

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 711.

PERSECUTION—THE CARLILES.

BEFORE we proceed to those general considerations on the subject of punishments for religious differences of opinion, which we think it honest and useful to repeat on the present occasion, we shall say a word or two on the base and heartless abuse put forth against the unfortunate objects of persecution, by those journalists who venture to speak on questions like the present. The *Times*,—whose cold-blooded sophistry against RICHARD CARLILE we exposed two years ago in an article which it mentioned without attempting to answer,—has the following paragraph upon the conviction of his Sister:—

"A sentence has been passed upon MARY ANN CARLILE. No impudence, in our opinion, can exceed the impudence of this situated family. The question is not, whether the efforts of such persons as these can shake the Christian faith, but whether they may not be sufficiently forcible to seduce some from the belief of Gospel truths; and a Christian Government has a right to protect the meanest of its subjects against such calamity, the greatest that can befall mortal man, in a world where every other hope fails him, where every other possession flies away. With respect to the general feeling of those whom the *Carliles* seek to convert; the wretched creatures are not condemned by the decision of a single judge, or the practices of an inquisition,—their country condemns them; jury after jury finds them guilty, and listens with abhorrence to their profane ribaldry; and if this is a proof that their doctrines gain no ground, it is also evidence of the extreme insolence of those who continue so pertinaciously to offer them; yet was that last poor girl induced to swear, in her motion for a new trial, that she believed the jury would have found her innocent, had she not been interrupted in her defence!! God protect us and ours from doctrines of which these are the fruits. When one thinks of what the female sex is, in other circumstances and under a happier fate; when one reflects on its delicacy, modesty, meekness, and further considers that to the early lessons of maternal piety the world owes more than half its virtue, one could hardly conceive that the heart of a woman could be so perverted by the wickedness of her principles."

A precious compound of affectation, cant, and falsehood, truly! The *CARLILES* are here, with the most confident and innocent air, held up as persons, who, with no other motive but an inconceivable diabolism, seek to deprive their fellow-creatures of a faith, which they (the offenders) know to be of divine origin and necessary to salvation! How is it not strange that so gross, and yet so transparent, a piece of misrepresentation should be found in the columns of a leading liberal journal,—a journal which advocates a political Reform, which is opposed to orthodox opinions of another kind, and which is continually begging credit for the purity of its own motives? Observe the malignity with which this writer turns every part of the conduct of this oppressed family to a bad account, though some of the best motives that occupy human hearts stare him in the face. "Jury after Jury," he says, "has convicted the *CARLILES*; and this is advanced as an

argument against them, though the *Times* itself has often complained of *Special Juries* in Crown cases. These *Juries*, we are further assured, "listen with abhorrence to their profane ribaldry." We much doubt this "abhorrence!" Jurymen must have lived in society to little purpose, and confined their reading in a marvellous manner, if they are to be shocked at hearing avowed the opinions of some of the most eminent and popular writers in the English language. "If this is a proof that their doctrines gain no ground," proceeds this Christian Theologian, "it is also evidence of the extreme insolence of those who continue so pertinaciously to offer them." So the charge of unparalleled impudence so confidently brought against the obnoxious family at the outset of the paragraph, turns out to be supported only by this blessed conditional logic! The "if" too is a conscious falsehood. The doctrines in question have notoriously made great progress of late years; and the very soreness which gives rise to these prosecutions is a sufficient proof of it: the orthodox do not get into such angry alarms against a declining opinion. But what if the doctrines promulgated by the *CARLILES* were unpopular? A person of decent candour would find in that very circumstance an additional proof of the disinterestedness and courage of those who could brave public opinion as well as the law, for the sake of conscience. Did the *Times* Theologian never hear of the early Christian Martyrs, who were torn to pieces in the Roman Amphitheatres amid the applause of a people, who doubtless excused their own cruel intolerance by crying out upon the obstinacy of their victims? How any reader of the histories of faiths can pretend to consider the opinion of the majority as decisive, not only against the truth, but even the honesty, of counter-opinions, would be passing strange, if we had not been accustomed to the contradictory abuse of the orthodox. The concluding piece of genuine cant is tacked on by the writer as a make-weight with pious and "moral" readers: let us hear it again:—"When one thinks of what the female sex is, in other circumstances and under a happier fate; when one reflects on its delicacy, modesty, meekness; and further considers, that to the early lessons of maternal piety the world owes half its virtue, one could hardly conceive that the heart of a woman could be so perverted by the wickedness of her principles."—This professing Christian, who cries out so much upon "impudence," here again begs the question about "wickedness," and talks as if Miss *CARLILE* was conscious of vicious principles! He appears moreover to be quite ignorant (and he is truly so, we dare say) that there are occasions when the "delicacy, modesty, and meekness" of women, are superseded by a higher and nobler sentiment; or to speak perhaps more philosophically, when true delicacy, being united with and justified by a grander impulse, performs a higher part than usual, without however losing any thing of real modesty. The poor slanderous creature in the *Times* ought to know, that the modesty of a woman consists in an abstinence from all things essentially contrary to the nature and habits of the sex,—not in a mere blind submission to power. To be honest in an opinion, to be courageous in its public defence, to stand fast by a husband or a brother, to represent an imprisoned relative in a court of law, or to

take his place as the active supporter of a suffering family, is no impeachment of female delicacy. What! Are women to be debarred from the exercise of active virtue—are they to be shut out from the pleasure and glory of indulging the highest sentiment of resistance to wrong and oppression, the finest impulses of affection and moral courage,—by the false and hypocritical cry of “indelicatecy?” If our Theologian ever looks into so profane and merely natural a writer as SHAKSPEARE, we would ask him, if *Imogen* is a jot less feminine in her male attire than before; or if the delicacy of the gentle *Viola* suffers in the least in the character of the page *Cesario*? We all have read with admiration the story of the honoured Countess of COVENTRY, who rode naked on horseback through the streets of that town, in order to free her husband's subjects from an odious tax. We all feel how the beauty and nobleness of the sentiment removed every idea of indelicacy from this action. In like manner, when MARY anointed the feet of Jesus with a box of precious ointment, what would otherwise have been extravagance, only enriched the kindness and devoted love of the woman. Our theological prig, however, is precisely of that little-minded class (the “nice” people with filthy imaginations described by SWIFT) who in the days of the Countess would have exclaimed against the indecency and “impudence” of the generous lady; and in the time of MARY, would have cried shame upon the profligate waste of precious ointment, and read the offender a “great moral lesson” upon the economical virtues of the softer sex!! The *Times* writer says, that nothing can exceed the impudence of the CARLILES. There he is very wide of the mark: the impudence of *that* man cannot indeed be exceeded, who goes out of his way, and flies in the face of all probability, to charge with impudence and unaccountable malice certain unfortunate fellow-creatures, who in spite of dungeons, of poverty, and opprobrium, maintain and promulgate doctrines which they hold to be advantageous to society. And the impudence—the gross, unmanly, unprincipled, and glaring impudence—of that man, is still more offensive, when we see him priding himself at the same moment on being a disciple of that benevolent Being, who taught, above all things, that mutual CHARITY was greater than FAITH!

The following paragraph appears in the paper styled *par excellence*, the *Ultra*; and what we shall remark upon the statement must be understood with the reservation, that such statement is not official:

“THE CARLILES.—Notwithstanding the recent heavy sentence on MARY ANN CARLILE, another female member of the same infatuated family has already taken possession of the “*Temple of Reason*,” and as the sale of the same works is continued without abatement, must, of course, shortly fall a victim to the just indignation of the law. MARY ANN CARLILE is removed to Dorchester, where the arch blasphemer, her brother, and his wife are already confined; but they will not be permitted to communicate with each other.”

We are actually surprised at the cool and apparently unconscious tone in which this relation is made. Here are three persons connected by the nearest ties of kindred and marriage, sent to the same prison, for publishing opinions contrary to the prevalent ones—(in other words, for violating the conduct of the Divine Jesus and all the Church Reformers whom the Christians profess most to venerate)—and they are treated as though they had violated the social and universal relations of society—as though they were ordinary felons and cut-throats! Can

this be tolerated in silence by a generation that prides itself on the enlightenment and liberality of its views? The CARLILES have sinned against none of the relative duties of society: why then should they be cut off from the enjoyments of domestic affection? If they are offenders, it is against theoretical opinions, not social rights; and they at least deserve the unrestrained enjoyment of brotherly or nuptial intercourse, as much now as before—as much when in prison as when at large. Because a man has offended in one particular, he is not to be deprived of the pleasures he may derive from his natural affections and amiable qualities. Because he has outraged the community by any bad propensity, society is not to revenge itself by punishing what is actually good and exemplary in him. As well might a surgeon cut off a patient's arm because the leg was mortified. And it is further to be observed, that if common punishments were extended to cut up a man's social affections, the relatives and friends of every transgressor would be punished along with himself,—a thing abhorrent to the spirit of justice and humanity. The law of England in apportioning loss of liberty as the punishment of certain offences, could never intend that imprisonment should include a prohibition of the interchange of kindness between kindred; and though the government may sanction, and the judges approve, so wicked a violation of the rights of the subject, so vindictive and mean an invasion of the private and sacred offices of humanity,—the British public should at least vindicate its love of justice, and its character for independence, by an energetic and indignant protest against so great a scandal.

Coming now to the general question, we are first led to remind the persecuting Societies, that religious persecution, however it may vary in degree, differs not a jot in principle in the present from any former age. The exposing of the Christians to the wild beasts in the Roman amphitheatres, the crucifixions, the burnings in Smithfield, the fines, confiscations, and imprisonments, on account of difference of faith, of which all histories are full, are part of the same shocking system which sends to prison RICHARD CARLILE, his wife and sister. If the acts of older times are more revolting to the feelings, and produced more actual dread and suffering to the community, it must be also allowed to our ancestors, that they had more excuse than we have. They were pure bigots, living in constant unmitigated terror of a future state, who felt all the horrors of their infidel neighbours' situation, and knew no way to alter it but by attempting to force them within the pale of their own faith. No doubt a good deal of bad passion vented itself in the disguise of religious zeal; but we must at the same time allow a large proportion of sincerity to those ages which produced so many martyrs and heroes; and that sincerity, even when it took the most violent courses, was linked with a principle of charity, however mistaken and strangely absurd in its contradictions. Queen MARY, for instance, to whom the popular prejudice of Protestants has affixed the epithet of “Bloody,” is to our minds much more an object of commiseration than of disgust. She was apparently a woman of strong affections, and of firm principles. In her youth, neither paternal authority nor zealous persuasion, neither hopes of honour and advancement, nor fears of degradation, and loss of liberty, could wean her from the faith of her ancestors and the lessons of her infancy. She was after all a person “more sinned against than

sinning; and when she came to power, far from displaying that unfeeling self-conceit, which can complacently behold the miseries of its opponents, she was made very wretched by the fierce conflicting spirit that pervaded the kingdom. The nature of the woman was contradicted by the violences of the Catholic zealot; and the conflict in her bosom, assisted by domestic troubles, brought here to a premature grave. Our modern persecutors have no such excuse as this slandered Queen. Fanaticism (as triumphantly explained by the writer whose article on *GUY FAUX* adorns our present number) has been broken up and almost dissipated by the growth of a spirit of inquiry, and the infinite multiplication of sects. In lieu of it, however, State Corruption has induced a more slavish spirit; and an interest to promote the selfish alliance between Church and State often supplies the place of blind zeal. This interest has unfortunately been growing at the same time with the spread of infidelity, and the consequence is, an overwhelming portion of *hypocrisy*. While these very prosecutions are going on against the *CARLILES*, it would be curious to ascertain how many of the Ministry, under whose auspices they are conducted, hold fast to the faith. Nay, we do not doubt, that if the Deists could offer an adequate reward to informers, we should learn from some good-natured friend, that certain Members, even of the Vice-Society, were scoffers and blasphemous jokers in private! Of this indeed we are quite confident,—that more than half the motive of these un-Christian prosecutions is a political dread of the consequence to "Church and State" from attacks upon religion. Such being the case, we hold the combination of old-womanish dread of innovation and corrupt hypocrisy, which prosecutes a family for religious differences of opinions in the nineteenth century, to be more odious in motive, and more despicable in character, than the sincere though raging intolerance which lighted the fires of Smithfield in the fifteenth. If a Modern Plutarch were to draw a parallel between Bloody *MARY* and Saint *WILBERFORCE*, in their characters of religious persecutors, the Saint would certainly not be allowed the palm as to purity of *motive*, though he would have a fair prospect of gaining it in regard to mischievousness of effect.

[To be concluded next week.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Whether the following observations, "out of a pure heart and faith unfeigned," will subject you by their publication to the visitations of the Bridge-street Confederacy, I submit as a problem to your better judgment, and you will dispose of them accordingly. But to the name of a religion dearer to me than my life, I will at least record one protest more against some recent profanations of its whole spirit and its every letter in certain high places. To our Courts of Justice I do not allude: they discharge an imperative, an inevitable duty, and in my opinion, as blamelessly and laudably as possible. But as often as I see the name of *Carlile* in your paper, I can never but pity these our excellent *Rhadamanthuses* to the heart; and I pour forth my sighs and groans at the plaintiffs in the controversy on which they are obliged to sit as Judges. What, is this man, I involuntarily exclaim, or other of his family, again before the public, a martyr rather than a criminal! O when will the law be exonerated from the penalty of taking cognizance of mere matters of faith or infidelity? This scandal, blasphemy as it is termed, what is it? A thing to be constituted from

time to time by Act of Parliament? *Quo tenam multum mutantem protea modo!* To the Pagan—the Jew, the Christian, the Mahomedan, are blasphemers when they arraign his Deities. To the Deist and to the Jew—the Christian is a blasphemer when he elevates *Jesus of Nazareth* into a missionary of the Supreme Being. To the Mahomedan—the Christian, again, is a blasphemer when he designates the pretensions of his Prophet the frauds of an impostor. To the Athanasian Christian—the Unitarian Christian is a blasphemer, when he denies the divinity of the Son of God. To the Unitarian—the Athanasian is a blasphemer when he predicates Deity of the Son of Joseph and Mary. To the Papist—the Protestant is a blasphemer, when he spurns at the fiction of the real presence. To the Protestant—the Papist is a blasphemer, when he avows that he makes and eats his God.—This reputed crime has nothing in common with *real crime*. It varies with the latitude of every place, with the creed of every age, with the honest convictions of every person. The very same opinion or act, is, with one individual, an offence of the deepest malignity, and with another, a virtue of the first magnitude. The abomination of one past century is the idol of the next, and *vice versa*. It is never, it never can, be associated with the consciousness of blame. Punish a Deist as you will, for impeaching the veracity or the morality of the Scriptures, you only raise him the higher in his own estimation. His heart and mind both respond, not to the justice, but to the injustice of the sentence. He suffers not for his impiety, but his piety; not for guilt, but merit; not for the wrong he has done, but for the good he has attempted to do. Will it be said, that no man has a right to publish and propagate his religious opinions if they do not happen to be in unison with those of the country in which at the time they are professed and circulated? The warmest advocates for the prosecution of blasphemy will be the last men to make or patronise so sweeping an assertion. They must be free as air to carry their own creed through the world. They hold it a duty, a paramount duty, to do so: a sin, a heinous sin, to forbear doing it at any hazard. What Christian, indeed, but in name only, would not glory in the shame of having shocked the faith or disturbed the unanimity of a nation of Deists, by distributing the Gospel over their land, though in his progress he had been carried as a malefactor before every tribunal, transgressed every prudential law, and incurred every penalty in the code of the country? Could any such Christian now, if he had only the common feelings or understanding of a man, anathematize, punish, not respect and applaud the Mahomedan, who with a kindred consciousness, and in spite of similar privations, had carried the Koran through his own? But it will be said, and by men very different from such as condemn as a crime in others what they applaud as a virtue in themselves, that there are different ways of doing the same thing. This I do not deny. There is a right and a wrong mode of every action. Upon the principle itself no two fair minds will differ; but in the application of it they will probably soon be found at variance. Put the case of a liberal minded Deist, and a liberal minded Christian. Both will reprehend indecency—both will deprecate violence; but upon the question of zeal, or the more problematical question of ridicule, will they not often join issue? Look, for instance, at *Gibbon* on one side and *Watson* on the other. From his disgust at the enthusiasm of the first Christians, the philosopher becomes the apologist of persecution: from his admiration of the same enthusiasm, the Divine can scarcely tolerate a sneer; and yet is not the one a legitimate weapon of controversy, and the other an honourable test of sincerity? Do I well to be angry as the Christian with the opponent who laughs even my most sacred opinions to scorn, or as the Deist with the opponent who seems to inundate me, as it were, with falsehood? Should I not do better by reproving my calumniator in one character, or confounding my oppressor in the other, with the meek majesty of argument? Is Divine

Truth too impotent to smile at raillery, or not stint opposition? Does she defy the sword and spear, but tremble at the lash; or must she measure the ground and dictate the position, before she adventures to take the field? No! such pusillanimity is not hers, but that of her Champions; and by giving way to it, they disgrace the character they would adorn, they prejudice the cause which it is their purpose to befriend. An open arena and fair play is all the vantage she asks. She fears nothing, she has nothing to fear, but from the interdiction of honest hostility: let the combatants but shake hands and engage, and under her eye the victory will not long be doubtful; but when the hands of one of them are tied to his back, or muffled to the finger's ends, she retires covered with blushes. To the exemplification of such a conflict I dare not point; but this I may be permitted to say with impunity, that let my fellow Christians think or act on any occasion as they may, I can never myself but honour the Deist rather for his courage than for his cowardice; for his zeal than for his prudence; for his activity than for his inertness; for his spirit of proselytism than for his philosophy of inofficious devotion.

A SINCERE AND ZEALOUS CHRISTIAN.

Nov. 16, 1821.

* See Herodotus.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—To your list of deistical placemen given last Sunday, may we not add the name of Sir W. Drummond? Is not the Author of the *Œdipus Judaicus*, a work designed to prove the Old Testament an imposition, a Member of his Majesty's Privy Council?

Your readers would confer a benefit on the public if they would publicly record instances of this kind.

Why should the Carilles be prosecuted under that Ministry which places among the Privy Counsellors of the Monarch the Drummonds of the day?

I know the stale and absurd subterfuge, that the latter address the rich and the learned, the former the poor and the ignorant; but I cannot give our Governors credit for this benevolent protection of "the lower orders."

In what other part of their policy, foreign or domestic, do they thus protect the poor, and leave the rich undefended?

I shall believe this plea when I see the same men act consistently, and support taxation on the rich, and relief to the burthen of the poor.

May not the problem be better solved, as you have in fact already solved it, by supposing that these men neither care about nor believe in the religion which they so warmly profess to advocate—that they only use Christianity as an instrument of state policy—and that while they talk of it as "the law of the land," they themselves are ignorant and regardless that it is the law of God.—Yours, &c.

A CHRISTIAN READER.

GUY FAUX.

[Concluded from last week.]

Thus a knight-errant going on adventures, and following out the fine idea of love and gallantry in his own mind, without once thinking of himself but as a vessel dedicated to virtue and honour, is one of the most enviable fictions in the whole world. Don Quixote, in the midst of its comic irony, is the finest serious development to be found of this character. The account of the Cid, the famous Spanish hero, of which Mr. Southey has given an admirable prose-translation where scarcely a word could be changed or transposed without injuring the force and clear simplicity of the antique style he has adopted, abounds with instances to the same purpose. His taking back the lion to its den, his bringing his father "the herb that would cure him," his enemy's head, and his manner of reclaiming a recreant knight from his cowardice by heaping the rewards and distinctions of

courage upon him, are some of those that I remember as the most striking. Perhaps the reader may not have the book by him; yet they are worth turning to, both for the sentiment and the expression. The first then in order is the following:—

"At this time it came to pass that there was strife between Count Don Gomez the Lord of Gormaz, and Diego Laynez the father of Rodrigo (the Cid); and the Count insulted Diego and gave him a blow. Now Diego was a man in years, and his strength had passed from him, so that he could not take vengeance, and he retired to his home to dwell there in solitude and lament over his dishonour. And he took no pleasure in his food, neither could he sleep by night, nor would he lift up his eyes from the ground, nor stir out of his house, nor commune with his friends, but turned from them in silence as if the breath of his shame would taint them. Rodrigo was yet but a youth, and the Count was a mighty man in arms, one who gave his voice first in the Cortez, and was held to be the best in the war, and so powerful, that he had a thousand friends among the mountains. Howbeit, all these things appeared as nothing to Rodrigo, when he thought of the wrong done to his father, the first which had ever been offered to the blood of Layn Calvo. He asked nothing but justice of Heaven, and of man he asked only a fair field; and his father seeing of how good heart he was, gave him his sword and his blessing. The sword had been the sword of Mudarra in former times, and when Rodrigo held its cross in his hand, he thought within himself that his arm was not weaker than Mudarra's. And he went out and defied the Count and slew him, and smote off his head and carried it home to his father. The old man was sitting at table, the food lying before him untasted, when Rodrigo returned, and pointing to the head which hung from the horse's collar, dropping blood, he bade him look up, for there was the herb which should restore to him his appetite: the tongue, quoth he, which insulted * you, is no longer a tongue, and the hand which wronged you is no longer a hand. And the old man arose and embraced his son and placed him above him at the table, saying that he who had brought home that head should be the head of the house of Layn Calvo."—*Chronicle of the Cid*, p. 4.

The next is of Martin Pelaez, whom the Cid made of a notable coward a redoubtable hero:—

"Here the history relates, that at this time Martin Pelaez the Asturian came with a convoy of laden beasts, carrying provisions to the host of the Cid; and as he passed near the town, the Moors sallied out in great numbers against him; but he, though he had few with him, defended the convoy right well, and did great hurt to the Moors, slaying many of them, and drove them into the town. This Martin Pelaez, who is here spoken of, did the Cid make a right good knight of a coward, as ye shall hear. When the Cid first began to lay siege to the city of Valencia, this Martin Pelaez came unto him: he was a knight, a native of Santillana in Asturias, a hidalgo, great of body and strong of limb, a well-made man and of goodly semblance, but withal a right coward at heart, which he had shown in many places where he was among feats of arms. And the Cid was sorry when he came unto him, though he would not let him perceive this; for he knew he was not fit to be of his company. Howbeit, he thought that since he was come, he would make him brave whether he would or not. And when the Cid began to war upon the town, and sent parties against it twice and thrice a day, as ye have heard, for the Cid was always upon the alert, there was fighting and touring every day. One day it fell out that the Cid and his men and friends and vassals were engaged in a great encounter, and this Martin Pelaez was well armed; and when he saw that the Moors and Christians were at it, he fled and betook himself to his lodging, and there hid him-

* It has been suggested whether this phrase "insulted" is not too modern.

self till the Cid returned to dinner. And the Cid saw what Martin Pelaez did, and when he had conquered the Moors, he returned to his lodging to dinner. Now it was the custom of the Cid to eat at a high table, seated on his bench at the head. And Don Alvar Fannez and Pero Bermudez and other precious knights ate in another part, at high tables, full honourably, and none other knights whatsoever dared take their seats with them, unless they were such as deserved to be there; and the others who were not so approved in arms ate upon *estradas*, at tables with cushions. This was the order in the house of the Cid, and every one knew the place where he was to sit at meat, and every one strove all he could to gain the honour of sitting to eat at the table of Don Alvar Fannez and his companions, by strenuously behaving himself in all feats of arms; and thus the honour of the Cid was advanced. This Martin Pelaez, thinking that none had seen his badness, washed his hands in turn with the other knights, and would have taken his place among them. And the Cid went unto him and took him by the hand and said, You are not such a one as deserves to sit with these, for they are worth more than you or than me, but I will have you with me; and he seated him with himself at table. And he, for lack of understanding, thought that the Cid did this to honour him above all the others. On the morrow the Cid and his company rode towards Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney; and Martin Pelaez went out well armed, and was among the foremost who charged the Moors; and when he was in among them he turned the reins, and went back to his lodging; and the Cid took heed to all that he did, and saw that though he had done badly, he had done better than the first day. And when the Cid had driven the Moors into the town, he returned to his lodging, and as he sat down to meat, he took this Martin Pelaez by the hand, and seated him with himself, and bade him eat with him in the same dish, for he had deserved more that day than he had the first. And the knight gave heed to that saying, and was abashed; howbeit, he did as the Cid commanded him; and after he had dined, he went to his lodging and began to think upon what the Cid had said unto him, and perceived that he had seen all the baseness which he had done; and then he understood that for this cause he would not let him sit at board with the other knights who were precious in arms, but had seated him with himself, more to affront him than to do him honour, for there were other knights there better than he, and he did not show them that honour. Then resolved he in his heart to do better than he had done heretofore. Another day the Cid and his company and Martin Pelaez rode toward Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney full resolutely, and Martin Pelaez was among the first, and charged them right boldly; and he smote down and slew presently a good knight, and he lost there all the bad fear which he had had, and was that day one of the best knights there; and as long as the tourney lasted, there he remained smiting and slaying and overthrowing the Moors, till they were driven within the gates, in such manner that the Moors marvelled at him, and asked where that Devil came from, for they had never seen him before. And the Cid was in a place where he could see all that was going on, and he gave good heed to him, and had great pleasure in beholding him, to see how well he had forgotten the great fear which he was wont to have. And when the Moors were shut up within the town, the Cid and all his people returned to their lodging, and Martin Pelaez full leisurely and quietly went to his lodging also, like a good knight. And when it was the hour of eating, the Cid waited for Martin Pelaez, and when he came and they had washed, the Cid took him by the hand, and said, My friend, you are not such a one as deserves to sit with me from henceforth, but sit you here with Don Alvar Fannez, and with these other good knights, for the good feats which you have done this day have made you a companion for them;

and from that day forward he was placed in the company of the good."—P. 199.

"There was a lion in the house of the Cid, who had grown a large one, and strong, and was full nimble: three men had the keeping of this lion, and they kept him in a den which was in a court-yard, high up in the palace; and when they cleansed the court, they were wont to shut him up in his den, and afterward to open the door that he might come out and eat: the Cid kept him for his pastime, that he might take pleasure with him when he was minded so to do. Now it was the custom of the Cid to dine every day with his company, and after he had dined, he was wont to sleep awhile upon his seat. And one day when he had dined, there came a man and told him that a great fleet was arrived in the port of Valencia, wherein there was a great power of the Moors, whom King Bucar had brought over, the son of the Miramolin of Morocco. And when the Cid heard this, his heart rejoiced and he was glad, for it was nigh three years since he had had a battle with the Moors. Incontinently he ordered a signal to be made, that all the honourable men who were in the city should assemble together. And when they were all assembled in the Alcazar, and his sons-in-law with them, the Cid told them the news, and took counsel with them in what manner they should go out against this great power of the Moors. And when they had taken counsel, the Cid went to sleep upon his seat, and the Infantes and the others sat playing at tables and chess. Now at this time the men who were keepers of the lion were cleaning the court, and when they heard the cry that the Moors were coming, they opened the den, and came down into the palace where the Cid was, and left the door of the court open. And when the lion had ate his meat, and saw that the door was open, he went out of the court and came down into the palace even into the hall where they all were: and when they who were there saw him, there was a great stir among them: but the Infantes of Carrion showed greater cowardice than all the rest. Ferrando Gonzalez having no shame, neither for the Cid nor for the others who were present, crept under the seat whereon the Cid was sleeping, and in his haste he burst his mantle and his doublet also at the shoulders. And Diego Gonzalez, the other, ran to a postern door, crying, I shall never see Carrion again! This door opened upon a court yard, where there was a wine-press, and he jumped out, and by reason of the great height could not keep on his feet, but fell among the lees and defiled himself therewith. And all the others who were in the hall wrapt their cloaks around their arms, and stood round about the seat whereon the Cid was sleeping, that they might defend him. The noise which they made awakened the Cid, and he saw the lion coming towards him, and he lifted up his hand and said, What is this? . . . and the lion hearing his voice stood still: and he rose up and took him by the mane, as if he had been a gentle mastiff, and led him back to the court where he was before, and ordered his keepers to look better to him for the time to come. And when he had done this, he returned to the hall and took his seat again; and all they who beheld it were greatly astonished."—P. 251.

The presence of mind, the manly confidence, the faith in virtue, the lofty bearing and picturesque circumstances in all these stories, are as fine as any thing can well be imagined.—The last of them puts me in mind, that that heroic little gentleman, Mr. Kean, who is a Cid to him in his way, keeps a lion "for his pastime, that he may take pleasure with him when he is minded so to do." It is, to be sure, an American lion, a *pumah*, a sort of a great dog. But still it shews the nature of the man, and the spirited turn of his genius. Courage is the great secret of his success. His acting is, if not classical, heroic. To dare and to do are with him the same thing. "Master's passion sways him to the mood of what it likes or loathes."

He may be sometimes wrong, but he is decidedly wrong, and does not betray himself by paltry doubts and fears. He takes the lion by the mane. He gains all by hazard—ing all. He throws himself into the breach, and fights his way through as well as he can. He leaves all to his feelings, and goes where they lead him; and he finds his account in this method, and brings rich ventures home.

In reading the foregoing accounts of the Spanish author, it seems that in those times killing was no murder. Slaughter was the order of the day. The blood of Moors and Christians flows through the page as so much water. The proverb uppermost in their minds was, that a man could die but once, and the inference seemed to be, the sooner the better. In these more secure and civilized times (individually and as far as it depends upon ourselves) we are more chary of our lives. We are (ordinarily) placed out of the reach of "the shot of accident and dart of chance;" and grow indolent, tender, and effeminate in our notions and habits. Books do not make men valiant—not even the reading the Chronicle of the Cid. The police look after all breaches of the peace and resorts of suspicious characters, so that we need not buckle on our armour to go to the succour of distressed damsels, or to give battle to giants and enchanters. Instead of killing some fourteen before breakfast, like *Hotspur*, we are contented to read of these things in the newspapers, or to see them performed on the stage. We enjoy all the dramatic interest of such scenes, without the tragic results. Regnault de St. Jean Angely rode like a madman through the streets of Paris, when from the barricades he saw the Prussians advancing. We love, fight, and are slain by proxy—live over the adventures of a hundred heroes and die their deaths—and the next day are as well as ever, and ready to begin again. This is a gaining concern, and an improvement on the old-fashioned way of risking life and limb in good earnest, as a cure for ennui. It is a bad speculation to come to an untimely end by way of killing time. Now, like the heroic personages in *Tom Thumb*, we spread a white pocket-handkerchief to prepare our final catastrophe, and act the sentiment of death with all the impunity to be desired. Men, the more they cultivate their intellect, become more careful of their persons. They would like to think, to read, to dream on for ever, without being liable to any worldly annoyance. "Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon," cries the insatiable adept in this school. Art is long, and they think it hard that life should be so short. Their existence has been chiefly theatrical, ideal, a tragedy rehearsed in print—why should it receive its *denouement* in their proper persons, in *corpore vili*?—In another point of view, sedentary, studious people live in a world of thought—in a world out of themselves—and are not very well prepared to scuffle in this. They lose the sense of personal honour in questions of more general interest, and are not inclined to individual sacrifices that can be of no service to the cause of letters. They do not see how any speculative truth can be proved by their being run through the body; nor does your giving them the lie alter the state of any one of the great leading questions in policy, morals, or criticism. Philosophers might claim the privileges of divines for many good reasons: among these, according to Spenser, exemption from worldly care and peril was not the least in monkish lore:—

"From worldly care himself he did esloine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise:
For every work he challenged essoine,
For contemplation-sake."

Mental courage is the only courage I pretend to. I dare venture an opinion where few else would, particularly if I think it right. I have retracted few of my positions. Whether this arises from obstinacy or strength, or indifference to the opinions of others, I know not. In little else I have the spirit of martyrdom: but I would give up any thing sooner than an abstract proposition.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Nov. 2.—The French Government, though too weak and timid to declare its real sentiments, is decidedly favourable to the Greek cause. Permission has been given within a few days for the exportation of arms and ammunition; and three vessels filled with volunteers, supplies, &c. have just sailed from Marseilles for the Morea.—*Private Letter.*

Extract of a letter from the neighbourhood of Paris, Nov. 16, 1821:—Let me say, however, that every where there is the same sort of political stagnation—a prevailing horror of the Holy Alliance and a determined purpose to seize the first favourable moment to overthrow and dash to pieces the present monstrous system of European despotism. Switzerland is covered with wandering and convicted and proscribed Patriots, but the little Aristocratic Governments of the Cantons have not virtue and courage enough to give them a high and honourable protection. In Savoy, the Government is both despised and detested, and there is no one sentiment favourable to the stability of the families whom our mighty Castlereagh has stuck up once more, once more to fall. Here is all *platitude*—Missionaries, Jesuits, Censors, are in full activity, and the people seem to suffer it all with a full understanding, that it is not to last; but without any active occupation about its termination, the Press is so completely down, and the prosecutions so constant and wicked, that all is ignorance, and, of course, inertia. In the present state of the world and of France, all this is so unnatural, that it must finish itself. Bertrand's return scarcely produces a sensation, because nobody knows any thing about it or him, but the two lines of *annoncé* suffered in the Journals. Did you see him? and what do you really think of him and of his return? If you know, tell me. Have you heard the fate of the famous Beranger, and his two vols. of *Anacreontic and Political Songs*? Fifteen thousand were sold in a few days, the Government seized the rest, and dismissed him from a place, of only 1400 francs, he had held ever since the Emperor (and all he would have either from Emperor or King), and have prosecuted him; Lafitte has given him a place of 4000 francs. His anacreons are *shocking*, but his political songs terrible. The Missionaries are in Paris, and the students *en droit* and in medicine, were publicly invited to hear them; a number of them went the other day with a *flageolet*, sang songs, and began a circle for a dance; the girls were there also, and there was a *sacarme epouantable*.

GREECE.

LEGHORN, Nov. 2.—The meeting of the Greek and Turkish fleets took place on the 12th of October, off the island of Zante; the inhabitants of the island were assembled on the shore. The advantage appearing to be on the side of the Greeks, as the Turkish flag was struck in some of the ships, and the banner of the Cross hoisted in its stead, caused them to express their joy by loud acclamations and clapping of hands. The English perceiving this, gave orders for the guns of the fortress to fire on the Greek ships; but while they were engaged in this, the inhabitants revolted, and the English were obliged to retire, and to shut themselves up in the castle.—Troops have since arrived from Corfu, under the command of General Adam, and we expect with impatience further particulars."

Extract of a letter from Trieste, November 2:—A vessel has arrived here in eight days from Corfu, bringing letters up to the 18th October, from a most respectable merchant there, to the Director of the Company of Assurance of this city, giving the following information respecting the Turkish fleet. It consisted of 53 ships of war, with 37 empty vessels they had taken at Galaxidi; it was attacked by 28 Greek vessels, being the vanguard of their whole fleet, and entirely dispersed, the Greeks recovering at the same time the vessels taken from them. One Turkish corvette was boarded and taken, and seven other ships sunk; another in the port of Cheri, in the Island of Zante, and four have not been heard of yet, the remaining forty took refuge in Zante, four of the largest without masts: a French corvette was present at this battle.—They write from Zante, that the Islanders have obliged the English authorities there to send off the 40 Turkish ships that had taken shelter in their port, and that they had even killed four British soldiers. We expect soon to hear of the attack of the shattered remains of this Turkish fleet, and then we hardly think there will be one left to carry the news of the defeat to the Sultan. A small vessel of Spain attacked two Turkish brigs, and sunk them.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.

E. Moss, Vauxhall, potter. Attornies, Messrs. Henson, Son, and Duncan, Bouverie-street.

- H. Handsword, Great Winchester-street, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Lester, New-court, Crutchedfriars.
 J. Ward, City, importer of foreign fruits. Attorney, Mr. Browne, Lower Thames-street.
 R. Bingham, Gosport, banker. Attornies, Messrs. Cook and Hunter, Clement's-inn.
 J. Wood, Birmingham, broker. Attornies, Messrs. Holme, Frampton, and Loftus, New-inn.
 J. Bentley, Curtain-road, hardwareman. Attorney, Mr. Pike, New Boswell-court, Carey-street.
 R. Meadway, Beaminster, Dorsetshire, butcher. Attornies, Messrs. Holme, Frampton, and Loftus, New-inn.
 J. Burrell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard.
 C. Savery, South Efford, Devonshire, limeburner. Attornies, Messrs. Fox and Prideaux, Austinfriars.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

- J. Brander and J. Barclay, Size-lane, merchants.
 J. P. and W. Firmstone, High-fields, Staffordshire, iron-masters.
 J. Weston, Tenterden, Kent, printer.
 N. Temple, Fleet-street, wine-merchant.

BANKRUPTS.

- N. Temple, Fleet-street, wine-merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Bartlett and Beddome, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street.
 T. Elliott and S. Haslock, Northampton, boot and shoe-manufacturers. Attorney, Mr. Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange.
 J. Dohell, Cranbrook, Kent, carrier. Attornies, Messrs. Alliston and Hundleby, Freeman's-court, Cornhill.
 H. Byass, Rayleigh, Essex, surgeon. Attornies, Messrs. Milne and Parry, Temple.
 T. Whatley, Batcombe, Somersetshire, shopkeeper. Attorney, Mr. Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
 R. Warner, Huntingdon, ironmonger. Attornies, Messrs. Egan and Waterman, Essex-street, Strand.
 J. Whitehead, Hanley, Staffordshire, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Wright, Temple.
 J. Dentith, Liverpool, silversmith. Attorney, Mr. Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn.
 R. Mumby, Glamford-Briggs, Lincolnshire, mercer. Attorney, Mr. Mason, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.
 T. Dobson and G. Thompson, Darlington, mercers. Attornies, Messrs. Perkins and Frampton, Gray's-inn.
 J. Sanders, Coventry, auctioneer. Attorney, Mr. Coombe, Copthall-court.
 A. Rivolta, Brook-street, Holborn, looking-glass-manufacturer. Attorney, Mr. Jones, New-inn.
 J. D. Beaumont, Maidstone, upholsterer. Attornies, Messrs. Dickinson and Sadgrove, St. Swithin's-lane.
 W. Wild, Sheffield, cutler. Attorney, Mr. Blackelock, Serjeant's-Inn.
 J. Clark, Commercial-place, Commercial-road, ship-owner. Attorney, Mr. Simpson, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street.
 H. Ricken, Shoreditch, grocer. Attornies, Messrs. Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street.
 B. Winch, the elder, Hawkhurst, Kent, farmer. Attornies, Greigson and Foonereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

The Letter to Mr. Justice BAILEY shall appear in our next.—The Communications from Poole and other places have been received.—Our Correspondents must be good enough to understand, that when the articles they favour us with do not appear in a week or two, there are reasons for their non-insertion, which would only occupy a good deal of room to sufficiently explain, and even then would, we fear, be too often unsatisfactory to the writers, and lead to unnecessary discussions.

There has been little or no variation this week in the price of Stock, the two parties having apparently played off their rumours and manœuvres to perfect exhaustion. No less than three French mails are due, so that a very recent account of the state of their market is wanting. The latest quotation, that of the 17th, was Five per Cent. 89 fr. 95c. Three per Cent. Consols left off yesterday at 78½. Three per cent. Red. 77½.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 23.

The English government appears likely at length to be mixed up with the Grecian contest in a way very little cal-

culated to add to its reputation. A great naval fight had taken place off ZANTE, between the Turks and the Greeks, which terminated in a decisive victory of the latter; upon which, says an account from LEGHORN, the British garrison in the fort fired upon the conquerors, an outrage which so irritated the assembled Islanders, that they fell upon the ENGLISH and drove them into the fort. General Sir F. ADAM was going from Corfu to relieve them; but the sequel of this reputable affair has not yet transpired.

Should this story turn out to be correct, there will be doubtless some pretence got up by the British Authorities, most probably relating to an asserted necessity of preserving "neutrality" by preventing communication between the Greek sailors and their countrymen in the Island; but unfortunately for this plea, there comes along with this very account, a Proclamation of Sir THOMAS MAITLAND, in which that insular despot banishes all the Parguinotes concerned in a recent attempt to recover their native town, under the pretext, that these unfortunate Patriots have by that attempt "violated the acknowledged laws of all civilized nations!" Now of such acknowledged national law as the High Commissioner here refers to, we are not aware, though the principle, we know, has been sometimes advanced in our Parliament, particularly with regard to the South American Patriots. We know also, that at the best and most glorious periods of English history, the contrary practice has prevailed; and individual Englishmen have had the honour and the satisfaction of aiding the patriotic efforts of other nations, when policy or weakness kept the State neutral. And to our minds this rule of conduct seems the only just and rational one. No nation can be said to take part in a war, when its government is perfectly quiescent, when neither the state forces nor the state revenues are employed. To muzzle the virtuous enthusiasm of individual subjects however is not only a pernicious interference with private rights, but also goes to deprive the oppressed of the advantages resulting from the justice of their cause, and the sympathy of their fellow-creatures. And even if this position may be disputed, the case of the poor Parguinotes and the people in the Ionian Islands, is one which rests on much stronger grounds. We originally offered the former an asylum under that government; and in the name of justice and decency, how have they forfeited their claim to that refuge, because their love of country has prompted them to undertake its recovery from the ferocious Turkish oppressors? Sir THOMAS MAITLAND takes care in the Preamble of his Decree to let the people under his "protection" see how much he resents any expression of hostility against the detested Turks, or of sympathy for their own friends and kindred, the Insurgent Greeks of the Continent. He is the Representative of the King of ENGLAND, who gave the Island a certain close system which is courteously styled a "Constitution," and kept for himself the modest title of "Protector." Now does the Lord High Commissioner fancy he can persuade the world, that the Ionian people would not long ago have made common cause with the other Greeks, had it not been for this very strange kind of "Protection?" What modesty then in his reading the "protected" people such solemn lectures upon the "wickedness" of indulging "a fatal enthusiasm" in behalf of their aggrieved countrymen! Nay, he reproves even their prayers for the success of the right cause:—

"Certain imprudent Ministers of religion, in consequence of the pure principles of that Gospel which inculcates universal

charity and benevolence, on this occasion put up, under the very eyes of the Government, public prayers for the destruction of the Ottoman power, thus wickedly employing the voice of religion to inflame a fatal enthusiasm already of itself too extensive."

What a convenient and double-faced thing is pious profession! What a pretty commentary is this talk about the "universal charity" of the Gospel in the Mediterranean, at the very moment when its upholders in Britain are sending Englishmen to prison for conscientious opposition!

The Irish outrages have extended from Limerick to several neighbouring counties,—so that the peasantry inhabiting the Southern part of the Island may be said to be generally in a state of commotion. This is a melancholy state of things; but when we hear the poor starving people called, by the Court Papers, "banditti," and "wretches," and "ferocious murderers,"—when we see that the only measures taken with them are the frightful and indiscriminate severities of the bayonet and the gibbet,—we must remind these ready pourers forth of abuse and employers of brute force, that there are some questions beyond that between governor and rebel, which do not redound much to their credit, but which will be by far the most important for history, however they may choose to sink them at present. Ireland has been always treated by the English Governments in the very worst manner of a conquered province. It has had forced upon it all the abuses without any of the advantages of the conquerors. It has been governed by a foreign faction—partly composed of men sent by its English masters to fatten on its plunder—partly of the very basest of its own sons, traitors to their country, their religion, and their honour, in order to grovel at the feet of the oppressor, and share the spoils of the oppressed. Ireland has been made all along a sponge for sinecurists, a field for jobbers of all sorts: the vilest and most profligate intriguers of the Ruling State have been drained off to this sink of political iniquity. The Irish are subject to all the heavy burdens of British subjects, but excluded from the privileges which alone could make them just or bearable! They were wronged and insulted; the onerous and corrupt priesthood of the *Faction* was fastened upon the nation at large, who already maintained their own pastors! They were the victims of a system which at once debased the minds of the whole nation, kept the lower orders in brutish ignorance, and reduced them to exist in a state of continual hunger and raggedness. They have rebelled several times, and as often been reconquered; but the system of robbery, extortion, and deprivation of rights, has received no material improvement.

The labouring classes of Irish are certainly at the present time a "lawless" race: so far the Tory journals are correct; but how lawless? They have long felt that the laws of their conquerors were chiefly engines of oppression. Besides, they never made the laws—they never assented to them—never were concerned in them, except as sufferers. They have submitted to force; and to force the peasantry of the South now appeal. Their motive and their defence are simple, and in the main unanswerable:—Millions of men in a beautiful and fertile country were not doomed by Nature to be half-fed upon potatoes. We are enduring all the miseries, and partake few of the blessings of civilization. We never consented to this system, and therefore break no compact by re-asserting our natu-

ral rights. We owe no allegiance where we never received protection. You have never respected our rights as human beings, but have grown fat in profligate idleness upon the sweat of our brows. You have robbed us of the fruits of our only property, our labour: now we, driven by necessity, shall make free with your possessions. You have treated us as beasts of the field: be not then surprised, and do not complain, that we revenge ourselves like the brute creation." Should the wretched and desperate population of Ireland rise some day in fury, and exterminate the English from the country they have so long ill-governed,—what would be the comment of the future Historian? He might "drop a natural tear" upon the weakness of human nature, and lament that it was not superior to blind and pernicious revenge, however provoked; but against whom would he point his moral, but those who had wilfully, cruelly, and selfishly, given such continued provocation to five millions of their fellow-creatures?

This Irish question seems to us one of the simplest in the world, when considered with a reference to first principles; and any other mode of viewing it appears to our apprehension only a trifling with words, or a dastardly compromise of truth and honesty. At the same time, there are a great variety of facts necessary to prove that condition of the labouring population of Ireland, which forms some excuse before the tribunals of Reason and Posterity, for such appeals to force. That manly, well-informed, and excellent paper, the *Scotsman*, has lately given the most useful of these facts in a very complete shape; and we shall shortly make room for so important and interesting a summary.

The American Papers received yesterday contain accounts from Pernambuco, which leave it almost beyond doubt, that the people of Brazil will, at no distant period of time, render themselves independent of Portugal. The Natives and a good many Europeans are decidedly in favour of independence, and a ferment exists in society, which is the sure forerunner of a crisis. At the date of the last advices, Pernambuco was in a dreadful state of confusion and alarm. The insurgents were in considerable force only nine miles off, and threatened an immediate attack. Almost all the native troops sent against them have deserted, and some corps had, *to a man*, gone over. The Governor had been forced to make the sailors in the port do garrison duty.

An account from Venice states, that five noblemen and gentlemen of the Ionian Islands had arrived there, whom Sir Thomas Maitland (the representative of the "Protector" George the Fourth) had banished from Corfu by his sole authority, without allowing them even a copy of the order for their exile!!

A motion for a rule to shew cause was on Wednesday made in the Court of King's Bench, in the course of which some singular circumstances were disclosed. If the conduct of the Magistrate referred to on that occasion, shall turn out to have been correctly represented, we trust that a proper example will be made of him.—The leniency which has but too often been shown to Magistrates of late, when convicted of the most grievous oppression, has, we believe, had a most unfortunate tendency. Many of our readers will be able to remember several cases in point, but more particularly one which lately occurred in Hertfordshire, where a Clerical Magistrate, for the grossest misconduct, was, by a Jury, composed in great part of brother Magistrates, subjected to 30*l.* damages! The feeling with which that verdict was received in Court was a sufficient evidence of the degree in which it harmonised with the general feeling.—*Chron.*

The negotiation for the entrance of Mr. Caanning into office is said to be broken off. He is at present at the seat of the Duke of Portland. The Duke of Montrose is again started as a candidate for the Chamberlainship.

DR. GILCHRIST.—The India Company is perhaps the very last public body that can be charged with a niggardly spirit; and yet, on reading in the last number of the *Asiatic Journal* the late debates at the India-house respecting the remuneration of this celebrated Oriental Scholar, there were indications of a want of liberality that we were sorry to observe. Nobody disputes the high merits of Dr. Gilchrist—nobody doubts the great value of his past as well as present services, particularly in spreading the knowledge of the Hindoostanee tongue among the Hon. Company's Officers destined for and resident in India. Governors-General, Military, Civil, and Judicial Authorities, of all ranks, unite in eulogizing and recommending Dr. Gilchrist's literary labours and admirable system of instruction—it is admitted that he has been inadequately rewarded, or rather, as Mr. Lowndes somewhat bluntly remarked, "abominably ill-paid;"—and after all this comes a resolution for granting him a salary of two hundred pounds for three years, and 150 more that he may procure a suitable room to lecture in! To be sure, the Doctor is deservedly praised for disinterestedness and moderation; but is it generous, that the possessor of such valuable qualities should be left with little else to console him in the autumn of a well-spent, arduous, and most useful life?—We think not; and we yet expect to see the India Company adopting a more liberal course in regard to this excellent individual.

The Clergy of Durham have in an evil hour instituted a prosecution against the *Durham Chronicle*. Are not the corruptions of the Established Church sufficiently notorious? Will the "ulcerous place" look better after it has been handled by its enemies all over Europe? The bad habits and bad example of Established Churches have been proverbial time out of mind, and are not peculiar to the Church of England; but if that Church is canting and hypocritical enough to affect virtuous indignation against "libellers,"—it will doubtless have a prominent place in history, and be as renowned for its impudent hypocrisy as its partner in power—the State, which affects to be greatly shocked at those who remonstrate against abuses acknowledged by itself to be "notorious as the sun at noon-day!"

Mr. Cobbett has addressed the following Letter to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*:—

"Bollitree Castle, Herefordshire, Nov. 15, 1821.

"SIR,—Having read in a Hereford newspaper an extract from your's, in which it is stated that I have turned the front of my dwelling-house, at Kensington, into a shop for the retailing of butcher's meat at reduced prices, and this statement being calculated to produce disappointment in some of my neighbours, I have to beg you to correct the mistatement, by informing your readers that I have done no such thing as that which you have described. At the same time, I think it right to say, that I have, since I have resided at Kensington, killed two calves of my own breeding and fattening, and that the part of these which I did not want for my own consumption, my neighbours have had at two-thirds of the price that they must have given for the same at the butcher's: in all which I am sure no man can discover any legal offence, unless there should be something in *Six Acts* which makes it such. I think it right to say, further, that as long as I have the convenience for keeping (for a while) and for killing sheep, pigs, and lambs, and as long as I can buy these for less than four-pence a pound (exclusive of skin, pluck, and head) at Smithfield, I am resolved never to give sixpence a pound for meat somewhat inferior in quality; and that, unless *Six Acts* should be found to restrain me, I shall think myself at perfect liberty to let any neighbour, and especially a poor one, participate, whenever I kill more meat than I want, in any advantage which I may derive from this part of my domestic economy.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"WM. COBBETT."

The Marquis of Conyngham is to succeed Lord Cholmondeley as Lord Steward of the Household, and Lord Rocksavage is to be called up to the House of Peers by summons.—*Ministerial paper.*

COURT OF KING'S BENCH—(YESTERDAY.)

THE JOHN BULL.

Mr. SCARLETT prayed the judgment of the Court against Robert Thomas Weaver, Thomas Arrowsmith, and William Shackell, the defendants in this case, against whom a verdict of *Guilty* was recorded, of printing and publishing an infamous libel on the memory of Lady Caroline Wrottesley, which we forbear publishing.

Affidavits were read from several members of the family of the Lady, both as to the falsehood of the statement and to the irreproachable conduct and character of their relative.

Affidavits were also put in by the defendants. That of Thomas Weaver was intended to show that he was not at the time of publication aware of the falsity of the charge, (of which he was now perfectly convinced;) and that had he possessed that knowledge at the time, he had not authority or power over its publication, Henry Fox Cooper being the editor, and consequently responsible to the proprietors. The affidavits of the other defendants disclaimed any knowledge of the publication till some days after it had taken place; asserted the absence of malicious intent, and expressed in general terms regret for the offence.

An affidavit was next read from Mr. Pearson, the attorney in the case, from which it appeared, that far from expressing any contrition for their conduct, they had on the Sunday following that of the publication, in fact repeated the offence, in an article entitled, "The Queen's Visitors." It further stated, that he had, at the wish of the prosecutor, called upon the defendants before the institution of the prosecution, and distinctly offered to withhold all proceedings, on condition that the author of the paragraph was named. This offer was rejected; and they peremptorily refused to suffer any search to be made for the copy from which it was printed.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL was not aware of this affidavit, otherwise he should have been enabled to put in others in mitigation.

Mr. SCARLETT said his Learned Friend might have had access to his affidavits, had the obligation been mutual.

CHIEF-JUSTICE. Do you wish, Mr. Solicitor, to be allowed an opportunity to make fresh affidavits?

SOLICITOR GENERAL. I don't know, my Lord, that I shall mend the matter by such a course. He would, therefore, proceed. He did not stand there to justify or excuse the matter that had been published; such a course would be inconsistent with his own feelings and habits of life,—with the instructions he had received throughout the whole of the present proceedings. When the Rule was obtained by Mr. Scarlett, the Defendants did him the honour to ask his advice, and without any hesitation desired him not to attempt to shew cause against the Rule. When the cause came on, the Defendants, instead of putting in a plea of *Guilty*, which would have been attended with considerable advantage, had preferred pleading *Not Guilty*, in order that through their Counsel, they might express their thorough conviction of the falsity of the libel; their great regret in having been the involuntary means of giving it to the public, and their willingness to do every thing in their power to make amends for the injury and distress they might have been the innocent means of occasioning.

Mr. SCARLETT said, that if he could have satisfied himself that the defendants felt the contrition they had expressed, he would willingly have relinquished the duty imposed on him, and left them to the judgment of the Court without further comment. But knowing as he did that the reverse was the case; that far from contrition being manifested, it was notorious, that from the commencement of the proceedings down to the present moment, similar conduct to that which gave rise to the prosecution had been as obstinately as ever persisted in, without any regard being paid either to private character, or to female

delicacy or honour; he felt it his duty to society to offer some remarks to the consideration of the Court. The course adopted by the defendants was without doubt a politic one; but the motives which dictated it were not difficult to discover; namely, to avert that punishment which they had so justly merited, and which justice and outraged society equally demanded. In cases of libel generally, there was much matter in extenuation of the offence, and in mitigation of punishment; when, for instance, a defendant, in his zeal to promote the welfare of his country (however mistaken in the means) so far forgets himself as in his warmth to overstep the boundary of temperate discussion;—in such a case he felt most sensibly that every indulgence should be granted. But was there the least analogy between such a case and the present? was there in fact any parallel to be found in the history of this or any other country—any thing so atrocious, so base, so profligate as an organized system of slander and defamation against private individuals (and those persons for the most part females) established for the purpose of certain political interest? It was well known that the present defendants were not the authors of the paragraph in question; and that might be some palliation of the offence, if it were not equally certain that the respectable GENTLEMEN on the floor were the tools thrust forward by the assassin behind the curtain. He was the person who would be made also to suffer. The Learned Counsel concluded by stating, that it was a foul disgrace to the country that such publication should find the means of support; and urged their Lordships, by their Judgment, to shew that such an utter prostitution of talent and principle as was evinced by the Defendants, could not be indulged in with impunity.

Mr. Justice BAILEY, after dwelling on the peculiar baseness and infamy of the present case, proceeded to pass the judgment:—It was, That *Robert Weaver* should pay a fine of one hundred pounds; *Thomas Arrowsmith* and *William Shackell* five hundred pounds each; and that they should severally be imprisoned in the Marshalsea for nine months; to give security for 5 years, themselves in 500 pounds each, and sufficient sureties in 250*ls.* each.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

John Williamson, Esq. Mayor of Chester, was also brought up to receive sentence for corrupt conduct at the last Chester Election, in refusing to acknowledge certain persons as freemen, and to receive their votes accordingly; through this misconduct the ministerial Member was returned. He was sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand pounds; and be delivered to the Marshal of the King's Bench, where he is to be confined for the space of Six Months.

ECONOMY AND RETRENCHMENT.

(From the Traveller.)

There are some facts brought to view in the *Times*, respecting the half-pay list of the army, which cannot but excite general attention. It appears from the public accounts, that since 1817 the half-pay list has been increasing. In 1817 the estimates for half-pay were 679,550*l.*; in the present year they amount to 812,557*l.* This, in itself, is a striking fact. Half-pay is a reward for services performed during the war; and as the war had ceased long before 1817—as there *must* be casualties, and there might have been a great number removed from half-pay to fill up the vacancies of the Regiments on active service, the natural expectation of the country must have been, that the longer the peace continued the more the sum total of half-pay would be diminished. These hopes must have been much increased by Ministers, who profess to have such a keen appetite, which they so seldom find an opportunity to gratify, for economy and retrenchment. Even the Finance Committee, a body composed of the Ministers and their nominees, stated confidently that this reduction would take place. The reduction may be con-

ing, perhaps, but we must not be too hasty. Four years have elapsed, and, instead of a reduction, we have an increase.

The following is the sum voted this year for half-pay and retired allowances:—

For 308 General Officers (exclusive of 127 Colonels of Regiments)	£174,069	0	0
592 Officers on retired and full pay	129,999	0	0
9,037 Officers on half-pay—Great Britain (as per separate return of May, 1821)	812,557	0	0
(Number uncertain:) Half-pay of Foreign Officers	121,265	0	0
271 Reduced Adjutants of the Local Militia	19,819	0	0
10,208*	£1,257,709	0	0

Here we have no small body of men: not less than *one-third* as many as the whole of the British troops—officers and men, that fought at Waterloo. Here is a perfect army of officers to pick and choose from. Every body knows that the great majority of these officers are not men worn out in the service. They are men in the prime of life, willing and anxious to be employed on active service. Yet, instead of making a rigid rule to admit no person into the service but from the half-pay list, so long as that list should be found to contain, in abundance, *young and fit* officers, commissions are continually granted to others; and, strange to say, young men are introduced into the army, and immediately after put on half-pay, thus swelling the large list of pensioners, and saddling them (unless the Ministers should exercise the power assumed in the case of Sir R. Wilson, of dismissing them like domestic servants, without cause assigned) on the country for life.

By the *Gazette* of the 17th inst. it appears that no less than *thirty* Commissions were granted to persons not on the half-pay list, and *three* of these gentlemen have had their Commissions granted them in the 18th and 19th Dragoons, which are to be disbanded;—so that they will be put on half-pay, and receive a life-annuity from the public without doing a day's duty.

It would be vain to hope to make this matter plainer by any observations. It is vain to ask whether, with such proceedings as these, there can be any desire for economy and retrenchment. We may ask, indeed, whether even a House of Commons, of which the majority is chosen by persons far fewer in number than the half-pay Officers, will sanction? We may ask, and we have some guide to an answer. On the 2d of May last, Colonel Davies moved that an humble address should be presented to his Majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to employ the Officers on half-pay as vacancies in the regulars should occur. His motion was supported by *only 14 Members*, and opposed by 45! Whatever is said of the Ministers, the *House of Commons* cannot blame them—but necessity may teach both Ministers and Members.

* Exclusive of the officers of the ten garrison battalions and the reductions in the other regiments that have taken place since that time.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 459.

THERE has been nothing absolutely new this week at the two regular Theatres, although much which possesses a great share of interest. At Covent Garden the *Stranger* has been performed again, and we apprehend that in respect to the young lady who performed *Mrs. Haller*, judgment has been finally pronounced. Miss TREK continues to rise in public estimation, and has been received in *Ophelia* and *Zerlina* in the course of the last week with extraordinary approbation. At Drury Lane the *Humbert* of KEAN produced a crowded house, and general report speaks of it as a fine and improved performance; we shall

take the first opportunity of a repetition to witness it. We had intended this week to have delivered a few observations upon the spirited efforts of the minor Theatres, and the consequences likely to result from them, but have been prevented by circumstances. We shall, however, take up the subject at our very earliest leisure.

In the absence of actual observation, we feel great pleasure in supplying the following translation of a letter, with which we have been favoured by a noble and literary foreigner. The indignation of the writer at the mutilation of Shakspeare, and the paltry, tasteless, and presumptuous alteration of passages, will be perused with great sympathy by most of our readers. The adaptations of Shakspeare are, in many instances, grossly reflective upon British taste and understanding. We tremble lest the noble writer should fly to see *Lear*.

TO THE THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

SIR,—I am a great admirer of your manner of giving an account of Theatricals. Your article yesterday on Miss TREE delighted me. Allow me to communicate through you a fact at which I am indignant.

On arriving in London I saw the announcement of *Richard III.* and leaped for joy. I flew to Drury Lane, and found a Melo-drama worthy of the *Porte St. Martin*. I beheld a piece where all was recital, so that I believed myself at the *Theatre Francaise*, witnessing the representation of *Adelaide du Gueselin* or *Mithridates*. The hero observes without ceasing that he is a great man, and he is described to be such by others; but nothing passes before the eyes of the spectator to oblige him to believe that the *Richard* whom he sees there, so well represented by Mr. KEAN, is the famous *Richard Duke of Gloucester*. Upon the correction of a number of verses in *Richard III.* and the justifiable suppression of certain scenes, I have nothing to say, so long as the adaptor uses his scissars alone; but when a modern pretender resolves to give us his own paltry sentiments instead of the great thoughts of Shakspeare, I detect the last stage of the ridiculous.

When in Shakspeare, *Gloucester* exclaims, in reply to *Lord Gray*,—

“To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace,”

The most listless spectator cannot help exclaiming,—that is a man who will not pause upon the road—behold a true picture of the manners of the middle ages. When *Gloucester* says to the Murderers,

“How now, my hearty, stout, resolved mates?”

The dullest beholder will remark—This Prince knows how to accommodate himself to mankind.

But the folly of the Author of the Melodrama sparkles in every part. He has the effrontery to make a man like *Richard* exclaim,

“Now is the winter of our discontent

“Made glorious summer,” &c.

whilst *King Henry* is yet alive.

The modern scribe makes this poor *King Henry*, when dying, finish a sentence of *Richard*, and a fine specimen of *sang froid* it is. *Richard* has said:]

“For this among the rest was I ordained.”

Upon which the poor devil, who is bathed in his own blood, adds,

“Oh! and for much more slaughter!”

In the deepest tragic moment of the scene with *Lady Anne*, when I am absorbed with sad reflections upon the inconsistency of human ties, the paltry poetaster distracts my attention by running after an epigram worthy of the alehouse:

“Fressel, I scarce can credit what I see.”

“Stimley, Why you see—a woman?”

Subsequently Shakspeare says,

“My dukedom to a beggarly denier.”

The little adapter, faithful to the taste of the guard-room, substitutes—

“My dukedom to a widow's chastity.”

And the audience, Sir, allows such an absurdity to pass.

What I have written, Sir, is to induce you to expose to the English public the necessity of newly arranging the sublime tragedy of Shakspeare. For my own part, I find the murder of a brother, of an ancient comrade in arms, of the sad dog *Clarence*, sufficiently describe the character of *Richard III.* without the assassination of an enemy and a King, without whose death, his family is nothing.

Richard, exercising his wit upon conscience—

“Conscience! 'tis a coin,” &c.

has borrowed from the French tragedy. It is by this fine road the latter becomes so tedious. I conclude, Sir, by asserting, that it is shameful to the taste of the English nation to allow a flat melo-drama, where all is recital, peaceably and without resistance, to usurp the place of one of the masterpieces of Shakspeare.

It is enough to make one die with laughter to attend to the journals, prosing continually on this said melo-drama, as if it were the tragedy.

It is ridiculous in the good public of London to suffer the Court of a King of England to be represented as composed of seven individuals. At all times they have been in England, as every where else, greater lovers of power.

Accept the assurance of my perfect consideration.

London, Nov. 18.

NEWSPAPER CHAT.

“————— So we'll live,
“And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
“At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
“Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
“Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
“And take upon us the mystery of things,
“As if we were God's Spies.”——SHAKSPEARE.

PRINCE EUGENE BEAUBARNOIS.—A letter from Paris gives the following account of a recent short visit of this personage to the French metropolis:—“I observe that not one of the Paris Journals has noticed the short stay recently made by the Duke de Leuchtenberg (Prince Eugene) in this capital. Only one French paper, *Le Courier de Lyon et de Midi*, has informed its readers of it, by designating the Prince, without naming him. The Prince, in fact, came to Paris for three days, by consent of the King, to confer with General Bertrand upon the testamentary bequests of Bonaparte. He maintained the most strict *incognito*. With respect to the will of Napoleon, it is said, that besides the legacy of 18 millions in favour of M. de Montholon, which has been noticed in the English papers, it bequeaths three millions to his *valet de chambre*, Marchand; 32 millions to Bertrand and the Prince Eugene; and, finally, 44 millions to his son. It is further affirmed, that he recommends to his adopted son never to sell the residence of Malmaison, in which he passed with his mother Josephine the only happy period of his life.”

Sir Charles Wolseley passed through Lichfield on Wednesday week, on his way from Abingdon to Wolseley Hall—his imprisonment expired on that day. The tenants at Wolseley, and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, paid their respects to him on the following day, and hailed with pleasure his return amongst them. Bonfires, feasting, and other demonstrations of joy, were exhibited at Rugeley, and the villages adjacent.

SINGULAR NAVAL COSTUME.—The officers of the Swedish navy are considered as military officers, and in full dress are obliged to wear spurs! It used to excite the surprise of our officers, on walking aft, to see the captain of the ship strutting about the quarter-deck with spurs on. As to the Jack Tars, it put them in such a rage, they would have advised a war with Sweden to oblige the King to lay by the offensive costume, which irritated and offended them in a great degree.

A lady of this town has lately been left a good fortune by a former admirer, whose address she refused forty years ago.—*Southampton Paper*.

The Wellington promenade, in Hyde Park, we hear, is to be lighted with gas.

A young man in the neighbourhood of Southampton eloped, a few days since, with a young lady who had not attained her

fifteenth year. A Gentleman remarked to a friend, that he wished the offender might be severely punished.—“I would recommend,” said the latter, “that he be indicted for *child stealing*.”

The son of Sir Francis Burdett has been promoted to a Captaincy in the 79th Regiment of Foot.

In the course of the late summer there have been erected in Paris upwards of 1000 new buildings, including the Opera House and two minor Theatres.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN SPAIN.—The following is an extract of a letter, recently written from Vittoria:—“The species of capital punishment it (the proposed penal code) recognizes, is the *garrote*;—I was curious to see death inflicted, and I confess I had no notion that it could be caused with so much humanity. A man should witness such a spectacle, as his opinion as to the best mode of its infliction may one day or other have an influence. The extinction of life seemed the affair of an instant. The victim occupies a seat which is attached to an upright post; an iron collar is placed round his neck, and strangulation is produced by turning half round a multiplying screw, which brings the collar close to the post. I observed no convulsion—no movement of agony.—The *garrote* is as expeditious as the *guillotine*, and it sheds no blood. The power of society over human life has always appeared to me a very doubtful question—if life is to be taken, I can conceive no means more fit for adoption.”

As a proof of the prosperity of the country, which since the publication of the last quarter's revenue has been so grateful a theme to some of our contemporaries, we state the following fact, and we know it is by no means a solitary instance of the present enormous depreciation of property. A farmer in our market on Thursday last sold twenty fat sheep to a butcher for *twenty pounds*, which nine months ago cost him *forty pounds*. Out of this half of his purchase-money he has had to keep the sheep nine months, to pay rent, tithes, poor-rate, and taxes, without mentioning what they ought to have produced towards the maintenance of his family. And we say this as a fair specimen of the fate which awaits the agriculturists of this country.—*Bristol Mercury*.

Sir Thomas Lawrence has nearly finished his picture of his Majesty in his Coronation robes. He ranks it, we are told, amongst the very happiest efforts of his pencil.

Sir Walter Scott, according to report, is preparing a Life of Pope.

WAYS AND MEANS.—A young girl in this neighbourhood, in the prospect of marriage, being unable to find money to purchase wedding-clothes, a few days ago, actually submitted to the operation of having five front teeth drawn, for which she received five guineas, and purchased the necessary articles.—*Glasgow Courier*.

A countryman and his wife, near Perth, who were in the habit of dipping the eggs intended for market in a solution of vitriol, to whiten them, and give them a fresh appearance, had a dispute a few days since, when the husband attempted to throw the bottle of vitriol at his wife. She intercepted it with her hands, by which the bottle was broken, and the contents thrown back in the face of the husband, who has been blind ever since, and will never, in all probability, recover the use of his eyes.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

The wife of a farm servant in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's, having gone, the other day, to a field to dig potatoes, was seized with premature labour; and, unaided by art, brought into the world a fine child, which she carried home to her surprised and delighted husband.—*Montrose Review*.

MULL'D SACK.—In an old work, entitled “*Portraits, &c. from the reign of Edward III. to the Revolution*,” is this account of Mull'd Sack, alias John Cottington, so called from his drinking mull'd sack, morning, noon, and night. He was a most “notorious fellow.” He robbed *Oliver Cromwell* twice; once as he was coming out of the Parliament House, and once on Hounslow Heath; and when at Cologne, he robbed *King Charles II.*, then in his exile, of as much plate as was valued at 1,500*l.*:—“The many various neat tricks *Mull'd Sack* played upon Ludgate-hill, by making stops of coaches and carts, and the money that he and his consorts got there by picking pockets, would have almost been eno' to have built *St. Paul's Cathedral*. He plundered a convoy of twenty of 4000*l.* going by the foot of Shotover-hill, to pay the soldiers at Oxford. Several passengers, who went along with this convoy for a safeguard, were all frightened, as fearing the loss of all they had; but *Mull'd Sack* soon freed them from that perplexity, by telling them ‘they came not to take any money but what did as justly belong to them as to the persons who pretended to it; it being the Commonwealth's money, which those great thieves at Westminster had fleeced out of the public to pay their

infernal Janizaries, who maintained them in their tyranny and usurpation; while loyal honest subjects were ruined and undone by their heavy taxes, villanous plunders, &c.”—Seeing the present state of the Metropolis with regard to picking pockets, it would appear as if “*the good old times*” were coming about.

Fine large fowls were selling this week at Plymouth for 1*s.* 4*d.* a couple: butchers' meat upon equally cheap terms. Four fat sheep (says a correspondent) were purchased at the late Witheridge Fair, on the 7th instant, for sixteen shillings.—*Plymouth Gazette*.

A correspondent informs us, that in one of the principal towns in this county, the leading Clergyman is a proprietor of the Theatre; but notwithstanding his interest in that concern, he delegates his assistant Minister, at the commencement of each theatrical season, to inveigh from the pulpit against the immorality of stage exhibitions. This, our correspondent adds, answers the double purpose of presenting the character of the worthy Minister of the Gospel in a very disinterested point of view, and at the same time of enhancing the value of his property, as it invariably happens that the Theatre becomes the great scene of attraction, immediately after those who resort to such places of amusement have been anathematised from the pulpit.—*Sheffield Independent*.

Lavinia Fenton (afterwards Duchess of Bolton) was tempted by Rich from the Haymarket to Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the year 1728, by a salary of *fifteen shillings* per week; on the success of *The Beggars' Opera*, to secure this valuable actress, he raised it to *thirty shillings!* and such was the rage of the town respecting her, that she was obliged to be guarded home every night by a considerable party of her confidential friends, to prevent her being run away with.

GIBBON.—An anecdote in our last respecting a passage written by Mr. Fox in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, reminds us of the following *jeu d'esprit* relating to the same parties:—It was reported that Gibbon had signified his intention of recording the “decline and fall” of the British empire in America, when the King or Ministers, desirous that the disasters of the government should not be thus “damned to everlasting fame,” gave the historian the place which has been referred to. On this occasion the following lines were produced—they also were, at the time, attributed to the pen of Charles James Fox.

KING GEORGE, in a fright,
Lest Gibbon should write

The story of Britain's disgrace,
Thought no means so sure
His pen to secure

As to give the Historian—a place!

But, ah! 'tis in vain!

'Tis the curse of his reign,
That his projects should never succeed!
Though he write not a line
Great Britain's “decline”

In the author's example we read.

His book well describes
How corruption and bribes
O'erthrew the great empire of Rome,
And his writings declare
A degeneracy there,—
Which his conduct exhibits at home!

GRAVITY.—The Methodists are great enemies to mirth. Locke, who was not only a moral, but also a pious man, used often to ridicule this gloomy taste, and frequently quoted the celebrated maxim of Rochefoucault:—“Gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the mind.”

COCKROACHES.—To expel these animals, take a small quantity of white arsenic finely pulverized, strew it on crumbs of bread, and lay it near their haunts: a few nights will suffice; but dogs, cats, &c. must of course be kept out of the way of the poison.

The much-talked-of “**REGENT'S PUNCH**” is composed of champagne, mixed with various liqueurs; and instead of water, a portion of green tea! What a happiness, to possess a Sovereign who employs his valuable time and splendid talents in the invention of such “good things.”

Oil-cloths ought never to be wetted, if it can be avoided, but merely rubbed with a flannel, and polished with a brush. By this mode the colours are kept bright, and the canvas preserved from rotting.

The *Flying Post* of June 14, 1722, notices the appearance, at a Review, of the Bishop of Durham, on horseback, in the King's train, dressed “in a lay habit of purple, with jack-boots; and his hat cocked, and a black wig tied behind him, like a military officer.”—This potent Ecclesiastic, however, it should be observed, is a lay as well as a spiritual Lord.

Cumberland in his *Memoirs* relates a very droll accident that occurred to the celebrated courtier, Lord Melcombe:—"When he paid his court at St. James's to the Queen (Queen Charlotte) on her nuptials, he approached to kiss her hand, decked in an embroidered suit of silk, with lilac waistcoat and breeches; the latter of which, in the act of kneeling down, forgot their duty, and broke loose from their moorings in a very indecorous and uncourtly manner."—The fact is, braces not being used at that time, and Doddington being in person more like Falstaff than Slender, the duty of kneeling became a very perilous adventure. The Margravine of Bareuth tells of a still more fearful affair that occurred to a lady on presentation-day. As she was going up to the throne, her foot slipped, and being singularly short and plump, she rolled over and over like a pumpkin, before she was recovered and set upon her legs by the Grand Chamberlain—an exhibition that put the gravity even of a German Court to a hard trial.

FROM THE PORTUGUEZE OF CAMOENS.

WHEN day has smil'd a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view,
To Memory's eye the Maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So oft, so tenderly.

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart—and thence be still
Re-echo'd faithfully.

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young Love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses prest,
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight;
And morn but makes me wish for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew
When last among the dripping dew
I wander'd silently.

LORD STRANGFORD.

LAW.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Wednesday, Nov. 21.

SINGULAR CASE—CRIMINAL INFORMATION.

Mr. PEARSON moved for a rule to show cause why a criminal information should not be filed against—1. A Gentleman of Fortune in Staffordshire;—2. A Magistrate of that county;—3. The Valet of the Gentleman;—4. The Parish Constable; and 5. His Assistant.—He made his motion on the affidavits of the plaintiffs (Mrs. Carey and Miss Ellis)—from which the following extraordinary occurrences are narrated:—

Prior to 1816, Mrs. Carey lived with her husband in the county of Cork. On his death in 1817, she came to England, and lodged with a person named Smith, in Wood-street, Westminster. As she endeavoured to maintain herself by needlework, in passing to and from the shops, she was addressed by the Staffordshire Gentleman of Fortune (whom Mr. Pearson, for the present, chose to call Mr. A.) His addresses were declined, but he at length found out where she lodged; and on being taken ill, the Physician who attended her, on his second visit, brought Mr. A. in his hand as his friend. In fine, he at length proposed that Mrs. Carey should live with him as his wife. This she declined. He then proposed to give her employment, which she accepted; but before she could finish the work for him, she accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Smith to America. Shortly after her arrival in America, she met Mr. A. in the street, who told her that he had crossed the seas wholly on her account; that the Smiths were not to be trusted; and renewing his offers, finally persuaded Mrs. Carey to live with him. They travelled through various parts of America as man and wife, and returning to England in 1820, a house was taken at Brompton for Mrs. Carey; and Mr. A. passed his time there and at his seat in Staffordshire. This continued till February 1821; when, without any alteration in his behaviour or previous notice, he one morning left the house, and did not return as usual. Several days passed without any tidings of the absentee; at length his rother appeared, and announced to Mrs. Carey that the inti-

macy must altogether cease from that moment. Mr. A. had promised Mrs. Carey an annuity of 100*l.*: but instead of keeping his word, he now sent her a gift of 100*l.*, which was nearly swallowed up in the breaking up of her establishment. After living with Mr. A. for three years, she now was compelled to return to an obscure lodging, where she again endeavoured to support herself by needlework; but being overtaken by a long and severe indisposition, and having her little property taken from her by a distress for rent put into the house in which she was a lodger, she was so reduced, that she determined on joining her old connexions in Ireland, for which place she proceeded in company with Miss Ellis (the second complainant in this case.) They reached Liverpool in August, where their progress was stopped by Mrs. Carey's illness and want of money. She wrote to Mr. A. but received no answer. In this forlorn condition, she resolved to appeal in person to Mr. A. She reached an inn near the place of his abode, on Friday the 9th of August, from whence she dispatched Miss Ellis with a letter to Mr. A. Miss Ellis met him on the road, explained her business, and offered the letter; but though he said he knew from whom it came, he refused to take it. Upon this, Mrs. Carey resolved to go to his house herself, and she set out for that purpose; but not liking to expose him to his family and servants, she gave a letter to a little girl to deliver, and waited herself in the road for an answer. A servant at first refused to take the letter in; and shortly after Mr. A.'s Valet came out to Mrs. Carey and Miss Ellis, declaring that his Master knew neither of them, used much insolent language, and finally threatened, that unless they took themselves away, he would soon find means to make them go. They retired in terror to an adjoining church-yard, whither the Valet followed them, using similar threats. They returned to the inn, and on Sunday morning, after seeing Mr. A. pass and repass from his house, they for the first time ventured to his door. Here they were insulted by the valet, pushed violently down the steps, and at length delivered as prisoners to the Parish Constable, who was a butcher, and who took upon him to produce handcuffs, to be used, he said, in case of resistance. They were dragged by him some distance, and at length handed over to another man, to be taken to Baker's Cottage, a hut used for the detention of vagrants. Here, in one wretched room, where Baker and his wife slept, Mrs. Cary and Miss Ellis were detained during Sunday night. Next morning, a farmer named Trushans took compassion on them, and procured them linen from the inn; but they were compelled to pass another night at the cottage, without the comfort of a bed. The next day, about three in the afternoon, the Magistrate moved against made his appearance, to whom Mrs. Cary related all the circumstances of her case, and gave him Mr. A.'s letters to her. He said Mr. A. had told him she was an impostor, and he then left her, after speaking aside to the Constable. As soon as he was gone, the Constable offered Mrs. Cary two pounds, if she would quit the neighbourhood; which was of course refused. The Magistrate soon returned: he immediately asked if they would accept the two pounds? On their refusal, he said, "Well; I can't finish your examination now, as I am engaged to dine with Mr. A. and the dinner-hour is almost here." The prisoners were then remanded to Baker's Cottage, to pass another night without the means of lying down. In the morning they were carried in a rough open cart, driven by Mr. A.'s coachman, to the Magistrate's house, a distance of seven miles. Here the two pounds were again offered to them, and again rejected. The Magistrate said, he should commit them to prison, where if they did not work hard, they should be whipped! The prisoners continuing resolute in refusing the two pounds, he made out their commitment, and they were conveyed to prison in the open cart! This was on the 15th of August. On the 6th of Sept., however, they were liberated before a Grand Jury could take cognizance of the case.—The affair, Mr. Pearson said, had made a great sensation in Staffordshire; and he submitted, that the conduct of the persons implicated being illegal, criminal, and cruel in the highest degree, their Lordships would grant a rule to show cause.

After a question or two, the Court granted the rule against the four first persons named, subject to the production of an affidavit respecting the service of a notice on the Magistrate; as, in such cases, a Magistrate, if he choose, may show cause against the rule on the spot.

Friday, Nov. 23.

The Court was occupied the greater part of the day in passing judgment upon persons guilty of offences against the Excise and Customs Laws; and various terms of imprisonment were imposed upon them, according to the nature of their offences respectively. None of the cases were of general interest.

THE KING v. GEORGE BARK.

This defendant, who had been shopman to Richard Carlile;

was brought up to receive the judgment of the Court, having been convicted at Guildhall at the Sittings after last Term, of publishing a libel upon his Majesty, in a Number of Carlile's *Republican*.

Mr. H. COOPER, as Counsel for the defendant, handed in the affidavits of Richard and Jane Carlisle, of H. T. Willett, and of Francis Jones, a schoolmaster of Dorsetshire, the purport of which was, that the defendant, a young man, under the age of 20, had been taken into Mr. Carlile's employment as a weekly servant, to serve in his shop in Fleet-street,—that he had nothing to do with his master's principles or tenets—that as his servant he had sold the pamphlet in question—that he was a young man of good morals, and had been respectably brought up, and that he had borne an irreproachable character.

Mr. COOPER urged, in mitigation of punishment, the topics which these affidavits presented, and contended that no case had ever come before the Court, presenting such circumstances, so strongly exciting a compassionate and merciful consideration.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL addressed the Court in aggravation.

The COURT, taking all the circumstances into consideration, sentenced the defendant to six months' imprisonment in Winchester Gaol, and at the expiration of that time to enter into security for his good behaviour for seven years, himself in 500*l.* and two sureties in 50*l.* each.

THE KING v. ISAAC COX.

Mr. Serjeant PELL prayed the judgment of the Court on this defendant, a solicitor of Honiton, who was convicted at Exeter of a libel published upon a young man named Charles Norman, a student of the Military College at Sandhurst, the son of a Colonel Norman. The alleged libel contained a statement of circumstances, tending to impute to the prosecutor gross and barbarous cruelty, in putting to death a mare, his property. The prosecution had been suggested by the heads of the Military College, for the vindication of the young gentleman's character, who was in danger of being expelled from the seminary in consequence.

Affidavits were put in on behalf of the defendant, from which it appeared that the transaction had excited a great sensation at Sidmouth, and prompted Miss Wright, an elderly lady, and a gentleman named Barrow, to employ the defendant professionally to inquire into the circumstances of the case, and adopt such proceedings as were calculated to bring the prosecutor to punishment. The defendant took down in writing the statements of several eye-witnesses to the transaction, and, amongst others, of the prosecutor's groom, and after submitting the case to Counsel, and finding that there was no law which could reach the offence, he, under the directions of his employers, inserted in the *Exeter Flying Post*, a statement of the circumstances, without mentioning the prosecutor's name, with a view of exciting public opinion against the practice of such cruelties.

The CHIEF JUSTICE suggested, that probably the parties would go before the Master.

Mr. ADAM said, that his client would be most willing to adopt the suggestion, but this prosecution had already subjected him to such enormous expense, that he was in no condition to pay the costs. The parties who had employed him had left him to his fate.

The case then proceeded. The defendant's Counsel addressed the Court on his behalf, and Mr. Serjeant PELL spoke in aggravation.

The COURT sentenced the defendant to pay to the King a fine of fifty pounds.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

EXECUTION OF EIGHT CRIMINALS!

On Wednesday morning eight miserable convicts were executed in the Old Bailey, viz. *Josiah Cadman*, *Edmund Sparrow*, and *Thomas Tapley*, for uttering forged 5*l.* notes; *George Ellis*, for uttering a forged 10*l.* note; *William Garton*, for stealing in a dwelling-house; *George Smith*, for robbing on the highway; *William Harding*, for stealing six sheep; *Isaac Cobelia*, for robbing on the highway.

Tuesday the friends of these unfortunate persons visited them. The awful interest of the interview between Mr. Cadman and his wife was heightened by the fact, that her life had been spared. It was with difficulty he tore himself from her arms, in which she had held him long after the usual hour of separation. The Ordinary described the poor woman as being a maniac. "Her eyes," he said, "were starting from their sockets, and she tore her hair as if it would save her heart from breaking." Cadman had been engaged at Sadler's Wells, to write pieces for representation, but he did not pay that attention which the theatre required,

Ellis expressed an ardent wish to see his father. His uncle, who was with him on Tuesday, intimated that he would see him. In the evening, however, the unhappy youth found that he was disappointed, and he exclaimed in agony, "Oh, my cruel father—my cruel father."

The sons of William Harding, who was 67 years of age, visited him at an early hour. The meeting was affecting beyond description. He lamented in a loud tone the bitterness of leaving two unprotected boys behind him, but he had no fears for himself. His children knelt down by him and clung to his legs until they were compelled to quit him for ever. They then screamed aloud, and even the multitude of wretched prisoners, who have been long familiar with scenes of death, and with those scenes which precede them, were agitated at the burst of sorrow. Harding it is said, was formerly a brewer, and worth 5,000*l.*, all of which he lost by unfortunate speculations.

The Sheriffs arrived at a little after seven o'clock, and gave immediate directions that those who attended for the purpose of publishing the particulars of the execution should be admitted. At half past seven, the death-bell was heard from the press-room through the long passages, and the convicts slowly entered the room, preceded by the Rev. Mr. Cotton.

Cadman walked over to the spot where the irons are struck off, bowed to the Sheriffs, and upon being released from the weight about his legs, said, "Now I have done with all my troubles." He then addressed both Sheriffs as follows:—I return my heartfelt acknowledgements to the Sheriffs for the humane attention which they have so unremittingly paid to me. For the kindness of my friends, and for their unwearied exertions to save me, it is hardly possible to express my thanks. I particularly wish the worthy Sheriffs to let it be made known, as my dying hope, that I may be the last victim who shall suffer for such an offence. I complain not of injustice, although I have certainly entertained strong hopes of mercy, but it is my dying prayer that none other may so suffer. If, gentlemen, you knew as much as I do of the facility with which these notes are procured, you would not be astonished at the frequency of the offence. Distress drove me to the commission of the crime; and I solemnly declare, that I did not for a moment suppose, after the numberless instances to which mercy had been extended, that it would have cost me my life. But I die happy; freely do I forgive all, as I trust myself to be forgiven. Let me, I beg, have something of my beloved wife's placed on my heart—a heart whose whole affection was her's in life, as it is in death."

When Cadman appeared upon the platform, there was a loud cry of "murder" in the crowd. The vast multitude groaned aloud, and frequently cried out "Shame, shame! no mercy; God bless you."

Cadman then addressed those who seemed so much interested in his fate to the following effect:—"I have been brought here to suffer for passing forged notes, which I had been induced to do from pecuniary difficulties. I am fully convinced that in doing so I did wrong, but I hope the situation in which I was placed will be some palliation of my offence in your consideration, although I have been denied the lenity I expected from a certain quarter.—An oblique promise of powerful influence in my favour was held out at the time I made a free confession, and that led me to hope that I should be deemed a fit object for mercy. At my trial I pleaded guilty, because I knew I was so, and had confessed all I knew. Even then expectations of mercy were again held out, which have not been realized. The King has been advised to hold me up as an example; but I do not wish to cast any reflections on him, for let it be known that I love him and revere him in his station, but at the same time I consider that the testimonials of my past conduct should have had some weight.—I feel exceedingly grateful to a great number of friends, many of whom are personally unknown to me, for the great interest they have exerted in my behalf, notwithstanding their efforts have been unsuccessful; but although they have proved so, it has shown that the public, nevertheless they are sufferers by the practice of the crime for which I am about to die, yet, at the same time, they are strongly averse to the punishment with which the crime is visited.—The moment I was apprehended, I stated every circumstance I knew; and without any persuasion on the part of my prosecutors, or reservation on my own, I gave every information, and made every reparation in my power; yet, while numbers of noted utterers of forged notes have been suffered to escape the vengeance of the law, I am thought a fit person to die for the example of others. However, I die, resigned to a fate which is unavoidable, in perfect peace with all men; and sincerely trust that my fate may prove a warning to others, in order that they may avoid those delusive snares which are ever ready to ensnare the unfortunate.—Let ministers of the Gospel do their duty, let them instruct and caution, and be more active and zealous than

they are, and perhaps it will prove a great prevention to crime. I have had no right to complain of the inactivity of those who have lately been my spiritual advisers; I have had every attention and indulgence consistent with my situation. Without further remark, I wish to observe, that I die in the hope of soon being in a better world—Farewell.”

On Sparrow appearing on the scaffold, surveying the immense concourse of spectators, he observed to Cadman, “What a sight!” to which Cadman replied, “Yes, one that I could have wished not to have witnessed.”

Topley was the next that was ranked with his companions. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and made no observation, and took but little notice of what was passing. He seemed absorbed in meditation.

Next to Topley followed Ellis, who with unsteady step, approached his fate. On being placed by the side of Topley, he became more agitated and called for water, which was instantly brought; but he recovered, and did not use it. On the executioner placing the rope round his neck, he said, in a faltering voice, “What shall I do to be saved?” Upon which Mr. Cotton immediately ordered one of the officers to request Mr. Baker (who had hitherto been in the Debtor's Lodge, administering the consolations of the Gospel to the other unhappy criminals) to come to his assistance, which he instantly complied with, and proceeded to whisper to the miserable man, the way of salvation was through Jesus Christ.

All the unhappy men, except Ellis and the aged Harding, ascended the scaffold without exhibiting the slightest symptom of agitation; and Harding trembled, we apprehend, rather from weakness than fear.

The drop fell at half-past eight, and all the sufferers died without much struggling.

[We are requested by a highly respectable correspondent to insert the following observation:—Five of the unfortunate persons who suffered were under 26 years of age. Considerable exertions were used to save the lives of two of those young men. Several of the most respectable bankers in London signed a petition in favour of Ellis. One circumstance attending the case of this youth is peculiar. It appears that his father, observing the irregularity of his conduct, and suspecting that he was concerned in the circulation of forged notes, was induced, in order to stop his career, to give the information to the Bank which led to his apprehension. He made, however, no stipulation that his son should be secured from the penalty of death; and the Bank refused to allow him to plead guilty to the minor offence. Ellis was educated at St. Paul's school, and his literary attainments were respectable. So affected was he on hearing the condemned sermon, that he fainted. Another of the sufferers, Cadman, sustained until lately an excellent character. His talents were considerable. He had served and been severely wounded in the service of his country, and was seduced to the commission of crime by the pressure of distress, arising from the want of employment. When he committed the crime, his wife lay dangerously ill, and he had not the means of procuring for her the common necessaries of life. He conducted himself, after the order for execution had arrived, with becoming firmness. Is it not strange that the lenity which has hitherto been extended to the utterers of forged Bank-notes should now be withheld, and especially, in the present instance, from one so young, previously so respectable, urged by circumstances so peculiar, and after a learned Judge had declared that the recommendation of his case for mercy by the Jury should receive consideration? But these are a few only of the anomalies arising from penalties of excessive severity. It is, indeed, unaccountable that enactments so sanguinary in their character should continue to be rigorously enforced, when they have been found to fail in their intended effect, when it is evident that crime is increasing under them, and when their execution is revolting to the best feelings and interest of the community. The public opinion on the inhumanity, inefficacy, and impolicy of capital punishments, has been decidedly expressed during the last session of Parliament by the numerous petitions which were sent up from all parts of the kingdom for the amelioration of the criminal laws. These petitions were signed by persons of the highest respectability, and of various professions. Bankers, who are the most interested in the suppression of forgeries, joined in the protest, and the House of Commons itself assented, by three distinct majorities, to the principle urged by the petitioners.—These remarks have arisen from the awful scene which was on Wednesday exhibited, and from the affecting consideration that five more persons are sentenced to suffer on Tuesday next. Thus, unless the intercessions of humanity prevail, will one scaffold witness the dying convulsions of thirteen human beings in the short space of one week! It is earnestly hoped, however, that compassion will be extended on behalf of those whose remaining days have been numbered. It

is the duty of every one to exert himself to the utmost to save the life of a fellow-creature. Timidity in such cases is a criminal dereliction of duty; for no man, however private his station, can foresee the extent of the benefits which his individual exertions may produce. Let no one delude himself with the impression that others are engaged in that course which his own feelings dictate to be his duty, lest he should find, too late, that human life has been sacrificed through his supineness and indifference.—*Times.*]

The following account will remind our theatrical readers of Captain Gibbet's robbery of Mrs. Sullen in the *Beaux Stratagem*: “On the night of the 1st instant, the house of Mrs. Johnson, Everton, was entered by four men. In order to obtain admittance, they scratched at the door, after the manner of a dog. It was unsuspectingly opened by the female servant. They entered, and declaring that they did not purpose any violence, they put her in the pantry; one remained below to keep watch, the others went up stairs. They found Mrs. Johnson in bed: told her not to be alarmed, no personal injury being meant, her money only being what they sought. The lady, with much presence of mind, secured a gold watch under her night clothes. They handed her to an arm-chair, and asked for some wine. In going for it she contrived to pass the fire-place, and throwing the watch among the shavings, preserved it. They then sat down, and conversed freely with her for some time. One of them, of genteel address and manner, showed her a number of false keys, and described to her their several uses. He remarked, that a person of her rank must have a watch: for which they searched her bed, but did not offer to search her person. After robbing the house of money to a large amount, including a Bank post-bill of 50*l.* they politely bade Mrs. Johnson good night and departed. They soon after returned, saying at the door that they had forgotten something; but the servant denied them admittance. They were detected at Birmingham, upon presenting the bill alluded to; brought to Liverpool, and fully committed for trial.—*Liverpool Mercury.*”

At Battle-bridge, and in the neighbourhood, where the ground lies low, the effects of the flood, caused by the late heavy rains, were very extensive, and in one or two instances, highly lamentable. The cellars of most of the houses were filled with water, and in some, before the inhabitants had risen from their beds, the water had gained a considerable height up the stairs. In the road leading from Bagnigge-wells to the turnpike, at the bottom of the hill leading to Islington, the sewer (which is open, with railings on each side to prevent persons falling into it) overflowed into the main road, and the current carried away every thing that impeded it. The gardens were washed away, the furniture carried off in the stream, and the foot-path on the side of the sewer was destroyed. A little child belonging to one of the cottagers, standing near the road side, playing with a small puddle of water, was driven down the stream, which suddenly overflowed the bank. The mother ran after her child, and leaped into the sewer, but the child was driven under the arched sewer and destroyed. The mother, in a state of distraction, would have destroyed herself; but for the neighbours, who witnessed the shocking circumstance.

On Tuesday an inquisition was taken on the body of Sarah Juley, aged 40, who was found dead in her bed on Saturday, at her lodgings, No. 42, Theobald's-road.—It appeared that the deceased had formerly lived servant in noblemen and gentlemen's families at the West end of the town, and bore an exemplary character. She had left her situation with the intention of being married to a man of small fortune, but subsequently the match was set aside. She afterwards appeared to be always in a state of dejection. For the last fortnight she had not been seen, but her absence caused no uneasiness, as she was frequently in the habit of doing so. Last week the inmates of the house where she lodged were annoyed by a most disagreeable smell, and finding it issued from the apartment of the deceased, they desired the door to be opened on Saturday, when she was found in such a dreadful state that no surgeon could approach the body. From the circumstance, however, that two empty phials, which had contained laudanum, were found under her pillow, it was the surgeon's opinion she had drunk the contents, which caused her death.—The Jury returned a Verdict—That the deceased destroyed herself by taking laudanum in a state of derangement.

About one o'clock on Friday morning, as the Watchman was going his rounds, he perceived flames issuing from the lower part of the house of Mr. Clark, chemist and druggist, Back-road, Islington. He immediately alarmed the neighbourhood; the door was forced open, and the inmates had only sufficient time to save their lives, when the whole house was on fire. Mr. Clark's house was burnt to the ground, and the roofs of three adjoining houses were much damaged.

A melancholy circumstance took place at the Grayhound Inn, Newmarket, last week. Two young gentlemen, E. M. Esq., and his brother, arrived at the above house, from Cambridge, and spent the day there. Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening they prepared to return; the waiter brought in their box coats, when the younger gentleman desired him to be careful how he handled them, as they contained loaded pistols. The man put the coats down and retired, when the gentleman who had given the caution took the pistols from the pockets of the coats and laid them on the table. Mr. M. then requested his brother to see if the gig was ready; he had scarcely retired for the purpose when he was alarmed by the report of fire-arms. He instantly ran back, and on entering the room found his unfortunate brother stretched on the floor, a corpse. On examining the body, it was found that the ball had entered the cheek, and passed into the head. Both candles were extinguished. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of insanity was returned. The unfortunate gentleman appeared about 22 years of age, was highly respected, and allied to a family of the first respectability and property. The cause of the melancholy catastrophe is said to have been a love affair.—*Evening paper.*

At an early hour on Thursday morning, the house of the Honourable Fitzroy Stanhope, in Sloane-street, was broken open and robbed of plate, &c. to the amount of between 2 and 300*l.* The robbers, it is supposed, concealed themselves in a house adjoining, which is not inhabited, and waited till Mr. Stanhope and the whole of his family had retired to bed. It is supposed that the robbers were disturbed, as they left a silver jug behind them in the kitchen, and they did not proceed to plunder any other part of the house. There is no doubt that they left the house precipitately, as they left behind them a variety of implements of house-breaking.

Wednesday night, the Princess of Wales Tavern, near the Obelisk, Westminster-road, was robbed of sovereigns, Bank-notes and silver, amounting to near 100*l.* besides other property. The house is kept by a widow, who was with the Exciseman in the cellar during the time the robbery was effected. The property was in the landlady's bed-room, in a chest of drawers, on the first floor.

MARRIAGE.

On the 29th inst., at St. Pancras, Mr. C. S. Harvey, of Kentish Town, to Miss Dalton, of St. Mary at Hill.

DEATHS.

On the 20th inst., at Croydon Common, Surrey, Robert Oliver, Esq. aged 53 years.

On the 21st inst., at Reading, Edward Scott Waring, Esq. late one of the Board of Commissioners at Furryghur.

At Kennington-green, on Wednesday, Peter Martin Bayly, Esq. in his 58th year.

On the 22d inst., Mrs. Le Grice, wife of the Rev. C. V. Le Grice, of Trevelick-house, Cornwall.

On the 7th inst., at Bushy Park, Wicklow, the Hon. Mrs. Howard.

Suddenly, at Fage House, near Dartmouth, Charles Hayne, Esq. aged 75, Lieutenant-Colonel of the North Devon Militia.

On Sunday, aged 53, Harriett, wife of John Chambers, Esq. of Michael's-place, Brompton.

On Monday, Mrs. J. B. Lousada, of Devonshire-square, aged 75.

On the 19th inst., at Stoke Newington, in her 66th year, Anne Capper, one of the Society of Friends.

On the 15th inst., at Lytchet House, Dorset, Lady Amelia Trenchard, sister to the late Marquess of Cliffricarde.

On Saturday week, suddenly, of apoplexy, in James-street, Buckingham-gate, Rear-Admiral Burney, F.R.S., in his 72d year, eldest son of the learned historian of Music, and brother to Madame D'Arblay, the justly celebrated novelist, and the late Dr. Charles Burney. Admiral Burney entered into the Royal Navy at a very early period of his life; and first as Midshipman, and afterwards as Lieutenant, accompanied Capt. Cook in the two last of those enterprising and important voyages which have proved so beneficial to the general interests of mankind. He was a scientific geographer, of which his History of Voyages of Discovery, his account of the Eastern Navigations of the Russians, and other works, bear testimony.

On the 5th inst., in Cappoquin, at the advanced age of 103 years, Ellen Crotty, alias Byrne. She was born in 1718, and was nine years old at the death of King George the First, and, of course, lived in four reigns. She had the full use of all her faculties to the last, particularly her sight and hearing, and was so strong about a month previous to her death, as to carry a stone of potatoes a considerable distance; and, during her long life, she was never confined to her bed one day by sickness except at child-birth. She was much addicted to smoking tobacco, of which she was so fond as often to say, that she would prefer a pipe to her breakfast or dinner; and it may literally be said, she died with one in her mouth, as she was continually using it. She had several children, one of whom only survives her, a son, aged about 66 years.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

Mr. William Stables, of York, cabinet-maker, ate his supper, on the night of Monday se'nnight, apparently in perfect health. He soon after retired, and when in the act of undressing himself, he uttered a shriek and instantly expired.

Sunday se'nnight, in Carlisle, John Ewart, Esq. of Woodbank, aged 55. He was conversing with some acquaintance in the News-Room, when he was suddenly seized with severe illness, was carried to the Coffee-house, and expired in a few hours, without uttering a syllable.

Lately, at his lonely hovel among the hills, 12 miles from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Mr. Wilson, a solitary recluse. His retirement was occasioned by the melancholy manner of the death of his sister, by which his reason was also partially affected. She had been condemned to die, for a crime committed in the hope of concealing her shame from the world, and the day of execution was appointed. In the mean time, her brother used his utmost means to obtain her pardon. He succeeded, and his horse

foamed and bled as he spurred him homeward. But an unpropitious rain had swelled the streams; he was compelled to pace the bank with bursting brain, and gaze upon the rushing waters that threatened to blast his only hope. At the earliest moment that a ford was practicable, he dashed through, and arrived at the place of execution just in time to see the last struggles of his sister! This was the fatal blow. He retired into the hills of Dauphin county—employed himself in making grindstones, was very exact in his accounts, but observed frequently to be estranged; and one morning was found dead by a few of his neighbours, who had left him the evening previous in good health.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

TO-MORROW, November 26, will be performed, **MAID or WIFE?** or the **DECEIVER-DECEIVED**. With the **CORONATION**, and **GIOVANNI** in LONDON.

On **TUESDAY**, will be revived the Tragedy of **De Mountford**, with a newly arranged 5th Act. **De Mountford**, Mr. Kean.

On **WEDNESDAY**, A Tragedy, in which Mr. Kean will perform.

On **THURSDAY**, **MAID or WIFE**. With the **CORONATION**.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

TO-MORROW EVENING, Nov. 26, and during the Week, a new Burletta in three acts, called **TOM and JERRY**; or **LIFE** in LONDON. To conclude with the Burletta of **LOVE'S ALARM**.

Just published, price 4s.

THE SECURITY of **ENGLISHMEN'S LIVES**; or the Trust, Power, and Duty, of the **GRAND JURIES** of ENGLAND, explained according to the Fundamentals of the English Government, and the Declarations of the same made in Parliament by many Statutes. By **JOHN LORD SOMERS**, Lord Chancellor of England in the reign of William III.

To which are prefixed, Observations illustrative of the Character of Grand Juries, as now constructed, and the necessity of recurring to fundamental principles.

London: Printed for Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

Just published,

VIEWS of the **COLOSSEUM**, Part I., engraved by **W. B. COOKE** and **J. C. ALLEN**, displaying the proportions and picturesque Beauties of this stupendous Amphitheatre, the splendid ornament and glory of ancient Rome. The work will be completed in Five Parts, containing fifteen finished Line Engravings of Interior and Exterior Views, the upper and lower Corridors, &c., with Plans, Sections, and Elevations, and a descriptive History. Each Part to be delivered every three months. Super Royal folio, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Proofs, Imperial folio, 1*l.* 10*s.*; India paper Proofs, 1*l.* 18*s.*

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