

# ROYAL LIBEL.

This suit came on Oct. 30, on a criminal information filed by the Attorney General, against the editor, proprietor, publisher, and printer, of the Sunday Times. The article for which the suit was brought, was published in February last, and by intendo, when speaking of the King's health, charged his Majesty with being deranged in his intellect. The editor, after broadly insinuating the fact, went on sneeringly to account for it by stating, that "the King's disorder is, it is feared, of an hereditary description—that his Majesty has had too many misfortunes preying upon his benevolent mind—the loss of a daughter and a consort equally dear to him, and of a royal brother, whose political principles he loved: besides the excruciating sufferings of his agricultural subjects, so sincerely deplored in his late most gracious speech; and the dangers in which the liberty of the Spaniards are placed by Bourbon pride and Gothic ferocity; that these and other weighty concerns have oppressed his paternal feelings, and borne hard on his superior faculties, we have too much reason to fear. But (the writer continued) if Divine Providence has ordained that mental afflictions shall be no less transmissible than the virtues of the heart, and the best of Princes should, by their long protraction, or the reiterated returns of his present unfortunate morbosity, furnish another example of the lamentable fact, (wh ch Heaven in its goodness avert,) still one resource will remain to his Majesty, the prayers of a dutiful, loving and loyal people; and seldom, very seldom, has Heaven been deaf to the orisons of nations, when offered in behalf of wise and gracious Kings." The case on the side of the Crown, was managed by the Attorney General, and the defendants were defended by Messrs. Brougham and Denman. The defence was rested entirely upon the fact of such a rumor having been in circulation at the time, and of the right of the editor to publish it as an article of intelligence, deeply interesting to the British public. They also endeavored to exonerate the printer.

Lord Chief Justice Abbott, in charging the jury, detailed the nature of the case. According to the law of the land, (he said,) the printers and publishers, as well as the proprietors, were liable for the contents of their papers. As to the matter that was charged to be a libel, he had no hesitation, whatever, in distinctly asserting, that if it were falsely stated of the King—or of any subject in the realm—that he was afflicted with mental insanity, the party publishing such statement would be acting criminally. On this point he had no doubt. The question then was, had the paper in question promulgated such a statement regarding his Majesty; and that was the question of fact which the law very properly left to the jury. But he would observe, if it were a libel to make any such statement falsely against a private individual, that it was a still greater libel to publish such a statement against the highest executive authority in the country. In cases of libel, in particular, it was the custom of the Judge to express to the Jury, his opinion of the publication. He had ever done so since he was a Judge—he would do so now; and he therefore had no hesitation in declaring his opinion to be, that the publication was a criminal libel. The Jury, after a very short consultation among each other in the box, retired at a quarter past one o'clock to consider of their verdict—and soon after returned—"Guilty."

## "I'LL LEAVE MY CARD."

The present may, with much propriety, be styled the age of heartlessness. Empty ceremony and heartless formality have usurped the place of friendly attentions and social intercourse. Modern politeness is exactly opposed to sincerity. There seems to be a tacit understanding between man and man, woman and woman, to deceive and be deceived; and he who plays off these counterfeit tricks the most adroitly, is the most polished and polite.

Walking the other day with a friend, or with one who makes friendly pretensions—"If you will excuse me a moment," said he, "I will call on Mr. Clericus; he is out of town, I believe; I shall overtake you with a few steps." So saying he took from his pocket a card-case—knocked at the door—made the accustomed inquiry, and handed his card to the servant. "Cancelled at a lucky moment," said he, when he had overtaken me—"I always observe great punctuality in returning civilities of my friends. "But why," I inquired, "did you call on Mr. C. when you knew he was not at home. "Oh!" exclaimed he, "it answers every purpose of a visit, and is far less trouble: he is vastly tedious; but I was in debt to him on the score of civilities"—This paper currency, I find, is in general circulation; the sterling coin of real friendship has become scarce, now and then we meet with a few antiquated pieces, but they are pretty much out of date. "Mama," said the Misses Stylishes, "we shall go out this morning, and make calls, the day is fine, and ladies will generally be out; the Misses Oldates are on a journey to the White Hills; Miss Mantrim returns soon from Newburyport, and Miss Trimaket is staying in Boston." "You can leave my cards," said the mother, with matronly honesty, "at Mr. Homebred's and Mrs. Starch-up's, if they happen not to be at home, the servant will not notice the mistake.

Now I am strongly opposed to all this from moral considerations. The young are instructed in dissimulation and insincerity; servants are taught to reconnoitre at the porch window and prevaricate. The human character is sufficiently bad, it much needs amendment. Let the circle of one's friends be small if he chooses; but let it be hearty and genuine with those who profess to be united in the silken bands of friendship. All this cold ceremony is downright mockery of all that is open, fair and honorable—it is disgraceful in the human character—mere stuff—empty chaff—lighter than the paper that is made the vehicle of their deceit, without its purity.

The widow Tripit flitted by my window;—a sprightly knock summoned the servant to the door—"I am not at home this morning, Susan." I am honest and consistent, you see. I will not spare my wife, although I expect a certain lecture if she detects my scribbling. The servant entered with a card—"I thought, my dear, you were not on the most intimate terms with the widow T. since the disclosure of Maria Blab?" "We are not, my dear, said she, "but we leave our cards," handing me the one just received. "By my ledger," said I, "it blushes." "You are satirical, my dear, it is rosepaper." "Very appropriate paper" said I, "it ought to be in more general use [taking up Doctor Chargewell's bill, which I had just paid]

with professional men, as well as professional women.

This card leaving custom, confined to its legitimate use, to obviate the carelessness, or forgetfulness of servants, is certainly very proper and convenient, but when made the instrument of idle ceremony, and deceitful professions, it is certainly reprehensible, and may be classed with the follies and crimes of the age.

ONGAR.



## SCOTTISH POETRY.

[The elegant simplicity of the following descriptive poem, must recommend it, we think, to every reader possessed of taste to enjoy the beauties of nature, pure and unsophisticated.]

### FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.

#### TALES OF THE DAFT DAYS. No. I.

##### INTRODUCTION.

AGAIN the clouds o' winter scowl,  
An' tempests after tempests howl;  
Again the unpeppering Norland blast  
Is rife, an' Nature shrinks aghast;  
The stiffening yird lies cauld, and now  
The curdling rivers cease to rowe,  
Wanchancy fogs fu' dark and dense,  
Sit dozing down, and winna hence.  
In vain the breeze wi' rousing shake,  
Among them drives, they downa wake:  
The dwynin' sun, nae langer bauld,  
Looks bleary wi' age and dead wi' cauld,  
Just hirplin' up to take a glist,  
An' air a wee his sickly disk;  
Fu' wistfu' up the lift to gaze,  
He wot to speel in blither days,  
Then downward dreep, and leave us a'  
To darkness, frost, or plashy thaw.

But feed, O feed the hungry grate,  
Wi' coals and logs in lumps!  
Let's yoke thegither, that's the gaet  
To cheat the dolefu' dumps:  
Send round the punch, or rich wi' cream,  
The social trock o' tea;  
While cracks an' clavers in a stream,  
Burst forth an' freath wi' glee.

Wi' glee, say I—yes, glee and fun,  
For now the Daft-days are begun;  
Let's peck the coof wha sourly grave,  
Self-plom'd wi' sense, wad awe the lave,  
Check harmless merriment, the carle,  
Like dog in manger, pleased to snarl.  
Sure ance a year we may be funny,  
As 'tis best hay-time when it's sunny;  
Ower soon the Daft-days slip away,  
So let's enjoy them while we may.

Thus Tammy chirm'd fu' blithe an' clear,  
Like goldspink mid the foliage,  
Auld Reekie less'nin' in his rear,  
He skelping frae the College,  
To spend the Daft Days wi' his friends,  
O jubilee right glorious!  
To younkers revlin' in their teens,  
Aye charm'd wi' what's uproarious

Through Portobello prances he,  
On shankie's naig himsel;  
Through Fisher-row—by Preston-tree,  
Where gallant Gairner fell;  
Beside that thorn, wi' martial glow  
He charged the killed fae,  
Deserted, wounded, weltering low,  
Beneath that tree he lay.

Heardna his men his shouts, and burn'd,  
Wi' vengeance hallowed fire?  
O Gairner did they hear, nor turn'd  
To conquer or expire!  
The dastards heard, but, wing'd wi' fear,  
The recreants shamed the day;  
Time makes thee Gairner, but mair dear,  
Mair despicable they.

Upon that thorn, and ower thae fields,  
A while does Tammy stare,  
Wi' ardour fired, his sapling wilds,  
An' hacks the whizzing air;  
He fetches the battle ower again,  
The leader o' some clan,  
Attacks the hedge wi' might and main,  
Now ilka twig's a man.

The Peers o' France, wi' spears and lance,  
Sie havoc used to play;  
Thus Quixote flew on sheep, and slew  
And charged his windmill fae.  
So Tammy raged till out o' breath,  
His arm forjeskit sadly,  
He marches frae the field o' death,  
To Barley-Mains right gladly.

Arrived—the younkers aye and a'  
The little, muckle, grit and sma',  
Whid out wi' heartfelt glee to greet  
Their blithe wi' a welcome sweet;  
Around him pressing, kissing, speeling;  
Transported, langhing, daffin', squeeling,  
Twa sossie lassies, Jean and Grace,  
Catch hand o' hands, and smile in's face;  
So Angels smile on spirits blest,  
When entering to eternal rest,  
Young Charlie seizing his lappells,  
Some history o' his rabbits tells,  
While Dick on's back, ay fu' o' game,  
Blithe Ned and Fanny, young things, steal  
Ahint, and punk his tails and squeel;  
While wee wee Katie, like a blossom,  
Jumps, laughs, and cuddles in his bosom.  
The dogs themsels around him race,  
Whine, bark, and paw him, then gie chase;  
Nay, turkies, hens, the ducks and geese,

Flock round and clamour without cease.  
There stranger-cousins, young and blate,  
Look wistfu' frae the neighboring grate,  
Or peep ahint the paling gate;  
While auldier folks enjoy the splore,  
Frae winnocks, or at open door.  
Acquaintance these, friends, uncles, anns,  
Arrived upon their annal jaunts,  
To cheer the farm-house, share its joys,  
Partake the Daft-days feasts and ploys,  
Relive the part, when young and gay—  
Life seem'd an' afternoon of play!  
O how desired! but ah! youth's dream  
Is faithless as an April's gleam;  
The tear, the smile, thegither, blend,  
As through their lives they backward wend.  
In sweet exchange o' mind enjoy  
The hour not gien to frolic joy.  
Nay, e'en the maids frae winnocks gaze  
On Tammy and his dandy claes;  
Fu' eager blaw and rub the lozen,  
Keek, blaw, and rub, for sair it's frozen.

How happy he—how pleased frien's ee him,  
An' pat an' daunt him, glad to see him,  
Commend his growth and sturdy stump,  
His looks weel-far'd, his cheeks ee plump,  
His air and dress sae spruce—O ho!  
"Exclaim the younkers, "What a Beau!"

Now bun, short bread, seed-cake, and wine,  
Beluncheon ai', for late they dine.  
Some neebors come in best array,  
To feast and spend the Hogmanay,  
See out the year wi' sniting din,  
And drink the new triumphant in.

The dinner ower, the toddy smokes,  
A fav'rite bouse o' London folks;  
Nae chilpeet wines in frost for them,  
But reeking bowls to warm the frame,  
To thaw the heart, by care fast bound,  
An' send it in a gush around.

While ower the bowl some social sit,  
To reels aboon some shake a fit;  
There Beaus and Belles to music's peal  
Yet lighter, blither, happier feel.  
The maiden's cheek yet richer blows,  
The brilliant ee yet brighter glows;  
Soft pulses quicken, quiver, start,  
An' jump around the flut'ring heart;  
Awaking melody and joy,  
An' love's first raptures, guiltless of alloy.

The sang, the dance, or social glass,  
Thus oil the hours that screeven pass,  
Until the knock's descending mell  
Ring out the year's funeral knell.  
Halloo at ance, the kissing, fun,  
An' gratulating, are begun;  
Wi' hand in hand the couples say,  
A guid new year, an' mony mae,  
Syne on the sappy kiss lads lay.  
Och! struggling, skirling, "fie for shame,"  
Just serve to send the kiss mair lame;  
While round the spicy het pint passes  
Frae honest men to bonnie lasses;  
An' syne the party tak the road  
That leads them to the land o' Nod.

O Scotland! cradle o' my youth,  
I prize thee wi' a heart o' truth;  
In ither lands my lot though cast,  
I lo'd thee first, will lo'e thee last—  
O bless thee an' thy kindly race,  
The firm o' heart, the fair o' face,  
The vig'rous-minded, gentle-soul'd,  
Wha mak thee mair an' mair extoll'd!  
O bless the kindred groups that smile  
Around thy board, devoid o' guile!  
Commingling hearts—exchanging mind—  
Communion rapt'rous an' refined.  
O bless the rural train, wha gay  
In friendly bands partake the day,  
Behold the wasted year expire,  
An' Phoenix like the new aspire,  
Impatient till on them maist dear  
They've wish'd the blessings o' the year,  
Wha mingle to rewake the joys  
That charm'd the buoyant-hearted boys;  
Revive the frolic an' the fun.  
That lang time ran, and lang will run;  
Look blushing at the gill tang priz'd,  
Till full in bloom she's idolized:  
Caressing frien's for whom they feel  
A deeper love, a loftier zeal.

The mornin' dawns—an eastern haze  
Is curling, whirling ower the braes,  
Unrolling slowly, dense, an' keen,  
Turning grey morn to misty e'en.  
Fast, fast the snawy flakes are fa'ing,  
An' corbie flights are clam'rous crawing;  
Their course low winging in the lift,  
In black'ning flocks among the drift.  
Puir beasties, wha can envy them  
Their cauld, cauld nest, an' hungry wame,  
As cozie by the ingle's bleeze  
We feast at will, an' laugh at ease?  
The wee wild birds frae wood an' field  
Flee flickering in, to find a bield  
Among the stacks, the shields, or where  
To hide their head, an' chitter there.  
An' whistling frae the winnock comes  
The robin, grateful for his crumbs.  
Afore the doors geese, hens, ducks, drake,  
A gagging, cackling, quackling make;  
While dowie in the strae-yard rowte,  
Mid grunting swine, the kye an' nowte;  
Those carrying up an' down the strae,  
The sign o' stormy night or day;  
The nowte an' kye their coods now chowin,  
Now roaring, goring doufer growin.  
Thus Nature out o' doors appears  
Oppressed wi' langour, grief, an' fears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A Card.

THE Subscribers beg to inform the People that whilst doing business under the firm of STARR & SHANNON, they emitted a small quantity of Half Pence stamped with their name. They hereby offer to redeem the same when presented.

JOHN STARR,  
J. N. SHANNON

## CHEAPEST NEW FURNITURE WARE.

HOUSE.  
No. 43 Jacobs' Brick Building, Upper Water Street.

## Smith,

### UNDERTAKER, UPHOLSTERER CABINET AND CHAIRMAKER,

INFORMS his Friends and the Public in general That he manufactures all sorts of FURNITURE, and now offers for sale—elegant Mahogany High Post Bedsteads, with mahogany cornices, and double and single Tent Bedsteads; Rocking Cradles; Dining, Sofa, Card, Pembroke-Ladies' Work and Toilet Tables; Light Stand, Music and Reading Tables: Dinner Trays; Mahogany Secretaries and Book Cases; Ladies' Secretaries and Portable Desks; Haircloth, Grecian end common Sofas, and Couches; mahogany and birch low priced Chests of Drawers; Liquor Cases, Basin Stands; elegant Side Boards; mahogany and birch Night Chairs and Bed Steps; patent Easy Chairs, with Bedsted to fold out; common do. mahogany cane and rush bottom Chairs; elegant gilt ornamented Window Poles and Cornices; bed and window Curtains, Carpets, Sofa and Chair Covers made on the shortest notice; a few English Feather Beds, Bolsters, and Pillows; Hair Mattresses and Passes for sale. All kinds of Furniture made to any pattern or plan, and Furniture neatly cleaned and repaired.

For Sale seasoned Birch Plank and Scantling for Newel posts and Hand-Rails for Stairs.

All orders from town and country thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Feb. 14.

Gentlemen of the Army, Navy, Town, and others, are respectfully informed, that

THE following articles, imported in the late vessels from London and Glasgow, are for sale at the CHRONICLE PRINTING OFFICE—at the lowest rates, for cash viz:

Imperial Paper	single
Super Royal	Log book Slates
Royal	Common do large an
Medium	small
Demy	Slate Pencils
Folio Post	Sliding Gunter Scales
Foolscap, very best gilt	Common ditto
Do black edged	Office Files with Laces
Do plain	Best and com, Lead Pencils
Very best Pot	Hudson Bay Quills
2d quality do	Dutch Quills and Pens
Com. low priced do	Inferior low priced Quills
Extra fine 4to Post, wove	do do
yellow'd and gilt.	do do
Common do	Best Dutch Wax
Note Paper, gilt & plain	Com. do. for bottles
Very fine Cartridge—or	Round Office Wafers
log book paper finest	Coloured Wafers in boxes
Common do	Office Tape, broad and narrow
Blossom Blotting Paper	Green Silk Taste
Blue do	Plated and common Taper Stands
Music Paper	Green Wax Tapers
Bristol Boards	Black Ink Powder
Coarse Paper for Sketches	Red ditto
Paste Boards	Japan Ink, black red in small phials
Large Message Cards—wove and hotpressed	Durable Ink for marking on linen or cotton cloth with a pen
Small do	Pewter Ink Chests
Ditto gilt do	Do Ink holders
Sketch Books—neat	Pocket ditto
Ruled Music do	Lead Paper Pressers
Account Books	Small Hones
Receipt do	Reves' Water Colors, 1 box large and complete
Best Foolscap quire Books	Ditto in small boxes
marble covers	Dittosquares
Do Pot do do	Pounce & Pounce boxes
Copy Books, with picture covers—per gross, dozen, or single	
Copper Plate Slips—by the gross, dozen, or	

### CHARTS.

British Channel	Chesapeake Bay
Halifax	Halifax to Philadelphia
Bay of Biscay	Cape Cod to Havana
Mediterranean	Nova Scotia
Atlantic Ocean	Newfoundland and Gulf of St. Lawrence
Azores	Labrador,
Rio Janeiro	One large Map of the World—four quarters on rollers
Coast of Brazil	
West Indies	
St. Domingo	

### BOOKS.

Jacobs' Law Dictionary	Tardy's French pronunciation Dictionary
Blackstone's Commentaries	4 vols Johnson's Poets
Burns' Justice	5 do. Catholic Prayer Books
Johnson's Dictionary	Buffon's Natural History
Do. pocket do.	William's Auctioneers Guide
Buchan's Medicine	Campaign in Germany & France
Mackay's Navigation	Essay on Gothic Architecture
Mair's Bookkeeping	Elegant Prayer Books
Willich's Encyclopaedia	Beauties of Mackenzie
Walkers pron. Dictionary	Chambaud's Fr. Grammar
Cesar Delph.	mat.
Ovid do.	Pligim's Progress
Bollingbrooke's Works	Nourjahad
Life of Garrick	Mavor's Spellings
Pratt's Harvest Home	Dilworth's do.
Chateaubrian's travels	Selectae Profani
Bell's Tour	Eutropius
Foster's Letters	Cornelius Nepos
Paisley's Essay	Gay's Fables
Thompson's Letters	Evans' Sketch of Religions
Homer Burlesqu'd 2 vols	The Campaign—a Poem
Murray's Grammar, Key and Exercise	Faulkner's Shipwreck
Tutor's Assistant	Mason's Collection
Ward's Latin Grammar	Quarle's Emblems
Goldsmith's Geography	Pliny's Letters
Life and adventures of Robinson Crusoe	Entick's Dictionary
Complete Letter writer	Shakespeare's Plays
Vicar of Wakefield	Homer's Illiad
She thinks for herself	Milton's Works
Destination	Thompson Seasons
Cowan's Anthropoidea	Holy Bible, 2 vols
Young Man's best Companion	Stevens Harmonica
Dakin's Greek Testament	Kirkwood's improved method of Writing.
Art of preserving the sight	Bibles, Testaments, and Psalters
Lavender in 3 pint bottles	sundry Essences
Windsor Soap; Londo Mould	Candles
very best Hyson Tea &c. &c.	

Halifax, March 22.