CHAPTER XIII.

THE REGENT AND THE EXAMINER.

"The Prince on St. Patrick's Day."—Indictment for an attack on the Regent in that article.—Present feelings of the writer on the subject.—Real sting of the offence in the article.—Sentence of the proprietors of the Examiner to an imprisonment for two years.—Their rejection of two proposals of compromise.—Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Garrow, and Mr. Justice Grose.

Everything having been thus prepared by myself, as well as by others, for a good blow at the Examiner, the ministers did not fail to strike it.

There was an annual dinner of the Irish on Saint Patrick's Day, at which the Prince of Wales's name used to be the reigning and rapturous toast, as that of the greatest friend they possessed in the United Kingdom. He was held to be the jovial advocate of liberality in all things, and sponsor in particular for concession to the Catholic claims. But the Prince of Wales, now become Prince Regent, had retained
the Tory ministers of his father; he had broken life-long engagements; had violated his promises, particular as well as general, those to the Catholics among them; and led *in toto* a different political life from what had been expected. The name, therefore, which used to be hailed with rapture, was now, at the dinner in question, received with hisses.

An article appeared on the subject in the *Examiner*; the attorney-general's eye was swiftly upon the article; and the result to the proprietors was two years' imprisonment, with a fine, to each, of five hundred pounds. I shall relate the story of my imprisonment a few pages onward. Much as it injured me, I cannot wish that I had evaded it, for I believe that it did good, and I should have suffered far worse in the self-abasement. Neither have I any quarrel, at this distance of time, with the Prince Regent; for though his frivolity, his tergiversation, and his treatment of his wife, will not allow me to respect his memory, I am bound to pardon it as I do my own faults, in consideration of the circumstances which mould the character of every human being. Could I meet him in some odd corner of the Elysian fields, where charity had room for both of us, I should first apologize to him for having been the instrument in the hand of events for attacking a fellow-creature, and then expect to hear him avow
as hearty a regret for having injured myself, and unjustly treated his wife.

Having made these acknowledgments, I here repeat the article in which the libel appeared, in order that people may see how far it was excusable or otherwise under the circumstances, and whether the acknowledgments are sufficing. I would rather, for obvious reasons, both personal to myself and otherwise, have repeated nothing whatsoever against any individual of her Majesty's kindred, however differently constituted from herself, or however strong and obvious the line which everybody can draw between portions of the same family at different periods of time, and under different circumstances of breeding and connection. A man may have had a quarrel with Charles the Second (many a man did have one), without bringing into question his loyalty to Queen Mary or Queen Anne. Nay, his loyalty may have been the greater, and was; nor (as I have said elsewhere) could I have felt so much respect, and done my best to show it, for the good qualities of Queen Victoria, had I not been impressed in a different manner by the faults of her kinsmen. But having committed myself to the task of recording these events in the history of the *Examiner*, I could not but render the narrative complete.
THE PRINCE ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

(Examiner, No. 221; Sunday, Mar. 22, 1812.)

The Prince Regent is still in everybody's mouth; and, unless he is as insensible to biting as to bantering, a delicious time he has of it in that remorseless ubiquity! If a person takes in a newspaper, the first thing he does, when he looks at it, is to give the old groan and say, 'Well! what of the Prince Regent now!' If he goes out after breakfast, the first friend he meets is sure to begin talking about the Prince Regent; and the two always separate with a shrug. He who is lounging along the street will take your arm, and turn back with you to expatiate on the Prince Regent; and he in a hurry, who is skimming the other side of the way, halloes out as he goes, 'Fine things these, of the Prince Regent!' You can scarcely pass by two people talking together, but you shall hear the words 'Prince Regent;'—'if the Prince Regent has done that, he must be—' or such as 'the Prince Regent and Lord Yar—' the rest escapes in the distance. At dinner the Prince Regent quite eclipses the goose or the calf's-head; the tea-table, of course, rings of the Prince Regent; if the company go to the theatre to see The Hypocrite, or the new farce of Turn Out, they cannot help thinking of the Prince Regent; and, as Dean Swift extracted philosophical meditation from a broomstick, so it would not be surprising if any serious person, in going to bed, should find in his very nightcap something to remind him of the merits of the Prince Regent. In short, there is no other subject but one that can at all pretend to a place in the attention of our countrymen, and that is their old topic, the weather; their whole sympathies are at present divided between the Prince Regent and the barometer....
"Nocte pluit totâ : redeunt spectacula manè ; —
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

Virgil.

All night the weeping tempests blow;
All day our state surpasseth show; —
Doubtless a blessed empire share
The Prince of Wales and Prince of Air.

But the ministerial journalists, and other creatures of Government, will tell you, that there is nothing in all this; or rather, they will insist that it is to be taken in a good sense, and that the universal talk respecting the Prince Regent is highly to his advantage; for it is to be remarked, that these gentlemen have a pleasant way of proving to us that we have neither eyes nor ears; and would willingly persuade us in time, that to call a man an idiot or a profligate is subscribing to his wisdom and virtue; — a logic, by-the-by, which enables us to discover how it is they turn their own reputation to account, and contrive to have so good an opinion of themselves. Thus, whenever they perceive an obnoxious sensation excited among the people by particular measures, they always affect to confine it to the organs by which it is expressed, and cry out against what they are pleased to term "a few factious individuals," who are represented as a crafty set of fellows, that get their living by contradicting and disgusting everybody else! How such a trade can be thriving, we are not informed: it is certainly a very different one from their own, which, however it may disgust other people, succeeds by echoing and flattering the opinions of men in power. It is in vain that you refer them to human nature, and to the opinions that are naturally created by profligate rulers: they are not acquainted with human nature, and still less with any such rulers; — it is in vain that
you refer them to companies;—it is in vain that you refer them to popular meetings, to common-halls of their own. Be it so, then; let us compound with them, and agree to consider all direct political meetings as party assemblages, particularly those of the Reformists, who, whatever room they may occupy on the occasion, and whatever advocates they may possess from one end of the kingdom to another, shall be nothing but a few factious individuals, as contemptible for their numbers and public effect, as for their bad writing and worse principles. Nay, let us even resort on this occasion to persons, who, having but one great political object, unconnected with the abstract merits of party, persisted for so many years in expressing an ardent and hopeful attachment to the Prince Regent, and in positively shutting their eyes to such parts of his character as might have shaken their dependence upon him, looking only to his succession in the government as the day of their country's happiness, and caring not who should surround his throne, provided he would only be true to his own word. An assembly of such persons—such, at least, was their composition for the much greater part—met the other day at the Freemasons' Tavern, to celebrate the Irish anniversary of Saint Patrick; and I shall proceed to extract from the *Morning Chronicle* such passages of what passed on the occasion as apply to his Royal Highness, in order that the reader may see at once what is now thought of him, not by Whigs and Pittites, or any other party of the state, but by the fondest and most trusting of his fellow-subjects—by those whose hearts have danced at his name, who have caught from it inspiration to their poetry, patience to their afflictions, and hope to their patriotism.

"The anniversary of this day—a day always precious in the estimation of an Irishman—was celebrated yesterday at the Freemasons' Tavern, by a numerous and highly respectable
assemblage of individuals. The Marquis of Lansdowne pre-
sided at the meeting, supported by the Marquis of Downshire,
the Earl of Moira, Mr. Sheridan, the Lord Mayor, Mr. Sheriff
Heygate, &c. &c. When the cloth was removed, Non Nobis
Domine was sung, after which the Marquis of Lansdowne, pre-
mising that the meeting was assembled for purposes of charity,
rather than of party or political feeling, gave 'the health of
the King,' which was drunk with enthusiastic and rapturous
applause. This was followed by God save the King, and then
the Noble Marquis gave 'the health of the Prince Regent,'
which was drunk with partial applause, and loud and reiterated
hisses. The next toast, which called forth great and continued
applause, lasting nearly five minutes, was 'the Navy and
Army.'"

The interests of the Charity were then considered, and, after
a procession of the children (a sight worth all the gaudy and
hollow flourish of military and courtly pomps), a very hand-
some collection was made from the persons present. Upon this,
the toasts were resumed; and 'Lord Moira's health being
drunk with loud and reiterated cheering,' his Lordship made a
speech, in which not a word was uttered of the Regent. Here
let the reader pause a moment, and consider what a quantity of
meaning must be wrapped up in the silence of such a man with
regard to his old companion and Prince. Lord Moira univer-
sally bears the character of a man who is generous to a fault;
he is even said to be almost unacquainted with the language of
denial or rebuke; and if this part of his character has been
injurious to him, it has at least, with his past and his present
experience, helped him to a thorough knowledge of the Prince's
character. Yet this nobleman, so generous, so kindly affec-
tioned, so well experienced,—even he has nothing to say in
favour of his old acquaintance. The Prince has had obligations
from him, and therefore his Lordship feels himself bound, in
gentlemanly feeling, to say nothing in his disparagement; and,
in spite of the additional tenderness which that very circum-
stance would give him for the better side of his Royal Highness's
character, he feels himself bound in honesty to say nothing in
his praise,—not a word,—not a syllable! No more need be
observed on this point. His Lordship concluded with proposing
the health of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who, upon receiving
the applause of the company, expressed himself 'deeply sen-
sible of such an honour coming from men whose national
character it was to be generously warm in their praise, but not
more generously warm than faithfully sincere.' This elegant
compliment was justly received, and told more perhaps than
everybody imagined; for those who are 'faithfully sincere' in
their praise are apt to be equally so in their censure, and thus
the hisses bestowed were put on an equal footing of sincerity
with the applause. The healths of the Vice-Presidents was
then given, and after a short speech from Lord Mountjoy, and
much anticipating clamour with 'Mr. Sheridan's health,' Mr.
Sheridan at length arose, and in a low tone of voice returned
his thanks for the honourable notice by which so large a
meeting of his countrymen thought proper to distinguish him.
(Appause.) He had ever been proud of Ireland, and hoped
that his country might never have cause to be ashamed of him.
(Appause.) Ireland never forgot those who did all they could
do, however little that might be, in behalf of her best interests.
All allusion to politics had been industriously deprecated by
their noble Chairman. He was aware that charity was the
immediate object of their meeting; but standing as he did
before an assembly of his countrymen, he could not affect to
disguise his conviction, that at the present crisis Ireland involved
in itself every consideration dear to the best interests of the
empire. (Hear, hear.) It was, therefore, that he was most anxious that nothing should transpire in that meeting calculated to injure those great objects, or to visit with undeserved censure the conduct of persons whose love to Ireland was as cordial and as zealous as it ever had been. He confessed frankly, that, knowing as he did the unaltered and unalterable sentiments of one illustrious personage towards Ireland, he could not conceal from the meeting that he had felt considerably shocked at the sulky coldness and surly discontent with which they had on that evening drank the health of the Prince Regent. (Here we are sorry to observe that Mr. S. was interrupted by no very equivocal symptoms of disapprobation.) When silence was somewhat restored, Mr. Sheridan said that he knew the Prince Regent well—(hisses)—he knew his principles—(hisses)—they would, at least he hoped, give him credit for believing that he knew them when he said he did. (Applause.) He repeated, that he knew well the principles of the Prince Regent, and that so well satisfied was he that they were all that Ireland could wish, that he (Mr. Sheridan) hoped, that as he had lived up to them, so he might die in the principles of the Prince Regent. (Hisses and applause.) He should be sorry personally to have merited their disapprobation. (General applause, with cries of 'Change the subject, and speak out.') He could only assure them, that the Prince Regent remained unchangeably true to those principles. (Here the clamours became so loud and general that we could collect nothing more.)

Although the company, however, refused to give a quiet hearing to Mr. Sheridan while he talked in this manner, yet the moment he sat down they rose up, it seems, and, as a mark that they were not personally offended, gave him a general clap:—the Chronicle says it was 'to mark their peculiar respect and
esteem for him;* and as the rest of the above report is taken from that paper, it is fit that this encomiastic assertion should accompany it; but, however the reporter might choose to interpret it, there appears to be no reason for giving it a livelier construction than the one before mentioned. We know well enough what the Irish think of Mr. Sheridan. They believe he has been, and is, their friend; and on that account their gratitude will always endeavour to regard him as complacently as possible, and to separate what his masters can do from what he himself cannot:—it even prevents them, perhaps, from discerning the harm which a man of his lax turn of thinking, in countenancing the loose principles of another, may have done to the cause which he hoped to assist; but they are not blind to his defects in general any more than the English; and after the terrible example that has been furnished us for the bad effects of those principles, 'peculiar respect and esteem' are words not to be prostituted to every occasion of convivial good temper. It is too late to let a contingent and partial good-will exaggerate in this manner, and throw away the panegyrics that belong to first-rate worthiness.

"But to return to the immediate subject. Here is an assembly of Irishmen, respectable for their rank and benevolence, and desirous, for years, of thinking well of the Prince of Wales, absolutely loading with contempt the very mention of his 'principles,' and shutting their ears against a repetition of the word—so great is their disdain and their indignation. Principles! How are we to judge of principles but by conduct? And what, in the name of common-sense, does Mr. Sheridan mean by saying that the Prince adheres to his principles? Was it a principle then in his Royal Highness not to adhere to his professions and promises? And is it in keeping to such a principle, that Mr. Sheridan informs us and 'the public in general,'
that he means to live and die in the principles of his master? What did Lord Moira, the Marquis Lansdowne, or the Duke of Devonshire say to these praises? Did they anticipate or echo them? No; they kept a dead silence; and for this conscientiousness they are reproved by the ministerial papers, which pathetically tell us how good his royal highness has been to the charity, and what a shame it was to mingle political feelings with the objects of such a meeting! Political candour, they mean: had it been political flattery, they would not have cared what had been said of the Prince Regent, nor how many foreign questions had been discussed. It might have been proper in the meeting, had it been possible, to distinguish between the Prince of Wales as a subscriber to the Irish charity, and the Prince of Wales as a clasher of Irish chains; but when the health of such a personage is proposed to such a meeting, political considerations are notoriously supposed to be implied in the manner of its reception, and had the reception been favourable, the ministerialists would have been as eager to take advantage of it as they now are to take umbrage. So much for the inevitable disclosure of truth, in one way or another; and thus has the very first utterance of the public opinion, *vivâ voce*, been loud and unequivocal in rebuke of the Prince Regent.

It is impossible, however, before the present article is closed, to resist an observation or two on the saddest of these ministerial papers. Our readers are aware that the *Morning Post*, above all its rivals, has a faculty of carrying its nonsense to a pitch that becomes amusing in spite of itself, and affords relief to one’s feelings in the very excess of its inflictions. Its paper of Thursday last, in answer to a real or pretended correspondent, contained the following paragraph:—‘The publication of the article of a friend, relative to the ungenerous, unmanly conduct, displayed at a late public meeting, though evidently well meant,
would only serve to give consequence to a set of worthless beings, whose imbecile efforts are best treated with sovereign contempt. 'Worthless beings and sovereign contempt!' Who would not suppose that some lofty and exemplary character was here speaking of a set of informers and profligates? One, at any rate, whose notice was an honour, and whose silent disdain would keep the noisiest of us in obscurity? Yet this is the paper, notorious above all others in the annals of perfidy, scandal, imbecility, and indecency—the paper which has gone directly from one side to another, and which has levied contributions upon this very Prince, which has become a by-word for its cant and bad writing, and which has rioted in a doggrel, an adulation, and a ribaldry, that none but the most prostituted pens would consent to use—the paper, in short, of the Stuarts, the Benjafields, the Byrnes, and the Rosa Matildas! and this delicious compound is to 'give consequence' to a society, consisting of the most respectable Irishmen in London, with rank and talent at their head! Help us, benevolent compositors, to some mark or other—some significant and comprehensive index—that shall denote a laugh of an hour's duration. If any one of our readers should not be so well acquainted as another with the taste and principles of this bewitching Post, he may be curious to see what notions of praise and political justice are entertained by the persons whose contempt is so overwhelming.

He shall have a specimen, and when he is reading it, let him lament, in the midst of his laughter, that a paper, capable of such sickening adulation, should have the power of finding its way to the table of an English prince, and of helping to endanger the country by polluting the sources of its Government. The same page, which contained the specimen of contempt above-mentioned, contained also a set of wretched commonplace lines in French, Italian, Spanish, and English, literally addressing the
Prince Regent in the following terms, among others:—'You are the Glory of the people'—'You are the Protector of the arts'—'You are the Mecænas of the age'—'Wherever you appear you conquer all hearts, wipe away tears, excite desire and love, and win beauty towards you'—'You breathe eloquence'—'You inspire the Graces'—'You are Adonis in loveliness!' Thus gifted,' it proceeds in English,—

'Thus gifted with each grace of mind,
Born to delight and bless mankind;
Wisdom, with Pleasure in her train,
Great prince! shall signalize thy reign:
To Honour, Virtue, Truth allied;
The nation's safeguard and its pride;
With monarchs of immortal fame
Shall bright renown enrol the name.'

"What person, unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this 'Glory of the people' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches!—that this 'Protector of the arts' had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen!—that this 'Mecænas of the age' patronized not a single deserving writer!—that this 'Breather of eloquence' could not say a few decent extempore words—if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal!—that this 'Conqueror of hearts' was the disappointer of hopes!—that this 'Exciter of desire' [bravo! Messieurs of the Post!]—this 'Adonis in loveliness' was a corpulent man of fifty!—in short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has
just closed half a century without one single claim on the 
gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity!
These are hard truths; but are they not truths? And 
have we not suffered enough—are we not now suffering bit-
terly—from the disgusting flatteries of which the above is a 
repetition? The ministers may talk of the shocking boldness 
of the press, and may throw out their wretched warnings about 
interviews between Mr. Percival and Sir Vicary Gibbs; but let 
us inform them, that such vices as have just been enumerated 
are shocking to all Englishmen who have a just sense of the 
state of Europe; and that he is a bolder man, who, in times 
like the present, dares to afford reason for the description. 
Would to God, the Examiner could ascertain that difficult, and 
perhaps undiscoverable, point which enables a public writer to 
keep clear of an appearance of the love of scandal, while he is 
hunting out the vices of those in power! Then should one 
paper, at least, in this metropolis help to rescue the nation from 
the charge of silently encouraging what it must publicly rue; 
and the Sardanapalus who is now afraid of none but informers, 
be taught to shake, in the midst of his minions, in the very 
drunkenness of his heart, at the voice of honesty. But if this 
be impossible, still there is one benefit which truth may derive 
from adulation—one benefit which is favourable to the former 
in proportion to the grossness of the latter, and of which none 
of his flatterers seem to be aware—the opportunity of contra-
dicting its assertions. Let us never forget this advantage, 
which adulation cannot help giving us; and let such of our 
readers as are inclined to deal insincerely with the great from a 
false notion of policy and of knowledge of the world, take warn-
ing from what we now see of the miserable effects of courtly 
disguise, paltering, and profligacy. Flattery in any shape is 
unworthy a man and a gentleman; but political flattery is almost
a request to be made slaves. If we would have the great to be what they ought, we must find some means or other to speak of them as they are."

This article, no doubt, was very bitter and contemptuous; therefore, in the legal sense of the term, very libellous; the more so, inasmuch as it was very true. There will be no question about the truth of it, at this distance of time, with any class of persons, unless, possibly, with some few of the old Tories, who may think it was a patriotic action in the Prince to have displaced the Whigs for their opponents. But I believe, that under all the circumstances, there are few persons indeed nowadays, of my class, who will not be of opinion, that, bitter as the article was, it was more than sufficiently avenged by two years' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand pounds. For it did but express what all the world were feeling, with the exception of the Prince's once bitterest enemies, the Tories themselves, then newly become his friends; and its very sincerity and rashness, had the Prince possessed greatness of mind enough to think so, might have furnished him such a ground for pardoning it, as would have been the best proof he could have given us of our having mistaken him, and turned us into blushing and grateful friends. An attempt to bribe us on the side of fear, did but further disgust us. A free and noble waiving of the punishment would
have bowed our hearts into regret. We should have found in it the evidence of that true generosity of nature paramount to whatsoever was frivolous or appeared to be mean, which his flatterers claimed for him, and which would have made us doubly blush for the formal virtues to which he seemed to be attached, when, in reality, nothing would have better pleased us than such a combination of the gay and the magnanimous. I say doubly blush, for I now blush at ever having been considered, or rather been willing to be considered, an advocate of any sort of conventionality, unqualified by liberal exceptions and prospective enlargement; and I am sure that my brother, had he been living, who was one of the best natured and most indulgent of men, would have joined with me in making the same concession; though I am bound to add, that, with all his good sense, and all his indulgence of others, I have no reason to believe that he had ever stood in need of that pardon for even conventional license, from the necessity of which I cannot pretend to have been exempt. I had never, to be sure, affected to denounce poor Mrs. Robinson and others, as Gifford had done; nor did I afterwards condescend to make concessions about poor Queen Caroline, while I denounced those who had no right to demand them. All the airs which I gave myself as a censor were over men; and I should have blushed indeed at any time, to have
given myself those, had the men combined anything like generosity with license.

I now think, that although for many reasons connected with a long career of literature as well as politics, and for the general spirit of both, I fully deserve the pension which a liberal minister and a gracious queen have bestowed on me, I had no right in particular instances, and in my own person, to demand more virtues from any human being than nature and education had given him, or to denounce his faults without giving him the excuse of those circumstances, and freely confessing my own. I think that the world is best served in any respect, in proportion as we dig into the first roots of error, and cease blaming the poor boughs which they injure. No man has any more right than another to

"Compound for sins he is inclined to,
By damning those he has no mind to."

If I thought the Prince of Wales a coxcomb in one sense of the word, he might have been fully justified in thinking me one in another. If I seemed to demand, that his life should be spotless, he might reasonably have turned upon me, and asked whether I was spotless myself. If I disliked him because he was selfish and ungenerous, he might have asked where was the generosity of forgetting the luxury
in which he had been brought up, my own poverty of nurture on the other hand, and the master, who was ready to flog instead of flatter me, whenever I did not behave as I ought.

It is understood, after all, that the sting of the article lay not in the gravest portion of it, but in the lightest;—in the banter about the "Adonis" and the "corpulent gentleman of fifty." The serious remarks might have been endured, on the assumption that they themselves were an assumption; but to be touched where the claim to admiration was at once obvious and preposterous, was intolerable. Hence the general impression was, and is, that we were sent to prison, because we said the Prince Regent was fat. Now, the truth is, I had no wish to speak of his fat, or to allude to his person in any way. Nor did I intend even to banter him in a spirit of levity. I was very angry with the flattery, and ridicule was the natural answer to it. It was natural enough in the Prince not to like to give up his fine dressing and his youthful pretensions; for he was not wise, and he had been very handsome;—

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

But his adulators had no such excuse; and I was provoked to see them encouraging the weakest of his mistakes, when the most important questions of state were demanding his attention, and meeting, I
thought, with nothing but the unhandsomest turgi-

eration.

I have spoken of an attempt to bribe us. We
were given to understand, through the medium of
a third person, but in a manner emphatically serious
and potential, that if we would abstain in future
from commenting upon the actions of the royal
personage, means would be found to prevent our
going to prison. The same offer was afterwards
repeated, as far as the payment of a fine was con-
cerned, upon our going thither. I need not add,
that we declined both. We do not mean to affirm,
that these offers came directly or indirectly from the
quarter in which they might be supposed to origi-
nate; but we know the immediate quarter from
which they did come; and this we may affirm, that
of all the "two hundred and fifty particular friends,"
who dined on a former occasion at Carlton House,
his Royal Highness had not one more zealous or
liberal in his behalf.

The expectation of a prison was in one respect
very formidable to me; for I had been a long time
in a bad state of health. I was suffering under the
worst of those hypochondriacal attacks which I have
described in a former chapter; and when notice was
given that we were to be brought up for judgment,
I had just been advised by the physician to take
exercise every day on horseback, and go down to
the sea-side. I was resolved, however, to do no disgrace either to the courage which I really possessed, or to the example set me by my excellent brother. I accordingly put my countenance in its best trim; I made a point of wearing my best apparel; and descended into the legal arena to be sentenced gallantly. As an instance of the imagination which I am accustomed to mingle with everything, I was at that time reading a little work, to which Milton is indebted, the *Comus* of Erycius Puteanus; and this, which is a satire on "Bachusses and their revellers," I pleased myself with having in my pocket.

It is necessary, on passing sentence for a libel, to read over again the words that composed it. This was the business of Lord Ellenborough, who baffled the attentive audience in a very ingenious manner by affecting every instant to hear a noise, and calling upon the officers of the court to prevent it. Mr. Garrow, the attorney-general (who had succeeded Sir Vicary Gibbs at a very cruel moment, for the indictment had been brought by that irritable person, and was the first against us which took effect), behaved to us with a politeness that was considered extraordinary. Not so Mr. Justice Grose, who delivered the sentence. To be didactic and old-womanish seemed to belong to his nature; but to lecture us on pandering to the public appetite for scandal, was what we could not so easily bear. My
brother, as I had been the writer, expected me, perhaps, to be the spokesman; and speak I certainly should have done, had I not been prevented by the dread of that hesitation in my speech, to which I had been subject when a boy, and the fear of which (perhaps idly, for I hesitated at that time least among strangers, and very rarely do so at all) has been the main cause, perhaps, why I have appeared and acted in public less than any other public man. There is reason to think, that Lord Ellenborough was still less easy than ourselves. He knew that we were acquainted with his visits to Carlton-house and Brighton (sympathies not eminently decent in a judge,) and with the good things which he had obtained for his kinsmen; and we could not help preferring our feelings at the moment to those which induced him to keep his eyes fixed on his papers, which he did almost the whole time of our being in court, never turning them once to the place on which we stood. There were divers other points, too, on which he had some reason to fear that we might choose to return the lecture of the bench. He did not even look at us, when he asked, in the course of his duty, whether it was our wish to make any remarks. I answered, that we did not wish to make any there; and Mr. Justice Grose proceeded to pass sentence. At the sound of two years' imprisonment in separate jails, my brother and myself in-
stinctively pressed each other's arm. It was a heavy blow; but the pressure that acknowledged it, encouraged the resolution to bear it; and I do not believe that either of us interchanged a word afterwards on the subject.