

# THE EXAMINER,

A Sunday Paper,

ON POLITICS, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, AND THEATRICALS,

FOR THE YEAR 1809.

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PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW.—SWIFT,

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LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN HUNT, AT THE EXAMINER OFFICE,  
15, BEAUFORT BUILDINGS, STRAND.

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1809,

PAID

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PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

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15, NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, STRAND.



## PREFACE.

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TWO years have now elapsed, during which the *Examiner*, though commenced with difficulty and continued with danger, has been increasing both in the number and confidence of its readers. The Proprietors therefore may be allowed to think, that the time of trial is over. It is true, they have not been assailed by the golden promises of courtiers; they have had no tip-toe dealings, stealing to and fro between ministers and their placemen, or princes and their mistresses; but he who is accustomed to despise a number of petty temptations of what is called interest, strengthens himself to despise temptation in the aggregate; and the Proprietors have found so true a talisman against calumny and so perpetual an enjoyment of themselves in keeping their consistency, that self-love alone would induce them to maintain it. In fact, a very little thinking, seasonably applied, is enough to preserve this kind of temper; and could all our busy and jostling fellow-creatures, who are in the high road to worldly good, bethink themselves of what they were really hastening to enjoy, they would stop short and look at each other with laughter and amazement. One man sells his pen, that he may be enabled to buy a horse, on which he rides about nodding to every body that despises him;—another receives a bribe to do this and a bribe not to do that, by which means he becomes at the mercy of a set of villains, and after all does not get as much as an honest industry would have procured him;—another pays his court to every rich and great man, and to what end? Not that he can possibly get a better appetite, a better rest, or a better conscience; but that he may have some dozen more of silver spoons, sit in rooms 60 feet by 40, and be tortured with the gout. A man hastening to happiness with a bad conscience is like one who in going to rest upon a bed of down, takes care to put a layer of thorns under him,—or like one who before he sits down to a sumptuous entertainment, goes round and drops physic into every dish. Those in particular, who have aimed at being rich or comfortable by common newspaper prostitution, have shewn themselves such egregious asses, that notwithstanding they have been patted now and then by a great man, and received a gilt trapping or two, they have led a life of laborious contempt, and gone browsing on bitter herbs till they died. I have had occasion more than once to look over a set of letters respecting the editorship of a paper, and the reader is not aware what secrets of this kind I could have brought to light. It is common to be told, on these occasions, that the writer has his own opinions in politics, but that *of course* he will say just what the gentleman pleases. These men are flattering, cringing, and deceiving all their lives, in order, as the phrase is, *to do something* for themselves, that is, to get into office or set up a wretched paper of their own. If they succeed, they never can enjoy; and if they do not, as it generally happens, they are the most miserable animals about the town. If it is the pride and pleasure then of the *Examiner* to be decent and consistent, it is also its real profit; and were the Proprietors to be tempted by a modern Walpole with all that a party could offer, they might truly answer, “Sir, we are not disinterested enough to be villains.”

If the Proprietors however have not been tempted in this way, they have been assailed in a manner by no means less flattering. Two actions have been brought against them to grace the close of each year; I say, *to grace*, not out of mere defiance to power or any disrespect to law, but because the object of both these actions was to overpower the most manifest truths respecting the most disgraceful measures. The first, after costing as much as it could in preliminaries, was done away by the expulsion of the Duke of York from office; and the second is now in suspense, whether it will or will not be done away by the expulsion of ministers. Whatever be the issue, the tone and temper of the *Examiner* will still be the same—very indifferent to threat, and resigned to consequences—with a respect for nothing but truth and the constitution, and a most unwearied contempt for mean princes and corrupt placemen.

PAIRED

## PREFACE.

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With the love of truth for their friend, the Proprietors despair of no friend whom they ought to have, and care for none whom they ought not. The year 1809 has certainly gone beyond the past years both in misfortune and in enlightening men's minds; and if there is any thing to lament in this enlightenment, it is that the misfortune has been its principal cause. Pittism, which has so continually been calling the nation to witness the effect of its skill, has at last tired out the patience of reflecting people: it has shot the arrow with such consummate confidence, and has always missed with such consummate want of skill, that the most patient of its well-wishers begin to walk off, and the joke of *DIOGENES*, who sat down before a target as the safest place from a bad shooter, may now pass for a truth with all Europe. Every day, therefore, an enlarged and frank manner of treating politics, with reference to nothing but experience and common sense, becomes more and more approved and useful: we see, that the corruptions even of a good cause cannot prevail against the industry and genius that may adorn a bad one; but we see also, that if with a good cause on our side, we summon up the wisdom and virtue of our forefathers, we shall have powers with us over which nothing can prevail, and the spectre of universal dominion, that stretches out its awful arms over Europe, may yet be laid in our glorious ocean.

Of the part of the *Examiner* devoted to the Liberal Arts, little need be observed this year. The criticism of the stage has been interrupted by the well-known sufferings and misdeeds of the managers; but the attention that has been roused towards theatrical matters, and the spirit that has been roused against theatrical quackery, may do much, if well preserved, towards the reformation of dramatists as well as managers. The Fine Arts in this country continue to advance slowly, but with great promise; and whether the report has arisen from the anxious artifices of ministers, or from the cunning promises of the opposite party, a motion, it is said, will be made in Parliament, for the more effectual and public encouragement of Painting. To this, it is hoped, may be added that of Engraving, which is the handmaid of Painting, and the diffuser of its fame. We have no reason whatever to yield to the French in any one art or its encouragement; and if *BONAPARTE* makes use of every species of intellect for the advancement of his ambition, we ought to make the same effort, had we no better motive than to foil than ambition at its own best weapons.

The Proprietors again return thanks to their critical correspondents, H. R. and B. F., whose best praise is the approbation of their readers.

May the English people, by this time next year, after having so long been a spending nation, a fighting nation, and a suffering nation, recover some portion of their ancient and most valuable renown as a *thinking nation*.



# THE EXAMINER.

No. 53. SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1809.

## THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

SWIFT.

No. 53.

BY THE PROSECUTION COMMENCED BY THE DUKE OF YORK AGAINST THIS PAPER IN CONSEQUENCE OF IT'S STRICTURES ON MAJOR HOGAN'S PAMPHLET.

*The first dawn of Inquiry into Public Corruption.—Lawyers distinguished from the Law.—The nature and variety of Libel.—Libel considered as an usurpation of the Supreme Authority, and as tending to a Breach of the Peace.—Motives and Independence of the Proprietors.*

THE Proprietors of the EXAMINER, in commencing the new year, cannot but congratulate their readers even on the present small glimpse of Military Reform. The feelings of certain men have at length been touched; their consciences have at once felt alarm and anger, the double sting of corrupt greatness; in a word, enquiry has been roused, and so far from wishing to evade it ourselves, we only hope it may not exada us, our prosecutor, and every thing connected with the present important question. Every trial at law, we are aware, does not suppose investigation into the merits of the Plaintiff, particularly in the present instance; but when the Plaintiff is great, his object great, and the interests of the country greatly interested in the question, inquiry will not slumber when provoked. One man, or two, or three, or twelve, may be imprisoned for assuming the voice of the law; but this will not stop the voice of the people. An exertion, even beyond the law, to promote that for which the law has not provided, has been held honourable before now; at the very instant it was punished; and it must be recollected, that the youth in history, to whom I alluded in my last, and who leaped out of a bath and conquered the invader, was at the same time fined by the State for fighting illegally without his honour, and applauded by the state, by the country, and by all posterity, for fighting with an illegality so patriotic. He submitted to the fine respectfully; but he enjoyed the universal blessing gloriously.

The Proprietors have not the smallest intention of prejudging the approaching question or of treating with disrespect those Courts of Law, in which they believe justice to be better administered than in any other judgment-seat in Europe. They separate questions respecting the propriety of laws, as well as the general juris law, from the immediate practice and responsibility of the persons employed at present in the Courts. They are perfectly con-

tented with their Judges, whom they by no means value the less for being men of good private characters, and they well know how to distinguish the mere legal decisions of such men from their opinions on great public questions; they well know how to distinguish such men from those, who after having set at nought the laws of God think to cloak themselves from scrutiny by flying for refuge to the laws of man. If the strictures on Major HOGAN'S pamphlet should turn out to be founded in falsehood, the Proprietors are content to forfeit as much of their comfort or convenience as may be deemed a sufficient punishment for the unconscious propagation of error; but if, as they believe from the bottom of their souls, that gentleman's statement should be found correct, or rather if the trial should be upon the mere question of publication, they cannot be blamed for saying a few words in recommendation of the trifling article of truth.

### 1. Of the nature and variety of Libel!

A third part of all the disputations in Europe is owing to a want of good definition. We must have a correct idea of the thing called libel. The word in it's etymology is *libellus*, a little book, pamphlet, or paper, and does not appear to have been used by itself in a satirical sense till the decline of the Roman empire, an age of which we may conceive a very singular opinion; when the same word that signified a small publication signified a libel. Publications of this kind may be divided into two species, the true libel, which takes notice of real faults and misdemeanours; and the false, which is mere scandal and defamation. Of the former class, are the truths that have been uttered in all ages by satirists in prose and poetry, and by the greatest literary reformers of Church and State. Every man who wrote against the vices of CHARLES the Second or the tyranny of his brother JAMES was in this sense of the word a libeller. Of the latter class, are caricatures properly so called, inventions of every description against a person's reputation, and generally speaking, all those writings of backs and hirings which wise men have ever known how to despise and which from the extreme to which they run, turn counter to their design and act as friends, instead of enemies, to a good character. The ancient Romans had no express law against libels, till the time of AUGUSTUS. The law *de Majestate*, or *Laws Majestas*, in which he and particularly TERENCE after him included libels, was a very different thing under the republic, and related chiefly to the violation of the *Majesty of the People*, a term that was first introduced in England by old Mr. SURREN, a Member of Parliament in the reign of GEORGE the First and one of the rogues of British law, but which has since been rendered contemptible by it's abuses during the French revolution. The old Roman law



is remarkable; its objects were, says Tacitus, *si quis prodicione exercitum, aut plebem seditionibus, denique male gesta Respublica Majestatem populi Romani minisset. — Facta arguebantur, dicta impunentur.*—“The betrayal of the country's forces, seditions against the state, and the degradation of the Majesty of the Roman People by an evil administration of the public employments. Facts were the only things in question; words met with no punishment.”\* The English criminal law however, not only takes notice of words, but makes little distinction between false and true libels, since it is argued, that every public judgment, pronounced by private individuals, whether it be false or true, usurps the supreme authority and tends to a breach of the peace.†

2. Of Libels considered as an usurpation of the Supreme Authority.

So far from holding this consideration as just, it does not appear to me that even false libels are an usurpation of this kind. False libel, or as the law terms it, malicious and scandalous libel, is rather a defiance than an usurpation of authority. That only can be said to usurp which deprives a lawful power of its actual privileges, and till the law is proved to be malicious and to defame, I would not pay it so ill a compliment as to count its privileges usurped by malice and defamation. But the word usurpation is very properly applied to the true libel, where it takes cognizance of matters of which the law does and will take cognizance itself. No man has a right, for instance, to accuse another publicly of theft or of murder without having recourse to the law; and none but idiots and madmen would make such an accusation: no man would write an article in the papers to pronounce judgment on one A. or B. for embezzling his private property or stabbing his brother: the law is open to him; he appears at the bar; and justice is done. But till we forget the origin of our own constitution and laws, we cannot

\* Taciti Annal. Lib. I. Cap. 72.

† Truth however is by its essence of so powerful an effect, that it has had influence even where it has not been admitted as a plea; and it is to this day a question, which Juries are some times glad to resolve favourably, whether truth should be called libel and thereby subjected to punishment. There is much apparent inconsistency in the opinions of the best writers on the subject. No restraint, says BLACKSTONE, is “laid upon freedom of thought or inquiry; liberty of private sentiment is still left, the disseminating or making public of BAD SENTIMENTS, destructive of the ends of society, is the crime which society corrects.” Book 4. p. 152.—CHRISTIAN observes in a note on p. 151. that “though it has been held for these two centuries that the truth of a libel is no justification in a criminal prosecution, yet in many instances it is considered an extenuation of the offence, and the Court of King's Bench has laid down this general rule, viz. that it will not grant an information for a libel unless the prosecutor, who applies for it, makes an affidavit asserting directly and pointedly that he is innocent of the charge imputed to him.” This compliment to the truth is waived however, when the ATTORNEY GENERAL prosecutes *ex officio* for the Crown; and I believe, only then.

but remember that there have been vices above what is termed the law, vices that require a high and mighty effort to bring to justice, vices that arising out of a number of petty offences, unaccusable by common men, and unassailable by common justice, may enjoy a long leisure of corruption that shall gradually enervate and destroy the whole constitution. I have no doubt the law will take notice of what it can; and it is highly proper that it should punish offence within its sphere, even when the person offended has done worse out of it. But what law or what Judge will take notice of the gayer corruptions of the great, of disgraceful examples set to the whole nation, of money thrown away on strumpets, of wantonness and waste recruiting themselves on the national resources, of a hundred vices in short which are of the last injury to the public safety, when the practisers are high in office? This is a natural question plainly put.

3. Of Libels as tending to a breach of the peace.

If there is a riot in the street, we naturally seek the cause, and we ask, not who it was that struck the first blow, but who it was that gave the just provocation. Till we can thus rise up to first causes in such matters, we may for a time put a stop to effects, but we shall never remedy defects; and the quarrels and the riots will be repeated over and over again, till at last they end in downright anarchy. We shall never understand the phrase breach of the peace unless we go up to first causes, and it is here that the old laws and the country used to be at issue, before we had better ones. SWIFT, when he wrote the *Drapier's Letters*, which saved Ireland from bankruptcy, was accused of breaking the peace, but we are all convinced now that it was WOOD, the object of his libel, the coiner of bad money, the betrayer of his Country's resources, who was the sole and the natural cause of the breach that was attributed to the great wit. When the friends of the Prince of Orange wrote against JAMES the Second, they were all said to break the peace, and every misfortune was to be attributed to them; but when WILLIAM the Third was crowned, it was discovered that JAMES himself was the man who by his corruptions and anti-constitutional behaviour had broken the peace and produced a change of things. In short, a breach of the peace, whether attributable to JAMES or to WILLIAM, became under decent management and a real wish for reform, that very identical event which is now called the Glorious Revolution, and to which we owe our existing constitution and laws. There is, at the same time, nobody in his common faculties, who can wish for a breach of the peace, whether good or bad: it is the business of every honest man to prevent it, and the only question is, whether it is to be more easily prevented by reforming or by hindering reformation, by doing away great and lasting causes or petty and casual effects, by opposing the provocation of one man or the indignation of many. If an individual behaves justly and virtuously, he may well be indignant at universal rebuke; but if a man has



been trying all his life to provoke public indignation, and has succeeded to the utmost of his exertions, he cannot reasonably complain of one who should advise him to provoke it no longer; he cannot reasonably say, when every body is entreating him to go away and raise no more commotions, "Here are a parcel of malicious and scandalous persons provoking me to break the peace." *The alteration of the popular feeling depends on himself; he hears he is wrong; he knows he is wrong; and it is not by singling one or two persons from his opposers and charging them with provocation, that he will cease to be wrong.* Let him occupy his place in society with decency, let him pursue his occupation with public spirit, let him respect the ties, the good order, and the good opinion of the world, and he who dares to lift his hand or his voice against him, will be felled to the earth.—Shew me in English history the man, who was bold enough to rise up against a Prince like EDWARD the Sixth and say "You spend your time wantonly." Shew me the man, who could rise up against EDWARD the Black Prince and say "You disgrace your country's military name shamefully." Shew me the man, who could rise up against the immortal ALFRED, and say "You are neither a soldier, a legislator, nor a good man." Why, the very earth would heave up, like the waves, to bury such a libeller for ever.—But how is it in times like these?

For their own parts, the Proprietors have no other object in thus stating their opinions but to render the passage to the truth more easy, and to distinguish themselves from men of factious, mean motives and prostituted pens. They unite most heartily with all ranks of society in despising those defamers, whose business it is to combine the two species of theft, and cheat us of our purses and reputation at once;—those wanton libellers, who if they happen to be right in their libel, are quite as despicable as their subject;—that herd of vile scribblers, who are indeed a herd in every sense but its utility, contented and chewing the cud as long as they can enjoy the fat pasture and the flowing stream, and bellowing and butting at the lords of the land only when they can get nothing to eat. But an honest, an independent, and an ill-treated man shall always be supported in his complaint, so long as there is reason to believe it true, by the Proprietors of this Paper. As they are brothers by birth, so it is their happiness to be brothers in sentiment, and it will be their pride to be brothers in suffering, if they can do one atom of service to the Constitution and help to awaken the eyes, the hands, and the hearts of Englishmen to the only effectual means of resistance against the common enemy.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

### FRANCE.

#### FOURTEENTH BULLETIN OF THE ARMY OF SPAIN.

MADRID, DEC. 5.—The 2d at noon, his Majesty arrived in person on the heights which impend over Madrid, on which were already placed the divisions of Dragoons of Generals Lutout Maubourg, and Lahoussaye, and the Imperial horse-

guards. The anniversary of the Coronation, that epoch which has signalized so many days for ever fortunate for France, awakened in all hearts the most agreeable recollections, and inspired all the troops with an enthusiasm which manifested itself in a thousand exclamations. The weather was beautiful, and like that enjoyed in France in the month of May. The Marshal Duke of Istria sent to summon the town, where a Military Junta was formed, under the Presidency of Marquis of Castelar, who had under his orders General Morla, Captain-General of Andalusia, and Inspector-General of Artillery.—The town contained a number of armed peasants, assembled from all quarters, 6000 troops of the line, and 100 pieces of cannon. Sixty thousand men were in arms.—Their cries were heard on every side; the bells of 900 churches rung altogether; and every thing presented the appearance of disorder and madness. The General of the troops of the line appeared at the advanced posts to answer the summons of the Duke of Istria. He was accompanied by 30 men of the people, whose dress, looks, and ferocious language, recalled the recollection of the assassins of September. When the Spanish General was asked whether he meant to expose women, children, and old men, to the horrors of an assault, he manifested secretly the grief with which he was penetrated; he made known by signs, that he, as well as all the honest men of Madrid, groaned under oppression; and when he raised his voice, his words were dictated by the wretches who watched over him. No doubt could be entertained of the excess to which the tyranny of the multitude was carried, when they saw him write down all his words, and caused the record to be verified by the assassins who surrounded him. The Aid-de-camp of the Duke of Istria, who had been sent into the town, was seized by men of the lowest class of people, and was about to be massacred, when the troops of the line, indignant at the outrage, took him under their protection, and caused him to be restored to his General. A little time after, some deserters from the Walloon Guards came to the camp. Their depositions convinced us that the people of property, and honest men, were without influence; and it was to be concluded that conciliation was altogether impossible.

The Marquis of Perales, a reputable man, who had hitherto appeared to enjoy the confidence of the people, had been on the day before this, accused of putting sand in the cartridges. He was immediately strangled. It was determined that all the cartridges should be remade; 3 or 4,000 monks were employed upon this work at the Retiro. All the palaces and houses were ordered to be open to furnish provisions at discretion. The French infantry was still three leagues from Madrid. The Emperor employed the evening in reconnoitring the town, and deciding a plan of attack, consistent with the consideration due to the great number of honest people always to be found in a great capital.

At seven o'clock the division Lapissi of the corps of the Duke of Belluno arrived. The moon shone with a brightness that seemed to prolong the day. The Emperor ordered the General of Brigade Molson to take possession of the suburbs, and charged the General of Brigade Lauriston to support him in the enterprise, with four pieces of artillery belonging to the guards. The sharpshooters of the 16th regiment took possession of some houses, and in particular of the grand cemetery. At the first fire, the enemy showed as much cowardice as he did of arrogance all the day. The Duke of Belluno employed all the night in placing his artillery in the posts designed for the attack. At midnight the Prince of Neuchatel sent to Madrid a Spanish Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, who had been taken at Sanosierra, and who saw with affright the obstinacy of his fellow citizens. He took charge of the annexed letter, No. 1. On the 3d, at nine in the morning, the same flag of truce returned to the head-quarters with the letter No. 2. But the General of Brigade Lenamont, an Officer of great merit, had already placed 30 pieces of artillery, and had commenced a very smart fire, which made a breach in the walls of the Retiro, The sharpshooters of the division of Villatte having passed the breach, their battalion followed them, and in less than a quarter of an hour 1000 men, who defended the Retiro, were knocked on the head.



The Palace of the Retiro, the important posts of the Observatory, of the porcelain manufactory, of the grand barrack, the hotel of Medina Celi, and all the outlets which had been fortified, were taken by our troops. On another side, 20 pieces of cannon of the guards, accompanied by light troops, threw shells, and attracted the attention of the enemy by a false attack.

The enemy had more than 100 pieces of cannon mounted; a more considerable number had been dug up, taken out of cellars, and fixed upon carts, a grotesque train, and in itself sufficient to prove the madness of a people abandoned to itself. But all means of defence were become useless. The possessors of Retiro are always masters of Madrid. The Emperor took all possible care to prevent the troops from going from house to house. The city was ruined if many troops had been employed. Only some companies of sharpshooters advanced, and the Emperor constantly refused to send any to sustain them. At eleven o'clock the Prince of Neufchatel wrote the annexed letter, No. 3.—His Majesty at the same time ordered the fire to cease on all points.

A butcher's-boy from Estremadura, who commanded one of the gates, had the audacity to require that the Duke of Istria should go himself into the town with his eyes blindfolded. General Montbrun rejected this presumptive demand with indignation. He was immediately surrounded, and effected his escape only by drawing his sword. He narrowly escaped falling a victim to the imprudence with which he had forgot that he had not to make war with civilized enemies.

At five o'clock General Morla, one of the Members of the Military Junta, and Don Bernardo Yriarte, sent from the town, repaired to the tent of the Major-General. They informed him that the most intelligent persons were of opinion, that the town was destitute of resources, and that the continuation of the defence would be the height of madness, but that the lower orders of the inhabitants, and the foreigners at Madrid, were determined to persevere in the defence. Believing that they could not do it with effect, they requested a pause of a few hours to inform the people of the real state of affairs. The Major-General presented the Deputies to the Emperor and King, who addressed them thus:—

"You make use of the name of the people to no purpose; if you cannot restore tranquillity and appease their minds, it is because you have excited them to revolt; you have seduced them by propagating falsehoods. Assemble the Clergy, the Heads of the Convents, the Alcades, the men of property and influence, and let the town capitulate by six o'clock in the morning, or it shall be destroyed. I will not, nor ought I to withdraw my troops. You have massacred the unfortunate French prisoners who had fallen into your hands; only a few days ago, you suffered two persons in the suite of the Russian Ambassador to be dragged along and murdered in the public-streets, because they were Frenchmen born. The incapacity and baseness of a General, had put into your power troops who surrendered on the field of battle, and the capitulation has been violated. You, Mr. Morla, what sort of an epistle did you write to that General?—It well became you, Sir, to talk of pillage, you who, on entering Roussillon, carried off all the women, and distributed them as booty among your soldiers!—What right had you to hold such language elsewhere?—The expectation ought to have induced you to pursue a different line of conduct. See what has been the conduct of the English, who are far from piquing themselves on being rigid observers of the Laws of Nations. They have complained of the Convention of Portugal, but they have carried it into effect. To violate military treaties, is to renounce all civilization: it is placing ourselves on a footing with a banditti of the desert. How dare you, then, presume to solicit a capitulation, you who violated that of Baylen? See how injustice and bad faith always recoil upon the guilty, and operate to their prejudice. I had a fleet at Cadix; it was under the protection of Spain, yet you directed against it the mortars of the town which you commanded. I had a Spanish army in my ranks; I would rather have viewed them embark on board the English ships, and be obliged to precipitate it from the rocks of Espinosa, than to disarm it; I

would rather prefer having 7000 more enemies to fight, than be deficient in honour and good faith. Return to Madrid—I give you till six o'clock to-morrow morning—return at that hour—you have only to inform me of the submission of the people—if not, you and your troops shall be put to the sword."

This speech of the Emperor, repeated in the midst of the respectable people the certainty that he commanded in person. The losses sustained during the preceding day, had carried terror and repentance into all minds. During the night the most mutinous withdrew themselves from the danger by flight, and a part of the troops retired to a distance. At ten o'clock General Belliard took the command of Madrid; all the posts were put into the hands of the French, and a general pardon was proclaimed.

From this moment, men, women, and children, spread themselves about the streets in perfect security. The shops were open till eleven o'clock.—All the citizens set themselves to destroy the barricades and repave the streets, the Monks returned into their Convents, and in a few hours Madrid presented the most extraordinary contrast, a contrast inexplicable to those unaccustomed to the manners of great towns. So many men, who cannot conceal from themselves what they would have done in similar circumstances, express their astonishment at the generosity of the French. Fifty thousand stand of arms have been given up, and 100 pieces of cannon have been collected at the Retiro. The anguish in which the inhabitants of this wretched city have lived for these four months cannot be described. The Junta was without influence; the most ignorant and the maddest of men had all the power in their hands, and the people at every instant massacred, or threatened with the gallows, their Magistrates and their Generals.

The General of Brigade, Maison, has been wounded. General Bruyere, who advanced imprudently the moment the firing ceased, has been killed. Twelve soldiers have been killed, and fifty wounded. This loss, so trifling for an event of so much importance, is owing to the smallness of the number of troops suffered to engage: it is owing besides, we must say, to the extreme cowardice of all those who had arms in their hands against us.

The Artillery, according to its usual custom, has done great services. Ten thousand fugitives who had escaped from Burgos and Samosierra, and the second division of the Army of Reserve, were on the 3d within three leagues of Madrid; but being charged by a picquet of Dragoons, they fled, abandoning 40 pieces of cannon, and 60 caissons.

A meritorious trait cited—An old General retired from the service, and aged eighty years, was in his house at Madrid, near the street of Alcalá—a French Officer entered, and took up his quarters there, with his party. This respectable old man appeared before him, holding a young girl by the hand, and said, "I am an old soldier—I know the rights and licentiousness of war—there is my daughter—I give her 900,000 livres for her portion—save her honour, and be her husband." The young Officer took the old man, his family, and his house, under his protection. How culpable are they who expose so many peaceful citizens, so many unfortunate inhabitants of a great capital, to so many misfortunes.

The Duke of Dantzic arrived at Segovia on the 3d. The Duke of Istria is gone in pursuit of the division of Pena, which having escaped from the battle of Tudela, took the route of Guadalaxara. Florida Blanca, and the Junta, had fled to Toléda. They did not think themselves in safety in that town neither, and have gone to take refuge with the English.

The conduct of the English is shameful. On the 20th November they were at the Escorial to the number of 6000 men. They passed some days there. They pretended they would do nothing less than pass the Pyrennees, and come to the Garonne. Their troops are very fine and well disciplined. The confidence with which they had inspired the Spaniards is inconceivable. Some hoped that this division would go to Samosierra; others, that it would come to defend the capital of so dear an ally. Scarcely were they informed that the Emperor was at Samosierra, when the English troops beat a retreat on the Escorial. From thence, combining their march



with the division which was at Salamanca, they have taken their course towards the sea. "Arms, powder, and clothing, they have given to us," said a Spaniard, "but their soldiers came only to excite us, to lead us astray, and to abandon us in the critical moment." "But are you ignorant," answered the French Officer, "of the most recent facts of our history. What have they done for the Stadtholder, for Sardinia, for Austria? What have they done recently for Russia? What have they done still more recently for Sweden? They every where foment war; they distribute arms like poison; but they shed their blood only for their direct and personal interests. Expect nothing else from their selfishness." "Still," replied the Spaniard, "their cause was ours. Forty thousand English added to our forces at Tudela, and Espinosa, might have balanced the fortune of the war, and saved Portugal. But at present, that our army of Blake on the left; that of the centre, and that of Arragon on the right, are destroyed; that Spain is almost entirely conquered, and that reason is about to complete its submission, what is to become of Portugal? It is not at Lisbon that the English ought to defend themselves, they ought to have done so at Espinosa, at Burgos, at Tudela, at Samosierra, and before Madrid."

NO. 1.—TO THE COMMANDANT OF THE TOWN OF MADRID.

"Before Madrid, Dec. 3, 1808.

"The circumstances of the war having conducted the French army to the gates of Madrid, and all the dispositions being made to take possession of the town by storm, I hold it right, and conformable to the usage of all nations, to summon you, Monsieur General, not to expose a town so important to all the horrors of an assault, nor to render so many peaceful inhabitants victims of the evils of war. Wishing to omit nothing to inform you of your real situation, I send you the present summons by one of your Officers who has been made prisoner, and who has had an opportunity of seeing all the means that the army has to reduce the town. Receive, Monsieur General, the assurances of my high consideration.

"Major-Gen. ALEX. BERTHIER."

NO. 2.—TO HIS HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF NEUFCHATEL.

"It is indispensably incumbent upon me, most Serene Signior, to consult, previous to my giving a categorical answer to your Highness, the constituted authorities of my Court, and, moreover, to ascertain the dispositions of the people as impressed by the circumstances of the day. For these purposes I intreat your Highness to grant, for this day, a suspension of arms, in order that I may comply with those duties; assuring you, that early in the morning, or this night, I will send a General Officer with my answer to your Highness; and that I profess to you all the consideration due to your rank.

"MARQUIS CASTELAR."

"Madrid, 3d December, 1808."

NO. 3.—TO THE GENERAL COMMANDING IN MADRID.

"Imperial Camp before Madrid, Dec. 4, eleven A. M.

"Monsieur General Castelar—To defend Madrid is contrary to the principles of war, and inhuman towards the inhabitants. His Majesty authorises me to send you a second summons.—Immense batteries are mounted; miners are prepared to blow up your principal buildings; columns of troops are at the entrances of the town, of which some companies of sharpshooters have made themselves masters; but the Emperor, always generous in the course of his victories, suspends the attack till two o'clock. The town of Madrid ought to look for protection and security for its peaceable inhabitants; for its Ministers; in fine, the oblivion of the past. Hoist a white flag before two o'clock, and send Commissioners to treat for the surrender of the town. Accept, Mons. General, &c.

"Major-Gen. ALEX. BERTHIER."

FIFTEENTH BULLETIN OF THE ARMY OF SPAIN.

MADRID, DEC. 7.—This Bulletin contains particulars of several Officers who had distinguished themselves; with their several promotions. It then states, that Gen. Lubinski had, on the 2d, reconnoitred the remains of the army of Castanos, near

Guadalaxara, under the command of Gen. Peon. Castanos was said to have been deposed by the Central Junta.—Then follows a long tirade against the Duke Del Infantado, which ends with stating, that "he will lose his titles, his property valued at 2,000,000 livres a-year, and he will go to London, to seek the contempt and ingratitude with which England has always rewarded the men who sacrifice their honour and their country to the injustice of their cause."

The Bulletin continues: "As soon as the report of the Chief of Squadron, Count Lubinski, was known, the Duke of Istria put himself in march, with 16 squadrons of cavalry, to observe the enemy. The Duke of Belluna followed with the infantry. The Duke of Istria arrived at Guadalaxara, and found there the rear-guard of the enemy, which was filing towards Andalusia, dispersed it, and made 500 prisoners. The General of Division Ruffin, and the brigade of dragoons of Bordesault, informed that the enemy were moving towards Aranjuez, proceeded to that place. The enemy were put to flight, and these troops were immediately put in pursuit of all those that are flying towards Andalusia. The General of Division Laboussaye entered the Escorial on the 3d. Five or six hundred peasants wished to defend the Convent, but were driven out by a brisk attack."—Then follows further particulars of the tranquil state of Madrid, and the orderly manner in which the possession of that city was taken, &c. A French soldier found guilty of plundering a number of watches, was shot in the principal square.—The disarming was carried on without difficulty. The "King of Spain" (Joseph) had formed two regiments of foreign troops, from the Spanish army; one the Royal Foreigners, and the other that of Reding the younger, a Swiss General of a very different character from that of the Spanish General of the same name. The 5th and 8th corps of the French armies were but passing the Bidossa, very far from the line of the French army, and all the victories recounted were already obtained, and the business almost completely settled.

SIXTEENTH BULLETIN OF THE ARMY OF SPAIN.

MADRID, DEC. 8.—This Bulletin begins with the praises and rewards of distinguished Officers. The General of Division, Ruffin, having passed the Tagus at Aranjuez, advanced towards Ocaña, and cut off the retreat of the remains of the Army of Andalusia, which wished to retire to their own province, and throw themselves towards Cuenca. The divisions of cavalry of Generals Lasalle and Milhaud were directed to march on Portugal by Zalavera de la Reyna. His Majesty wished to spare Saragossa till Madrid had surrendered; but if that town would be obstinate enough to make resistance, mines and bombs should bring it to reason. The English fly on every side. The division of Lasalle has, however, fallen in with 16 men of them, who have been put to the sword. They were stragglers, or such who had gone astray.

Then follow some particulars of the siege of Rosas, in Catalonia, which had not surrendered; but it is supposed the inhabitants were thinking to evacuate it. About 400 Englishmen, who had landed, were killed or driven into the sea by an Italian regiment. An attack made by the Spaniards on the Huora, was repulsed with loss.

SWEDEN.

STOCKHOLM, DEC. 11.—The most vigorous preparations continue to be made in all the Royal Dock-yards, and in particular at Carlscrona, for the continuance of the maritime war. Recruits are also arriving in great numbers to complete the regiments which have suffered most during the campaign in Finland, although it will hardly be possible to increase our armies in such a manner as to enable them to recommence offensive operations against the Russians, on account of their vast superiority in numbers; our exertions must therefore, for the present, be confined to defensive measures, and in this point of view the efforts made by our Government are as great as the urgency of the case demands.



PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

An unparalleled instance of cruelty, superstition, and awful visitation, occurred a short period since in the Hundred of Hon. A farmer of the name of Fenner lost a considerable quantity of poultry by a distemper with which they were seized; and having, some time prior to their mortality, received a present of a duck from a friend, it was supposed from her laying dun-coloured eggs, that she had been bewitched by an elderly woman in the neighbourhood, and that such was the cause of the losses sustained. In order to prevent a recurrence of similar disasters, and to break the enchantment, it was determined, by an ignorant and superstitious female servant, to burn the ill-fated but innocent victim alive; which horrid resolution she one morning carried into practice, by putting the poor animal in an oven, and burning a faggot of wood over her; which, though it completely consumed all her feathers, did not extinguish the vital spark; on the following morning she repeated her cruelty, notwithstanding which the poor duck still retained animation: on the third day, being determined to effect her barbarous intention, she had recourse to the following shocking expedient:—She set fire to a large faggot in the oven, and when it had completely caught the flame, she put the already tortured body of the poor duck on it, and confined it down; this soon terminated its existence. In a short period, from her inhuman conduct, this unfortunate dupe of superstition and ignorance was seized with fits, which appears like a just retribution. She was thus deprived of that life which she was unworthy of, as she survived but a few days after, expiring in the greatest agonies.

HULL, Dec. 24.—A heavy fall of snow commenced on Saturday last, and has continued, with little intermission, every succeeding day, accompanied by a strong gale of wind a great part of the time, from the north and west. The quantity of snow that has fallen in this neighbourhood is so great, that in many places the road has been rendered impassable for carriages. The mail, and other coaches from York, have not reached this place since Saturday last. The Doncaster coach, by way of Howden, which should have come in on Sunday night, arrived here yesterday. On Sunday, and the following days, the bags, with the mails from York, were brought in between ten and eleven o'clock each day, on horseback, from York, the mail guard having to ride eighty miles each day, through the snow, with the mails; one of them was so severely fatigued that he lies at Bishop Burton, very dangerously ill. In the neighbourhood of Market Weighton the snow was drifted so much as to be level with the hedges on each side.

Wednesday se'night, during the performance of *High Life Below Stairs*, one of the dressing-rooms of North Shields Theatre took fire, and several dresses were consumed before the flames were extinguished. There being an abundance of snow in the street, the fire was soon got under by carrying buckets full into the Theatre.

On Friday se'night, a Gentleman, in passing the Market-place of North Shields, missed his road, and got above his knees in snow, when a man sprung upon his back, and with the greatest dexterity picked his pocket of his gold watch, and escaped. He was, however, apprehended on Saturday night, when he confessed the theft, and gave intelligence where the watch was deposited. His reason for committing the act is rather curious, viz. that he was weary of life.

Last week a bull, which was being baited in Pitchcroft, near Worcester, broke loose, and caused great alarm and consternation in the neighbourhood, besides doing considerable damage to some plantations which he entered; being, however, secured, he was again brought to the stake, and when the surrounding spectators were satisfied with his sufferings, the poor beast, attended by a great concourse of disorderly persons, was brought into the streets of the city.—In Broad-street he fell, exhausted by fatigue and the loss of blood; his bellowing was tremendous, and excited the fear and indignation of the peaceable inhabitants. We trust that this inhuman practice, so disgraceful to humanity, will ever meet with the reprobation it so justly merits.

On Tuesday afternoon, between five and six o'clock, the beautiful mansion of Sir John Kennaway, Bart. called Escot-house, near Honiton (formerly the residence of Sir George Yonge), caught fire, and continued burning until ten o'clock at night, by which time it was entirely consumed. The conflagration was so tremendous, that little could be saved, except some papers, plate, and jewels. The accident was occasioned by a lighted candle being left in a dressing-room, which set fire to one of the curtains, and spread so rapidly as not to be extinguished. Some engines were procured as soon as possible from Ottery, but so injured by the late frost as to render them useless. Sir John and a party of friends were at dinner when the first alarm was given. No personal injury was experienced by any of the family; but Mr. Pike, a respectable young farmer, in assisting, fell from a ladder 20 feet from the ground, and was killed on the spot.

A very serious accident occurred to the Reading stage, in its progress to that town, on Saturday se'night. Nearly opposite the Marquis of Granby public-house, in Brentford, the coach was encountered by a waggon on its way to London, in endeavouring to keep clear of which, the stage was driven with extreme violence against the signpost of the public-house, which stands at a considerable distance from the houses; so great was the concussion, the splinter-bar broke, leaving the hind wheels and the body of the coach in the road, while the horses set off at full speed, with the fore-part of the vehicle, which they drew to the Three Pigeons, where they were accustomed to stop. None of the passengers were hurt, but the driver, who is also owner of the coach, having been thrown with great force from his seat, is so much bruised in consequence, that he now lies at the Three Pigeons, without hope of recovery.

A woodcock was lately shot in the neighbourhood of Liskeard, which was perfectly white; there was not a single coloured feather on it. This beautiful bird has been sent as a present to the Prince of Wales.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

R. Marris, Louth, Lincolnshire, money-scrivener.

BANKRUPTS.

W. Edwards, Bristol, cordwainer, to surrender Jan. 3, 16, Feb. 7, at twelve, at the Rummer Tavern, Bristol. Attorney, Mr. Mellin, Bristol.

Wm. Blackburn, Leeds, woolstapler, Jan. 4, 5, Feb. 7, at eleven, at the Star and Garter, Leeds. Attorney, Mr. Speight, Leeds.

J. Gash, Bermondsey, victualler, Jan. 7, at one, 17, at ten, Feb. 7, at one, at Guildhall. Attorney, Mr. Smith, Great St. Helen's, London.

B. Sellars, Little Hulton, Lancashire, innkeeper, Jan. 4, 16, Feb. 7, at two, at the Palace Inn, Manchester. Attorney, Mr. Law, Manchester.

L. Haydon, Edgeware-road, merchant, Jan. 3, 10, Feb. 7, at twelve, at Guildhall. Attorney, Mr. Hall, Coleman-street.

J. Mills and J. Rich, merchants, Jan. 17, 18, Feb. 7, at eleven, at the White Hart Inn, Lewes. Attorney, Mr. Pember, Great Charlotte-street, Surrey.

DIVIDENDS.

Jan. 21. J. and W. E. King, Covent-garden, silk-mercers.—Feb. 7. M. Clemence, Craven-street, Strand.—T. and H. B. Withers, Smithfield-bars, merchants.—Feb. 7. R. Farbridge, Paragon-place, Kent-road, merchant.—Jan. 21. E. Howell, Liverpool, cotton-merchant.—Jan. 28. B. Jones, Rotherhithe-wall, Surrey, tobacconist.—Jan. 24. T. Clark, Chatham, corn-dealer.—Jan. 24. J. E. Ford, Coleman-street-buildings, factor.—Jan. 17. W. Allen, King's-road, Holborn, coach-maker.—Jan. 10. D. T. Myers, Stamford, draper.

CERTIFICATES—JAN. 17.

Wm. Houghton, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Lyon, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Kennion, sen. and J. Kennion, jun. Nicholas-lane, brokers.



## SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

This Gazette contains accounts of the following captures:—The *Næsois* Danish schooner privateer, of 10 guns and 36 men, by the *Egeria* sloop, Captain Hole; and the *Fanny* French privateer brig, of 16 guns and 80 men, by the *Naiad*, Capt. Dundas.

## BANKRUPTCY ENLARGED.

John Colgrave, Red Lion-street, Holborn, wine-merchant, from Dec. 17, to Feb. 4, at ten, at Guildhall.

## BANKRUPTS.

- R. Harvey, Woolwich, Kent, baker, to surrender Jan. 17, 21, Feb. 11, at ten, at Guildhall, London. Attorney, Mr. Allan, Frederick's-place, Old-Jewry.
- T. Marshall, Scarborough, Yorkshire, vintner, Jan. 23, 24, Feb. 11, at eleven, at the Blacksmith's Arms, Scarborough. Attorney, Mr. Wood, jun. Scarborough.
- W. Heaven, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, clothier, Jan. 10, 20, Feb. 11, at eleven, at Guildhall, London. Attorney, Mr. Pullen, Fore-street, Cripplegate.
- P. Dewhurst, Preston, slater, Jan. 19, at five, 20, Feb. 11, at eleven, at the King's Arms, Lancaster. Attorney, Mr. Webster, Lancaster.
- J. P. Harrison, St. Bees, Cumberland, cotton-manufacturer, Jan. 21, at six, 24, Feb. 11, at twelve, at the Bridge Inn, Bolton in the Moors, Lancashire. Attornies, Messrs. Haworth and Son, Bolton.
- J. Hunt, Liverpool, haberdasher, Jan. 24, 25, Feb. 11, at one, at the Star and Garter Inn, Liverpool. Attorney, Mr. Murrow, Liverpool.
- W. Dutton, Liverpool, grocer, Jan. 23, 24, Feb. 11, at one, at the Globe Tavern, Liverpool. Attorney, Mr. Woods, Liverpool.
- J. Hayes, Oxford, grocer, Jan. 19, 21, at eleven, Feb. 11, at twelve, at Guildhall, London. Attorney, Mr. Young, West Smithfield.

## DIVIDENDS.

- Jan. 17. J. Rowe, Castle-street, Falcon-square, merchant.—Jan. 17. J. Sayers, Upper North-place, Gray's-Inn-lane, and J. Jeffery, Titchfield-street, Mary-le-bone, coach and harness-makers.—Jan. 21. J. and W. E. King, St. Paul, Covent-Garden, silk-mercens.—Jan. 21. J. Wardell, King's Lynn, Norfolk, grocer.—Jan. 21. T. Beckwith, Commercial-road, coachmaker.—Jan. 21. W. Davies, Cane-place, Kentish-town, carpenter.—Jan. 28. J. Broadhurst, Charing-Cross, jeweller.—Feb. 4. J. Weston, Pall Mall, vintner.—March 4. J. Sharpe, Market Deeping, linen-draper.—Jan. 24. M. Cohen, Devonshire-street, Queen-square, exchange-broker.—Jan. 24. G. Newcomb, Bath, jeweller.—Jan. 21. Thomas Clough, Bramley, Yorkshire, clothier.—Jan. 25. J. Dutton, Levenshulme, Manchester, calico-manufacturer.—Jan. 21. J. Markham, jun. Napton-upon-the-Hill, Warwickshire, shopkeeper.—Jan. 30. J. Makeham, Upper Thames-street, cheesemonger.—Jan. 30. M. Longmire, Penrith, Cumberland, milliner.—March 20. Wm. Lucas, Cheapside, warehouseman.—Feb. 2. J. Curtels and J. Stephens, Penryn, Cornwall, shopkeepers.

## CERTIFICATES—JAN. 21.

- D. and R. Blachford, Lombard-street, lacemen.—T. Ainsworth, Blackburn, J. Watson, J. Watson, jun. and J. Watson, Preston, cotton-manufacturers.—L. W. and T. Graham, Liverpool, merchants.—J. J. and J. H. Lomas, Leicester, woolstaplers.—W. Chowne, Exeter, linen-draper.

## PRICE OF STOCKS YESTERDAY.

3 per Cent. Red, 65½. | Omnium 1½ dis. | Consols for Op. 66½.

The MONDAY EDITION of this Paper, for Country Readers, will commence To-morrow. It will contain the LONDON MARKETS, with the addition of any News which may arrive before the time of publication.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Proprietors return SCARECROW their very grateful acknowledgments for his letter. The proposal, by an entire stranger, of a general subscription to defray the expences of the approaching Trial, though they beg leave decidedly to decline it, has proved to them that their Paper has gained all it's object by interesting the hearts as well as heads of the thinking part of the community. The Proprietors are neither rich nor desirous of riches: they trust that they shall never have occasion to appeal to the generosity of their Subscribers beyond what they have just now done in the unavoidable rise of their price; and they know and feel, that in times like these, there is a duty and a satisfaction in struggling by themselves as much as possible against unpleasant contingencies.

CLARISSA and PHILIP-DRAMATICUS, if possible, next week. A FRIEND TO TRUE RELIGION, QUAVER and ROBERT H. are received.—BRUTUS is thanked for his communication.

## THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, JANUARY 1.

DISPATCHES have been received from Admirals COLLINGWOOD and COTTON, but their contents have not yet transpired. The *Swallow* has brought intelligence of the junction of Sir JOHN MOORE and Sir DAVID BAIRD, and so far from thinking it improbable, one can only wonder why it was not effected a month ago. Nothing, it is said, is in the way of the junction now. But what could have been in the way before? If there is no obstruction when BONAPARTE is every where victorious, what hindrance could there have been when his victories were doubtful? Would it not have been better to attack armies weakened by fighting and ignorant of the country, than to have waited till the refreshed giant returned, vain of his prowess and strengthened by experience? I would not insinuate any thing against the two Generals; they are, as far as we know them, gallant and skilful men, and there can be no doubt that they and their soldiers will fight well whenever they meet the enemy: but there is a mystery in the past delay, which any future achievement would only serve to render more wonderful; and an explanation must be sought elsewhere.

Nothing then has actually been done since the French entered Madrid, but much is in preparation; and the relative situations at present of the conflicting armies seem to be these.—The Duke of ISTRIA, BELLUNO, and DANTZIC (BESSIERES, VICTOR, and LEBERBE) with their divisions, are in Madrid and its neighbourhood. NEY has left Saragossa for Guadalaxara; MONTIEN is gone to Catalonia to join DUBESME and SAINT CYR; and RUFIN has proceeded for Cuena. The fifth and eighth new divisions have just entered Spain, and are to be stationed at Vittoria, to protect the communication with the frontiers, while two divisions of cavalry have taken the road to Talavera la Reina on the Tagus, in order to cut off the retreat of the British by the road they left Lisbon. The British, however, seem in no such haste to retreat, and should re-



be wished they have not been deluded into too great a reliance on the words and friendship of the natives. The enemy is now on three sides of them. ROMANA is reported to have 20,000 men at Leon, but it is scarcely necessary to observe, after all we have seen, that not the least reliance is to be placed on the account of numbers from any quarter. Multiplication is the only arithmetic in use in one view of the matter, and subtraction the only one in the other. The most encouraging consideration is, that so good an officer as Sir JOHN MOORE, and no maker of bad conventions, is the Commander-in-Chief; the most discouraging, that BONAPARTE has reached the heart of the country, a proceeding of which he would certainly have been cautious, had he not well weighed the general result.

The majority of Papers, with I know not what sort of wisdom, seem to think better of the Spaniards, the less they do. If BONAPARTE gives a loose to his ill-temper, and inveighs against the natives and their allies, they construe his rage into terror, and think he is instantly going to be annihilated. But they know little of this man's heart, if they think he has not sufficient rage left, in consequence of his first failure, to load the Spaniards with revengeful reproach. If he is willing to spare Madrid the horrors of a general assault, they take it for granted he is afraid of assaulting, whereas they utterly forget that it is his policy to preserve the capital as entire as he can for his brother JOSEPH, especially when he knew very well that it would be given up to him as it was. The tone of newspaper music must still be triumphant though the instrument is cracked and worn out, and fit for nothing else, like one of their own horns, but to puff falsehood and nonsense into notoriety. A little while ago they cried out that the inhabitants of Madrid were full of enthusiasm and determined to fight to the last extremity; it now appears that there was little or no fighting at all, and yet they must still insist upon their old prophecy. At last, they convert bolsters and bedding into enthusiasm, and gravely wish us to believe that the Spaniards were brave and resolved because they barricaded their windows with furniture; they catch at a story of a butcher's boy, who, in the Bulletins, is said to have proposed at one of the gates that the Duke of ISTRIA should come into the town blindfolded; but what stuff is this about bolsters and butcher's boys! There is one simple question to put to these Gentlemen, and then there is an end of the matter. How comes it that the inhabitants of Madrid did not fight a jot after all?

A Proclamation to the Portuguese from a person who is called the Governor of the Kingdom arrived by yesterday's mail, and appeared in the Evening Papers; but is not worthy of insertion for its own sake, and certainly not for the sake of translation, which is the most wretched I ever saw. It is a mere appeal to the patriotism of the people, whom it praises in the most

fulsome manner, talking of its unceasing efforts and admired heroism. This is strange language from a set of men, who published but a day or two ago a Proclamation to this very People, painting the miseries of their commotions and wondering what civil fury could torment them. The upper orders of the Portuguese are quite as corrupt as those of Spain, and the whole of the lower orders are possessed of about the same spirit as the quintessence of St. Giles's, and if they move for any body, it is only in hopes of getting something at any rate in the general disturbance. I verily believe they love the French quite as well as the English, and indeed better, for the English are heretics, and the English were connected with their old government, which was an infamous one, and deserted them. The daily papers may be as infatuated as they please, and think to do good to the cause of truth by concealing the truth; but with what little can be done in this paper, it shall never encourage Englishmen to exalt nothing into something and truth into falsehood, while they have so many great and vital interests to pursue that *must soon supersede and unmask every other consideration.*

Some wag in the papers has asserted, that the whole of the persons concerned in the Convention have been dismissed from inquiry with the highest applause! What, when they even condemn each other! However, this is the Board's concern, and not the country's. The Generals must of course be brought to a court-martial, if it is merely for their own satisfaction.

We have to announce a serious addition to the catalogue of disasters from the late tremendous storm. The Crescent, of 36 guns, is totally lost off Jutland, and her Commander, Capt. TEMPLE, together with the whole of the crew, except forty men, perished!—She had recently sailed from the Nore to the Baltic.

The Orestes brings an account of the loss of his Majesty's ship Jupiter, of 50 guns, and one of the transports, going into Vigo, but happily the whole of the crews were saved.

The Loire frigate sailed some time ago from this country for Spain, with two millions of dollars, arms, &c. for the use of the Patriots. On her passage, when off L'Orient, she was approached during the night by a large ship, which she soon found to be 74 of the enemy, who poured a broadside into her. The Loire returned the charge, undisturbed by the enemy's superiority, and continued a sharp action of half an hour with the 74. The Captain of the Loire, mindful however of the nature of the service upon which he had been sent, and of the risk to which it might be exposed in so unequal a contest, thought it prudent to sheer off, returning the enemy's compliment with a salute of a broadside. We are happy to hear, that the loss of the Loire in this gallant action is very inconsiderable, and that she pursued her destination without having received any material damage.

All the Highland regiments, both 1st and 2d battalions, at present in Great Britain, have received orders to hold themselves in readiness for embarkation on foreign service.





The fact of the disturbances in Oporto, and other parts of the unfortunate kingdom of Portugal, is at length admitted by the advocates of Ministers; the matter, indeed, being no longer disputable, since the appearance of the Proclamation of the Intendant-General of the Police.—The effects of these disorders, in the sacrifice of human life, is ascertained; but the immediate cause has yet received no explanation.

We find by the accounts received from Lisbon, that both in the Regency and in the people there seems to be a total insensibility to the dangers of their situation. One hundred thousand men were to be raised for the public defence; but such are the unhappy divisions that prevail, that no progress is made in this important department. It is in vain to expect an ardent zeal in the protection of a state, unless the people possess a community of interest with their rulers. If they are to be beasts of burthen, it matters to them little who are their drivers.

Letter from Officers, both in Sir DAVID BAIRD'S and Sir JOHN MOORE'S armies, concur in stating the privations to which they are all obliged to submit. These are very great, particularly Sir JOHN MOORE'S army. Officers carry about their personal baggage themselves—all public servants, whether as battmen, servants, &c, have been taken away, General MOORE being determined to have as many muskets as possible. At first, it is said, the Staff grumbled, but latterly all saw the necessity of the measure; instead of every Captain, and every two Subalterns, having each a tent, seven Officers sleep in one tent, and Field-Officers, Staff Officers, and others, entitled to have horses, are obliged to rub down and clean them themselves. The large ratio of men has been diminished in both armies, and without any inconvenience having been felt. Never were any armies in greater health. Several corps, particularly the 72d and 92d, had not a sick man, after marches of some hundred miles.

The French Bulletins contained in this day's Paper, reached Government in rather a curious manner: they were found in an open boat, on the French coast, which was picked up by one of our cruisers. This is not the first time that BONAPARTE has kindly favoured the good people of England with news after his own taste. These Bulletins are supposed by many to be written by the FRENCH EMPEROR himself. It is lucky for him (though unfortunate for mankind) that he is not compelled to earn a subsistence by his pen.

HIS MAJESTY'S order to re-assemble the Board of Inquiry upon the Convention of Cintra, was given, it is said, upon defects in the Report, which did not state a difference of opinion entertained upon a material point, submitted to its consideration, with sufficient clearness. The Board, re-assembled accordingly, on Tuesday, and amended its Report for the purpose of being laid, without delay, before his MAJESTY.

It is reported, that soon after the Meeting of Parliament, one of the first measures will be a further augmentation of the disposable force of the country, and that the measure of volunteering from the militia corps, will again be resorted to.

The following is a literal copy of an application to the Magistrates, at the late Quarter Sessions of the county of Surrey, for a licence, by a would-be Itinerant Preacher:—

"I. M. Doth Here by A. Ply for a Lisuns too preach the Gospel of Crist the Lord."

The late Earl of LIVERPOOL has left to his eldest son, the present Earl, 15,000l. per annum. To his widow, 700l. per annum for life, in addition to her former jointure of 1000l. per annum; and the present Earl has added 500l. per annum to his father's bequest. To the Hon. CECIL JENKINSON, his second son, he has left 1000l. per annum, in addition to an estate of near 300l. per annum, of which Mr. CECIL JENKINSON is already in possession, by the death of a relation. To Lady CHARLOTTE GRIMSTONE, now Lady FORRESTER, he has left the 700l. per annum bequeathed to the Countess of Liverpool, after her decease.

At this season of the year, when the rich are indulging in all the comforts of life, it is to be hoped they do not forget that many thousands of their fellow-creatures are pining with hunger, pinched with cold, and suffering all "the sad varieties of woe."—The wealthy have much in their power; and there is scarcely a person who is not absolutely poor but could afford some relief to suffering indigence. It should never be forgotten, that *Charity* covers a multitude of sins.

On Tuesday last a person belonging to Drury-lane Theatre, who had mounted by a ladder to the top of that building, with intention to sweep off the snow, fell, and, extraordinary as it may appear, pitched on a great quantity of snow in the waste ground near Bridges-street, without sustaining any serious injury.

The mistress of an ample domain and family mansion, in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, is considered a most eccentric character. Her benevolence is unbounded, and she possesses a most amiable disposition; but she imbibes the most whimsical ideas. A few days since she imagined that the Prince of Darkness had taken his abode in the backs of certain ancient family chairs, and, in order to serve Satan with an action of ejection, she sent for a carpenter, and compelled him, in her presence, to reduce the chairs to stools. The backs, of course, were condemned to that element where the Satanic enemy is supposed to reside. This Lady, on a former occasion, received, as a present, a most beautiful animal of the horned species, brought from Perit. She was extremely partial to it, and the little favourite was placed on the lawn before the house, where its tricks and appearance delighted the family. The fond mistress having one day left a rose, which she had plucked in the garden, on the steps of the hall, the favourite not only breathed the fragrance of the flower, but ate the damask buds. Before he had finished his repast the Lady noticed the act, and she immediately turned away from her favourite, and would never see it again. She entertained an idea that the animal had violated her hospitality, by destroying her favourite flower. Many other instances of refined singularity have distinguished this Lady among her neighbours.—*Morning Herald.*

ODD INCIDENT.—A Gentleman passing by a shop-door, a few days since, meditating intensely upon some purpose he was about to effect, exclaimed to himself "I will." The shopkeeper at the same time wanting the assistance of one of his boys, who, it appears, was called *Will*, bawled out lustily "you *Will*!" The passenger however thinking this an impertinent reply to his own exclamation, angrily turned about, and facing the shopkeeper, retorted sharply, "Yes, sir, by G—, I will!"



## AMERICA AND MR. COBBETT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Though I perceive you are no great admirer of the Americans, yet as your animadversions are always candid and gentlemanlike, and wholly devoid of party rancour, I should hope you would not refuse to insert the following remarks on the illiberality and coarseness of Mr. COBBETT'S strictures on the American character:—

There is a species of madness which exhibits itself only on one subject, or on one particular occasion. On every other it enjoys composure and perfect sanity, but the bare mention of this one gives wildness to the countenance, incoherence to the ideas, and rhapsody to the utterance of them. I mean to be understood in the most literal and serious sense, when I say that Mr. Cobbett is in this lamentable state, and the fire to the touchwood of his imagination is resentment against America. As a proof of this, when an idea of America comes across his mind, though engaged on a subject that has not the most distant relation to it, his pulse immediately beats high; his blood boils; he rages; he maddens.—If he is expressly on the subject of the United States, the instant he commences it, his reason takes flight. Instead of the solid ground of truth on which he so frequently takes his argumentative stand, his bewildered reason scrambles and splashes as it were in the bogs of sophistry, and he throws at the Americans the foulest dirt of invective. “Stupidity, ignorance, cowardice, avarice, sensuality, every base feeling and every vicious action is theirs.” They are “polltroons, vain fools, foolish beasts, bullies, base wretches, a profligately dishonest people, whom when he left he shook the dust off his shoes, and pronounced on them a curse!” “The Americans,” says the enraged Mr. COBBETT, in his Register, “are truly a miserable people. It is quite impossible for people to have a common chance of happiness amidst such continual strife which is found to exist in every village, though it contain but half a dozen houses or huts. Some pettyfogger is sure to put his poisonous paw into every man's mess. The most despicable scoundrels contrive to get good neighbours at war with each other. There is no such thing as justice in the legal decisions except by chance. Half the country is annually perjured! It is an abuse of words to talk of the liberties of the people, in a country where there is no public morality. Where contracts and oaths are made to be broken, neither property nor person can be safe.” Can such raving, such a farrago of nonsense as this come from a man whose brain is altogether right? So! the Americans, whom Mr. COBBETT acknowledges to have the Trial by Jury and the Common Law with Englishmen, are in a worse condition than the savages of Africa! The Americans, who are acknowledged to have every year since the establishment of her independence rapidly increased from a small population to one which now nearly equals that of Great Britain, and whose

agriculture, trade and commerce has proportionably advanced; this flourishing state is forsooth the consequence of injustice, strife, and perjury! But “without truth,” says Dr. JOHNSON, “there must be a dissolution of society. Society is held together by communication and information, and I remember this remark of Sir T. BROWN, “Do the Devils lie?—No; for then Hell could not subsist.”

Did I not think the perpetual, the outrageous ravings of Mr. COBBETT against the Americans substantiated his slightness of brain when he is on a subject concerning them, I would say to him, “Sir, do you suppose the people of England so simple as to listen to the multiplied invectives against America of a man who fled from their vengeance in consequence of his inability to pay heavy damages, which they awarded against him for a libel. You are not an impartial judge of the conduct and character of the Americans. Seeing you are biased by prejudice and passion on one subject, I do not give you much credit for your impartiality on others, especially as I know you to have changed from the admirer and supporter, to the inveterate enemy of all Mr. PITT'S measures. Such versatility of opinion, if it does not shew depravity of heart, proves poverty of judgment. To-day you inveigh against the tyranny of NAPOLEON. What security is there that tomorrow you may not be its admirer?”—There is not a moment's certainty which way the weathercock may change. To Mr. COBBETT in his ravings at America, I may fairly apply Dr. JOHNSON'S answer to Mr. BOSWELL; who had heard Mr. HUME say that “he was no more uneasy to think he should not be after this life than that he had not been before he began to exist.” “Sir,” said the Doctor, “if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed, he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies.”—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

AN AMERICAN.

Letters of Service have, it is said, been granted for levying nine new regiments.

The English (says an old traveller) are people who laugh at the tenderness of other nations, because they seem to make hanging appear to be such a shocking thing!—Their great courage leads them to look upon hanging as a trifle, and they think nothing of the pretended disgrace which strangers suppose is attached to the families of persons thus executed. As soon as a malefactor is apprised of his execution, he thinks of nothing but to get cleaned shayed, and, if he has them, to wear either his wedding suit of white, or otherwise a suit of mourning. Sometimes they will even have their coffins carried with them in the cart. Nothing pleases even these people better than the thought of being decently buried. Assured of this, their minds are at rest.—Sometimes the ordinary who attends them receives a written paper, to be printed after their decease; and sometimes young women in white have preceded the



procession, strewing flowers and oranges. However, here and there about the streets an air of cheerfulness is generally assumed; yet I have seen some go to Tyburn very wretched in appearance, both in body and mind: and I once met a very fine young woman, very well dressed, in St. James's park, lamenting for the loss of her father, who had been executed a month before, *only for counterfeiting the coin of the kingdom*; but every country has its peculiar laws and customs.

## THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 37.

*Ambition of new performers. Its bad effect even on their proper talent. Mr. Kent's first appearance as Sir George Airy. His failure. Satire in the shape of a cocked hat.—Mrs. Beaumont's second appearance in London. Its inferiority to her first. Country rant. A word on wigs.—Ceremony of laying the first stone of the new theatre. Freemasonry. Mr. R. Smirke.*

DRURY-LANE.

It is a great pity that new performers cannot content themselves with a less ambitious outset, than the performance of the most prominent characters. The poet may say, that in great attempts failure itself is glorious, but a writer of honest prose would much rather call it ridiculous. Poetry itself for instance is a direct contradiction of this piece of sophistry, since those who have failed in the epic have undergone more contempt than those who have not reached the descriptive: a mere flower painter gains little glory by daubing history, and a fiddler is by no means sought out for concerts because he has spoiled HANDEL. An actor therefore, whether good or bad, should beware of attempting an arduous line, before he is certain he shall not undergo the fate of the jumper in the fable, and leap a foot instead of a furlong. If he has powers, he will inevitably rise to his proper height by degrees and his modesty will be exalted with him; if he has no powers, he might as well attempt to jump off a house and become a fixed star, as hope to remain in his elevation; nay, he will scarcely be able to resume even his proper level without feeling the effects of his rashness and smarting at his fall, for though the world is made up of credulities, yet there is nothing it resents so much as an attempt to impose on its discernment; and if the majority have very little discernment at all, they will for that very reason be cautious of trusting a second appeal to it, lest they should be cheated a second time without knowing it. Common readers, to this day, are unwilling to believe that COWLEY could write naturally, because they have always regarded him, and with justice, as a writer of gross affectation; and I have known some persons astonished to hear that the illustrious Mr. THOMAS DIBDIN could produce a decent ballad, because they have always regarded him as a miserable dramatist.

If Mr. KENT, the young gentleman who made his first appearance at this theatre on Tuesday last, had reasoned a little in this manner, he would not have prejudiced the town against any humbler future attempt by appearing as *Sir George Airy* in the *Busy Body*, a character certainly beyond his powers. His demeanour is gentlemanly, and he has more self-possession with less appearance of pre-

sumption, than any new actor in the same way that I have witnessed for some time: but though a genteel and modest carriage is a qualification of double rarity on the stage, yet it is by no means the great requisite to a representation of fops and gallants; Mr. KENT has an ungainly habit of stooping, is too heavy in his movements, and wears an aspect of too great monotony and gravity, for the jauntiness and shifting pleasantry of a theatric fine gentleman, and if *Sir George* had any merit in his hands, the ladies, I am afraid, would not have loved much to so altered a character. Mr. KENT, in the absence of Mr. BARTLEY, might be of use in the secondary gentlemen of comedy, of whom there is always great want at the theatres, especially at Drury-lane; for Mr. H. SIDONS, when in the drawing-room, has always too tragic a buoyancy towards the attics, and Mr. DE CAMB, who is really excellent in a laced hat, too direct a gravitation towards the kitchen. It is curious to see, what firm possession Mr. HOLLAND has obtained of these secondary characters by the mere force of a gentlemanly appearance and a manner, neither comic, tragic, nor farcical. If the new performer, however, succeeds in the vocal character which it is said he means to attempt next, he will have one great advantage over the majority of singers, for there is but one vocal performer at present who gives us an idea of the gentleman. It is one of the mysteries of musical taste, that it seems to have no influence, like a taste for other arts, in refining the manners.

An actor like BANNISTER should be above all the little cant of his profession, especially the cant of full dress. It is impossible to see him in his excellent representation of *Marplot* without exclaiming like the servant in *Three and the Deuce* "Where can he have got that hat!" Not content with wearing a cocked-hat upon common occasions, like every foolish actor who dresses for the house, he must mount a cockade in it, though *Marplot* has not only no commission, but no courage even. Surely this "mad wig" does not mean to be facetious upon some of our modern heroes.

COVENT GARDEN COMPANY, HAYMARKET.

Mrs. BEAUMONT from the Glasgow theatre, who received and deserved so much praise on her first appearance in London last week as *Belvidera*, performed the part of *Alicia* in *Jane Shore* on Thursday night, but neither received nor deserved a repetition of the same applause. I make allowance of course for the difference of plays, since ROWE, who is so declamatory, cannot shine through bad acting as well as good like OTWAY, who is all vital fire; and *Alicia*, it is granted, with her tempest of feeling, is a dangerous character for the heroine of a country theatre: but there is rage, and there is rapt; and an actress who is in good humour with her reception and inclined to think more of her audience than her character, is too apt to forget the passion of the moment for the pride. It is the due praise of Mrs. BEAUMONT, that whenever she had a passage of less noisy feeling, especially a pathetic one, she gave it its best effect: the tremendous and not very natural oath which *Alicia* takes to satisfy *Jane Shore* of her friendship, was delivered with a fervent solemnity worthy of the best performer, and no sensibility was wanting to her parting moments with *Hastings*; but wherever the anger of the original enabled her to exert her lungs, there the country actress appeared, there the



reasonable wishes of the pit and boxes were put to flight, and the heaven of the galleries taken by storm. This is not the way to be put in competition again with the best actresses of the time: it is the mere level of Mrs. LITFIELD, of whose broad flat voice I was frequently reminded by Mrs. BEAUMONT's middle tones, which are certainly not her best. It is not romantic to speak of ladies' wigs; but a grave stage critic has no business with romance and a good deal with mere outside, and Mrs. BEAUMONT does not shew a sound or politic taste in her partiality for white perukes. Ladies with white hair may be as impassioned as the most glowing of brunettes, but it is not the received opinion; and when a tragic actress has a choice of colours, I know not what critic, painter, or poet would think of recommending her a flaxen wig. All the usages of all the arts cry out against an appendage, so awkward and unmeaning. When Sir JOSHUA drew Mrs. SIDMONS as the *Tragic Muse*, I dare say he would as soon have given her a fishwife's hat as a flaxen wig.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of Covent Garden Theatre was performed yesterday noon. The stone was first raised aloft and then lowered to its base near the N.E. side in the face of Hart-street; the Prince with his attendant Masons proceeded to work amidst drums and trumpets; and the whole business, from his entrance to his exit, did not occupy more than half an hour. Of course, the gravity of the grown gentlemen in their aprons and triangles was a little jocose; but as the dinner-loving JOHNSON said that a literary society was nothing without something to eat, so perhaps a society of philosophers cannot hold together without something to play at: the architectural studies of the Masons are at any rate better than the supernatural nonsense of their predecessors, the Illuminati and the Rosicrucians; and nobody can be disposed to quarrel with a set of men, whose great object is the inculcation of the social duties, and who have certainly rendered themselves celebrated for their practical charity. Mr. R. SMIRKE, son of the distinguished Academician, is the architect of the new theatre; and though it would seem that Mr. GANDY, a man of known and truly great genius in his profession, had higher claims for the erection of a national ornament, yet it is pleasing to see a promising young artist, who has travelled to gain a knowledge of his profession, thus put in possession not only of an opportunity to stamp his fame, but of a profit that may enable him still to pursue his studies like a gentleman and a man of genius.

Upwards of 200 workmen, it seems, were busily employed, until a late hour on Friday night, in completing the preparations for the ceremony at Covent Garden, and fixing a platform for the spectators. There was a cavity in the stone for the reception of a brass round box, which was filled with medals, coins of the present reign, and other commemorative materials and inscriptions, and deposited in the stone. His Royal Highness used, upon this occasion, a silver trowel of curious workmanship. A *marquee* was erected on the spot, for his accommodation and that of his party. Four flags were hoisted at the four angles of the building; six military bands were upon the ground. A party of the Horse Guards, amounting to 110, and a party of 250 of the Foot Guards, attended at an early hour.

THE CEREMONY OBSERVED ON THE OCCASION OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW THEATRE-ROYAL IN COVENT-GARDEN.

The Grand Lodge was opened at twelve o'clock.

At half past twelve, proceeded to the place assigned, to wait the arrival of the G. M. which was announced by the air of "*God save the King*."

The G. M., followed by the Grand Officers; proceeded from the covered place assigned to receive them, to the place prepared for the ceremony, through an arch raised for the purpose.

The upper part of the stone being raised, the G. T. deposited in it the coins and medals.

The cement being then prepared, the G. M. adjusted the same with his trowel, and the stone was let down whilst a martial air was played.

The G. M. then tried the work by the plumb, the level, and the square, which were severally presented to him by the J. W. the S. W. and Deputy G. M., and having found it correct, he laid the stone, by giving three knocks with his mallet.

The corn, wine, and oil, were then presented to the G. M., when he scattered and poured them on the stone, and immediately afterwards delivered to the Architect the plan of the building, desiring him to complete the structure according to that plan; wishing him success and prosperity to the work, and the general object of it.

A *feu de joie* was then fired, and the G. M. retired.

The Brothers then returned to the Hall in procession, and the Grand Lodge closed.

His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, the Grand Master, did not join in the procession, but met it at the Theatre. After the ceremony the members of the procession, and all the parties interested, with their friends, adjourned to the Freemasons' Tavern to dinner.—The spectators, in consequence of the ticket restrictions, were rather select than numerous.

## TO THE REV. DR. WARREN OF EDMONTON.

Rob not the poor *because* he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in the gate;

For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the seal of those that spoiled them.—PROV. ch. 22, ver. 22, 23.

SIR,—This dreadful malediction is yours, for you have robbed the poor by placing your son in a charitable public seminary, exclusively intended for the children of poor though respectable parents, while you have ample means of educating yours with an income of one thousand a-year. Your assertion that this is insufficient to afford a suitable education to your son, is contradicted by the well-known fact that the sons of the Clergy whose incomes are less than yours, are among the best educated in the land, and that the sons of men in general of your income are well educated. You have told, therefore, not only a falsehood, but a falsehood of the most audacious kind, as by its publication in a pamphlet you have boldly advanced it in the face of the Public. Crime is proportioned to the obligations to virtue; you stand, therefore, high on the catalogue of guilt, for yours are no ordinary obligations to an equitable intercourse with mankind. They are the universally looked-for and sacred obligations of example from a Clergyman, the express purpose of whose profession is to inculcate love to God and man, as well by *practice* as precept. You do the latter in the pulpit, but out out of it you reverse your precept. In your practice you aim at the impossibility of serving "two masters, God and Mammon." You exhort to charity for the sake of the former and defraud the poor in attachment to the latter. I shudder, Sir, to think of the *impiety* of this



conduct! You assume the sacred character of Ambassador, but act as traitor to your God; you array yourself in the sacerdotal vestments; you assume the white surplice, the emblematic robe of purity; you present the blessed cup in a communion of pious love, and in commemoration of that amiable and holy Person, the essence of whose religion is charity, you consecrate yourself and others to the service of God, and all the while you are covered with the black disgrace of irreligion and uncharitableness, in depriving the poor of his right! you injure not only the poor, but religion itself in the hearts of lukewarm Christians, who excuse themselves in the misconduct of such Pastors, and thus pierce with grief the hearts of all its well-wishers, among whom is, Sir, your Addressor,

A BENEFICED CLERGYMAN.

### FINE ARTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

—Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.—OVID.

MR. EXAMINER,

I HAVE observed with much pleasure the interest you occasionally take in devoting one or two columns of your Paper to the present state and progress of the Arts in this Country: and as much must depend on a proper discrimination of what is really so, and the ultimate object it is intended to accomplish—permit me as an individual, whose attention has in no trifling degree been directed to enquiries of this nature, amidst the prevalence of opinion, to offer such occasional remarks as observation and experience may be allowed to justify.

It has been universally admitted by the ablest Critics, that what more immediately claims the character of Fine Art, and places the power of the Painter in competition with that of the Poet, is an exhibition of sentiment, and a correct delineation of the passions of the mind, as they are effected by the virtues or their contrary emotions.

In the extraordinary productions of the ancient artists, this appears to have been their constant object; and taking a nobler aim than merely supplying the more elegant appendages of furniture, they have sought to address the mind with rational pleasure, by perpetuating particular events connected with the history of their country, or in the most perfect and beautiful combinations of the human form:—Undoubted specimens of the latter we are now in possession of, and the celebrated works of Phidias, esteemed the ornament of Athens, have been taken from the walls of the Parthenon, and translated (if I may use the term), to our own shores. How much the Art is indebted to my Lord Elgin for this inestimable treasure, aspiring excellence will best evince. What a criterion they hold forth for simplicity, for taste, and every feeling that is admirable in art.

But, alas! Mr. EXAMINER, amidst the most splendid productions, like Tantalus we are surrounded by the fruit, which for want of a more liberal and protecting power, must and for ever will elude our grasp:—Enough has now been done, to prove that Genius is not the inheritance of particular climates, that it bursts forth equally in the works of the sublime Therwaisen at the foot of Ecla, with the warmth of the most celebrated sculptors: from individual exertion, unassisted by the fostering protection of the Government, it has attained a pre-eminence in Great Britain

that speaks most eloquently for its native genius, contradicting the bold and unfounded assertions of the Abbe du Bos, Montesquieu, and other French writers. But it is not sufficient the germ exists within us, it must be cherished and brought forward:—Much time is necessary, attended with the most serious application, to form a great Artist; and works that claim a lasting reputation, are not the result of a day, but often require months, nay sometimes years, to their completion. But how can this be expected from any individual, (however much he may be prompted by inclination) to sacrifice his private interests to public opinion without any certain prospect of honour or reward?

Mr. EXAMINER, I am grieved to see how little this has been felt in the Premiums offered this year by the British Institution for the best productions in Historical, and other classes of Painting. The stimulus held out as the reward of liberal minds, and the result of many months application, is the splendid donation of fifty pounds! and even this is withheld at the discretion of the Governors! What a cheering prospect for the young Tyro! after the magnificent professions, printed and sent forth to the world, annexed with the names of all the pomp and rank of the country! Mr. EXAMINER, it is not necessary for me to state to you, that the mere frame of a picture of any size would cost more money.—Where then shall the Artist seek remuneration for all his expense and study? But the event has sufficiently proved how futile, nay how unworthy the distinguished names that fill the list of Governors, is such trifling. And although some young gentlemen have come forward with a stimulus that does them much honour, accompanied by productions that augur fair for future excellence; yet among the attempts at historic Painting, not a name is to be found whose maturer studies would have ornamented the Institution, and placed the Arts in that desirable point of view, which appears so much the wish of this Establishment to promote:—for however Antigallian we may desire to remain in every Political question, yet the spirit with which the present French Government has taken up the Arts, will ultimately reflect back the highest honor on the liberal zeal of the Country and its Professors. The prize premium given at Paris for the best Historical Picture is one thousand guineas, and a certain provision during the life of the Artist; affording him an opportunity of pursuing uninterrupted those studies it is impossible otherwise to perfect; I shall say nothing of the honours that accompany them—but “Humanum est errare.”

AN ARTIST.

\* Is not this too general or premature an assertion?—Editor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—The regard you manifest for the Fine Arts induces me to request the insertion in your Paper of some observations upon an invidious dispute on the various modes of Engraving. The display of illiberality among the Professors themselves, as well as the mountebank quackery of some recent prospectus writers, and others, who vend their works, has been so disgracefully gross, that one should have imagined it would, like the poison of some serpents, bring its antidote with it: but the discussion yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, in the affair of *Boydell v. Drummond*, has, so far as it went, added new evidence of the acrimonious spirit which prevails. Those Artists who furnished instructions to the Counsel of Mr. Drummond in that cause, appear not to have done it in a manner at all creditable to themselves as professors of a liberal art, or to the defendant as a patron of it; but what indeed was to be expected from him, who meanly abandoned *Macklin's Bible* just in the same way he did *Boydell's Shakespeare*? This recollection induces



my surprise at the slavish solicitude in the present case of a certain eminent Engraver, who shone in that work a star of great, I may not say the first, magnitude; his not being the highest walk of the Art. *Personal feelings* seem to be his main-spring of action, but he ought to be careful how he aims a dagger at the reputation of those, whom a common interest ought rather to incline to aid as brethren. This lover of truth asks why the Boydells did not employ certain Artists in their Shakspeare, who had actually been for years reposing in the silent tomb!! If Mr. Boydell had indeed been gifted by Heaven with the power of raising the dead, he might have engaged Raphael and Michael Angelo. As correctness and veracity in writing are of some value, I leave it to others to decide (from the facts above stated) how far this Critic's writings are to be received as *Scriptures*. Perhaps I may have too far digressed from the purpose for which I took up my pen, which was that of attempting to controvert some points which might establish themselves in the minds of many of your Readers, from the Examiner's report of the proceedings yesterday at Guildhall; it being there stated in evidence, that "a good chalk engraving is better than an indifferent, or bad, line one;" and as the evidence of Artists, to this end, was not in a single instance gone into, this admission was pleaded upon as a sort of mathematical axiom by Mr. Parke. Had the case gone on, I trust there would have been abundance of evidence from Artists, both Painters and Engravers, in every walk of the Art too, bearing honourable testimony in behalf of that mode of practice which was so contemned. Shall it be said with impunity, that the works of Schiavonetti, Cardon, Thew, Agar, Hayward, and many others, are to be held up to derision and contempt? Works which will shed a lustre on their names, and on their country and age, so long as Art shall be justly estimated! I assert these things on evidence which cannot be disputed—upon that of living Painters eminently great; also of the immortal Reynolds, whose consummate knowledge in all the principles of Art, has rendered him the oracle of British Artists. It is notoriously a fact, that when Hayward brought his finished proof of the *Infant Academy* to this great man, he declared it to be one of the finest productions that ever appeared; and actually carried it about in a sort of triumph to his amateur and professional friends. Such also was his feeling respecting the *Mrs. Siddons in the Tragic Muse*, by the same Engraver—certainly one amongst the best specimens of the Art. It is a grand display of the mind, every sublime conception, and all the executive principles of the painting, which it conveys to the imagination in every thing but colour. Then surely these *javans* cannot be contemptible which attain so difficult, so exalted an end. There are certainly many pictures which cannot be translated, as a sage Critic has of late defined it, with so much truth in the line manner. Such are the generality of those painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, by some of our living Painters, and not a few of the old Masters. Of the works of living Artists I will only name one by Peter—the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, (in Boydell's Shakspeare) by Thew: a brilliant specimen of execution, which has seldom been excelled in any department of engraving. I am equally ready to maintain that the mode which is wholly performed by lines is greatly to be preferred in many cases; and that it exclusively reigns in the province of Landscape: but it cannot hence be inferred that every other style is degraded and unworthy to be called a work of Art. Are the productions of Farlow, Green, Turner, nay, a host in that walk, to be pointed at with the finger of derision, because they have been executed in mezzotinto? Or can the mighty dabbler about styles of engraving draw the human figure as well as any one of the distinguished Artists I have named? It may, and I have no doubt would have been urged, if debated among the Lawyers, that mezzotinto is no engraving at all. Those Gentlemen would likewise have made the important discovery that its progress is rapid beyond all comparison with the line or the dotted manner; and consequently, as I must suppose, too contemptible in itself for any value to be set upon it, or its Professors; especially as it becomes less expensive than the line or the dotted styles in something like a ratio of

the comparative length of time employed in execution. It was matter of this sort which Mr. Parke drew his conclusions from, in his pleadings upon the case of Boydell and Drummond, with respect to the comparative merits of the line, and the dotted or compound style of engraving. Now if the time employed upon any work of Art be made the criterion for judgment upon its merits, certainly an engraving in any style (no matter by whom or how it be executed) is amongst the most transcendent efforts of human skill: the Painter's art must sink into nothing before it; for that which the latter can accomplish in two months may arduously occupy the former as many years; and the picture for which the Painter receives five hundred guineas may be engraven at the expence of fifteen hundred; therefore, according to the pleadings alluded to, the Engraver is infinitely the greater Artist of the two! It appeared on that occasion to be imagined impossible for any except an exclusively line Engraver to execute a plate in that manner: but let them behold the works of Schiavonetti, who, alike eminently great in both styles, shews to the world that it is the mind, and the mind only, which rules in matters of Art, that the means are of minor consequence to the end; and that whatever mode an Artist pursues, whether a Painter uses water-colour or oil, or an Engraver one instrument or another, the grand principles of Art are the same, and as unchangeable as fate.

That there will always exist a difference in matters of Taste, is as certain as that the same thing prevails in Religion. Unhappily the disputes about which is best in the latter has frequently deluged the world in blood. The folly of both is equally manifest, since each may be good in its kind.

For modes in Art let babbling zealots fight:  
His can't be wrong who feels his Art aright.

The dotted or compound style now in practice, is as different from that called chalk at its first introduction, as the practice of Sharpe in the present day is from the works of Bruyan and others about the end of the sixteenth century: and I deny that the Engravers who practice their Art by a mixture of lines and dots, thereby proclaim the superiority of the former as a means towards the end they have to accomplish. It may as well be said Englishmen admit that, in Government, the wild anarchy of republicanism (lately the *ignis fatuus* of Frenchmen) is best, because our Ancestors chose to erect a House of Commons in the land.

It has not been my intention, either direct or implied, to attempt the elevation of one province of the Art to the injury of another. There is amongst the Professors of line engraving at present in this country, a constellation of talent which I idolize: amongst the eminent of these men I am assured, a feeling is entertained on this occasion correspondent with that elevation of mind which pervades their works. We have every one enough of difficulties to surmount in the prosecution of our pursuits, which in the present times are multiplied by contingencies: hence there are a thousand reasons to urge unanimity and goodwill, instead of "envy and all uncharitableness."

Having openly declared my admiration of the works of several living Artists, I may be imagined to have done like a certain modest Critic, who, reviewing his own, tells you with ineffable complacency "better there cannot be." To obviate this evil, I may perhaps incur a greater to myself; but, as I have on no occasion in life felt cause of shame for avowing my name, I will affix it to this, and am, Sir, yours most respectfully,

EDW. SCRIVEN.

Dec. 25, 1808.

A FEW SPECIMENS OF THE IGNORANCE, VANITY, SELFISHNESS, INDECENCY, AND IMPIETY, OF ONE WILLIAM HUNTINGDON, OF PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, (Extracted from his own book, the BANK OF FAITH.)

"One particular instance of Providence I here recollect also; which was, I had ordered my box of clothes to be left



at the Star Inn, at Maidstone, in Kent, for the Cranbrook carrier to bring to me; but he said it was not there: So I went to search after it, fearing it was lost. At this time I was so poor in pocket, that I had but one shilling left in all the world. However, I thought I should be able to go out and return again in one day, therefore that shilling would bear my charges; but, when I came to Maidstone, the box was not there; I was obliged to go further; and, in my return, I found myself so very weak and low, that I could not get back that day. The shilling was gone, my strength was gone, and the weather was very wet and cold; night, too, began to draw on apace; and at this time I was two miles from Maidstone, which was fourteen from Cranbrook. While I was thinking of, and mourning over, my miserable situation, I thought, if I were one that feared and loved God, as others in old time had done, I might have any thing at his hands; but, as for me, I had made him my enemy by sin, and therefore he would take no notice of me, nor of any body else in our days, for parsons and people were all wicked alike. Presently after this it came suddenly on my mind to go out of the foot-path, which led through the fields, to go into the horse-road; though, at the same time, the foot-path was by far the best. I had been in the road scarcely a minute, before I cast my eye on the ground, and there lay a sixpence. I took it up; before I had walked many steps farther, there lay a shilling also. I took that up, and it supplied my necessities at that time very well. These manifold providences and answers to prayer did, at times, deeply impress my mind that God had some regard for me: but when sin was committed, all these thoughts were blasted."—Page 30, 31.

"Going to my work, cruelly reflecting on myself for parting with all my money, just as I entered the garden-gates I saw a partridge lie dead on the walk. I took it up, and found it warm; so I carried it home, and it richly supplied the table of our little one that day. A few days after this my master told me he had found a partridge on the garden-walk also, but that it stunk. I told him I had found one a little before that time. He said that two males had been fighting, and had killed each other, which was very common. But I was enabled to look higher.

"Carnal reason always traces every thing from God to second causes, and there leaves them floating upon uncertainties; but faith traces them up to their first cause, and fixes them there: by which means God's hand is known, and himself glorified. I believe this battle between the plumed warriors was proclaimed by the Lord; for, if a sparrow falls not to the ground without God's leave (as the Scriptures declare); I can hardly think a partridge does."—Page 40, 41.

"Some time after this I took gospel courage, and asked my Master to give me a new bed; and importuned his ever-blessed and most excellent Majesty until I got it. Perceiving that the Lord approved of a bold, though not of a presumptuous, beggar, agreeable to his word, *Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, &c.* I boldly asked him the favour, and persevered in it, until I was one day informed by a friend that four or five pious people were coming on such a day from London to visit me. Then my faith told me I should soon have the bed. Accordingly they came, and we had some comfortable conversation together. Toward evening they departed, giving me four guineas. O! what Christian in his right mind would murmur and complain at his poverty, when, with a watchful eye, he sees such liberal supplies poured forth from the inexhaustible stores of Providence! Thus God, who provided a comfortable lodging for Elisha the prophet, provided me a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick. 2 Kings, iv. 10."—Page 92.

"Another year having rolled over my head, I began to look about for my livery; for I always took care to let my most propitious Master know when my year was out. And indeed I wanted it bad enough, for riding on horseback soiled my clothes much more than walking did. However, my Lord exercised my faith and patience for six weeks together about this livery; and I looked all manner of ways for it; but every

door seemed shut up; and I could not see from what quarter it was to come. (You know, reader, we are all very fond of running before God; but he takes his own pace.) At length I was informed by Mr. Byrchmore, that a gentleman in Wells-street wanted to see me. Accordingly I went, and was admitted into the parlour to the gentleman and his spouse.—He wept, and begged I would not be angry at what he was going to relate; which was, that he had for some time desired to make me a present of a suit of clothes, but was afraid I should be offended at his offer, and refuse it.—'Ah!' says Envy, 'there need be no fear of that, for Methodist parsons are all for what they can get.' It is true; for we are commanded to covet earnestly the best gifts, and so we do, and expect a DOUBLE reward of the Lord—one in this world, the other in the next. And this is no more than our Master has promised to give us; for we are to receive an hundred fold in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting. I told the good man that I had been for some time expecting a suit of clothes, but knew not how to procure them. They both wept for joy upon my accepting them, and I wept for joy, that they gave them so freely. As they had been fearful that I should be offended at their offer, and not receive them, so I had been much exercised in my mind, lest my Master would not give them to me, as he usually had done. However, our minds were now eased of our fears on both sides, and I was clothed; and it was the best suit that I ever had. This is the fifth livery that my trembling hand of faith put on my back, and every one came from a different quarter. The name of the good man who gave me this suit is Randall, in Wells-street, Oxford-Market. I mention his name to shew that I cannot keep such secrets, because he strictly charged me not to let it be known." P. 94, &c.

(To be continued.)

## POLICE.

### WORSHIP-STREET.

On Saturday se'night, a cause of real interest and importance to all keepers of public-houses came on to be heard at this office. Several Methodists of St. Luke's Parish, having formed themselves into a Committee, and resolved to shut up the public-houses in their parish on the whole of the day on Sundays, caused informations to be laid against five or six publicans, to begin with, which came on to be tried on the above day.

Samuel Burland, of Tabernacle-walk, the informer, said he was deputed by the Committee to go into the public-houses in their parish; he, in consequence, went on Sunday evening, the 18th ult. about nine o'clock, to the house of Mr. Bullman, the King's-Arms, in the City-road, where he saw persons with pints of beer before them; he did not know them, or where they lived, or how long they had been there.

Mr. HUMPHREYS, the Solicitor, contended, for the defendants, that on the part of the prosecution they were bound to shew to the Magistrates, that the persons sitting in the public-house alluded to, were there for the purpose of tippling, that they were not persons come there for necessary refreshment; without which the Magistrates could not convict Mr. Bullman, as the Lord's Day Act allowed necessary refreshment to travellers, &c. to be sold. He gave the gentlemen who prosecuted every credit for good motives, but their idea of shutting up public-houses at nine o'clock on a Sunday evening, reminded him of the Norman times, when no fire or candle was suffered after eight o'clock, and of a certain King, who perhaps had more wit than morality, and who observed of the Puritans of old, that they would not brew on a Saturday because they would not suffer their beer to work on a Sunday.

Sir W. PARSONS was fully of opinion, that the case now before them was not of that description to justify a conviction. The complaint was dismissed.

The other informations against other publicans were withdrawn, they being under similar circumstances. Several others were heard against the lower set of trades-people, among whom was a poor Barber for shaving a customer on a Sunday evening;



he was convicted in the penalty of five shillings, as were most of the other defendants.

HATTON-GARDEN.

On Wednesday a young man, who was detected at a late hour the preceding night with fire-arms about him, was brought up for examination, when he stated himself to be an apprentice, and that he had been amusing himself by performing the character of *Mathew*; at a Private Theatre. The Magistrate being rather incredulous, ordered him to be detained till the fact could be enquired into.

On Thursday Mr. Henry Lambert, late a pawnbroker, who had been burnt out in Portpool-lane, attended at this Office, and he detailed the following particulars of a most daring attack made upon him on Wednesday night last: Three men, he stated, addressed him, about nine o'clock, under pretence of delivering a letter, and pushed him into the kitchen of his late burnt house, bound him hands and feet with cords, gagged his mouth with twisted brass wire, and with corking pins, transversely fixed; the end of the brass wire they ran through his ears; the cord which bound him was suspended from the ceiling; the villains then robbed him of ten guineas and a metal watch, and left him in the utmost torture for eleven hours. His perilous situation was discovered by his groaning most horribly. Hancock, the Officer, on Thursday morning, at eight o'clock, released the sufferer, who was greatly exhausted. He has hardly any recollection of the persons of the robbers, the transaction having taken place in the dark; however, diligent search is making to find them out, if possible.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

A young man of the name of Stevens, servant to Mr. Tibbalt, of Charlotte-street, Portland-place, was sliding on a pond at Paddington on Sunday, with a youth eight years old, his master's nephew, when the former was drowned and the youth was with much difficulty saved. The servant was sliding by the young gentleman's head, and the middle of the pond was unfrozen, near to which the slide ended. Stevens saw the danger, and in disengaging the boy from him, to prevent both approaching the hole, the servant fell within two yards of the said hole, and the ice broke, and let both into the water. The servant went under the ice and was drowned, but the boy was saved.

A young man of the name of Younger, was also drowned on Sunday in the Park, and two boys met the same fate in the Hampstead-road on Saturday week.

On Friday a great crowd of people gathered round the house of a Mr. Hunt, a t'wain, in Chandos-street, Covent-Garden, on the supposition that a girl, who had been his servant, had lost her life through beating and starvation, as was universally circulated through the crowd. In the evening the popular indignation rose to such a height, that several panes of glass were broken in the house by the mob. Police Officers were called in, and the crowd was dispersed. An Inquest was then held at the Crown and Thistle, in the same street. The substance of the evidence was, that Ann Fane, the deceased, was a girl about 15 years of age, and had been a pauper in the Work-house of Lynn, in Norfolk, in consequence of her having been the orphan child of poor parents. She was taken a short time back into the service of Mr. H. as an apprentice. She was thought by her Mistress to be an untidy girl, and at different times received correction. From what cause it did not appear; but she fell into a dangerous state of ill-health. Dr. Merriman, of the Westminster Dispensary, prescribed for her at different times; but she was always in the company of Mrs. H. A relation frequently visited her, but always in the presence of Mrs. H. and nothing particular came out. A neighbour had frequently heard her cry out, and there were the marks of blows upon different parts of her person. But Dr. Merriman was of opinion that there was not any appearance whatever of injury, such as was sufficient to have occasioned the death of the patient, either internally or externally; and the deceased having been for some time ill, the verdict was—*Died a Natural Death.*

Monday, about noon, the body of a young woman, genteelly dressed in a black silk gown and crape bonnet, &c. was picked up floating in the Thames, near Execution Dock. She had not, apparently, been long in the water. Her name and connections are yet unknown; neither is there any knowledge of the means by which she was brought into that melancholy situation.

An inquisition was taken on Tuesday on the body of a poor woman, of the name of Natali, an Italian, who was burnt to death, at a cottage at Paddington, on Sunday. The deceased lived alone in one room, which became on fire in consequence of some unknown accident, and she was burnt in her bed, she being lame. The deceased was originally a dancer of some repute abroad.—*Accidental death.*

On Wednesday night a Lady and Gentleman got into a hackney-coach at the stand in Oxford-street, opposite Rathbone-place, and the Lady was set down in Warren-street, Fitzroy-square. The Gentleman ordered the coachman to drive him to a public-house in Brompton, but on his arrival there he was found lifeless, having cut his throat in a shocking manner with a penknife. The body was viewed on Thursday by information given by the Lady who accompanied the deceased to Warren-street. He turned out to be a Lieutenant of Marines, and he was supposed to have committed suicide in consequence of some losses at play.

EXECUTION OF JAMES SMITH.

In consequence of an order for *James Smith* to be executed on board the ship where he committed the murder of Captain Balderston, the Parthian was brought up Hamoaze on Saturday night, and moored abreast of the Dock-yard. Another order was issued for the second Lieutenant of every ship, with their boat's crew, to attend the execution at eight o'clock. Smith was attended by the Rev. Mr. Birdwood, with whom he fervently joined in prayer, and displayed evident marks of a true penitent, perfectly resigned. At half-past nine he ascended the platform in the most firm and manly manner, and, addressing the ship's company, said: "God bless you all!—pray for me as I have prayed for you; God bless you all!" At this moment the fatal gun was fired, and he was run up to the star-board fore-yard-arm, amidst the ascending smoke. By some accident or inattention, on the part of those whose province it was to make fast the rope to the windlass, the coil was suffered to slip; and the unhappy culprit was precipitated, with great velocity, to the water's edge; he was again drawn up, and after languishing the usual time, the lifeless body was lowered into a boat alongside, and conveyed to the Royal Hospital at Stonehouse, where it was put into a shell, and delivered to his friends for interment in the evening. He had been formerly master of a gun-brig, was deemed an excellent seaman, but too fatally addicted to drinking. He was a good-looking young man, about 25 years of age, and near six feet high. His father is a British planter, of great respectability, residing at Santa Cruz, where young Smith was born; he received his education at New York.

DEATHS.

On the 22d ult. at his house, in George-street, Hanover-square, Samuel Shelly, Esq.

On Sunday morning, an elderly lady, who was at Long-acre Chapel, sitting in the pew adjoining the pulpit, apparently in perfect health, when, just as Mr. King, the Minister, was about to conclude his sermon, she suddenly fell off her seat. The circumstances caused considerable confusion and bustle among the congregation, also interrupted Mr. King in proceeding in his sermon; he suggested the propriety of taking her into the Vestry, where Dr. Atkinson, one of the congregation, attended her, and endeavoured to bleed her, but found that life had departed. There were no person in the Chapel who were connected with her, or knew the deceased, nor was it till several hours after that she was owned by her disconsolate son. She proved to be Mrs. Biddle, of Beard's-court, Wardour-street.