederick Henry Yates, Esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, to Miss Brunton, daughter of John Brunton, Esq.
At Lambeth Church, on the 9th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of William Reece, Esq. of South Lambeth, to Henry Kelsall, Esq. of Chester.

DEATHS.

In Brook-street, on the 10th inst. in his 63d year, Sir Eyre Coote, of West Park, Hants.
On Sunday night, in Queen-square, Robert Raynsford, Esq. the Chief Magistrate of the Police Office, Queen-square. Mr. Raynsford was between 60 and 70 years of age.
At Wellbrook, Ireland, in the 80th year of his age, the Rev. James Meara, Rector of Freshford, &c. By the death of this gentleman 13 or 14 Church livings have become vacant!
On the 3d inst. in his 77th year, John Marsh, Esq. late Chairman of the Victualling Board.
At Blackwall, near Darlington, on the 21st ult. in his 75th year, Captain Ralph Millbanke, R.N. first cousin to Sir Ralph Noel (late Millbanke).
On the 8th inst. in Gower-street, Bedford-square, George Jourdan, Esq.
At Louth, on Saturday week, Mr. John Gray, shoemaker, aged 55. A few days before, he, with a penknife, accidentally made in his thumb a very slight incision, of which he took no notice: it is supposed that, whilst he was making use of some vitriolic acid, the pungent liquor came in contact with the wound, and caused so violent an inflammation as in a short time to terminate his existence.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

TOMORROW, Dec. 15, KING RICHARD the THIRD; Duke of Glo'ster, Mr. Kean. With the CATARACT; being the last Night but four it can be acted.—Tuesday, the Devil's Bridge; Count Belino, Mr. Braham.—Wednesday, the Hypocrite.—Thursday, the Cabinet.—Friday, the Merchant of Venice; Shylock, Mr. Kean.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

TOMORROW, Dec. 15, KING JOHN. And the CORTEZ.—Tuesday, the Cabinet; Prince Orlando, Mr. Sinclair; Floretta, Miss Paton. And Timour the Tartar.—Wednesday, Clari.—Thursday, the Man of the World. And the Cortez.—Friday, Timour the Tartar.—Saturday, the Lord of the Manor. And Timour the Tartar.

LAST WEEK OF TOM AND JERRY, AND LAST EIGHT NIGHTS OF THE QUADRUPEDS.

TOMORROW, Dec. 15, and during the Week, TOM and JERRY. With the QUADRUPEDS, or the Manager's Last Kick; Drill, Mr. Wrench; Francisco, Mr. Wilkinson; Abrahamides, Mr. J. Reeve; Dorothea, Mrs. Baker; Tindarella, Miss L. Hammersley.

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