

THE EXAMINER,

A Sunday Paper,

ON POLITICS, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, AND THEATRICALS,

FOR THE YEAR 1815.

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LONDON:

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No. 366. SUNDAY, JAN. 1, 1815.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 366.

THE BONAPARTES.

AFTER having said so much of the Congress and of what are facetiously called its proceedings, it may not be unamusing or unimportant to give a glance or two at this singular family, which appears destined, somehow or other, to be still connected with the affairs of Europe. We have given occasional reviews of them under very different circumstances, and had to lament the predominance which weak princes and governments enabled them to obtain; but perhaps, notwithstanding the great change that has occurred, and the comparative insignificance to which they are at present reduced, never did the importance of at least one of them, and the mere force of something in the shape of personal character, good or bad, appear with more striking effect.

Our general opinion of BONAPARTE is well known; and is, in fact, much more against him, than that of his mere abusers, who while they pretend to execrate him for his wars and his tyranny, extol the memories of such men as LOUIS the 14th and FREDERICK the 2d. But there is not one of these very persons, however they may attempt to disguise the thing to their own minds, who does not know and feel, that BONAPARTE, the downfallen and helpless, in his little island of exile, is a more observable man, and more attractive of an anxious curiosity, than the whole knot of Princes at Congress. The very interests of Europe, that are agitated at that place, cannot raise them into any actual and personal importance; you still speak of them as a knot, as the Allied Sovereigns, as a mere meeting of Princes, just as you might speak of any other party or mess; in short, you feel, that with the exception of a certain simplicity that still hangs about the reputation of the Emperor ALEXANDER, and that waits for his more manifest proceedings to determine us in what sense of the word we shall still call it simplicity, the Allied Sovereigns present you with no ideas at all separate from their rank, their native country, and the Ministers who talk and act for them;—but BONAPARTE still forces himself upon your mind as himself; he depends upon nothing unconnected with the direct personal idea of him to give him importance; he is watched in imagination, as the ancients might have watched the giant, who was chained under Mount Ætna, and whose movements produced the convulsions of the earth.

It is curious to consider what saving connexions the BONAPARTES have formed with what are called the legitimate monarchs. The youngest and most insignificant of them is married to a Princess of WIRTEMBERG, and is still it seems having children by her in utter disregard of the feelings of those royal personages. We know not what is said to this by the King of WIRTEMBERG, who was in

such haste to be made a king by BONAPARTE, and who built a great palace on the occasion, with a huge crown on the top of it, like a twelfth cake. Divorces and accommodating priests are not so much at the service of petty princes as great ones, or short work, one should imagine, might be made of JEROME's connexion, especially as by all account he has a former wife living. It is the children who are in the way, as in the case of NAPOLEON himself; and perhaps also, now that the Congress are misbehaving themselves, and things elsewhere are in a suspicious state, the King of WIRTEMBERG, in common with the rest of the smaller sovereigns, thinks it not impossible that usurpations and other political peccadilloes may not long remain, as they ought to do, on the legitimate side, but revert once more to their late ingenious, though, at the same time, very shocking perpetrator.---The last thing that was heard of JEROME BONAPARTE was, that he was still living at Trieste. He is said to be a weak and coxcombical person, with a sufficient talent for dress and whiskers. The most magnanimous thing of him on record (with the exception perhaps of his occasionally running away, after the Brazil fashion) is a portrait of him on horseback with a hat and feathers stuck on one side and his elbow out on the other. It is by DAVID the French painter, who after painting Jacobins and illegitimate Princes, would now be happy, no doubt, to paint the portrait of Louis the 18th, if his Majesty would let him,---and make it equally jaunty and chivalrous.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE resides in some part of Switzerland; but nothing is heard of him, except an occasional movement here and there, and his giving enormous sums for a house. All the BONAPARTES seem to be rich, and for the most part take pains to shew it,---no doubt in order to retain an importance. JOSEPH is not connected, like some of his brothers, with the old princely houses, but what is curious, he has a connection with one that is to be reckoned perhaps half legitimate and half illegitimate, for BERNADOTTE and he are the husbands of two sisters. There is also, in common with the rest, his connexion with MURAT, who married into the BONAPARTE family; and both of these may assist, in the long run, to do him as much service as more venerable alliances. JOSEPH is said to be a lover of the bottle; and indeed, by what could be gathered from the intercepted correspondence during the late campaigns, appears to be an idle sort of person, fond of nothing but fishing and billiard-playing; so that perhaps of all his family, he is the one that least regrets his reverse of fortune. He has the reputation however of being an intelligent man; and perhaps when he goes comfortably to bed after a day's trifling, thinks himself a philosopher.

LOUIS and LUCIEN BONAPARTE are both in Italy, and we believe, at Rome, where the former on his arrival a few months back was introduced by his brother to the POPE. What could be the object of this homage to the POPE, at least on the part of LOUIS, it is not easy to guess. It looks like a mere piece of pique against NAPO-

LEON; but LOUIS, from his conduct in Holland, has hitherto been looked upon as a man of a generous turn of mind. He is of a diseased constitution, and may be superstitious; or perhaps he is willing to obtain the same sort of asylum and legitimation as LUCIEN,---which would be rather paltry, we think, on the part of one who has been a King. If there is any thing more in it, he will most likely be disappointed, as the POPE seems to have no interest any where, either with the new Houses or the old. Upon the whole, LOUIS enjoys a considerable degree of reputation for his voluntary abandonment of a throne and his refusal to put in practice the arbitrary dictates of NAPOLEON. The Paris Papers however threaten to tell us awkward stories of him, provided, we suppose, he persists in going on with a certain action which he has commenced in the French Courts against his wife, who seems to be separated from him, and persists in keeping their child to herself. It is, of course, impossible to enter into the respective merits of the parties, without knowing those of their cause, and perhaps their characters altogether. On the face of it, it does not look well either for wife or husband to be separated from each other; but it may be owing to the worst or the best causes on either side; the husband, as laws are constituted, seems to have the best right to a child in this instance; and with respect to general reputation, LOUIS has at present the advantage of his spouse. It is said, and in some measure would appear from the decided part taken by the Parisian Journals, that the late Queen of Holland is in favour with the Bourbons, and has always indeed shewn herself their advocate, and that of the emigrants, during the most prosperous times of her family. She is reported also to keep a splendid house in Paris, and to be very generous to artists and men of letters. The BONAPARTES have thus got another hold of the new order of things, even in the capital of the restored dynasty.

In the person of LUCIEN however, now a Roman Prince under the title of Prince of CANINO, the family has actually identified itself with the legitimate powers, and taken its seat with good order and decorum under the wing of the church. Of LUCIEN we have often had occasion to speak before, and it was a refreshment to us to do so from the contrast afforded by his pursuits and character to those of his brother NAPOLEON. We must acknowledge however that he has not grown upon our good graces since his new elevation. It was all very proper to return to Italy, and live on a good estate, and even to go to the Pope's court, if it would have been thought a piece of incivility to do otherwise; neither may it be altogether objectionable to have accepted a title from his Holiness, which was perhaps from the same cause not well to be avoided; but to be busy in communication with that person, to dedicate his poem to him in terms of submissiveness two centuries old, to make dilettanti parties with such creatures as CHARLES the 4th of Spain and the Prince of PEACE, and to read in these parties verses in praise of their Government when he was Ambassador at Madrid, involve, in our minds, so much palpable fact-making, so much voluntary falsehood to his own conscience, so much bad want of pride, and so much petty revenge against his brother, that unless accounts be as false as appearances, he must lose with the respectable all the effect of his late retired life, and instead of an

independent man and a philosopher, be content to be regarded as the weakest and paltriest of his family.

Of NAPOLEON himself we have nothing further to say at present, and nothing to add to the last reports of him contained in the papers.---Upon the whole, it appears to us, not only that the BONAPARTES are likely to keep themselves up, in some measure, but as we were observing a few weeks ago, that the result of the universal settlement of affairs, if ever it shall come, will most probably be their territorial re-settlement in some countries or other. Besides being too rich for subjects, they are still too powerful in a certain retrospective influence, and connected with too many royal houses, we think, old as well as new, to make it comfortable even for their overthrowers to leave them in their present condition; and nothing would surprise us less, at the conclusion of the affairs now agitated, than to hear of indemnities in Italy, Switzerland, or elsewhere, to King JEROME and King JOSEPH. A sister of BONAPARTE already shares the throne of Naples; and another, as we have before mentioned, has been restored by the influence of MURAT to a principality she possessed in Italy.

Nor, after all, do we conceive it will be injurious to the interests of society, that this family, after the stop that appears to have been put to its excesses, *should* be restored under such circumstances; or we should not speak of the event so complacently. On the contrary, we think it would be beneficial;---and for these reasons;---first, because royalty would feel, as indeed it must do if none but BERNADOTTE and MURAT be retained, that it can no longer secure itself, without good government, against being displaced or at least shared by persons from the other classes of the community;---second, because the restored French dynasty, in particular, would feel a wholesome fear of violating the new liberties of its subjects,---as it will most probably feel indeed as long as BONAPARTE lives;---third, because the pains generally taken by new Princes to conciliate the affections of their people, or at least to encourage talent and extend particular kinds of improvement, would be a spur to their imitation by the old houses;---and fourth, because the breed of the old royal families now existing must inevitably be improved by crossing of any kind.

Those families have now been in the habit, century after century, of intermarrying with each other exclusively, doubtless with great dignity and to the advantage of the blood royal, but certainly not to that of the blood genial or intellectual. It is notorious, in animal history, that a perpetual intermixture of this kind among the same race or family is the most injurious thing in the world; and this fact, with other prudential reasons, has doubtless been one of the causes, why society has generally set its face against the marriages of kinspeople. Now it may be an ungracious thing to say, that Emperors and Princes are animals like the rest of us, not excepting even the slaves from Africa; but so it is; and some of them have taken pains of late years to prove that they are nothing else.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, DEC. 25.---In the Chamber of Deputies, on the 24th, a discussion took place on the petition of General Count Excelmans. The ostensible cause assigned for his

arrest is, his having remained at Paris contrary to the directions of an order issued from the War Department. After a debate, the Chamber passed to the order of the day on the petition of the General, and referred the petition of the Countess Excellmans to the Government.

GERMANY.

VIENNA, DEC. 15.---The Kings of Prussia and Wurtemberg are better, but they still keep their apartments. A marriage is spoken of between the Hereditary Prince of Wurtemberg and a Princess of the North. We are assured that the new project for the division of Germany into circles, by which the smaller States would be placed under the direction of Colonels of seven circles, has been finally rejected, after having been long discussed. Austria, they say, is to propose a plan for a new division, founded upon a totally different basis; it will only be a question of five circles. We can assert that nothing has yet been fixed regarding the fate of Saxony and Poland. It is stated that the Russian Government has made a proposal to declare Thorn and Cracow, Hanseatic cities of Poland. The affairs of Switzerland are those which alone make a regular progress. A war with Turkey is the subject of conversation. Considerable preparations are made, but the powers who are to take a part in it are not mentioned. Austria, according to appearances, is the most pacific with the Sublime Porte, and it is not forgotten that the latter has uniformly rejected the offers of Bonaparte, who wished to engage it to attack the southern possessions of the Emperor of Austria, while he was contending with the armies of France in Germany.

ITALY.

LEGHORN, DEC. 10.---The communication with the Isle of Elba has been rendered very difficult, by various ordinances of the Podesta and the Royal Commissary. We have just been informed, however, that the Bishop of Lorea and the Duke de Palos have landed at Porto Ferrajo, commissioned by the King of Spain to solicit Napoleon to deliver into their hands the Prince of the Peace, in case he had taken or should take refuge in that island, as he announced it to be his intention to do. We are assured that Bonaparte replied, that as it was not consistent with his principles to deliver the Ex-Minister into the power of Spain, and as at the same time he had no wish to displease that Court, he would engage not to permit him to land in his dominions. It is said that our Sovereign has likewise made known his intention not to receive him. King Joachim has caused an official contradiction to be given by the Neapolitan journals to the report, that he had consented to afford him an asylum, so that we are at a loss to conceive whither he can retire.

CHINA.

Statement by Eea-King, Emperor of China; received at Canton, Nov. 8th, 1813.

"Imperial notice of a revolution has occurred, for which I blame myself. I, whose virtues are of an inferior class, received, with much veneration, the empire from my imperial father 18 years ago. I have not dared to indulge myself in sloth. When I ascended the throne, the *Pe-teen* sect threw into rebellion four provinces, and the people suffered what I cannot bear to express. I ordered my generals to go against them; and after eight years conflict, they reduced them to subjection. I hoped that thenceforward I should have enjoyed perpetual pleasure and peace with my children the people. Unexpectedly, on the 6th of the 8th moon [Sept. 2, 1813], the sect of *Tsen-le*, (i. e. Celestial Reason Illuminati) a banditti of vagabonds, created disturbance, and caused much injury, from the district of Chang-yeuen, in the province of *Pe-chen-le*, to the district *Tsao* in Shan-tung. I hastened to order Wan, the Viceroy of Peking, to lead forth an army to exterminate them, and to restore peace. This affair was yet at the distance of a thousand *Le* (200 miles). But suddenly, on the 5th of the moon, the rebellion arose under my own arm. The

calamity has arisen in my own house. A banditti of upwards of seventy persons of the sect *Tsen-le*, violated the prohibited gate, and entered withinside. They wounded the guards, and entered the inner palace. Four rebels were seized and bound. Three others ascended the wall with a flag. My imperial second son seized a musket and shot two of them. My nephew killed the third. After this they retired, and the palace was restored to tranquillity. For this I am indebted to the energies of my imperial second son. The princes and chief officers of the *Lung-tung* gate led forth the troops, and after two days and one night's utmost exertion, completely routed the rebels. My family (that reigns under the title) *Ta-tsing*, has continued to rule the empire one hundred and seventy years. My grandfather and imperial father, in the most affectionate manner, loved the people as children. I am unable to express their virtue and benevolence. Though I cannot pretend to have equalled their good government and love of the people; yet I have not oppressed nor ill-used my people. This sudden change I am unable to account for. It must arise from the low state of my virtue, and my accumulated imperfections. I can only reproach myself. Though this rebellion has broken out in a moment, the calamity has long been collecting. Four words "Carelessness, Indulgence, Sloth, and Contempt" (of business) express the source whence this great crime has arisen. Within-side and without-side [in my family, and abroad in the empire] things are in the same state. Though I have again, and a third time given warning, till my tongue is blunted, and my lips parched (with frequent repetition) yet none of my ministers have been able to comprehend it. They have governed carelessly, and caused the present occurrence. Nothing like it occurred during the dynasties of Han; of Tang; of Sung; of Ming. The attempt at the close of the dynasty Ming did not equal the present by more than ten degrees. When I think of it, I cannot bear to mention it. I would examine myself; reform and rectify my heart, to correspond to the gracious conduct of heaven above me, and to do away the resentment of the people below me. All my ministers who would be faithful to the dynasty *Ta-tsing*, must exert themselves for the benefit of the country, and to their utmost make amends for my defects, as well as to reform the manners of the people. Those who can be contented to be mean, may hang their caps against the wall, and go home to end their days; not sit inactive as dead bodies in their places, to secure their incomes, and thereby increase my crimes. The tears fall as my pencil writes! I dispatch this to inform the whole empire."

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

On the 28th of September, 1813, a party of conspirators, seventy or eighty in number, entered the Imperial palace, and remained in it two days and one night. They attempted to reach the innermost apartments, where were some of the Princes and others of the Imperial family, but were prevented. During those two days, many persons were killed and wounded; several ladies of the palace were induced from fear to destroy themselves. The conspirators were finally driven out; and some of them were killed, and others taken. This attack was supposed to have been excited by the Emperor's elder brother, called commonly his *right* brother. The Emperor himself was to have arrived from Ichol on the day when the attack was made, and it is supposed the object was to take his life; had this succeeded, his elder brother would probably have been submitted to, by the country, without opposition. The Emperor, however, remained to amuse himself a day longer than was expected; and thus escaped the fate to which the conspirators had devoted him. The Chinese say, respecting his escape, that---"*Mo-fai Teen ning*:---It was unquestionably by the decree of Heaven. When the above circumstances were reported to the Emperor, he wrote and published the paper already given. It is said that several attempts on his life have lately been made: one by means of poison mixed in a cup of ginseng, which he declined, and gave to his page, who died soon after. Another by means of contriving to convert his pipe into a rocket: it went off ere he put the pipe to his mouth, while he was intent on reading a dispatch. It is said that he rose and kicked to death the man who presented the pipe to him. The people tell an anecdote of him, which seems to indicate his being a good-tempered man. Last year he had occasion to be displeased with his elder brother already mentioned. He spoke harshly on the occasion, and said, *Chay ko she shinmo tungste!* "What kind of a thing is this!" His elder brother overheard this, and said, "A *Thing!*---I'll tell you what a thing I am---I am the son of the Emperor *Keen-lung*, and am *Keen-King's* elder brother. Now do you speak out and say what 'thing' you consider me." The quarrel lasted for several days, the elder brother insisting that the Emperor should speak out.

Finally, Kean-king finding that he could not appease his brother in any other way, fell down on his knees, and said, "You are my venerable elder brother—my venerable elder brother!" The brother then embraced him, and they became friends for the time being. It is said that the Emperor, though he has every reason to charge treason on his brother, does not dare to proceed to take his life; it is so repugnant to the feelings of the nation to take an ELDER brother's life. The Emperor, after his arrival at Peking, displaced several of his ministers, King-kwei the first Pea-wang, (or as called by courtesy *Co-lao*) was removed; and Sung-taglim, the friend of the English Embassy, put in his place. The Emperor also put to death eighteen or twenty of his eunuchs. In almost every province, troops to the amount of 60,000 were called out to attack the rebels, or, as the Chinese yet continue to call them, *robbers*:—for they do not wish to consider the rebellion as of any consequence. The rebellion began in Shang-tung, where a famine prevailed: those who wished to overturn the government laid hold of this circumstance. It was such a concurrence that overturned the dynasty Ming. In Shang-tung, the rebels seized on three districts in Pe-che-le, and on three districts in Ho-nan. They put to death the officers of those districts, and, as the Chinese persist in affirming, eat their flesh. Considerable quantities of human flesh were eaten by the famishing people. They even go so far as to say that it was carried about for sale. One of the leaders in Shang-tung, was by the government said to affirm himself to be *Lou-heun-te*, a person famous for his virtue and public spirit, upwards of two thousand years ago, now returned to life, agreeably to the doctrine of the metempsychosis. In the time of *Lou-heun-te*, there was another hero *Kuan-foo-tze*, now worshipped by the Chinese as the god of war. This person is said to have appeared several times in defence of his country. The people have it reported among them, and many believe it, that he appeared lately in the heavens with a red and angry countenance, and terrified the rebels. The government troops came forward and obtained a great victory. This rebellion is attributed to the bad influence of the comet which appeared in 1811. On Dec. 9, 1813, at midnight, a large meteor was seen in Canton, which was thought ominous of ill. This belief of planetary influence on the affairs of men, may serve to produce the effect which is attributed to it, by encouraging the people to rebel, who are previously disposed to do so. In China, there exist a great many secret associations of the people. They generally call themselves "brotherhoods," and take to themselves various epithets, as "*Teen-lo-Peing*, Celestial Reason's Association; *Teen-te-Hwing*, Heaven and Earth Association; *San-ho-Hwing*, Association of the Three Powers, i. e. heaven, earth, and man; *Pe-tan-Hwing*, the Association of the Water-lily. The government calls them *Reou fei*, Banditti of Religionists. They do not teach any religious system, but they generally sacrifice or drink a small quantity of each other's blood when they take the oath of brotherhood. They have, like the Freemasons of Europe, secret marks by which they are known to each other. Their ostensible object is to defend each other's property, and revenge each other's wrongs. It is said that their property is always secure, and that they can travel with perfect safety at all times. They revenge each other's wrongs even on the officers of government.

IRELAND.

CONDITION OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

The following statements, taken from Mr. Shaw Mason's Statistical Survey of Ireland, present a deplorable picture of the state of the Irish peasantry:—

In the parishes of Drugganona, &c. county of Waterford— "Those who are able to raise an acre, or half an acre of oats, always have some part of it made into meal, but the very poor live on potatoes only. Milk, through most part of the year, is very hard to be obtained; the poor have an advantage in this parish; by a little exertion they can, any day, in moderate weather, obtain cockles."

In Adamstown, county of Wexford—"The food of the lower classes is chiefly potatoes, and a little oatmeal."

In the parish of Enniscorthy, in same county—"Their food is generally potatoes and milk, with some change on festival days."

In Fiddown, county of Kilkenny—"The cotters and labourers live entirely on potatoes and milk."

In Grange Slieve, Kilkenny—"The lower class are very poor, their food principally consists of potatoes, with some oatmeal; milk is very scarce."

In Kilmashon, county of Wick—"The food of the middling order is potatoe, and the food of the very lower

order is extremely poor, being potatoes and sour milk for nine months in the year, and potatoes and salt for about three months in the spring season. This poverty of diet creates poverty of blood, and their confining themselves entirely to potatoes generates scurvy and scrofulous disorders among them."

In the parish of Killeghny, county of Wexford—"Except very few who have old leases, not yet expired, the people are in general most miserably poor, as the estate of one gentleman extends almost over the whole of the Union, where rents and duties, combined, are exorbitant. The food is potatoes alone, or at best, potatoes with herrings or buttermilk; their dress generally rags; their appearance generally pallid, yet, not subject much to disorders, except the ague, which prevails every spring and summer."

In the parish of Ardbraccan, county of Meath—"Potatoes, oatmeal, and stirabout, with or without buttermilk, and sometimes butter and eggs, constitute the principal articles of food of the labouring class. They seldom partake of animal food."

In Ballintoy, county of Antrim—"The principal food is oatmeal, potatoes, and fish."

In Dunaghy, county of Antrim—"Potatoes and milk are in general, the food of the inhabitants; some have a little bacon or herrings, very few beef; others, nothing during the winter but the poor man's luxury, potatoes and salt."

In Kilbarron, county of Donegal—"Potatoes, and sometimes milk, sometimes salt, and now and then fish, particularly salted, form the food of the lower orders."

In Macrump, county of Cork—"The general food of the people of the country is potatoes and milk; few of them have meat, except on a Sunday. In the town they live on oatmeal and bread."

In the parish of Maghera, county of Londonderry—"Salted herrings are brought to this market in great abundance from Scotland; they are the chief food of the poor, and, together with the scarcity of milk which prevails here, render them subject to many diseases."

These statements are given from the North, the South, the East, and the West, and also from some of the midland counties. They are, therefore, it is presumed, a fair sample of the mode of living of the unfortunate Irish throughout the country.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

NEWCASTLE, DEC. 20.—An extraordinary occurrence took place at an early hour on Tuesday morning, in the streets of this town. As an old man, servant of Mr. Coates, wine merchant, was driving a horse and cart from the warehouse in Forth-street, the moment he had got without the gates, the yard dog, a mongrel between the bull-dog and mastiff, seized the nose of the horse, and continued to keep his hold notwithstanding the man pushed the horse forward, and made every exertion to shake the vicious animal off. When they had arrived in Westgate-street, the shouts of the man for help, with the horrible agitation and groans of the horse, roused numbers of people from their beds. Lights were instantly procured, but the ferociousness of the dog deterred the people for a time, from any effectual interference, and in this state did the dog hang upon the horse till they all got opposite St. Nicholas church. At this place the horse was stopt, and one man plunged a large knife twelve times successively in the body of the dog, without avail.—Another man, however, came forward with a large stick, and it was not till after repeated blows were made with it upon his head, that the dog let go his hold. Even then his ferocity did not cease, for though momentarily stunned, the dog repeatedly attempted to resume the attack; and he was not disabled from further violence, till several dreadful blows were inflicted upon him; still, however, he continued to growl with fury, when a man with the blow of an axe clove his skull, and silenced him for ever.

WHITERAVEN, DEC. 22.—The night of Thursday last was very tempestuous. Numbers of chimnies in this town were blown down; several houses suffered greatly, and some nearly unroofed. The next morning the streets presented at every step heaps of rubbish, from broken bricks, slates, and rough-cast. About 11 o'clock, a sloop called the Nelly and Betty, in attempting to get into the harbour, was driven behind the North Wall. The crew endeavoured to keep the vessel under the shelter of that pier; but all their efforts proved ineffectual; the surf carried her towards Redness Point, a distance of about half a mile from the mouth of the harbour, where she struck, and inevitable destruction seemed to await her and all on board; amongst whom was



a female passenger. Numbers of people flocked to the beach, many of whom followed the vessel till she struck, when with the bravery and generosity of British seamen, a sufficient number immediately formed a connected line, by joining hands, and stood in the water until they nearly reached the lee side of the vessel; and by a rope thrown on shore, and taking advantage of the receding wave, the crew were, one after another, enabled to quit the vessel, and by assistance from the shore were brought into safety. But when the crew had been rescued, the female passenger remained on board alone. Unequal to the dangerous attempt of leaping overboard, her situation appeared hopeless. At that instant, Alexander Carr, a young man (a mariner belonging to this port), watching the receding element, sprung towards the vessel, and, reaching the chains, raised himself up to the deck, and immediately fastened the rope round the poor woman's waist (then almost dead with terror), and holding her over the side until a favourable opportunity offered to lower her as far as he could; he then dropped his charge, which was immediately drawn to the shore by the volunteers employed in that humane service. The young man having thus saved the life of a fellow-creature, at the great peril and risk of his own, leaped down from the sloop, again committing himself to the mercy of the waves, and was assisted in getting on shore amidst the acclamations of the multitude. At times the whole of both harbours resembled one sheet of turbulent water; beyond which, from the extreme haze of the atmosphere, it was impossible to see a quarter of a mile. Providentially no lives were lost.—At Sheffield, many chimnies and roofs of houses were damaged.

YORK.—During the tremendous gale on Friday, part of the engine-chimney adjoining the factory of Whitehead and Pearson, on Bradford-moor, York-shire, was thrown down, and falling through the roof, did much damage to a new building adjoining the Bank in Low Ousegate; and the falling of bricks and tiles rendered the passing along the streets extremely unsafe. About a dozen fine trees upon the walk were torn up, and in consequence of being flooded at the time, the roots of a great many more are loosened.—At Lancaster the tide began to flow about two hours earlier than set down in the tide-table; and the coach from Ulverston, crossing the Lancaster Sands, was obliged to make for the shore above Silverdale. The tide continued to flow about half an hour later, and was between six and seven feet higher than mentioned in the table. It inundated St. George's Quay, Lancaster. During the heavy gale on Friday last many persons were hurt by the falling of bricks and slates from the houses in this town, but we have heard of only two serious injuries being sustained, viz. an elderly woman had her head severely cut by a brick in Old Hall-street, and a man had his arm broke in Liver-street, by a slate; but we understand they are both doing well. Numerous were the narrow escapes, particularly in the instance of a family in the park, who fortunately happened to leave their house in time to escape complete destruction, which in all probability would otherwise have ensued, as it was blown down, and became in an instant one heap of rubbish. The number of chimnies destroyed exceeds any thing ever remembered.

WEYMOUTH, DEC. 23.—This week we have experienced one of the most tremendous gales of wind at S. E. ever known at this port.—On Wednesday evening the gale increased most violently, when at nine o'clock, the French brig *L'Amitie*, from Havre de Grace to the Isle of Bourbon, of 300 tons burthen, laden with various merchandise, came ashore on Portland Sands, having cut away all her masts. In consequence of firing guns of distress, and hoisting signal lights, the Portland men, at the most imminent danger of their lives, got on board, and the vessel's head was brought towards the shore, and prevented from going to pieces. During this critical period, the Captain and crew were preparing a raft for conveying themselves and the passengers to the shore; but by the timely and fortunate arrival of the Dutch Consul at this port (who also underwent extreme peril in getting aboard) he with much difficulty persuaded the whole to remain till next morning, when upwards of 20 ladies and children, with other passengers and crew, amounting to upwards of 50 souls, were let down by ropes into the boats, and safely landed (although the sea was running tremendously high), and conducted to the hotel in that island. The vessel and cargo, it is supposed, will be saved. Upon the whole, this storm has been the most serious of its kind in the memory of the oldest persons living, and appears only to have been exceeded by the remarkable hurricane in 1703.

Early on Monday week, the person who attends the gasometer, at the factory of Messrs. Benyons and Bage, in Shrewsbury, imprudently entered it with a lighted candle; the gas was immediately ignited, and blew up the apparatus, together with

the roof of the building in which it was contained; but, happily, the communication thus made with the atmosphere had the effect of extinguishing the flame, without injury to the extensive premises attached. The author of this misfortune was very much burnt, and was conveyed to the Infirmary; another man, who was with him at the time of the explosion, escaped unhurt, by instantly laying himself at full length, with his face towards the ground.

Among the many calamitous effects of the late hurricane on the 16th ult. we have to record the destruction of the beautiful and elegant Gothic spire of Thaxted Church, in Essex. It had been struck with lightning in the summer, and scaffolding had been erected to take down the damaged part of the pinnacle; but owing to the scaffolding being injudiciously suffered to remain during the winter above the part of the spire which still remained, the whole was blown down on the roof of the church about the middle of the day.

In the dead of the night of Sunday se'nnight, Mr. Hynde, a youth about 18, and son of the Duke of Norfolk's house steward, at Arundel, was awoke from his sleep by a villain, who made a desperate thrust at him with some sharp instrument, which, indeed, happily missed its aim, but deeply perforated the pillow. Mr. Hynde, on finding some one near the bed, instantly jumped from it, to get some fire arms that were in his chamber, but before he could gain possession of them, the assassin, having failed in the execution of his bloody design, effected his escape, and without leaving any traces behind him that are likely to lead to his discovery.

The Gentleman discovered lying insensible in the road near Clifton, proves to be Colonel Purfoy, who, it seems, was just arrived from Ireland; he is now at Mangeon's Hotel, but is still unable to give the least account of what has befallen him: his servant has been examined under a supposition that he might have been the robber, but he clearly proved an *alibi*. The only property he had about him when discovered was 3s. 6d. in his waistcoat-pocket.

Last week, *Thomas Downing*, a private soldier in the 3d dragoon guards, now quartered in Leeds, loaded his pistol with powder and ball, and fired the contents into his body; in consequence of which he languished in great agonies till next day, and then expired. The Jury's verdict—*Lunacy*. He was buried with the usual military honours.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Foreign-Office, Dec. 26, 1814.

Mr. Baker arrived this afternoon at this Office, with a Treaty of Peace and Amity between his Majesty and the United States of America, signed at Ghent, on the 24th instant, by Admiral Lord Gambier, Henry Goulburn, Esq. and William Adams, Esq. D.D.L. Plenipotentiaries of his Majesty; and by John Quincy Adams, J. A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russel, and Albert Gallatin, Esqrs. Plenipotentiaries on the part of the said United States.

BANKRUPTCY ENLARGED.

W. Old, late of Sun-street, Finsbury, haberdasher, from Dec. 31 to Jan. 10.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

J. Rowbotham, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Banks, Newington-butts, stationer. Attorney, Mr. Young, Symond's-Inn.
G. Cadman, Sheffield, cutler. Attorney, Mr. Battye, Chancery-lane
T. Legg, Bristol, mason. Attornies, Messrs. Poole and Greenfield, Gray's Inn-square.
G. Emery, Bromley Wood-end. Attorney, Mr. Gaskell, Gray's-Inn.
S. Skelton, Plymouth, coal-factor. Attorney, Mr. Walker, New-Inn.
J. Graham, Carlisle, mercer. Attorney, Mr. Birkett, Cloak-lane.
W. Savage, Worcester, glover. Attornies, Messrs. Cardales and Young, Gray's-Inn.
J. Tappenden, Faversham, scrivener, S. Tappenden, North-court, ironmaster, and Francis Tappenden, of the Abernant Iron-works, Aberdare, Glamorganshire, ironmaster. Attornies, Messrs. Shawe, Le Blanc, and Shawe, New Bridge-street.
J. Rust, Lewes, straw-hat manufacturer. Attorney, Mr. Gwynne, Lewes.

C. Hasted, Chatham, brewer. Attorney, Mr. Nelson, Palsgrave-placé, Strand.
 J. Knott, Bârfrestone, Kent, miller. Attorney, Mr. Nethersole, Essex-street.
 W. H. Butler, Commercial-road, watch-maker. Attornies, Messrs. Thompson and Oram, Lemon-street.
 H. Watson, Weymouth Mews, coach-maker. Attorney, Mr. Upstone, Charies-street, Cavendish-square.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.

T. Bruton, Newent, Gloucestershire, horse-dealer. Attornies, Messrs. Sandilands and Peace, Tewkesbury.
 E. J. Roos, Camomile-street, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Sweet and Stokes, Basinghall-street.
 W. Wright, Gateford, Nottinghamshire, maltster. Attorney, Mr. Hannam, East Retford.
 S. Webber, Westmonkton, Somersetshire, gardener. Attorney, Mr. Stone, Taunton.
 R. C. Searle, Saffron-Walden, upholsterer. Attornies, Messrs. Rosser and Sofu, Red Lion-square.
 R. Day, Doncaster, innkeeper. Attorney, Mr. Stringer, Doncaster.
 S. J. Walker and Co., Manchester, calico-printers. Attorney, Mr. Heslop, Manchester.
 J. Garside, Stockport, cotton-spinner. Attorney, Mr. Kay, Manchester.
 J. Bull, sen. Red Lion-court, Watling-street, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Nind, Throgmorton-street.
 J. Adams, Bristol, grocer. Attorney, Mr. Frankis, Bristol.
 J. H. Rogers, Cavendish, Suffolk, common-carrier. Attorney, Mr. Giles, Great Shire-lane.
 J. Cording, Bathealton, Somersetshire, dealer. Attorney, Mr. Stone, Milverton.

The ANTIQUITIES of DACCA next week.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Cent. Cons. shut Omnium $1\frac{1}{8}$ dis.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, JANUARY 1.

A STOP has at length been put to a war which was one of the pettiest and most personal nature on both sides, and which presented to reasonable minds nothing but a deplorable picture of a quarrel almost domestic. Government received dispatches from Ghent on Monday morning, announcing what the *Times* pleasantly calls "the fatal intelligence," that preliminaries of peace were signed between this country and the United States of America on the preceding Saturday. The following Letter was in consequence sent to the LORD MAYOR:---

"Foreign-Office, Dec. 26, 1814.

"MY LORD,—I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship, that Mr. BAKER has arrived at this office this morning, from Ghent, with the intelligence that a Treaty of Peace was signed between his Majesty and the United States of America, by the respective Plenipotentiaries, at that place, on the 24th inst. It is at the same time my duty to acquaint your Lordship, that it is understood by the treaty, that hostilities will cease as soon as it shall have been ratified by the President of the United States, as well as the Prince Regent in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty.—I have the honour to be, &c. "BATHURST.

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor."

The preliminaries were ratified on our part by the PRINCE REGENT in the course of the same day; and on Friday morning Mr. CARROLL, a Secretary attached to the Ameri-

can Legation, arrived from Ghent with the Treaty, intending to proceed immediately afterwards to his native country. The chief points agreed on by the adjustment are said to be these:---

That all discussion is put an end to respecting the question of Maritime Rights, and indeed of every other general question between the countries;---

That the particular questions of territory are to be referred to Commissioners;---

That our Indian Allies are to remain upon the same footing of privileges, &c. as in 1812; and

That all conquests are to be given up on both sides.

There can be no doubt that we have had the worst of it in this war, especially considering the character we had to maintain as a great power, and as one of the recent triumphers over BONAPARTE. The deficiencies in our Navy List, and the cool equality of terms on which we draw off from the contest, leaving in fact things just as we found them, are sufficient proofs of this fact. The truth is, that there has always been a sore feeling on both sides of the Atlantic, with us because we lost the United States in the first instance, and with the United States because they have always felt that we wished ill to them; and this soreness we have been inclined, on the first opportunity, to push to a violent and contemptuous extreme, forgetting, as statesmen of detail, like ours, are too apt to do, the general and triumphal feeling of liberty that we left upon the minds of the Americans, and that this very feeling had just been enabling us, in common with the rest of Europe, to triumph over NAPOLEON.

The *Times* would fain persuade us, that the country is very gloomy on account of this peace, though it awkwardly acknowledges that no less than four commercial and manufacturing towns to one have exhibited symptoms of satisfaction. The secret of this contradiction is the ancient propensity that every man has to judge of other people's feelings by his own. There has been a great deal of gambling speculation upon the subject; the persons, interested in continuing the war, lose their temper at the peace; they turn away from faces of joy, meet other persons in the same sulky condition as themselves, and then exclaim, "See the gloomy countenances of the nation!"

The Congress at Vienna is still nothing but a chaos of delays and contradictory rumours. At one minute the King of SAXONY is to be restored, then he is not; then Poland is to be restored, and then Poland is not; then the Princes are going away, and then they are to stay for months longer. The last report (and that at least, is something new) is that the attention of the Allied Monarchs has been turned towards the States of Barbary and the Turkish dominions, as excellent things for stopping the hunger of their respective ambitions, and allowing affairs to go on quietly at home. To the Turkish dominions, albeit excited to lay hold of them from time immemorial by priests, poets, and philosophers, we know not that they have much greater pretension than to Poland or Saxony; but the States of Barbary are unquestionably at their service on every ground of reason and justice;---to take possession of them would only be to root out a nest of robbers, and free the European seas from a most degrading insolence and enormity. But perhaps these are

nothing but pleasantries of the Vienna loungers,---jokes to start on a rainy day, while the rest of the business is yawning.

The most anxious piece of intelligence during the past week is an account of the arrest and escape of a French General Officer, Count EXCELMANS, one of BONAPARTE'S men, who is said to have written a letter to the King of NAPLES, which was found on Lord OXFORD, and which gave MURAT to understand, that in case of any emergency there were 16,000 brave fellows in France at his command. The reader will find the accounts under the head of Foreign News. This is the first direct proof of a disaffected spirit, which the Court has not been able to hinder from transpiring; and what is more, it seems to prove it's timidity with regard to the military, for it does not appear that any thing was intended against the Count in the first instance but a banishment into another part of the country, and even this he in a manner refused to accede to.

We cannot forbear noticing here a little circumstance connected with the papers found on Lord OXFORD, which does great credit to the good sense and spirit of LOUIS the 18th. Among them there was a long letter to MURAT from that ingenious and redoubted Madame de STAEL, written, they say, in the same spirit as her Dedication of the Essay on Suicide to BERNADOTTE, that is to say, in terms of gross flattery, and such as, we are informed, she herself laughs at in private. The lady, finding her secret was found out, was in great trepidation, and while endeavouring to make the best of the matter to government was coolly informed, that his MAJESTY had no objection to her uttering her sentiments when and where she pleased, and that if she chose, she might send the letter in question to MURAT by the post. Now to a person of Madame de STAEL'S complexion, who seems to think herself necessary to the whole system of human affairs, and could never perhaps divest herself of the idea that all the civilized world was paying her homage and tremblingly anxious for her good opinion, we cannot well conceive a greater catastrophe.

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Paris Papers of Tuesday and Wednesday, arrived yesterday. News of the Peace with America was conveyed on Monday to the Duke of WELLINGTON by a Courier from Ghent,---On the examination of men incapable of serving in the army, more than 106,000 discharges have been granted,---French Funds 73---Bills 3½ discount. The accounts from Vienna are still clashing. Some of them confidently pronounce the affairs of the Congress to be amicably arranged. Lord CASTLEREAGH they say, received on the 11th dispatches from England, and among them a private letter from the PRINCE REGENT, declaring "that England would rather see some sacrifices in her German provinces than to see Saxony divided, and her lawful Sovereign despoiled." They add that Saxony is, in consequence of this support and that of Austria, nearly restored to her ancient limits and Monarch; that Austria cedes to Russia Sandomyr and Cracow; that Russia cedes to Prussia a population of 1,500,000, and to Austria the Circle of Ternapol; while Poland will again be a kingdom. To this the *Journal de Paris* adds the following note:--- "This news is not of the number of those vague reports

by which the Gazettes have so often deceived us; it is an extract of a letter from a very great personage."

A Note of Count MUNSTER, the Hanoverian Minister, in answer to a Note by the Plenipotentiaries of the Princes of the second order, inviting the Emperor of AUSTRIA to resume the Imperial Crown of Germany, says, that since the accession of Austria to the Grand Alliance, every means have in vain been employed by order of the British Court, to engage Austria to resume that dignity, and that the Treaty of Paris has settled that the independent States of Germany must be united by a federal tie.---It was reported on the 17th, at Madrid, that an English and Portuguese army was on its march to Estremadura. "It is certain," says a Madrid article, "that a good understanding does not subsist between the Courts of Madrid and St. James."---Several Italian regiments have been ordered to march to Germany, to be replaced by Austrian regiments.

The Milan accounts prove decidedly the discontented state of the Italian troops in the service of Austria, in consequence of their being ordered into the Austrian territories; and the dissatisfaction also of the Italian people, it appearing that the soldiers had deserted in great numbers, and that the inhabitants, where the deserters had taken refuge, refused to deliver them up.

Report states, that the conclusion of the negotiation at Ghent was followed by an affair of honour, which, however, ended without bloodshed.

The *Times* is solicitous of drawing an argument against the popularity of the peace with America from the state of the public funds. The Editor certainly forgets his late doctrine, that the Stock Exchange was no more to be relied on as a thermometer of public opinion than a tap-room.

The news of Peace with America has received a general rejoicing at Yarmouth; the bells have been rung for two days, and colours hoisted, and there has been several convivial parties at the taverns to celebrate the event.

On the news of peace with America being signed arriving at Manchester, and Birmingham, the greatest joy was expressed throughout the towns.

RIOTS IN THE DUBLIN THEATRE.---"On Tuesday night, as was apprehended, there was a tumult, such as was never witnessed at a Theatre. The uproar was tremendous---every chandelier, supplied for the third time, was broken to atoms---every pannel in all the dress Boxes, every pannel in the second tier, and all in the third, with the exception of three or four, were wrenched from their places, and flung into the Pit. The seats were then torn from their "foundations," and shared the fate of the gilded fronts. The Orchestra was destroyed---big and little fiddles---and the grand piano-forte itself was almost cleft in twain. We trembled at one time for the scenery---but the LORD MAYOR saved this part of the Theatre; nor, to do the audience justice, did they manifest any disposition to injure it.---*Dublin Evening Post, Dec. 22.*

"Crow-street Theatre was entirely demolished last night. Not a lamp, chandelier, lustre, foot light or seat was left unbroken in any part of the house. The audience was as numerous as that which originated the tumult on Friday night; but it was much more determined and enthusiastic. 'Twas a miracle, indeed, that a particle even of the scenery escaped. The refusal of Mr. JONES to make a personal apology continued the sources of the uproar. The audience would enter into no compromise. Placards, which under other circumstances would be considered the excess of conciliation, were distributed in all quarters, and handed to all persons; but they proved abortive."---*Freeman's Journal.*

All the slaves captured on the coast of Africa by our cruizers, must be carried into the colony of Sierra Leone. The mode of disposing of them on their arrival reflects great honour on the agents of this country. Those who do not enter the army or navy, are placed in villages according to their respective countries, and have lands allotted to them. Eight villages have been actually formed of these people. The houses are built according to the mode practised in their respective countries, and great progress has been made in cultivating their lands. There are thus settled no less than 2000 captured Negroes, of whom 800 are children! and, in consequence of their juvenile ignorance, they are to be under the instruction of proper school-masters and mistresses, who have been sent out for that purpose from this country, and will receive the farther assistance of the Black Boys, who also lately sailed from London, after being qualified as teachers under the British System of Education in the Borough School: there is, therefore, every prospect that these individuals will soon become a most important part of the population of that infant colony. Many of the inhabitants of these villages have already made great advances in civilization, and have become most useful mechanics.

It was reported yesterday at the Stock Exchange, that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had sent an intimation to the Committee of that place, of his intention to resign.

Lord BYRON has left town for Durham in order to lead to the altar Miss MILBANKE, the daughter of Sir RALPH MILBANKE, Bart. Report describes the lady as beautiful and accomplished, and perhaps his Lordship's choice would prove her to be so. "The honeymoon," it is said, is to be passed at Seaham. In general, it is not very pleasant to hear the papers throwing these terms about, and talking of beauties and happy pairs; but a poet's honeymoon is something worth mentioning:---it is bound to be *quinta pars nectaris*. The public see with great pleasure this marriage of Lord BYRON's, which is a compliment to the sex after the old English fashion, and the best which even he has yet paid them.

We have heard of Jack the Giant Killer's three-leagued Boots, but it is said a young Gentleman, with the assistance of a pair of Wellington Overalls, last week stepped over the heads of one thousand Captains in the Army.---*Chronicle*.

The Hon. Mrs. PERCEVAL's intended nuptial union with Colonel CARR, is understood to be postponed, on the interposition of the EGEMONT family.

Miss MELLON made the poor round her bountiful house on Highgate Hill happy on Christmas Day, by distributing six hundred quarter loaves, and six hundred pounds of fine beef, to that number of old men; and to every distressed aged female that applied, a chemise, a cloak, a blanket, and wine; and to the children of poverty, one shilling each.

The prevalence of stormy weather in all parts of the country has delayed the arrival of the mail coaches for several days to a late hour in the afternoon.

The affair of Joanna Southcott, now made easy of comprehension to the meanest capacity, should lead the public to consider how readily every religious imposture finds its two classes of followers---one of dupes, the other of accomplices.

A country gentleman saved two men from perishing in a river, and employed a sculptor to record his humanity; the design was made, the monument was executed, two figures were seen struggling among the waves, and Mercy holding up her robes from the stream with one hand, was saving their lives with the other. "I vow to God," exclaimed the mortified philanthropist, "I saved their lives myself."

TYRANNY.---The true way to tyranny is not to make any direct attacks on the public good; that would be to raise every body in its defence; but to ruin its most zealous advocates one after another, and intimidate whoever dare show any inclination to be so. Make every one believe, that the public interest is not that of any individual, and slavery is directly established; for when each person shall pass under the yoke, where is then the general liberty? If he who durst open his mouth is immediately persecuted, who will be so daring as to follow his example? and who shall be the speaker of the public, when each individual is silenced?

QUACKERY.---Mr. LUCETT, we perceive, has taken his flight from Ealing to Datchett, and has still the unblushing assurance to advertise, "that his mode of treating this hitherto incurable disorder (*Insanity*) has, in every instance he has undertaken, been attended with invariable success, even when pronounced past recovery by the faculty."

A curious discovery was lately made at Basle. A merchant, who, after the departure of the Allies, had purchased one of their magazines of brandy, having occasion to go into it to remove some of the casks, found under them the dead bodies of two Austrian soldiers, who had got in and drank themselves to death.

It seems that there is a religious sect in the Sandwich Islands, who arrogate to themselves the power of praying people to death! Whoever incurs their displeasure receives notice that the homicide litany is about to begin; and such are the effects of imagination, that the very notice is frequently sufficient with these poor people to produce the effect, or to drive them to acts of suicide.

Wednesday, the man shot by Mr. ARLETT a few nights ago, in the act of stealing some poultry out of his shop, in High-street, Mary-le-bone, died in the most excruciating pain at the Middlesex Hospital.

Some days ago, a lady who resided in the Castle at Dover, the wife of an Officer on foreign service, put an end to her existence, by swallowing vitriol.

On Friday, at Guildhall, J. Bartlet and J. Clarke, two boys, the eldest not thirteen years of age, were charged with stealing grocery from shops on Ludgate-hill.---Committed to Bridewell.

VACCINATION.---The ratio of the population to the number of births would be increased, if we could diminish or destroy any disease that is dangerous and common. This has been done, happily, in the case of the Small Pox: first by the common inoculation for the disease itself, and afterwards in a much more complete manner by the Vaccine Inoculation, the inestimable discovery of JENNER, who has rendered himself, by that means, one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. The most simple way of calculating the advantage which the extinction of a disease would produce, consists in determining, from observation, the number of individuals of a given age who die of it yearly, and in subtracting the amount from the total number of deaths of persons of that same age. The ratio of the difference to the total number alive at the same age would be the probability of dying at that age if the disease did not exist. By summing up all these probabilities from the beginning of life to a given age, and taking the sum from unity, the remainder will be the probability of living to that age, on the hypothesis of the disease in question being extinguished. From the series of these probabilities, the mean duration of life on the same supposition may be computed, according to rules that are well known. M. DUVILAND has found that the mean duration of human life is increased at least three years by the Vaccine Inoculation.---*Laplace*.

Tuesday, the LORD MAYOR ordered the price of bread to be continued at 11½d. the quarter loaf of wheaten, and 10½d. household.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[We requested the reader in our late Prospectus to consider the present Number of the Paper as a specimen, casualties excepted, of it's pages in future; but we must beg of him to look upon a piece of poetry as something thrown in, and only occasional. Verses indeed may always be had in plenty; but poetry is not so easily obtained, and compared with the usual run of newspaper articles, is like a precious liqueur, which is seldom and charily drank, to the general drink at table.---The following piece perhaps we had some personal reasons for not admitting, but we found more for the contrary; and could not resist the pleasure of contemplating together the author and the object of his address,---to one of whom the Editor is owing for some of the lightest hours of his captivity, and to the other for a main part of it's continual solace.]

To T. L. H. A CHILD,

MODEL of thy parent dear,
 Serious infant worth a fear;---
 In thy unfaltering visage well
 Picturing forth the son of TELL,
 When on his forehead firm and good
 (Motionless mark) the apple stood;---
 Guileless traitor, rebel mild,
 Convict unconscious, culprit-child,
 Gates that close with iron roar
 Have been to thee thy nursery door;
 Chains that chink in cheerless cells
 Have been thy rattles and thy bells;
 Walls contrived for giant sin
 Have hemmed thy faultless weakness in;
 Near thy sinless bed black Guilt
 Her discordant house hath built,
 And filled it with her monstrous brood---
 Sights, by thee, not understood---
 Sights of fear, and of distress,
 That pass a harmless infant's guess!--
 But the clouds that overcast
 Thy young morning may not last.
 Soon shall arrive the rescuing hour
 That yields thee up to Nature's power,
 Nature that so late doth greet thee
 Shall in o'erflowing measure meet thee.
 She shalt recompence with cost
 For every lesson thou hast lost.
 Then wandering up thy sire's loved hill,
 Thou shalt take thy airy fill
 Of health and pastime. *Birds shall sing*
For thy delight each May morning.
 'Mid new-year'd lambskins thou shalt play,
 Hardly less a lamb than they.
 Then thy prison's lengthened bound
 Shall be the horizon skirting round.
 And (while thou fillest thy lap with flowers
 To make amends for wintry hours)
 The breeze, the sunshine, and the place,
 Shall from thy tender brow efface
 Each vestige of untimely care,
 That sour restraint had 'graven there;
 And on thy every look impress
 A more excelling childishness.
 So shall be thy days beguil'd,
 THORNTON HUNT, my favourite child!

C. L.

In the American States individuals of every religious sect are equally admissable into every situation, civil and military, and enjoy equally all the rights of citizenship.---They consider exclusion in no other light than injustice and oppression.

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

The PRINCE REGENT has been pleased to grant the dignity of a Baronet of Great Britain and Ireland to the following Gentlemen, viz:---

Sir Alexander Campbell, Knt. Commander of the Forces in the Isle of France. The Right Hon. William M'Mahon, Master of the Rolls in Ireland. George Buchan Hepburn, of Smeaton, Esq. late one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland. The Right Hon. John Majoribanks, Lord Provost of Edinburgh. John Silvester, of Yardley-house, Essex, Esq. Recorder of London. Thomas Hugh Clifford, of Tixall, Stafford, Esq. John Simco, of Grazely, Berks, Esq. Guy Campbell, Esq. Lieut. Colonel in the army. Gilbert King, of Charlestown, Rosecommon, Esq. Colonel in the army. John Jackson, of Ailsey, Bedford, Esq. Henry Stuart, of Allanton, Lanark, Esq. George Griffiths Williams, of Llwyny Wormwood, Carmarthen, Esq. David Dundas, of Richmond, Surrey, Esq. Serjeant-Surgeon to the King. Robert Holt Leigh, of Whitley, Lancaster, Esq. Edmund Antrobus, of Antrobus, Chester, Esq. Samuel Egerton, Brydges, of Denton-court, Kent, Esq. Jonathan Wathen Waller, of Braywick-lodge, Esq. John Compton Donville, of Santry House, Dublin, Esq. Thomas Preston, of Beeston St. Lawrence, Norfolk, Esq. Rose Price, of Treagwainton, Cornwall, Esq.

PARLIAMENTARY CRITICISM.

Dica pur quanto sa rancor severo;
 Contro le sue saette ho doppio usbergo;
 Non conosco interesse e son sincero.
 Non ha l'invidia nel mio petto albergo;
 Solo zelo lo stil m'adatta in mano;
 E per util comune i fogli vergo.

S. Sat, SALVAT, ROS,

LORD STANHOPE.

It is usual to cry out against enthusiasm, though it certainly is one of the finest features in the human character; without it nothing grand or beautiful has ever been produced, either in morals or intellect. The unjust outcry proceeds in a great measure from a mistake: fanaticism is confounded with enthusiasm, though no two things can be more dissimilar:---the first is merely an obstinacy of the understanding, the latter is a strong affection of the heart; the first is a cold selfishness of purpose, and assumes a presumptuous independence as to human censure or applause---the latter is a kindly and social impulse, and always supposes itself to have about it a circle of congenial admirers; the first is a fierce pride and without dignity, because it insolently disdains every fellow-being without the least discrimination---the latter is an amiable vanity, but full of a noble self-respect, for it never appeals to the suffrages of any but the wise and good. The fanatic is invariably a man of vulgar mind, unfeeling and unapprehensive---the enthusiast is as constantly inspired with a keen relish for all that is graceful and sublime: the fanatic is a creature of such limited movement, that he never dares nor wishes to stir from his own small circle---the enthusiast has a comprehensiveness of range which embraces all things, whether actual or merely possible. No man ever rose above the age in which he lived, unless he were an enthusiast---the fanatic is generally a century behind the improvements

of his time. There is always an irresistible interest attached to the spectacle of an enthusiast---you cannot look at him without catching a portion of his spirit; his wildest extravagancies soon appear the easiest probabilities, his most visionary speculations assume the shape of substantial certainties. Take the commonest instance, even the nursery-story of Whittington: who could have observed the young outcast, without a penny or a friend, bounding on a sudden with the liveliest hope, and anticipating wealth and honours from a ring of bells, and not have at once acknowledged that his hope was well-founded? Could any boy, except one who was marked by nature for excellence, have heard such a sound---could he that heard it be deceived, unless nature herself were an impostor? The calculator, who, whether in religion or politics, or daily business, knows no guide but the rule of three, may call the impulse a delusion---he has yet to learn the arithmetic of nature, whose canons are instinct and inspiration, much surer processes than the cube or the square.

But even if the schemes of the enthusiast should be impracticable, they are never to be rejected as totally useless: his dreams are better than the waking thoughts of common men. I should have no great respect for that man's intellect, who could laugh to scorn the reveries even of such a visionary as Swedenbough: his system may be denounced as false, but his fancies are sometimes as beautiful as the creations of poetry, and his sentiments have a purity which is genuine and true, unless indeed Heaven itself be unreal. Those self-called philosophers have done much harm to the world, who wish to reduce every thing to the scale of dry calculation: nothing should ever be considered as improbable which is within the range of possibility. Let every man attempt to do at least twice as much as other persons suppose him capable of doing; but at the same time let him take care not to make his purpose known. The cockroach is not the man, whose ambition is beyond his powers, but he who boasts that he can effect every thing, and does nothing. There is a vast difference between the characters of an impostor and an ardent projector: the first uses every exertion to deceive mankind into a belief that he is a greater man than he really is: the latter strains every faculty to do more than people believe he can do, and purchases his reputation at the price of at least double the usual quantity of labour.

I have prefaced the sketch of Lord Stanhope with these few observations, to shew, that if I think that there are some objectionable points about his Lordship, I do not put into that class the enthusiasm, or even the impracticability of some of his views. He scarcely ever arranges a plan, in which the good parts do not much predominate over the bad; they almost always display the benevolence of an enthusiastic philosophy, which sees no obstacles to the completion of that happiness to man, which it so ardently wishes: they are illustrated by that extensive and various knowledge, which proclaims a mind earnestly seizing all means and resources of recommending and establishing its object: All this does honour to his feelings; and whether his projects be right or wrong, possible or impossible, no man will withhold his esteem from the excellent motives which dictated them. But I object to a feature in his character, which always appeared to me at variance with the great quality to which I have alluded:

enthusiasm is generally liberal and candid, and though it may feel the warmest indignation at any worthless opposition to any generous scheme of improvement, it never imputes more than error to prejudice however, blind, when the blindness is not wilful.

Now what is the case with Lord Stanhope? Instead of a liberal construction, is he not too apt to throw about him all sorts of sarcasms and cavils at opinions which do not coincide with his own? Does he not fall into the unphilosophical absurdity of imputing wilful fault to whole classes of men? For instance, there is a notion tolerably current among a certain portion of society, that all lawyers are rogues, and all priests are cheats. Does Lord Stanhope think that the world has ever furnished an exception to this general maxim? could he ever "spy desert" in a Bishop? or, not to make an appeal in behalf of the Attorneys, for that, I suppose, would be hopeless, did he ever discover common sense or common honesty in an Advocate or a Judge? This injustice seems so incompatible with the kind nature of an enthusiast, that I am almost provoked to condemn it as sheer fanaticism. The only thing which, in my mind, redeems it from that odious character, is the apparent good humour which accompanies his denunciations---he seems more in joke than in earnest, and evidently is not cursed with the atrocious desire of persecution. After all it is a poor joke, and shews a very bad taste. It is very unworthy of a philosopher, and resembles rather the indiscriminate antipathies of a Commodore Trunton. He should have learned better at Geneva. Rousseau, in his writings at least, has inculcated no such doctrines; or, if he has, he has done it in a very different style. I should not quarrel so much with this fault if I did not think that it injured, in a very great degree, the usefulness of Lord Stanhope. It furnishes every puny opponent with a plausible objection even to the laudable schemes of a man who mixes up so much injustice with his humanity, so much error with his wisdom. This one faulty-trait expunged, all the rest of his public character is consistent and beautiful: his manly courage in declaring the truth even at the risk of offence, or what is still more alarming, of ridicule, his ardent thirst for knowledge, his dextrous ingenuity, his sagacity of intellect, his contempt of all the artifices either of rhetoric or logic, are all consentaneous parts of one fine whole. His appearance and deportment are in perfect harmony with his mind. The plain dark coat, the straight-combed hair, the quiet countenance, and upright attitude, are easily intelligible symptoms of the simplicity, the undistracted intellect, and unbending steadiness of the interior man. His voice, though not pleasing, is not only free from the usual affected intonations of pretended orators, especially Noble orators, but has all the earnestness and animation of a man who is full of his subject, not unpaired with that occasional tremulousness which shews his anxiety to convince others of that truth which is so deeply imprinted on his own mind. Notwithstanding his unfortunate propensity for bad jokes, he never rises without exhibiting a mind rich with science and acute observation, a heart full of kindness toward his fellow-creatures. He is ever the fresh and vigorous champion of justice, ever the enlightened defender of free thinking, ever the unsparing assailant of falshood and inhumanity. He always seems to me the manifest disciple

of ROUSSEAU and VOLTAIRE; and though I am ready to admit the numerous faults of both those writers---the occasional wrongheadedness of the first, and the sometimes impertinent and hard-hearted scoffings of the latter,---yet I think that nobody will deny that a better school could not easily be found, either for unlearning the destructive errors which overspread almost all social institutions, or for discovering all possible motives for ameliorating the condition of mankind,

CRITICUS.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 186.

ON RESUMING OUR THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

IN taking the old and favourite subject into our own hands again a few weeks before we are at large, we are, of course, not going to imitate certain preternatural-sighted vagaries that we have formerly witnessed, and criticise plays and actors without having been at the Theatre. What we are going to say in this, and in the two or three articles that will follow, the readers will be good enough to consider as so much prefatory matter to the more particular criticism that we shall afterwards be enabled to make. We wish to put them in possession, in the first instance, of our general opinions on the stage; and accordingly, after making a few still more prefatory observations in the present number, shall proceed in our next papers to give critical notices of all the performers now at both Theatres, whom we were accustomed to see before we came to prison.

These prolegomena however are chiefly intended, as far at least as any direct novelty may go, to readers whom we may have acquired within these two years. To others, some of whom we have retained by the occasional criticisms of a friend as well as by their own good will, and some of whom we fancy we can see stealing back to us (the rogues!) now that we are getting "critical" again, they may be little more than a sort of pleasant putting in mind,---a reminiscence of old times and associations, such as companions delight in after having been long asunder.

Indeed there is scarcely any one thing, which will strike us with a fresher sense of our return to liberty, than this particular subject. It was the first, on which we commenced writing for the public; it is connected with our ideas of youth, of enthusiasm, almost of boyhood; it makes us view over again a thousand novelties, to which absence has almost given their original charm and sparkling wonderment; in fine, it presses upon our conviction that early and passionate love of truth (if we may say as much) which at least shared, if it did not overbalance, the youthful vanity of being considered an arbitrator, and which has still accompanied us, and we trust will do so to the end of our lives, though a better knowledge of human nature, and our own infirmities may have taught us to value ourselves upon less than some may imagine.

But who becomes grave at the thought of issuing forth to the theatre? Perhaps the critic;---but at the present moment of anticipation, we are not critics, or at least not full grown and self-possessed ones. We imagine ourselves, years back, dancing off to Covent Garden or Drury Lane, either on foot (but keep that a secret;) or in a hackney-coach (but let that be hushed up:);---some ladies are of course with us, in all the propriety of fans and white gloves,---the younger ones able to speak only at the top of their breaths for expectation, the older ones (if of a lively cast) almost as eager, but affecting to be wise and staid;---the coach tumbles rway, through narrow street and through broad, with the lamps every now and then illustrating our faces---another turn down a street,---a poise and a throng,---the coach heaves with a swing and

stops,---the theatre! After descending safely from the insidious steps that seem as if they would run under the coach with you, and from watermen, linkboys, and all the rest of the affectionate bye-standers, who show such a passion for being "remembered" by you,---how pleasant to let go the first self-shutting door, and feel the lightsome warmth of the staircase hall, with its lamps and marble steps; then to ascend the said steps,---to enter other doors and cross other lightsome halls silent as yet, to pass by the statue of Shakspeare (not very fine perhaps, but still Shakspeare), to enter at last the final lobby, to communicate with that ready and civil personage, sometimes expostulatory but always disinterested, the box-keeper, to hear the dashing key turn about in the twinkling of an eye, to see the theatre open upon, to take your seat! What an idea of space all over the house! Darkness and vacuity seem lingering in it in spite of the light, and the spectators;---the pit seems below the light, and the gallery, in their proper celestial character, speak out from a lofty obscurity. But now the musicians come in lingeringly, one by one, with looks of indifference at the audience, and an utter contempt of the galleries; they commence those horrid scratchings and tweakings of the fiddle-strings, which seem to make the very instruments complain; the stage-lights arise "like an exhalation," and throw brilliance upon many a young and answering eye before them; the music stops, up rolls the curtain, the play has begun, enter---whom shall we say!---Miss O'NEIL:---we feel our prison walls again, and have done.

There is only one thing more we shall say of ourselves in this prefatory matter,---and that is, that with the addition of some qualifications perhaps for the better sort of criticism, we retain one, without which the very best is sure to be rendered futile. The rock upon which theatrical, like all other criticism, is too apt to split, is personal acquaintance with the men criticised. This at least will not be our fate;---the land in which it lies neither presents an aspect formidable enough to make us go nicely beside it, nor contains any thing like metal attractive enough to draw us towards it. In short we know still less, if possible, of actors than politicians; we are not acquainted with a single one of them.

[3]

THE ROUND TABLE.

[The following is the commencement of the series of articles announced in our late Prospectus under the head of GENERAL EXAMINER. The reader will see in the course of it why the title was altered.]

No. 1. SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1815.

IT has often struck me, in common with other luxurious persons who are fond of reading at breakfast, and who are well-tempered enough, particularly on such occasions, to put up with a little agreeable advice, that there has now been a sufficient distance of time since the publication of our good old periodical works, and a sufficient change in matters worthy of social observation, to warrant the appearance of a similar set of papers.

Upon this design, with the assistance of a few companions, and with all sorts of determinations to be equally instructive and delightful, I am accordingly now entering; and must give the reader to understand, in their name as well as my own, that wishing to be regarded as his companions also, we act as becomes all honest persons under such circumstances, and profess to be no other than what we are:---in other words, we assume no fictitious characters, or what an acquaintance of ours, in his becoming disdain of the original French, would call *names of war*.

A hundred years back, when the mode of living was different from what it is now, and taverns and coffee-houses made the persons of the wits familiar to every

body, assumptions of this kind may have been necessary. *Captain STEELE*, for instance, the gay fellow about town, might not always have been listened to with becoming attention or even gravity, especially if he had been a little too inarticulate over-night;---he therefore put on the wrinkles and privileges of *Isaac Bickerstaff*, the old gentleman. *Sir Richard* might be a little better, but not perhaps during an election, or after the failure of a fish-pool; and so he retreated into the ancient and impregnable composition of *Nestor Ironside*.

I do not mean to say, that we have none of the foibles of our illustrious predecessors. It would be odd indeed, (to speak candidly, and with that humility which becomes frail beings like men), if our numerous and very eminent virtues had no drawback;---but more on this subject presently. All that I say is, that we have not the same occasion for disguise; and therefore, as we prefer at all times a plain, straight-forward behaviour, and in fact, choose to be as original as we can in our productions, we have avoided the trouble of adding assumed characters to our real ones; and shall talk, just as we think, walk, and take dinner, in our own proper persons. It is true, the want of old age, or of a few patriarchal eccentricities to exercise people's patronage on, and induce their self-love to bear with us, may be a deficiency in our pretensions with some: but we must plainly confess, with whatever mortification, that we are still at a flourishing time of life; and that the trouble and experience, which have passed over our heads, have left our teeth, hair, and eyes, pretty nearly as good as they found them. One of us, (which, by the way, must recommend us to all the married people, and admirers of *Agésilas*), was even caught the other day acting the great horse with a boy on his shoulders; and another (which will do as much for us among the bachelors, and give *Lord's Ground* in particular a lively sense of our turn of thinking) was not a vast while ago counted the second best cricketer in his native town.

On the other hand, as we wish to avoid the solitary and dictatorial manner of the later Essayists, and at the same time are bound to shew our readers, that we have something to make up for the want of flapped waistcoats and an instructive decay of the faculties, we hereby inform them, that we are, literally speaking, a small party of friends, who meet once a week at a Round Table to discuss the merits of a leg of mutton and of the subjects upon which we are to write. This we do without any sort of formality, letting the stream of conversation wander through any grounds it pleases, and sometimes retiring into our own respective cogitations, though it must be confessed, very rarely,---for we have a lively, worn-visaged fellow among us, who has a trick, when in company, of leaping, as it were, on the top of his troubles, and keeping our spirits in motion with all sorts of pleasant interludes. After dinner, if the weather requires it, we draw round the fire, with a biscuit or two, and the remainder of a philosophic bottle of wine; or as we are all passionately fond of music, one of us touches an instrument, in a manner that would make a professor die with laughter to see him using his thumb where he should put his finger, or his finger where he should use his thumb, but nevertheless in such a way as to ravish the rest of us, who know still less than he does. At an Italian air we even think him superior to *Tramezzani*, though we generally give vent to our feelings on this point in a whisper. We suspect, however, that he overheard us one evening, as he immediately attempted some extraordinary graces, which with all our partiality we own were abominable.

The reader will see, by this account, that we do not mean to be over austere on the score of domestic enjoyments. They for our mathematics and accomplishments as writers, one of us is deep in the learned languages, another in metaphysics, and a third in poetry; and as for experience, and

a proper sympathy with the infirmities of our species, the former of which is absolutely necessary for those who set up to be instructors, and the latter quite as much so to give it a becoming tone and render it lastingly useful,---we shall not break in upon a greater principle by imitating the reckless candour of *Rousseau*, and make a parade of what other weaknesses we may have,---but for sickness, for ordinary worldly trouble, and in one or two respects, for troubles not very ordinary, few persons perhaps at our time of life can make a handsomer shew of infirmities. Of some we shall only say, that they have been common to most persons, as well as ourselves, who were not born to estates of their own; but these and others have enabled us to buy, what money might have still kept us poor in,---some good real knowledge, and at bottom of all our egotism, some warm-wishing unaffected humility. Even at school, where there is nothing much to get sick or melancholy with, if indulgent parents are out of the way, we were initiated into experience a little earlier than most people; the tribulations we have fallen into before and after this time are almost innumerable; and out of mere horror of mind, particularly at a fright we had from a wicked wag through a key-hole, we shall content ourselves with saying, that we can muster up, under the head of sickness and casualties alone, a pair of scalded legs, a watery head (now by the way, in excellent preservation), a variety of fevers including a capital *Saint-Anthony's fire*, two rheumatisms, three drownings, and one (which was quite enough) hypochondria. We must mention also a two year's imprisonment, as a circumstance that has increased our stock of ideas; and may add, as a specimen of our experience after the fashion of *Ulysses*, that we have all of us, at separate periods from one another, been in France. I must confess however, for my own part, that I was not of an age to make much use of my travels, having gone thither in my childhood to get rid of one sickness, and just stayed long enough to survive another. It was just before the decrees that altered religious as well as political matters in that country, and almost all that I remember is a good old woman, our landlady, who used to weep bitterly over me, because I should die a heretic and be buried in unconsecrated ground. I have made an exception ever since, out of the whole French nation, in favour of the people at *Calais*, and was delighted, though not surprised to hear the other day from one of our Round Table, that the women there were all pretty and prepossessing, and still looked as if they could be kind to young heretics.

Of this accomplished and experienced party of ours, circumstances have made me the president; but I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I do not on that account claim any pre-eminence but a nominal one. We shall all chuse our own subjects, only open to the suggestions and comments of each other; and all speak, as becomes our social familiarity, in the first person. Correspondents, therefore, (and I must here mention that all persons not actually admitted to the said Table, must write to us in the form of a letter), may address, as they please, either to the President of the Round Table; or to the President and his fellows in general, as "Mr. President,---Gentlemen of the Round Table;" or to any one of my friends in particular, according to his signature, as "To the Member of the Round Table, T. or W." This perhaps will be determined by the nature of the communication; but I was the more anxious to say something on the point, inasmuch as my situation often reminds me of other great men who have sat at the head of tables, round or square, such as *Charlemagne* with his Peers, who were persons of greater prowess than himself; or *King Arthur*, who in spite of his renown was nothing after all to some of his knights, *Lancelot* or *Tristan*, for instance; or to give a more familiar example, *Robin Hood* and his fellows, every one of whom, before he could be admitted into the company, had beaten the captain.

I must not however, before I conclude, pass over King Arthur so slightly, as our Round Table, to a certain degree, is inevitably associated in our minds with his. The name indeed was given to us by one of that sex, who have always been the chief ornaments and promoters of chivalrous institutions; and for my part, when I am sitting at the head of it, with my Knights on each side, I can hardly help fancying that I am putting a triumphant finish to the old prophecy, and feeling in me, under an unexpected but more useful character, the revived spirit of that great British Monarch, who, we all know, was to return again to light from his subterranean exile, and repair the Round Table in all its glory:---

He is a King yecrownid in Fairie
With scepter and sword, and with his regally
Shall resort as lord and soveraigne
Out of Fairie, and reigne in Britaine,
And repaire againe the old Round Table,
Among Princes King incomparable.

LYDGATE.

To this idea, and the long train of romantic associations and inspired works connected with it, we shall sometimes resort in our poetical moments, just as we shall keep the more familiar idea of the dining Table before us in our ordinary ones. Nor will it always indeed be absent from our minds during our philosophical and most abstruse speculations; for what have the most chivalrous persons been from the earliest ages, but so many moral reformers, who encountered error and corruption with various weapons, who brought down brute force however gigantic, who carried light into darkness, and liberty among the imprisoned, and dissipated, with some charm or other about them, the illusions of pleasure?

[Our next paper will consist of a general view of our intentions, and of the more particular kind of subjects which we mean to take up.]

FINE ARTS.

MR. BACON'S EXHIBITION OF MONUMENTAL STATUARY.

How rarely do the works of even what are generally called first-rate Artists excite such intense admiration as that which prompted PIETRO DA CORTONA, every time he passed some celebrated antique statues of horses, to exclaim, "Come forward; dost thou not know thou art alive?" A distant, and to the eye of a well-cultivated and genuine sensibility, only a cold imitation of the energies of Nature, belongs to the greater portion of what are falsely termed works of Art, for true Art is the animated and animating counterpart of Nature; all else is pretence.

"Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
"One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
"Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
"At once the source, and end, and test of Art."

But as there are few Professors so exaltedly endowed, so there are few adequate and correct judges of Art---

"True taste as seldom is the Critic's share."

The little intercourse of the great majority of mankind with works of genius,---the concealment of the moral and physical powers of Nature under artificial coverings of manners and of dress,---the common avocations of business and pleasure,---the difficulty, in fine, of discovering truth in Art, even among those who have the most efficient means, and are heartily engaged in the noble pursuit, render all true taste as rare in judging as in performing. Hence arise that crowd of false Critics, who either degrade our native Artists to the level of a mean inefficiency, or elevate them to the stupendous heights of genius, and like most politicians,---politicians of party,---

admit of no medium between the extremes of exaggeration. Hence, too, together with the absence of that lofty talent and undeviating toil, so scantily apportioned to man, arises that large class of Artists, who, without any gross defects, and with a tolerable apprehension and application of general proportions and other to-be-taught rules, please the weak fancies of the multitude, and become in consequence "respectable Artists." Of this description are the greater portion of our Artists, and among the rest, Mr. BACON. The son of a man of genius, he was cradled among Statuary, and became by this fortune a Sculptor; but unluckily for him, genius is not like nobility, hereditary. Unconscious, however, of this, Mr. BACON exhibits his works in company with some vigorous performances of his father, and the tameness of his chisel, the common-places of his attitudes, and the comparative effeminacy of his style altogether, appear more strikingly obvious by the contrast. He shews, by this circumstance, as well as by the blooming portrait of himself hanging among the pale and staid Statuary of his work-rooms, and so entirely out of its place, how remote the tone of his mind is from his who feels that to "know yourself" is the most dignified and valuable species of wisdom.

The degrees, however, of grace and beauty in his performances, as well as the degree of suitableness in the objects to their subjects, shew that Mr. BACON, if not an original and impressive, is a pains-taking and pleasing Artist. Like the well-bred gentleman, his manner is agreeable, because it is easy, natural, and polished, but unmingled with any evidence of those lively impulses which give birth to the well-told and glowing conceptions of a self-thinking and robust intellect.

Mr. BACON'S Exhibition consists of various Monumental Groups, in commemoration of Civil, Naval, and Military Characters. The chief of these are, a Monumental Eulogy of the *Marquis Wellesley*, to be erected in Bombay; another of the late *Marquis Cornwallis*; a National Monument to *Sir J. Moore*, to be placed in St. Paul's Church; and another to *Generals Crauford and Mackinnon*, which same monument of war is also to be raised in the same temple of Peace.

In the Monument to the *Marquis Wellesley*, is seen the *Marquis* as Governor-General of India, on a seat raised on a pedestal. The Sculptor has expressed the gentlemanly ease, but nothing of the dignity of an empire-invested Ruler. On the side of the pedestal stands a manly figure, personifying Valour, holding up implements of war, as an offer of his services to the *Marquis*, who, in return, is crowning him with the victor's laurel. This figure is suitably bold and earnest. On the other side, Commerce kneeling places a medallion on the pedestal, with the inscription "Wisdom, Perseverance, Promptitude." On the basement of the pedestal is represented the Storming of *Seringapatam*. Behind are placed the Indian Tiger with the British Lion, who is grasping the Standard of *Tippoo Sultan*.

The Monument to *General Moore* describes his interment by the hands of Valour and Victory. This is, we think, an unpleasant choice of subject, and it appears more dismal from the stiffly ponderous figure of the General, and the feebly characterized form of Victory. Her letting him down into the grave by a cord of laurel, is, however, an expressive and original action. Her dress, and especially that part which depends from her arm, is like most of Mr. BACON'S otherwise graceful draperies, undignified by breadth; for though he has properly avoided the frittering folds of the elder BACON, he is mostly deficient in the noble breadth of parts which distinguished the ample dresses of that able Artist, and which were deteriorated, but not destroyed, by those intermediate and smaller folds. A justly saddened expression dwells on the face and attitude of the athletic and active figure of Valour. With these and Mr. BACON'S other exhibited works, we certainly should be

more pleased, were they privately visited as are many other Artists of agreeable mediocrity; but the almost daily and somewhat consequential announcement of them in public, by previously swelling, eventually disappoint our expectations. We are invited to a Christmas feast, and are entertained only with every day fare.

R. H.

DEATH OF MRS. SOUTHCOTT.

" TO MR. STOKES.

" SIR,—Agreeably to your request, I send a messenger to acquaint you that Joanna Southcott died this morning, precisely at four o'clock. The believers in her mission, supposing that the vital functions are only suspended for a few days, will not permit me to open the body until some symptom appears which may destroy all hopes of resuscitation.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

" RICHARD REECE.

" Piccadilly, Dec. 27, 1814."

(CIRCULAR.)

" SIR,—As you desired to be present at Mrs. Southcott's *acouchement*, had it taken place, as was then expected, her friends consider it as their duty to inform you and all the medical gentlemen who had that intention, that to all appearance she died this morning exactly as the clock struck four.

" Care is taken to preserve warmth in the body as she directed; and it is the wish of the friends that you will see her in her present state.

" ANN UNDERWOOD.

" 38, Manchester-street, Tuesday, Dec. 27, 1814.

" To Dr. R. Reece."

" TO THE EDITOR.

" SIR,—In looking over the 2d Volume of the "Beauties of Scotland," I was struck with the resemblance between the visions of a Mrs. Buchan of Scotland, and those of our own Joanna. The former lady had the address to persuade a Minister of the Relief Congregation in the town of Irvine, Airshire, to adopt many strange doctrinal notions, and impressed him, and some others, with the firm belief that she was the Woman clothed with the Sun, spoken of in the 12th chap. of the Revelations, and that Mr. White (the Minister) was the manchild she had (spiritually) brought forth. She went on from one extravagance to another, till the Magistrates of Irvine were prevailed on by the sober inhabitants, in order to preserve the public tranquillity, to dismiss her from the place. This occurred as late as May, 1787. She retired, by easy journies, with Mr. White, and about forty followers, to Closeburgh, in Dumfriesshire, singing hymns as they went, and declaring they were on their march to the New Jerusalem! She at length died, and her deluded adherents refused to allow her to be buried, in full expectation of a speedy resurrection; in which being disappointed, they at length dispersed; and (says the author) the affair was no more heard of.

" 22d December, 1814.

" T. H. C."

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

MR. EXAMINER,—In your paper of this day you allude to a statement lately made in some of the journals, that the consent of the late Empress Josephine to the dissolution of her marriage with Napoleon was fictitious: this does not appear to be the case, if we may judge from the following letter given in the *Secret Memoirs of Napoleon*, just published by his Secretary, a work which bears with it the marks of authenticity.—Yours, &c.

Temple, Dec. 25, 1814.

" If your Majesty has fully determined to deprive me of the name of your spouse, the only title of which I was jealous, and which constituted all my happiness; if your glory, if the prosperity of your state, absolutely depend on this terrible sacrifice, for my own part I am ready to make it. It is not the honours with which you have surrounded me that I regret; one thing alone lacerates my heart—I shall no longer be your wife: I shall no longer be your friend, the confidant of your griefs: I shall no longer be near you to render you consolation. Who will replace me? O God! may that young Princess give to the spouse whom I thus name for the last time, that which

he has so long desired—an heir. A happy and a tender mother, may she partake in the interests of her husband as I have always bound myself to those of his happiness.

" Your Majesty may now consummate the act which is to break asunder the ties of nature, and place between us the barriers of indifference."

(Signed)

" JOSEPHINE."

WESTMINSTER MEETING.

On Thursday a Meeting of the Inhabitant Householders of the City of Westminster was held in Palace Yard, to take into consideration the state of the national taxation, particularly the Property Tax, and the proceedings proper to be taken thereupon.

ARTHUR MORRIS, Esq. the High Bailiff, opened the Meeting by reading the Requisition, on which he observed, that if two opinions had ever existed respecting the period at which the Property Tax should determine, the conclusion of peace with America, which had taken place since the Meeting had been convened, would put the matter beyond all doubt and controversy (*applause*).

Mr. MORRIS then stated, that he had received a letter from their representative, Sir F. Burdett, which, with permission, he would read to the Meeting (*cries of read!*).

" Malmesbury Manor, Dec. 28, 1814.

" GENTLEMEN,—I am much disappointed at being prevented, by a heavy fall of snow, attending the Meeting of the Electors of Westminster, advertised for the 29th December. I regret this the more, because, I perceive, by the wording of the Advertisement, that a large and enlightened view of the subject is intended to be taken; one worthy the City in which this Meeting is to be held; not narrowed to the consideration only of an oppressive Tax, but enlarged to a general view of that whole system of Taxation; every stroke of which, like the eat-o'-nine-tails upon the backs of our soldiers, brings blood; and which is not more galling in the mode and severity of its collection, than in its profligate, corrupt, and wasteful expenditure. In fact, the Income or Property Tax has no title to that pre-eminence in infamy it appears in public detestation to possess, nor is it a whit more arbitrary in its execution, cruel in its operation, or ruinous in its consequences, or unconstitutional in its principles, than the Excise, or many other summary, arbitrary, and unconstitutional jurisdictions, established by Act of Parliament, and rooting out the common law of the land; that law which my Lord Coke truly says is the best inheritance of the subject; besides the Torture of our soldiers, I might add the brutal horrors of the Impress, the inhospitable and tyrannical act against Foreigners, with a long string of *et ceteras*, too numerous to insert here, and too palpable to be denied. The enlightened and patriotic Electors of Westminster know full well, that these are only a few of the bitter fruits of that baleful tree, which nourisheth its roots in that hot-bed of Corruption from whence it sprung, St. Stephen's Chapel; and though it has struck deep in that consecrated soil, we are instructed by the highest authority how to judge it, and by the same authority how to deal with it. That we may be able to deal with it accordingly, before the whole property of the country is absorbed by Government, before the nation is plunged into fresh wars against human liberty, and before the system of dragooning introduced during the last is irremovably established, is the fervent prayer of, Gentlemen, your ever grateful, sincere, and attached servant,

" F. BURDETT."

Mr. WISHART.—When this detestable tax was first laid on, the pretext was an expensive and arduous war in which we were engaged with an ambitious and despotic power. That power had been put an end to, the tyrant no longer reigned, and we might now fairly claim an exemption from the burthens which we had hitherto borne. We had borne our burthens with cheerfulness to bring the contest to a glorious issue. To this they could all bear witness. But had Ministers rewarded our zealous exertions by diminishing our burthens, by abolishing useless offices, and abstaining from useless expence (*cries of no!*)? Had they refrained from new instances of prodigality, from lavish expenditure for corrupt purposes? (*cry of, ask Mr. Canning!*) Mr. W. then read the series of Resolutions which he intended to propose, and afterwards moved the first Resolution, " that an apprehension being entertained that, on the expiration of the present Property Tax, a new one on the same obnoxious model, (although, perhaps, for at first a less percentage) is intended to be introduced, it is, in the opinion of

this Meeting, the bounden duty of every good citizen to protest against any such intended measure, and to endeavour to prevent it by all constitutional means."

Major CARTWRIGHT.—The subjects which the Meeting had been convened to consider were three in number. The state of the national taxation in general—the Property Tax, especially its character in a constitutional light, and the measures which it would be proper to adopt in consequence. As to the Property Tax, it had been wisely deemed impossible to form a sound judgment, unless the whole system, of which it formed a part, the system of unconstitutional taxation, was also examined. Unconstitutional taxation was the real disease of the body politic, which filled it with sores and ulcers from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. And though the Property Tax was one of the most exhausting and painful shapes of the disease, yet it was but a symptom of the general malady. To petition against its continuance, without protesting against the principle, would be a fatal error. The Petition presented to the House of Commons on the 7th of May 1793, explained the real cause of the evil, by representing that *the people were not represented* as the Constitution required. (*Applause*). Here was the root of the Property and all other improper Taxes. If the injury sustained by John Bull had been merely a skin deep scratch, or a broken head got at cudgel playing, it would not require much consideration. (*A laugh*.) But this was not John's case; the disease reached his vitals, circulated with his blood, penetrated his bones and marrow, was a torment night and day, and he was naturally apprehensive it would be entailed on his children, and make them as unhappy as himself. The origin of the evil was in 1793, when the rulers of this country took offence at some internal regulations which the people of France thought proper to make, had plunged us into a war which had entailed an enormous debt and a heavy taxation, while France was comparatively at ease, so that the people flocked thither in tens of thousands—the poor that they might live, and the rich that they might live more splendidly. The first Resolution which had been proposed, was to guard against an attempt to create a new Property Tax, which it had been thought probable, by the best informed persons, might be made. It behoved them to beware of the young cub (*applause*)—but how were they to proceed to strangle it? They knew that the Government very properly would disregard a popular clamour not founded in judgment and discretion; they knew that if they attempted to point out the defects of the present tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would say, "I will remedy the defects, but I will continue the tax." If they boldly said that the tax was unnecessary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a sarcastic smile, might tell them, that in Palace-yard they had not time to consider the state of the nation. It was a fatal mistake if they attempted to meddle with the minutiae and *arcana* of Governments; their proper province was their own rights. (*Applause*). These they understood as well as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the best lawyer in the land. (*Applause*). They should assert their right to tax themselves—*from being deprived of this privilege, all their evils had sprung.* When James II. first began to tax the nation unconstitutionally, the state was not indebted one million. The power of taxing the nation was then taken from the King, and just as unconstitutionally exercised by the Parliament; the consequence was, we were now indebted 1000 millions.—The Resolution was then carried unanimously; as were the two following Resolutions, which were also moved by Mr. Wishart:—

"That in the decayed condition of the National Representation, as set forth in a Petition entered on the Journals of the Commons House on the 7th day of May, 1793, it cannot be maintained, that any part of the present National Taxation had the people's consent in the manner required by the Constitution; which manner is essential to public Liberty, and to the security of Property.

"That the inquisitorial, arbitrary, vexatious and cruel mode in which the Property Tax is carried into execution, are but natural consequences of the People having ceased to be respected; or to hold the guardianship of their own Liberty and Property; because of having lost the sacred right of Taxing themselves through real Representatives."

Mr. WISHART then moved a Resolution, declaring it necessary to petition Parliament against the renewal of the Income Tax. The question was carried, and a Petition, founded upon the resolutions before stated, was read and adopted by the Meeting.

Major CARTWRIGHT then came forward to propose a resolution of thanks to Sir Francis Burdett, for his firm maintenance of the rights of the people generally, and those of his constituents particularly, in Parliament.—He observed, that it gave him great

pleasure to assure the Electors of Westminster, that the worthy Baronet would, early after the re-assembly of Parliament, bring forward the most important question of a radical Reform in the Representation, or rather Non-representation, of the people of England, by the Members of the House of Commons. (*Loud cheers*).—He was glad also to announce, that many hundred Petitions were already in progress from different parts of the country, praying for a Reform in Parliament, and he hoped that they would be followed by many more, couched in strenuous, but respectful language, although he feared that they would have little avail in that corrupted assembly. (*Applauses*).

Thanks were then moved to Mr. Whitbread, as well as a Resolution declaratory of the sense of the Meeting of the innocence of Lord Cochrane, who had been persecuted with party malevolence, and anticipating his continued zealous aid in Parliament after his release. Both the Resolutions were agreed to.

After a Vote of Thanks had been passed to the High Bailiff (Mr. Morris), who expressed his gratitude and his pleasure at the happy prospect which peace held out to the country, the Meeting was dissolved.

POLICE.

BOW-STREET.

On Friday, Richard Brown, alias Moore, and John Richards, who were brought from Colchester, charged on suspicion of having robbed Capt. Partridge in Islington fields, and of having committed other robberies, underwent an examination before Mr. NARES.—Capt. Partridge attended, and stated the particulars of the robbery. Brown, alias Moore, he was positive was one of the robbers, and that he was the first man who attacked him; he requested him not to ill-treat him; notwithstanding which, after he had delivered to him his property, he knocked him down. The prisoner was fully committed for trial. Richards was discharged, Captain Partridge having no knowledge of his person, and there being no other charge against him.

The driver of the hackney-coach, No. 596, was convicted, with costs, on a charge of refusing to take a fare from Covent-garden Theatre.—Mr. Shorter, the keeper of the private boxes of Covent-garden Theatre, stated, that on Monday night, after the performances of the Theatre were over, he went to procure a hackney coach to take a party of Ladies from Prince's-place to Miss Mellon's house; when he found the prisoner with his coach, the prisoner made use of the usual impudent inquiry to know which way the Ladies were going, which is the constant trick of these fellows; Mr. Shorter very properly resisted telling him—it was nothing to him; notwithstanding which the prisoner positively refused to go to take up the Ladies.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

Michael Newland was on Tuesday examined on various charges of swindling. The prisoner is the person who having been metamorphosed from a paviour's labourer to a fine gentleman, and accompanied by two females, who called themselves Lady and Miss Price, contrived to get property of different trades-people to a considerable amount. The Ladies generally travelled in a carriage, and the Gentleman on those occasions accompanied them on horseback; Unfortunately so much ingenuity had been used, that the cases of the trades-people duped amounted to debts only, and the prisoner was liberated on the assurance of Mr. Barry, his Counsel, that he should appear again.

Francis Bodenham was charged with intermarrying with Eliz. Keatch, his former wife, Amy Petty, being still alive. Evidence of the former marriage was adduced, and that the wife was still alive. It was proved that the prisoner married his second wife at Heston, near Hounslow. The prisoner was fully committed for trial.

John M'Gawley, the soldier, who was tried and acquitted upon the charge of robbing Mr. Larkins, in Five-fields, a few weeks since, was on Friday charged by Evans, a patrol, with secreting himself in the dwelling-house of John Coles, Avery-row, Five-fields, with intent to steal. It appeared by the statement of the prosecutor, that the prisoner was found concealed in the kitchen of the house, just as the family were going to bed. He was committed till the Sessions.

HATTON-GARDEN.

On Tuesday, Patrick Barrow was charged by Mrs. Harrison, laundress, Islington, who stated, that on Monday afternoon, going along the road leading from the Shepherd and Shepherdess, she was knocked down by prisoner twice, and very much hurt and frightened. A young man coming up at the time, prisoner walked off towards Islington; the person alluded to attended.

A witness followed prisoner, and asked him the cause of his behaviour, when he made a blow at him, and they closed; witness held him till the patrol came up, when he was taken into custody.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

One of the Officers of Haslar Hospital being dangerously ill, a Medical Gentleman who was attending him had occasion, about two o'clock on Sunday morning last, to send the nurse from the officer's house to the Dispensary; the weather being bad, the nurse wrapped herself round with a piece of red baize, with which she covered, in part, a candle and lantern, to prevent the light from being blown out, as the wind was very high. The rays of light issuing from the red covering, to the imagination of a Sentry at a distance, she appeared a terrific spectre; and as she approached him his fear so increased, that he ran from his post with haste to the guard-house, where, in about half an hour, he expired!—*Daily Papers.*

The house of Mr. Colyear, in Newton-buildings, New-road, Paddington, was entered by thieves on Saturday se'night, and robbed of plate and other articles to the amount of more than 100*l.* with which the robbers got off.

Thursday week, as Mr. Charles Wilson, of Blackwall, in company with his brother-in-law and two more friends, were returning home about 11 o'clock at night, from the East India Dock Tavern, where they had been spending the evening, they were attacked by a party of men armed with bludgeons, nearly opposite the dock gates. Mr. Wilson and his friends made a spirited resistance, but one of them unfortunately had his leg broken, and in all probability would have lost his life, but for the sentinel at the gate, who came with a fixed bayonet, on whose approach the ruffians made their escape.

William M'Nicholas, lately belonging to the Dock-yard, at Deptford, had occasion to go to Woolwich Dock-yard, on Thursday week, and met with three decent looking men, who on his saying he would return to Deptford again, proposed to accompany him, saying they were going that road, which he accepted. When they reached the bottom of Shooter's hill, one of them stepped out before him, and turning back presented a pistol, and father in a polite manner demanded his money. Another of them came behind and pinioned both his arms, while the third rifled his pockets, and took his pocket book, containing a promissory note for 20*l.* and five one pound notes. They returned him some loose silver he had in his pocket, and jumping across the hedge, made their escape across the fields.

On Saturday week, an inquest was held at the Crow, in Cow-lane, on the body of a young woman, name unknown, who was run over on Thursday evening, by the Manchester-coach, at the end of Redcross-street, Barbican. Mr. Plumpton, pastry-cook, in Barbican, deposed that he saw deceased, as well as several others, between four and five o'clock on Thursday evening, attempting to cross at the end of Redcross-street, when the Manchester-coach was passing. He heard the coachman call out, and at the same time the deceased was knocked down by one of the leaders. The horses were immediately pulled up. The stage coach was endeavouring to avoid a hackney-coach when the accident happened. Miss Roby, milliner, in Red-cross-street, was passing at the time, and was next to the deceased when the coach was coming up, and she had scarcely time to escape. The deceased was taken up apparently lifeless, and carried to the house of Mr. Senior, a surgeon, in Beech-street, who said that the skull of the deceased was crushed to pieces, and that she died in consequence of the accident. Verdict—*Accidental Death.* Five pounds, or the fore-horse.

Wednesday se'night's respectable man residing in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, who had lately come from Manchester, attempted to put a period to his existence by breaking a stone bottle and boring a hole on each side of his neck, of a sufficient size to admit two fingers. Upon its being discovered, surgical assistance was immediately procured, and the Gentleman at whose house he then lodged, knowing nothing of him or his relations, and having observed that he appeared very dejected, thought it advisable to have him removed to the workhouse, which was accordingly done, and he was put into one of the rooms on the third story. The Doctor had just left him after having dressed the wounds of his neck, when the unfortunate man immediately made a spring from his bed through the window, breaking only three panes of glass, and also the wood-work, and fell on the rough stouts in the yard at the back of the workhouse, a height of forty feet, and astonishing to relate, he was taken up alive, and is now in a fair way of recovery. Upon

being examined, they only found his ankle broke, and no other fracture or external bruises about him.

"In the dreadful storm of Saturday se'night, a vessel called the Conception, bound from Dublin to Wexford, was driven ashore, and wrecked, at Ballynescar, near Wexford harbour. The crew took to their boat, and, with the exception of one man drowned, reached the shore; but they left behind them, fastened in the weather shrouds, a mother and a daughter, over whom the sea beat furiously, and every moment threatened to tear them from this, their last refuge. A poor fisherman, named William Hanson, saw from the shore their dreadful situation; he collected some of the boldest of his fellows, who, with infinite difficulty, rowed him towards the wreck, now lying on her side, and consequently the mast along on the surface of the sea. On the utmost point of the mast he fastened himself (for his boat dare not approach the hull of the wreck), and from thence clambered to the body of the vessel. Here a new difficulty arose—the contest between the mother and daughter, which should, by the offered aid, first attempt the shore; nor was it ended till their gallant deliverer assured them that he would return for her who should remain. He first brought to shore the mother; and, scarcely waiting to take breath, returned for her daughter, whom he afterwards, through the tremendous surge, landed in safety."—*Dublin Journal.*

On the 20th ult. John Grant (commonly called Brosie), collier in Grange-pans, who has been a prisoner for some time past in Linlithgow prison, accused with others of assault and robbery of Charles M'Brierty, effected his escape from gaol; and being immediately pursued by a number of people, as well on horse-back as on foot, found himself so pressed and hemmed in, and likely to be taken, that he rushed towards the lake on the north side of the town, and having plunged himself into the water, had nearly swam to the opposite side, a distance of above five hundred yards, when he sunk in presence of his pursuers, never to rise again! The body has not yet been found.

The tide in the river was remarkably high on Wednesday. Soon after two o'clock, the water flowed over the piles at Blackfriars-bridge; the wharfs were inundated, and business suspended during an hour. It rose so high at the temporary bridge by the Strand bridge, as to leave no room for boats to pass through. There is a court in Narrow Wall, named Lametree-court, containing about twenty houses, inhabited by hard-working people; this place was laid under water. The inhabitants were washed out of the ground-floor, and confined to the first story. The water forced through the houses above the Green Dragon in Pedlar's-acre, with rapidity, and made the way impassable; but passengers found the most interruption on the bank by Lambeth Palace. There was one sheet of water from the end of the Bishop's-walk to Lambeth church. Watermen attended with their wherries, and conveyed persons across to the church. The flood extended along the bank to Vauxhall.

BIRTH.

On the 20th ult. Mrs. Susannah Joyce, Grange-road, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday, Henry Charles Howard, Esq. to Lady Charlotte Gower, eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford.

On the 24th ult. at Islington Church, J. W. Bennett, Esq. of Brunswick-place, Kingsland, to Miss Burrow, of Acton-place, Kingsland-road.

DEATHS.

At Vienna, on the 18th ult. the Prince de Ligne: he kept up his good humour, and indulged in wit and lively sallies to the last moment of his existence: "Every kind of spectacle," said he, during his illness, "has been exhausted to amuse the Sovereigns; I shall furnish them with a new one—the funeral of a Field Marshal."

At Sidmouth, on Christmas day, in the 85th year of his age, William Long Oxenham, Esq. of Newhouse, Devonshire, possessed of very extensive estates in that county, which descend to his nephew John Acland, Esq. of Fairfield, Somerset.

On the 14th ult. at Bristol Hot Wells, the Right Hon. the Dowager Lady Bolton, widow of Thomas Lord Bolton.

On Sunday se'night, at Burnett, the Rev. A. A. Baker, D. C. L. prebendary of Wells, rector of Marsbury and Burnett, &c. and a magistrate for Somerset.

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