



THE 'REGENCY' DOLOTS.

(From the Freeman's Journal.)

The letter of our Correspondent 'Lionel' in the last Age, respecting the Regency and the Regent, has excited no small attention. We beg leave to tell those persons who, for purposes we may call treacherous, are giving out the most distressing and unfounded reports respecting the Regency, that they are known, and shall be watched. They may be assured that their game may be over-played.—Age.

We perfectly concur in the opinion expressed by our London contemporary, respecting the venal and would-be mischievous class of public writers, who taking advantage of the melancholy illness of the King, and of the slight indisposition of the Duke of Clarence, deliberately pen the most scurrilous falsehoods, and trouble the public with their hired libellations. The rumours we allude to, we will dismiss by saying, they are false, utterly and absolutely false, and their authors known to. The heir apparent to the crown of these realms, is, we have reason to believe, perfectly capacitated to discharge all the functions of Sovereignty—should it please Providence to deign the Empire of our present gracious Monarch. We would not have alluded at all to this unpleasant subject, were it not that the base, and we will call it treasonable column has been retailed, pertinaciously by The Evening Post, whose treasury notions are, we imagine, now pretty generally understood. But it will not do—all the paragrapping of the Castle back, shall not answer. The country wants no delegated tyrant—it will have no ambitious Regent. In truth, the story was, from the beginning, so clumsy and ridiculous, that it could deceive nobody unless the blackhead who composed it. We take credit to ourselves for being the first Irish journalist who denounced the perfidious project, which was sought to be pressed upon the country.

We had written so far when the Evening Post came to hand. It again iterates the 'Regency' halderdash, with all the self-sufficiency of truth and authority. It may be, the Post has received his instructions from head quarters—we have no doubt he has; but we repeat—it will not do.—But the Post waxes bold, and roundly asserts that the question (about a Regency) will be discussed, and that too by the present Parliament. Never did Lord Bacon's admirable description of 'boldness' better apply to any man or any writer than it does to our modest contemporary. He 'roundly asserts!' and therefore, we are to take the truth of the assertion for granted, in the absence of the argument of the Post. He gravely tells us, that 'The Duke of Clarence is not a young man.' Neither was Charles X. when he mounted the throne of France, and yet no man ventured then to suggest the propriety, much less the necessity, of a Regency. 'Oh! but,' continues the Post, 'the Heir's Presumptive is little more than an infant.' Well, and what of that? The young Princess of Kent is not the next in succession to the crown, and why, then, if the health of the Duke of Clarence does not render a Regency necessary, as the Post now and does admit, discuss a useless, and a more than useless—a mischievous topic? The Post, in one sentence, tells us 'the health of his Royal Highness, it is not to be doubted, is such as to render such a course necessary,' and, in the next sentence he says:—'In fact, it is to be necessary to have the Royal Assent to such a Bill.' This is reasoning with a vengeance. It also involves a contradiction in terms, which we leave the Post to reconcile or explain—if he can. If the Royal Assent be necessary to a Regency Bill, would not the sign manual of William IV. answer as well as that of George IV.? And were we, upon the dictum of the Dublin Evening Post to think for a moment that the Heir Apparent would consent to such a forfeiture of his birth-right? The present King has no more right to interfere with the prerogative of his successor, than an elder brother would have to assign or make away with an estate in tail, to the prejudice of a younger son. It is really distressing to be obliged to write upon such a subject, and that, too, in order to unmask sophistry and misrepresentation, when the accounts of his Majesty's health continue, we rejoice to say, so favourable.

THE BULLETINS.

On the subject of the King's illness, the Lancel complains of the slovenly and unscientific style of the bulletins. There is some curious matter in their article, which we extract:

Of the incompetency of Sir Henry Hallford and Sir Matthew Tierney we do not speak, for we will not be so uncharitable as to decide upon their medical attainments from the terms of their bulletins. Sir H. Hallford is unquestionably a very respectable gentleman, but we have yet to learn that he has found a position amongst the scientific physicians of Europe. Of Sir M. Tierney we know nothing—he may have contributed to the stock of medical knowledge—he may have been successful in the career of private practice—but upon each of these points we are equally in the dark. Learning aside then for the moment the consideration of superior medical attainments, may we not infer that these physicians were capable of recording a plain statement of facts, and giving their credit for this, if it can be shown that they have refrained from alluding to highly important circumstances connected with his Majesty's disease, and with which it is self-evident they were well acquainted—If we say, it can be proved that they have wilfully withheld very important information upon one point, may we not fairly conclude that they have done so upon many others, or indeed upon all? For the bulletins are destitute of even a particle of medical statement that is worth recording.

The secrecy is deep, but what are the motives? The history of the magical tactics of the 'great magician' may one day furnish an explanation. The extraordinary benefit, both medical and surgical, rendered to the late Duke of York by his Majesty's Surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, is well known to the members of the medical profession, and even to a large portion of the public. Yet 'the conjurer' on this occasion directed his wand to another quarter, and summoned to his aid a more convenient spirit—one that could be concealed or exhibited as the changes of the disease, and the turns of the convoluted market might seem to require.

If we mistake not, 'a stock account,' to be found in the books of a certain confidential broker, it always the actual guide to the state of his Majesty's health. It fluctuates with the variations of the royal pulse. Here we shall stop for the present; but the whole affair is one of vast importance to the country, and demands a scrutinizing investigation in Parliament.

It affords us great satisfaction to be enabled to state, that the health of his Majesty is much improved. What is the meaning of the passage we have marked in inverted commas?

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

On Saturday morning a communication was made to his Majesty respecting the health of the Duke of Clarence, concerning whom very absurd rumours have been afloat here for some days past. It appears certain, that his Royal Highness is not suffering from any constitutional malady, but merely a local complaint. It will be remembered that, during the last year, his Royal Highness had an affection of the neck, which caused him great inconvenience and pain. It is a complaint of the same kind that now afflicts him. Of course all the statements about a projected Regency, in the event of the Royal demise, are unfounded; and equally untrue is the report of a misunderstanding between the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Wellington. His Royal Highness has, for some months past, expressed great satisfaction at the conduct of the Premier; and during the lamented illness of the King, has very warmly thanked him for his attention to his Royal Brother. We can also state, from an undoubted source, that the proxy of his Royal Highness has been held by a distinguished member of the House of Lords, for the Duke of Wellington, in the event of its being required.—Intelligence.

LAW OF LIBEL.

The Attorney General's proposed Act for repealing so much of the law of libel as authorizes the sentence of banishment on persons convicted a second time of political or seditious libel, and at the same time exacting an additional security of 1000. from the printers of newspapers heretofore to be established, for the payment of damages in civil actions, is a change which, perhaps, is not very objectionable in principle, either as to the repealing or enacting parts of it, but which can produce no real benefit either in the one case or the other. The penalty of banishment (which has been never once inflicted) injurious to no one, and from the facility which courts of law have recently displayed, was almost forgotten. On the other hand, the security for the payment of damages in cases of private libel, proposed to be exacted, is quite insufficient to ensure individuals against loss in any gross cases of private injury committed by newspapers. A person who mediates a system of private libelling, and is able to incur the previous expenses which the establishment of any sort of newspaper supposes, will be easily able to obtain securities for 1000., whose solvency it will puzzle the Attorney General to ascertain. On the other hand, if the sum is increased, and a strict investigation as to the solvency of the sureties permitted (without which any nominal amount is nugatory), the precaution might certainly form an injurious addition to the difficulties in the way of the publication of periodical papers.—Globe.

We talk of the Law of Libel—but where is it? In what page and volume of our statutes can it be found? We have no such law. Would to heaven we had! A Draconian law would be preferable to the chapter of accidents—for man may avoid what they know and dread, or not dread, may endure at their own discretion. 'The great difference,' it has been justly remarked, 'between a country governed by laws, and one by men, is that in the former every man knows what he has to expect. Laws bear a fixed and definite sense, so that all men are punished alike in the same circumstances; but men are subject to caprice, so that it cannot be known beforehand how the same judge will be disposed to decide, and much less will one man's conduct be a rule for that of another.' Apply this description of a country governed by men, and not by laws, and you have an exact representation of our own condition with regard to libel. Men, not law, determine what is libel, and assign the penalty. Jurors perform in the first office—Judges the second; and the consequence is, no man can tell beforehand what a jury may choose to consider a libel, and still less what punishment a judge may choose to inflict. I venture to predict that even Sir James Scarlett, silvered over with age though his head be already, may live to see the suspicious change, when Englishmen may hold their grey goose quills with no other fear before their eyes than that which every honest man would wish to have—the fear of transgressing the laws.—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE TAXES.

We have had access, in the course of yesterday, to additional letters, dated London, Saturday afternoon, in which it is mentioned that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to a Member of Parliament who had applied to him, in the course of the morning, in order, if possible, to ascertain the determination of the Government in regard to the future fate of Ireland, had answered, that he (Mr. Goulburn) was himself so closely occupied, that he had not had leisure to communicate with the Duke of Wellington upon the subject, and that he was consequently unable to give any definitive answer on the part of Government to the representations made on behalf of Ireland. This information comes to us on authority on which we are prepared to rely; but it does not shake our opinion in the accuracy of our previous views, that the Government will persevere, and that the Duke is determined to 'trample on the impossibilities' which the unanimous resolve of the people of Ireland has laid in his way. We warn him that the Press is a burning ploughshare in his path, and that if he tramples upon it, the ploughshare will be the slightest sufferer.—D. M. Post.

HENRY GRATTAN, ESQ. M.P.—THE PRESS. The following letter from Henry Grattan, Esq. M.P. has been received by the Secretary of the latter-press printers of Newry:—

Sir—I had the honour of receiving one your letter of the 4th, directed to London. On the 26th of April I stated, in the House of Commons, my objections to the proposed taxes, as unjust, and as injurious. But I have been recalled here by matters over which I have no control. The newspapers represent me as absent, and they do not state the fact that it arises from unavoidable necessity. I shall therefore thank you to show this to your friends, through whose directions you have written to me. Please, likewise, to assure them, that the first moment in my power I shall repair to my post and give every opposition to such injurious measures. The tax on the Press deserves every reprobation, calculated as it is to impair the great branch of our Constitutional Liberty, valued by none more than by him who has the honour to subscribe himself, Sir, your very obedient humble servant.

HENRY GRATTAN.

PRINTERS' PENSION SOCIETY.

Yesterday a very numerous and respectable assembly of the friends and supporters of this excellent institution held their anniversary dinner at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street.

At a quarter of eight o'clock the room, and was conducted to the chair by the Stewards. His Lordship was supported on his right by C. P. Thompson, Esq. M. P. and on his left, by the Rev. Dr. Dibdin and Dr. Barbeck. There were also present several other persons connected with literature. The cloth being removed, The Chairman said—'Gentlemen, I give you The King, the Patron of Literature. In mentioning his name I am sure you will feel with me the highest joy at the improvement of his health, and the most cordial desire that it may continue.'—Loud applause.

Mr. God Save the King.

The next toast was—

The Duke of Clarence, and the rest of the Royal Family. Three times three.

Then followed—

The Lord Mayor, the firm friend of the Printers' Pension Society.—Cheers.

Lord Morpeth then, addressing the company with great earnestness, said he had to propose a toast which was not urged by the higher constraints which charity, in a religious sense, would enforce, but which, at the same time, was recommended by all that was dear and deeply interesting to their best feelings. It was needless for him to say that the claims of the decayed printers were such as most forcibly appeal to every feeling heart. Much as that company were disposed to pay to the Press, yet the debt could never be discharged. All that Englishmen prized most dearly—all that was valuable in every station in which an Englishman moved—might be referred to the exertions of those persons, in whose cause they were, on this occasion, assembled. Applause. He remembered, that the printer, whose labours tended so much to the improvement and education of mankind, when worn out by toil, too often found himself with all his faculties waning in decay—with sight impaired, and limbs scarcely able to sustain their wonted weight. Applause. With regard to the printers employed on the daily Press, he might well say that

Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to them.

Where some of the most useful and meritorious members of society were brought to a state of indigence, the great object of this institution was to afford to such persons an asylum in their destitution, and a solace in their misery—a shelter for their wretchedness, and a refuge for their feebleness. Applause. There were, in London, no less than 3000 Printers, and to all these literature owed a debt of the very highest description.—To their art we owed all the benefit of knowledge and all the blessings of religion.—Their's was an art which taught us the knowledge how to live, and armed us with the faith by which we learned how to die. Great applause. He would now call upon the Society to look around and contemplate the state of those deserving persons, whose cases formed the main object of the present meeting; and by affording relief to such persons, they would realize the highest lesson that the Press had ever breathed through all its sheets—that of doing good to man, a duty to God. Repeated cheers. The Noble Chairman concluded by proposing

Prosperity to the Printers' Pension Society.

Mr. C. P. Thompson then gave The health of their Noble Chairman, Lord Morpeth. In proposing this toast, he assured the company that he felt the highest gratification. While others in the same elevated station of their Noble Chairman indulged in phrases, he thought only of the best means of doing good towards his fellow men, of promoting the highest interests of science and literature, and of advancing the public service to the utmost extent in his power. Great applause.

Lord Morpeth, in returning thanks, said that in presiding on such occasions as the present, the honour was not conferred by him, but upon him, inasmuch as the cause of literature was the very highest in which any man, however exalted, could possibly be employed. It did not often happen to persons in his station in life to come forward on occasions like the present; but he would say that, were they to do so, they would act in a manner honourable to themselves and useful to their generation. Applause.

The Chairman, after a few eulogistic observations, then proposed

The health of the Hon. Member for Dover. Mr. C. P. Thompson, in returning thanks, said there was no public institution, however praiseworthy, which offered stronger claims for support than this. It was an institution established for public welfare and public happiness.—Applause. It was highly gratifying to him to find that, from the class of printers, some of the first men that had distinguished themselves in scientific pursuits had emanated. One among the number was a statesman and philosopher of the very highest rank, he needed not to say that he now endeavoured, however feebly, to offer a just tribute to the celebrated Dr. Franklin.—Cheers.

Several other toasts followed, and the Secretary, at occasional intervals, read the list of subscribers, comprising, among other things, a large sum furnished on the occasion. Throughout the whole evening the best feeling prevailed, and persons of all ranks appeared emulous in supporting the interests of a institution which has the strongest claims on liberal beneficence.

DOGS—HYDROPHOBIA.

Yesterday a highly respectable gentleman, in a state bordering on distraction, entered College-street police office, and stated that he and his son, a fine youth about eleven years old, were passing by Strand-street, near O'Connell market, a cur dog ran out of the shop of a person named Duckert, and bit the lad's leg. The gentleman could not say, positively, whether the animal was in a rabid state; but the agony of mind depicted in his countenance gave evidence of his terrible apprehensions, and excited the sympathy of every individual in the office.—Freeman's Journal.

A certain Prince beheld in a dream three rats—One fat, another lean, and the third blind.—He sent for a cohort of legal authority to ask the explanation of this singular dream. 'The fat rat,' said he, 'is your Prime Minister, the lean rat is your people, and the blind rat, my Lord, is your conscience.'

LONDON POLICE.

A DUEL PREVENTED.—A gentleman named Wills, from Tillingham, in Essex, waited on Sir R. B. B. to have a warrant backed, which had been granted by an Essex Magistrate, against Mr. Hay, a collector, who had sought a breach of the peace, by sending a challenge to an old gentleman, of 70 years of age, to fight a duel.

Sir R. B. B. who seemed astonished, asked whether the other party was equally antiquated? Mr. Wills replied that Mr. Hay was quite a young man.

Sir Richard B. B. asked how it happened that persons between whom there was such a disparity had come in collision. Mr. Wills said the old gentleman was in fact his father, and Mr. Hay was the solicitor and steward of the proprietor of a farm which he (Mr. Wills) occupied in the part of the country in which he resided. A dispute arose with respect to some rent accounts, and Mr. Hay thought fit to pull his father's nose. The old gentleman feeling indignant at this unparalleled treatment, chastised the culprit at the spot, by knocking Hay down with his walking stick, and following his advantage up, by following on his prostrate antagonist some heavy blows with the same instrument. The result was, Mr. Hay determined to insist on receiving satisfaction, and sent a challenge.

Sir R. B. B.—Mr. Hay should have considered that the arm of a man of 70 could not be expected to wield a pistol as steadily as that of a young man. I hope, however, that your father has not been weak enough to accept this challenge.

Mr. Wills—Oh, certainly not; as soon as he received it, he proceeded to a neighbouring Magistrate, by whom this warrant was issued, and placed in the hands of a constable, who chased Mr. Hay to town.

A warrant was then placed in the hands of Rathven, the officer, who instantly left for the purpose of executing it, and in rather more than an hour returned, bringing Mr. Hay with him who put in the required securities.

DUBLIN POLICE.

ARISTOCRATIC INSURANCE.

A child's among ye taking notes, And faith he'll print it.

HENRY STREET POLICE OFFICE, MONDAY.—Lord Langford attended before Mr. Cole, the sitting Magistrate at this Office, to substantiate a complaint which he had previously preferred against James Carroll, a servant recently in his Lordship's employment.

It appeared that Carroll had been for fifteen months in Lord Langford's service; that he had lately a quarrel with a fellow-servant, which induced his Lordship to send him to the watch-house, and had him afterwards committed for disorderly conduct; that Carroll then procured his Lordship for wages, which he alleged was due to him; but his claim being dismissed in his absence, he could not be convinced of the justice of the decision—and meeting his Lordship near his residence, in Rutland-square, he craved his wages.—At that moment Lady Langford was coming up to enter her carriage, then at the door, when, horror struck at the sight of her old servant, she ran back and fainted the instant she reached a sofa in the drawing-room—and continued fainting every ten minutes for an hour. His Lordship then, with those affectionate connoisseur's feelings which are not always in operable from the 'higher walks of life,' and highly irritated at the course of his lady's indisposition, immediately proceeded to Henry-street Office, where, from the representations he made to the Magistrate, peace informations were taken, and a warrant issued for the apprehension of Carroll—who attended this day, with his attorney, to answer the charge against him.

During the investigation, Lord Langford frequently, and in a very unbecoming way, interrupted the professional gentleman (Mr. W. Wilkins) concerned for the accused; indeed, throughout, his conduct was very arrogant and overbearing.

Mr. Wilkins (Attorney) to Mr. Cole—The information as tendered by his Lordship to bind the man to keep the peace, are not in themselves sufficient—inasmuch as he said he apprehended danger from Carroll, without assigning any reason therein for any act or deed of the man; and if such informations had been tendered to his Lordship as a Magistrate, in case where he was not a party himself, I am satisfied he would consider them sufficient to bind the party to bail.

Lord Langford—You have no right to make any observations about what I would do were I similarly circumstanced; and I don't see what right you have to interfere at all. It is extremely improper to defend this man in any way.

Mr. Cole—The gentleman is but doing his duty. He is conducting himself with extreme temper, patience, and moderation, and he has no right to castigation here.

Lord Langford—He has no right, then, to draw inferences from what I have sworn.

Mr. Cole—He has every right to draw what inferences he pleases. If other people would conduct themselves with the good temper and forbearance he has manifested on this occasion, we would be able to get through the business of the office with some facility and—

Lord Langford—Stop Sir!—Are you aware there's a reporter in the room.—There's a man here taking notes.

The reporter of the Freeman—There is a gentleman here taking notes—who knows how to conduct himself as becomes one.—and whose situation is that of a gentleman.

Mr. Cole—I don't care who is in the room. If there is a reporter present, he, of course, knows his duty. I make no objection to any person coming to this office; and if people don't say any thing they are afraid or ashamed of, they need not dread a reporter.

His Lordship, though previously expressing himself in very vindictive terms regarding Carroll—who was directed to find bail to keep the peace towards his Lordship and Lady—now became very merciful, and signified his wish that the man should be discharged.

The mild and gentlemanly demeanour of the worthy magistrate strongly contrasted with that of Lord Langford—who should frequently attend here, if for no other purpose than to improve himself by association with that gentleman.

COLLICK-FRESH.

Yesterday a person named Owen Roberts, who represented himself as master of the sloop Royal Oak, stated to Sir Garrett Naville, that on the preceding night he had been robbed of his watch on his way to his vessel, by five men in male apparel, and another dressed as a female; and that they made an attempt to deprive him also of a purse containing silver, which he successfully resisted.

Sir Garrett looking to the improbability of one individual successfully opposing six, suspected the statement to be a fabrication, and directed that it should stand over for some time. In the interim, a drunken woman who was confined in the watch house, habited that she had last night stolen a watch from a sailor, which on being shown to Roberts, was identified by him. It was thereupon obvious that the statement on oath regarding the six men, was purely an invention; and the magistrate had him, accordingly committed till proceedings are instituted for the perjury.—Freeman's Journal.

THE KING.

On hearing it said, that every heart in England was united in Prayer for our beloved Monarch's recovery.

'Tis a breath in that passing gale, 'Tis sweeter than earth's balms are, 'Tis not for earth it ascends, 'Tis the breath of a nation's prayer. There's a heavenly sound in that breeze, 'Tis the King's health that it is a prayer; She asks for a father's life, With an only daughter's care. O Thou who perfectest prayer, Speed thou my prayer on high; They tell me a King cannot, But I feel that a father can, die. There's a voice of thanksgiving!—Again! There's pleasure sounds in those lays, That hearken—then our Sovereign lives— England's prayers are converted to grace.—N. H.

THE FIRST AND LAST CAPTIVE.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

She sat in silence on the floor, Her eyes were dim and down-cast, Her cheek pale, her lips all o'er, And swept the very ground; Her eye was dim and down-cast, And now and then a sigh, Within her heart till then locked fast, Heaved deep and bitterly.

It was a splendid palace-room, Around with tapestry spread, And, glowing here the bright gloom, A lamp its radiance shed, A lamp it lit that passive face, Where strong and still despair Had fixed its heavy darkening trace, Stiffening each feature fair.

A pencil was within her hand, And anxiously it moved, Scarce under her own will's command And the floor it raved; At length the letters slowly traced, Stood like a wizard's spell (Even yet they are not quite effaced)— 'Remember Isabelle!

She sat awhile, then started up, To her cheek rushed back the blood— She dashed away the silver cup— Of wine that near her stood: She leant her forehead on the window high, She grasped its iron bars, Whilst, plying her, from the azure sky, Looked down the silent stars.

It was in vain—her hands, too weak, Forced not those bars apart, And down she fell with one wild shriek That seemed to burst her heart: Still she lay through the night hours mink— 'They are gone at midnight—' And so their first Captive died.— 'Remember Isabelle!

Years passed away—they brought again A Captive to the tower; Now many a dark and bloody stain Profaned the palace floor, The tapestry had fallen down, The golden lamp was quenched; From the corner rich the silver crown Of music bladders was wrenched.

Their Captive was an aged man, Grief on his forehead high, And on his lips, so thin and wan, 'Twas but of misery. His hair, so beautiful and young, Years gone, from him was torn, And he had ordered, yet thus long His head of life his borne.

They placed him in this prison strong— 'I care not—in you heaven are long I'll meet my murdered bride' He cast his eyes to heaven, and then Down on the floor they fell, And he, who, white thrilled each aged hair— 'Remember Isabelle!

It was enough—the nerves that held Through all that life's decay, No longer by his pride compelled, He signed at once his way; He heaped the prison's Captive there; And still the penitents tell, At every word, sound through the air— 'Remember Isabelle!

Written Lodge, Isleworth. M. A. BAUWIS.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR A GLASS CASE CONTAINING A FAVORITE TALENT, KEPT BY A CAT. And now that thou art in thy rest, Unmolested though thou may not be, Thou shalt live in the sorrowing breast So often enraptured by thee!

Thou shalt perch on a green mossy spray— The spring leaf shall light thy cold bed,— And Flora's self offering to May, Sweetly smile o'er thy beautiful head!

Thy gay smile plumes still shine, Though the song of thy gladness be o'er; Thou shalt be still among us,—and mine Tell of thee, and of fond hearts no more! Sweet minstrel! whose eloquent lay, Like sympathy's sigh could impart The music of Memory's day, And echo it back to the heart!

Thy form shall be dear to the eye, As those echoes were sweet to the ear— Well-remember'd, thy lone lullaby Shall soothe and thy matin-song cheer! Gentle Dove of my ark! With as dwell, 'Till Death from this prison release— To fancy will bring our farewell, And wait of the waters of peace!

Pretty Bird! not thy blameless career Could shield thee from Treachery's trellis! And poor, fettered Worth, with a tear, May picture his fate in thy fall! F. Y.

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