

THE EXAMINER.

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THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

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

No. 187.

BONAPARTE,—HIS PRESENT ASPECT AND CHARACTER.

An occasional glance at the existing circumstances of this extraordinary person always produces just matter of curiosity; and it is a curiosity, which, under proper direction, will always afford us an instructive lesson. In spite of the moral indignation with which countries, suffering under a state of warfare, cry out against ambition and lust of conquest, there is a secret admiration which most men entertain for rank however obtained, and authority however exercised. It arises from a false estimate of power, abstractedly considered. The majority of mankind, in their ignorance and weakness, are struck with a consciousness of their own inferiority in proportion as the superiority of a fellow-creature is manifested to their senses, or in proportion as the idea of him is palpable to their grosser fancies, and presents a certain hugeness of image which their coarse vision cannot possibly miss. This is the secret of all common admiration and worldly glory, from the rope-ring of the boxer, who fells his man, to the boundless sphere of the conqueror, who overthrows nations. It is not utility, or wisdom, or the practical wisdom of virtue, that obtains the praise; these are qualities above the estimation of common minds:—it is power,—it is, in fact, sheer physical strength, however decorated or disguised,—the sheer power of bending the necks and scaring the wits of mankind. It is this infatuation which pollutes and keeps miserable all human systems,—which perpetuates the love of war, which has set conquerors and kings by the side of the poet and the philosopher, not only in books and monuments, but in the general feeling; and in fine, which has made religion a thing of earthly mould, and subjected us to the awful reproach of making God in our own image. For one man who appreciates an ALFRED, there are millions who worship an ALEXANDER;—for one man who estimates the power of a calm and peaceable wisdom, which works on the immortal part of mankind and silently effects the mighty changes of opinion, there are millions who with slavish spirits adore the visible strength of arms, and grow enamoured of the pride and glitter of the serpents that destroy them:—and as man is worshipped, so is the divinity worshipped,—more for his power than for any other attribute that he possesses, as the devotional exercises of all nations most abundantly and most disgustingly testify.

It is of great use therefore to take every opportunity of looking into the familiar lives and probable feelings of

the great disturbers of mankind, in order that we may see how far they merit our real praise, and how far they are recompensed by their own hearts for the pains they take to astonish us. Those writers among us, who undertake in common to despise BONAPARTE, and to inveigh against his ambition and contempt of blood-shed, are unfortunately not the persons to persuade us, either by the dignity of their tone or the consistency of their principles. The denouncers of low birth, &c. forget that they are insulting a great and perhaps meritorious portion of their readers, and at the same time doing no credit to the high birth and the greatness it has displaced;—and the defenders of Indian ambition and Irish despotism must impose upon sorry minds indeed, if they are regarded in any other light than as hating the enemy instead of his vices.

The seizure of the Spanish crown, an act as impolitic as it was wicked, and accompanied with circumstances of such despicable perfidy, was followed by events which seem to have wrought a double change in the general idea of BONAPARTE; it has given him the air of a baffled conqueror, and what is more singular, of an indolent one,—of one that will try every means of repairing his losses, before he ventures on the use he used to do, upon the experiment in person. General BARRAS, in attempting to account for this new appearance in his character, accuses him of uxoriousness; and though the authority is no very respectable one, the charge is not improbable. The new Empress, young, blooming, and of an origin flattering to his ambition, may have all the charms of a CLEOPATRA in his eyes; after the matronly mediocrity of her predecessor; the birth of a son has diminished his anxiety respecting the stability of his throne; and with his domestic ties he may have acquired a love of enjoyment, the more dangerous from its contrast with his former toils. What adds to the probability of these suppositions is, that he has settled into a plumpness little less than corpulent, though mere inaction may produce such an effect upon persons inclined to that habit of body. With his flesh, however, he certainly has not increased in the usual good humour attributed to persons of his size, since it is agreed by all who have known any thing of his private manners, whether enemies or friends, that his temper is still impatient and liable to the most undignified starts of anger. It is curious, indeed, as a contradiction to what is said of fat people in general, that the great tyrants of old, the TIMONIDES, NEROS, and DOMITIANUS, have had hulk and phlegmatic appearances. But truth lies as usual in the middle. Health, which produces, or at least ought to produce, even spirits, supposes a proper degree of bounding flesh; but sheer fat, about which we often see people so strangely solicitous, is generally sheer disease, the effect of indolence, or repletion, or a constitutional tendency hither-

to unexplained. There was a wild story a little time back, which attributed the disgrace of FOUCHÉ, the French Minister of Police, to his having told BONAPARTE that the Parisians accused him of growing like NERO in face and person. It originated, no doubt, with those inventive Antifallicans among us, who forget that they alternately represent the French as not daring to say a word and daring to say every thing. But it seems to be well ascertained, that BONAPARTE'S aspect has by no means improved of late, as far as the qualities of his mind may be supposed to have affected it. I saw a head of him the other day, sketched from memory by a French artist who was visiting this country, and who has long been familiar with his face. The artist thought it a good likeness himself, and as he was not deficient in veneration for the original, it may be supposed that he did not make it worse than it really is. Nevertheless, there is altogether a revolting character about it, which would not be expected after seeing the prints of him in London, and which certainly reminds one of the old tyrants abovementioned, as they are seen to this day in gems and busts. The forehead is good, but by no means of the highest character of thought; the eye is sunken; the nose more inclined over his lip than has been represented; the mouth puffy and proud; the jaw and the neck bulky; the head compact and sturdy; the hair, which is said to be falling off at top and thickening about the sides and back, agreeable to that representation, spare and straggling above his forehead, short and mossy for the remainder. Upon the whole, the character of the head is stubborn resolution, and not the resolution of good conscience or of considerate wisdom; it has no fine human expression, such as would take the admiration of high minds:—it seems like the bull's, made to go sturdily through all opposition; its superiority, such as it is, is made up of an artificial disdain that defies the opinion of the wise and good, not of a wisdom or goodness that is above the opinion of the disdainful.

Without recurring, however, to his face for evidence against him, nothing can be wanting to shew that his enjoyments, be what they may, have not softened his disposition, and therefore not added to his heartfelt happiness, after we have witnessed the additional features of barbarity lately given to the war in Spain. A luxurious life, so far from begetting benevolence, notoriously renders people selfish, and a new or unexpected interruption of its enjoyments, is too apt to produce resentment instead of reflection. BONAPARTE is informed, on all sides, that his subjugation of Spain proceeds with terrible difficulty: his brother makes a hazardous journey, apparently for the purpose of impressing on the obnoxious truth: and what is the consequence? Does the valour of the Spanish commonalty strike him with a single good impulse? Does their patriotism the least fall in with his notions of the great and dignified? Does he, in the bosom of his family, and in the midst of his new

sensations as a father, feel the glimpse of an emotion in behalf of the families he is rendering miserable, and the domestic ties he has cut asunder? Not he:—his passion rises; his pride is rendered doubly malignant by mortification; and from the bosom of his family, this fond husband and father wages a new war of extermination with women and with children! It would be self-mockery in any one of decent principles to ask his heart whether such a man can be happy. He may be flattered from morning till night;—he may be “covered with glory,” as his people term it;—he may sophisticate to himself as much as possible respecting the motives and effects of his actions; he may be served, like a magician, with hands starting from every corner, and slavish spirits trembling at every call;—in short, he may repeat to himself a thousand times a day, “what a tremendous person am I thought!”—for such is the amount of this military glory;—but his enjoyments, let him attempt to gloss them over never so much to himself, or wear never so lofty a countenance to the world, are no more to be compared with those of wise, peaceable, and conscientious men, than the laughter of delirium is with the complacency of health and reason. One year of the reign of an ALFRED,—one year of the Administration of a L'HOSPITAL,—nay, the very dying hour of a LOCKE or a NEWTON, is worth whole careers of these brilliant madmen, who live only to destroy life, and are wise only to the perpetuation of error.

That there are still remaining any reflecting men, who can think well of NAPOLEON'S intentions, may well surprise all those who do not consider the obstinacy of pre-conceived opinion, and the fatality with which ardent men are led into likings and dislikings by certain narrow views of contrast. It may be fairly assumed, however, that among these lingering advocates of a bad cause are to be found neither our most philosophic thinkers, nor our highest geniuses, nor certainly our men of loftiest principle. The latter, who in this country, thank God, have generally included the two former classes, may be truly said to look down upon the man, notwithstanding his elevation;—nay, I have no doubt there are many persons of much inferior pretension, who, when they consider all the real fame and happiness he has forfeited, and the miseries for which he is responsible, do literally regard him with pity.—See to what these mighty conquerors reduce themselves among those who are the only true bestowers of glory! See from what a class of suffrages,—from what a description of panegyrists, the ambition of such a man as BONAPARTE is at once cut off! He imposes upon the vulgar part of mankind, high as well as low, but he does not impose upon these; he gathers round him all the vain-glory, that arms can procure him, that slaves can bestow, and that the prostituted arts can adorn; but upon these he makes no such impression, from these he obtains no such applause; he cannot enter their sphere; his glory durst not venture within that hallowed circle; and if he is the first of all bad men now existing, he must be con-

scious that there are a set of men and of minds, whom he is as far beneath as noise is beneath music, or earth beneath heaven. That England presents among her poets, her philosophers, and her statesmen, spirits of this stamp, who baffle the rivalry of a worse ambition, is a real glory on her side, that can be no secret to the warrior and his slaves; and the blessings, which in spite of her corrupted institutes she has conferred and is now conferring upon mankind, will command the admiration and gratitude of posterity, when all his wretched splendour is put out,—

When all

For which the tyrant of these abject times
Hath given his honourable name on earth,
His nights of innocent sleep, his hopes of heav'n;
When all his triumphs and his deeds of blood,
The fretful changes of his feverish pride,
His midnight murders and perfidious plots,
Are but a tale of years so long gone by,
That they who read distrust the hideous truth,
Willing to let a charitable doubt
Abate their horror.

SOUTHEY.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PORTUGAL.

LISBON, Aug. 7.—The combined army has put itself in motion to take positions in Beira Baixa. The fifth corps of the French army is, it appears, in march for Andalusia. Gen. Castanos, it is said, was gone to take the command of the army of Galicia.—Our army is now advancing towards Ciudad Rodrigo; this is considered here as a superior movement, because the result either must be the fall of that city, or a harassing march to Marmont and all his force to its relief from the Guadiana, and even in this latter case, if Lord Wellington thinks fit to retire on Marmont's arrival, he will have harassed and divided the enemy, while he places his own troops in the healthy district of the Beira.

EAST INDIES.

BOMBAY, JUNE 24, 1811.

KITSON v. STERLING.

When the case was called on in the Recorder's Court, the defendant and his wife took their seats near his Counsel. The Recorder, Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, intimated to the defendant the propriety of Mrs. S.—'s absence; and advised her to retire into an adjoining apartment. The defendant, however, said, that he could not dispense with her attendance; that it was as much her cause as his; and that he also required her assistance in taking notes, as he himself was deaf. The sequel of the cause, however, shewed that this was a mere pretext, and explained the reason of his reluctance to suffer her to leave him for a moment.—She was suffered to stay.

Mr. WOODHOUSE, for the complainant, stated, that this was a suit in equity brought to set aside a bond for 20,000 rupees, executed by the complainant in favour of the defendant's wife, on the ground of its having been extorted from him by fear and without consideration. The complainant and the defendant married two sisters, the daughters of a Mr. West, of that place, the former in July, and the latter in October, 1809; from which time till the 7th of December, the families of the complainant and the defendant had constantly visited each other on the kindest and most cordial terms. On the 7th of December, the defendant set up a charge against the plaintiff of hav-

ing taken unlawful liberties with his (the defendant's) wife previous to her marriage, and at length, by a succession of threats, induced the plaintiff to sign the bond in question.

Mr. West, jun., brother to Mrs. Kitson and Mrs. Sterling, gave evidence to shew the impossibility that the liberties alleged could have been taken with his sister on the day mentioned, as he being in the house, not far from his sister at the time, must have known it.—It appeared by the testimony of other witnesses, that the defendant had charged several other persons with taking improper liberties with his wife, and had endeavoured by threats to extort money from them.

Mr. ADVOCATE GENERAL, for defendant, was proceeding to address the Court, when the Honourable the RECORDER observed, that he had admitted the evidence of a charge of criminal connection with Mrs. Sterling having been made by the defendant against several other persons; but that he admitted it with some hesitation; because, without any express authority, though by analogy to the principal of a case which he cited, that the frequency of such charges undoubtedly afforded the strongest presumption of their falsehood in the particular case before the Court; that as this evidence had been received, the defendant would be allowed to rebut the presumption by proving the truth or even the probability of these charges against the three officers whom he had challenged as Members of Court Martial, and that any reasonable time would be given to him for preparing that proof, on condition of his specifying the times and places of these supposed offences. The defendant appearing unable to satisfy this last condition, an answer was made on his part to the Recorder's proposal.

Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH then observed, that he now conceived it to be his duty to ascertain whether certain horrible suspicions, which had haunted his mind during the whole day, were or were not well founded. He called upon Mrs. S. to leave the side of her husband and come up to the Bench; on which,

Mr. ADVOCATE GENERAL (Counsel for the defendant) observed, that he hoped his Lordship was now about to do what he had long wished, though from his situation he felt a difficulty in suggesting it—to ascertain whether Mrs. S. acted under the influence of terror and violence, and to apprise her, if she did, that by swearing the peace against her husband, she would acquire the protection of the law.

The RECORDER then put several questions to this poor young woman, but she was in such a state of indescribable weakness and agitation, as to be unable to give any coherent answers. He then inquired whether her mother was near, and being informed that she was in one of the adjoining apartments, he desired Mrs. S. to go to her mother for a short time, that, under her soothing care, she might recover presence of mind enough to give an intelligible account of her real condition. At the mention of the word "mother," she started, and said, "My mother! I dare not see my mother!" She was asked why? She answered, "My husband forbade me to see my mother."—The Recorder said to her, "What sort of husband can he be who forbids you to see your mother? Can his purpose be good? Can you be bound to obey such a prohibition?" She faintly repeated, "I dare not go!"

Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH then turned to the defendant's Counsel, and said, that if the defendant did not wish that the Court should think him capable of any atrocity, he must withdraw this unnatural prohibition. The defendant muttered a hurried and reluctant consent. His poor wife leapt from the Bench with all the eagerness of joy. The Recorder led her to the apartment where her mother was, into whose arms she rushed, and crying out, "Oh my mother!" she fainted. The Recorder returned in a few minutes, and said, that though the unfortunate young woman had not yet recovered her serenity of mind; though she was still influenced either by dread, or by the remains of affection for her unworthy husband, she had already disclosed enough; for she confessed that the present, and all the other charges of a similar nature, some of which she had sanctioned by oath, were false. The Recorder then desired to know whether the defendant had any defence to make?

Mr. ADVOCATE GENERAL, evidently much affected, in com-

man with the whole of a most crowded Court, said, that unless the Court should itself think it unsafe to act under the influence of feelings so strongly excited as those of every person present were, and should on that ground postpone the farther consideration of the case, he felt himself bound to say, that he had nothing to offer which he could oppose, with any hope of success, to what had appeared against his client.

Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH said, that he agreed with the Learned Counsel for the defendant, whom he commended for struggling ably, and yielding honourably, on the general necessity of not really, or even apparently, acting under the impulse of feeling, in the grave and solemn proceedings of Courts of Justice.—Yet there were cases, and the present seemed one of them, where the best feelings of human nature directly coincided with unanswerable reason and irresistible evidence, and in such a case he did not think a Court bound to postpone its judgment, and thus to put on the appearance of doubts which they did not entertain, for the mere purpose of not seeming to act from the dictates of just and virtuous indignation. To assume that exterior of doubt was, on the contrary, of evil example. It tended to impress on mens' minds, that a Court of Justice could hesitate whether they were to aid or to crush a system of villainy. Nay, the example of a Court now and then, in such strong and striking cases, giving way to honest feelings, was wholesome. Lawyers and Judges were men, bound by many salutary restraints indeed; but they were still men, not made of stone or steel, but with hearts of flesh in their bosoms, and he declared that he felt it to be a privilege and relief to utter his feelings as well as his conviction on the scene now disclosed to the Court. He said that he should despise himself, if his mind were at leisure to enter into a minute discussion of all the smaller circumstances which, taken together, made such a mass of proof against the defendant. One or two of the larger features would be sufficient to characterize the whole.—It was in evidence that the defendant and his unhappy wife had made similar charges against several other gentlemen. He had been told that he might substantiate these charges, or even shew that it was possible for him to have believed them, and he was asked to particularize the times and places of these other criminal acts. On this proposal the defendant was silent, and his silence, where it was so material for him to have spoken, demonstrated that he was unable to state the particulars required. Time might be necessary, and time was offered to collect his proof, but no time could be necessary to make a statement, which, if it had been true or even believed by himself, he must have been long prepared to make. By his silence, therefore, he stood convicted of being a person who, for purposes of intimidation or extortion, scattered false charges of criminal connection with his wife over the community—a man who makes a trade of such charges is undoubtedly one of the most malignant and mischievous villains who can infest society.—It was in evidence that he had given two different and contradictory accounts of his object in obtaining this bond from the plaintiff. He told Mr. West that it was to provide for his wife in case his own displeasure at her should be so great as to lead to a separation. He told Mr. Ashburner that it was to secure Mr. Kitson's secrecy with respect to the criminal connection. Both accounts were probably false; but both could not be true. It was in evidence, that he offered to Mr. Kitson and to Mr. Granlick to forgive their supposed adultery, on condition of confession and apology. For aught that appeared, no number of acts of adultery were too great to be expiated by apology. What could be thought of a man who deemed such an injury the subject of apology? Admitting for a moment the truth of his story, he was, by his own account, a husband ready to be satisfied by apology for the almost indiscriminate prostitution of his wife. He was an acquiescing and conniving husband, the most contemptible and degraded living that disgraces a civilized community. Even the most virtuous and affectionate husband incurs some ridicule by the infidelity of his wife; and though that and every outward circumstance must be nothing compared to the inward ones in some measure embitter them. The sentiment which this ridicule flows is in itself not rational, but it is a natural and generous feeling.

It proceeds from those chivalrous feelings which considered the affection of a woman as an honour, and the loss of it in any way as some degree of dishonour; and it acts as an additional inducement to the husband to desire the continuance of his wife's affection. But if this be the fate even sometimes of the best men, what could be thought of him who traffics in the infamy of her whose honour is entrusted to his protection by humanity, by law, and by religion? Thus stood the case upon the defendant's own shewing. On that view of it he was so infamous, that he might well be believed capable of what the witnesses for the plaintiff imputed to him. But on the respectable testimony produced by the plaintiff, on the decisive proof furnished by the defendant's silence, on the heart-rending demonstration afforded by the condition of his unhappy wife, it appeared that he was a man (if he deserved the name) who in the first six months of his marriage had compelled his feeble and inexperienced wife falsely to proclaim herself a common prostitute, and even to remain in this Court during the discussion of her prostitution (for a purpose of taking notes which appeared to every one near to be a mere pretext); that he had induced her even to swear to the truth of these charges, in order to extort money from his brother-in-law, and to annoy, and (as he vainly hoped) to intimidate other respectable persons, who were made his adversaries only by his crimes.

The Court therefore decreed according to the prayer of the bill with costs. The Recorder expressed his regret that the honourable uniform of his country should still be disgraced by remaining on the defendant's shoulders, and that he was not standing as a criminal instead of appearing as a defendant.

In the course of an hour, when the young woman had recovered, and felt assured of the kindness of her family, and the protection of the law, she swore that she was in fear of death from her husband, and a warrant was accordingly issued to imprison him, till he should find sufficient sureties to keep the peace.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN, AUG. 28.—On Sunday last, the Catholics of the County of Kerry, pursuant to public notice, assembled in Tralee. The Meeting was held in the New Chapel, which is a large and beautiful building. Never was there in that county an attendance so numerous, or so remarkable for rank and respectability.—We have not space to insert the names of all the distinguished and liberal Protestants present.—The Chair was filled by that highly respectable character, Dominick Rice, Esq. Barrister at Law, and the business of the day was opened by Counsellor O'Connell. While Counsellor O'Connell, in an able and luminous statement, was explaining the object of the meeting, John Weeks, Esq. Chief Constable of the Barony, entered, and addressed the Chairman.—He begged to be understood as coming there, not in his individual capacity, but as Chief Constable, ordered by the Provost of the Town and the Crown Solicitor, to disperse the Meeting. He was instantly asked, whether he had a warrant from any Magistrate who had received informations on oath. In reply he declared, that he had no warrant, nor were there any informations upon oath. The Chairman, with great dignity and firmness, said, we have met here, for a legal and constitutional object, and we shall not disperse. The Constable stood abashed—his countenance fell—a tremulous confusion appeared to run through his frame. Here the loud laugh of the Protestant Magistrates and Gentlemen present became general, and poor Weeks tottered out of the Chapel, amidst the ridicule and merriment of the Assembly. Many of the Protestant Magistrates attended for the purpose of protecting the Meeting, should any illegal outrage be offered, and the most cordial unanimity of all sects prevailed on this occasion.—The Meeting, among other Resolutions, agreed that Petitions be presented to the Legislature, for the repeal of all the Laws that afflict the Catholics of Ireland.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

The Minister of England, perhaps to quiet the very unfounded apprehensions of his countrymen, has determined to send eight thousand more of English Militia to Ireland. The People of

this country will receive, with that genuine hospitality which marks the national character, the boon of the Minister—those models of sobriety and industry, that are to civilize the refractory Irish, and cement the Union! It is to be hoped, however, that they will not bring with them those ambitious hopes which had been carefully excited in the minds of the Ancient Britons, a little before their arrival in Ireland. But why are they sent hither! Surely the People of England are not at this moment so alarmed as to suppose, most absurdly indeed, five millions of Irishmen are on the very point of rising in open rebellion against the English Government. Certainly the people of England cannot entertain such an unjust suspicion, because they, who are excellent calculators, must know very well, that if Ireland were disposed to rebellion, they might just as well keep their Militia at home! Why are the Militia sent hither? Surely not to aid Mr. W. Pole in making his Circular Letter the Law of the Land. Surely they are not sent hither to protect the Island against French invaders, because the inhabitants of Ireland are instinctively Patriots, and require not to be subsidized, like the Portuguese, to fight for their country!—*Dublin Evening Post.*

GALWAY, SUMMER ASSIZES, 1811.

TRIAL OF JOHN MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

At ten o'clock, on Monday, August 12, the prisoner was brought into Court by the Gaoler, and put into the dock.

Counselor GEORGE MOORE stated the case on the part of the prosecution.—My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,—the prisoner stands charged with the wilful murder of his own wife, on the 13th day of November last. I would feel great difficulty in substantiating this charge, if this were the solitary instance of his violence towards that unfortunate lady. I am sorry to be obliged to state, that the prisoner, forgetful of the duty which he owed to her, was guilty of the most cruel acts of barbarity towards her; it will be fully proved, that the prisoner has frequently pulled her out of bed by the hair, struck her then in the face, so as to make her bleed,—and at one time, when the servants of the house interfered, and thought to save her, he took up the poker to destroy her, and then cried for downright vexation for not being able to do an act which must have produced the murder of his wife, and his own eternal disgrace. It will be proved to you, that, on the 13th November last, Mrs. Montgomery was in perfect health when she parted from her friends; she dined with the prisoner that day, and after dinner they remained in the parlour, no person else in it but an infant child—that a servant went to the room to take down some things, and that after he had done his business, and was returning down stairs, the door was scarcely closed when he heard a stroke or kick given, and immediately after heard his mistress cry out, "Murder, murder!—John, you have killed me!" He went down, and met the maid, who ran up stairs, and cried out, "The vagabond has murdered my mistress." The midwife came, and found her weltering in her blood. There was a message sent for Mrs. Groome, who was her aunt, and also married to the uncle of the prisoner: she came to the house, accompanied by Miss Catherine Eyre; the only words the unfortunate lady uttered were, "John has murdered me—God forgive him—I forgive him."—The testimony of the child will not be given, because the family did not wish to bring him forward as evidence against his father.—Mrs. Groome does not attend, although regularly summoned.—Look, Gentlemen, to the conduct of the prisoner subsequent to this unfortunate occurrence. If the deed was committed in a paroxysm of rage, it is to be supposed he would have called some fit person to her assistance; but, on the contrary, he went to his servant, ordered his horse to be saddled, and remained a silent spectator of what was going on; he found no person come forward to seize his person, and the horse remained saddled during the whole of the night. On the next day some of the lady's brothers caused him to be arrested, and had him conveyed; they wished to be satisfied in their own minds, before they would put him on his trial. After his confinement he made his escape. When he was put on his defence before the Coroner's Jury, he denied being present. I purposely avoid

making any comments. The finding was, that this lady came to her death accidentally, but in the presence of her husband.—I have now given you a general outline of the case on the part of the Crown; if it shall appear to you that the evidence which we shall produce shall not be sufficient to support the charge, I assure you I shall rejoice at the acquittal of the prisoner, as also will those respectable persons who have instituted the inquiry, from a feeling that if they neglected to do so, they would not have felt that they had done justice to the memory of their sister, or to the public; but if, on the contrary, you shall feel satisfied that we have substantially proved the charge, you will not, I am convinced, shrink from the discharge of your duty, however painful.

Bartholomew Connor sworn.—Knows the prisoner at the bar—lived with him as a servant on the 13th of November last—knew the prisoner's wife—saw her on the evening of that day, between five and six o'clock; the prisoner and the child were in company with her; the child was about four years old, his name was Robert; there was no one else in the room at the time; this was the drawing-room up stairs—attended them in the parlour that day—the child was in a chair near the table—the prisoner was near the chimney-piece standing up—my mistress was sitting near the table with the child—I was after shutting their door, and I walked away—heard something in the parlour like a blow, and heard a noise as if somebody fell down—I heard my mistress cry out, "God forgive you, John, you have murdered me!"—I went away from the door then—I was going to take the plate-basket down stairs—I met Jane M'Calloch coming down the stairs—she was the lady's or child's maid—she came down near the drawing-room door to the place where I was—she had been over the drawing-room—she went into the room where they were after saying some words—she remained while I was there—I did not go into the room, I was afraid—I went down stairs to the kitchen—I saw the prisoner when I was walking from the maid—he walked into the parlour—I did not see him after that until a quarter of an hour—it was in the next room to the drawing-room—had no conversation with him at the time he came down to the kitchen, but in about twenty minutes after that, when he ordered me to saddle the mare, he said, "it was a shame for Jane M'Calloch not to have told me she was so far gone; she answered, "my dear Mr. Montgomery, don't be in trouble."—I did not hear any other conversation between them—I asked him what mare he wished for; he said the mare I brought from Ballinacloe—I got a saddle and bridle, and she remained saddled all night.—I saw Mrs. Montgomery dead about an hour after.

Mary Curley examined.—Lives at Eyrecourt—is a midwife—recollects the 13th of November last—was called to attend Mrs. Montgomery—I met her in the breakfast room—I got her in such a state, that she was not able to answer me, when I asked her what was the matter—she never acquainted me how far she had gone—to the best of my opinion, she had but five or six months to go at the time—at the time I was called, I got her as if she was taken out of a tub of warm water—she was all in a perspiration—she was sitting in a very delicate state—she had a great loss of blood—[this part of the examination was of such a description as not to be fitted for publication]—I considered by what they told me, that it was a fall she got; certainly, if she got provocation, such a flow of blood would follow—it very often happens without provocation—to the best of my opinion, it was from a fall the blood proceeded—I was there at nine o'clock, and she was dead at ten—there was a maid present when I went in, and that was all—while I was there Mrs. Groome came, and her mother was there—I was about five minutes there when I sent for her mother, and she remained there—the mother was there about three minutes before she died—she desired us all to leave the way—it was Mrs. Montgomery did so—I had an opportunity of hearing any thing—heard no conversation between Mrs. Montgomery and her aunt—heard Mrs. Montgomery in some time say, "open the windows, for I am in strong labour"—she said, in some time after, "the Lord have mercy on me—let you all pray for me"—she uttered those last words about fifteen minutes after the

first—after we laid her on the pallet, she died in about a quarter of an hour after.

Cross-examined.—There was nobody in the room when I went in but the maid—Mrs. Montgomery was sitting between the maid's knees—it did not appear that Mrs. Montgomery was in her senses—I asked the maid what had happened her—the maid said, that when she heard the child cry she ran to it, and when she asked her what had happened her, she said a fall on the fender, and, I am inclined to think, that fall must have caused her death—a very little thing might have caused it.—I saw she was seared in the arm by the grate—there was about half the breadth of a card burnt off the bottom of her back;—I thought it was the great working she had that caused her to be burnt in that manner—saw the prisoner that night—I cried out for a Doctor—we met the prisoner coming down—his aunt said, why do you not send down for a Doctor?—he said, why did you not let me know the state she was in?—she said, why would you not know the state she was in yourself?—He asked me where he could get a Doctor—I told him, in Banagher; this was five miles off—after this he gave a direction to his aunt that the horse was in the stable to send for the Doctor—he was not sent for—she was dead before we returned to the room.—The prisoner had not sent for a Doctor before she went up to the room.

Bridget Jennings examined.—Knows Mr. Montgomery, and knew his wife—lived in their service about eight months before she died—lived for four years off and on in the service as cook in different places—had opportunities of seeing the terms on which they lived—I saw him giving her a kick and throwing her down off her chair—that happened in the house at breakfast—I heard her screeching, and I went into the parlour—I saw him give her a kick, and I took her up—he took a poker to strike her, and I took it out of his hand—I saw the right side of her face all red from his violence—this was a couple of months before I left them.

Mr. FINLAY objected to this evidence as inadmissible.

By the COURT.—In my mind, any fact shewing previous abuse is a circumstance to go to the Jury.

Witness cross-examined.—I saw Mrs. Montgomery off and on always crying—when I went in they were at breakfast.—The prisoner is a young and healthy strong man, and I nevertheless venture to assert that I wrested the poker out of his hand.

Mr. SMITH observed, I will submit that to the Jury.

Stibby Fowler examined.—Knows the prisoner, and knew his wife—lived for three months as cook with them about four months before the lady was killed—during that time one night the prisoner broke open the door—took three pieces out of his door—he gave her a fist in the nose and bled her the same night—it was her bedchamber door—he did not sleep in the room that time—they slept in different rooms for six or seven nights before that time—she had the child in the room and he would not lie with her—it was I handed her the basin for her blood—this happened in Eyrecourt.

Mrs. Catherine Eyre examined.—Was acquainted with the late Mrs. Montgomery, who was her niece—saw her two or three days before the accident—she was then in a state of perfect good health—did not see her that evening before she met the injury, but saw her after—I did not live in the house, but saw her between eight and nine o'clock—I found her on a mattress not able to speak to me—she lived about an hour—she never spoke to me, nor did I hear her speak to any body—saw the prisoner after she died, but not before—he had not sent any message to the room for the hour I was there—to my knowledge he always behaved very well to her before me—he never went into the room until his wife was dead, and I pushed him in myself—I know Mrs. Groome—she is well, but is not here—she was in the room the same time that I was there—she said she was not able to come here—she is married to the uncle of the prisoner.

Mary Coulaghan examined.—Lived with Mrs. Montgomery on the 13th of last November—saw her about one quarter of an hour before her death—before her death she was in excellent health—never saw Barth. Connor from the time the accident happened until she was dead—did not see him shortly after her

death—the mistress sent me down word to go to the stable and hold the candle, because he was neglectful, and I found my mistress stretched on the rug in Jane's arms, near the fire place—she appeared to me just pictured for death—she lived about an hour—never heard her say any thing, only when her aunt came about her she called out to raise the window, that she was in strong labour, and that they were all smothering her.—Mrs. Groome was in the room—never saw my master from the time he was in the kitchen until he came into the room, and saw me throw myself on the top of the corpse.

John French Madden, Esq., examined.—Attended the inquest held on Mrs. Montgomery. I took down Connor's evidence that time. I am prepared to say that my notes of the evidence are correct, as far as my judgment could go.—[Mr. Madden here read his notes of the evidence of Connor, in which he stated he was fifteen years of age; he also differed materially as to the time when his master went to the stable; he also gave an account of the maid's having gone with the fire to a particular part of the room; and of his master having rung the bell; it did not appear that he stated before the Coroner that he had heard the blow; there were some circumstances stated before the Coroner which he did not state in Court this day; there were also some circumstances mentioned by him this day which he had not mentioned before the Coroner; as to the words made use of by Mrs. Montgomery, there was not any material variance between the evidence given before the Coroner and that given in Court. A considerable part of the testimony read from the notes, appeared to corroborate strongly that given in Court by the same witness, and by others.]

Dr. Boyce called up.—He practices midwifery, surgery, and physic; recollects he was sent for to examine the body of Mrs. Montgomery, and never was paid for his attendance. A letter was sent from Mr. Richard Eyre and Mr. Bennet, to send me to see the body; she was dead, and lying near the fire-place; I inspected the body; I found a mark of violence along the belly and back; the mark was a discolouration of the skin; I believe it was owing to a fall: the injury appeared on the outside part, but not internal.—In answer to the Court—from the best observations I made, I believe that her hemorrhage was caused by the fall; the left side and back were the parts which appeared to receive most violence; my reason for thinking that a fall was the cause, was because the whole of the side had marks of violence.

Cross-examined.—I saw her on the day of the inquest—I remained the whole night—the inquest was held immediately after I examined the body—I think that irritation of mind might cause her death—I think it was occasioned by external violence—at such a stage of pregnancy it is particularly dangerous to have any violence offered.

Judge FOX.—Gentlemen of the Jury,—the prisoner at the bar, John Montgomery, has been indicted for that he on the 13th of November, feloniously did kill and murder Mary Montgomery, by giving her a stroke on her body, of which she instantly died. On behalf of the Crown, several witnesses have been examined. Barth. Connor has stated, that he heard his mistress cry out, "God forgive you, John, you have murdered me"—it appears as to this that there was no other person in the room but the prisoner (her husband) and her child, and therefore if you believe the witness as to this part, there can be no doubt but these words were addressed to the prisoner—I would not suffer the witness to mention what words were made use of by Jane M'Colloch to him, as not being evidence—and as to this Jane M'Colloch, and what she said to the prisoner, you will observe that she is not produced on either side, although it is proved she went into the drawing room on hearing the noise. You will observe, Gentlemen, that the evidence which Connor gave before the Coroner's Jury, differs very widely indeed from that given here, but I will advert to that by and bye. Mary Curley tells you that this unfortunate lady said, "open the window, for I am in strong labour;"—it is most material for you to attend to this part of the case—when she was in the presence of her mother, and her aunt, and of this woman, who was in the habit of attending her, and when she might have disclosed the whole circumstance if she

wished, you called on the use very close her to her violence, or she died in mination of had fallen of her situ the state sh man more ing this ta dence is su least so it the eviden be no dou subject ho liable to. " why di The eviden hear any the prison consider evil dispo the pris by Conno when cou of the e material blow in thing bel inconsiste be closel truth:— truth, th tion; be of the m here I fi roner as side, ap blow or round s whether leace, a the dece and if must ha believe great b above a sioped for she no cha pose t soner's but in not the it was decee them, comm was a guilty fact, appea goes prese main rema and likel guilt T hou

wished, you find at the end of a quarter of an hour she called on them to pray for her, which shewed her to be able to use very clear expressions; but still you find no words used by her to her mother to shew that she came to that extremity by violence, or charging any person with having brought her to it: she died in about a quarter of an hour after.—On the cross-examination of this witness, she said that Jane M'Colloch said she had fallen on her side, and that when the prisoner was informed of her situation, he replied, "why did you not let me know the state she was in?"—I have given the evidence of this woman more particularly, because she was in the habit of attending this lady before, and knew her habit of body, and her evidence is such as not to encourage any doubt of her veracity, at least so it appeared to me, but that is for your consideration, as the evidence of every one of the witnesses must be. There can be no doubt but that the unfortunate lady was in good health, subject however to the delicacies which women in her state are liable to. Recollect the evidence given by Mary Curley, "why did you not inform me of the state she was in sooner?" The evidence of this lady is material, to show that she did not hear any words made use of by the deceased. It is sworn that the prisoner threw himself upon the dead body, and you are to consider whether this act was like the act of one who felt such evil dispositions towards his wife.—Mr. Madden, on behalf of the prisoner, produced the note he took of the evidence given by Connor before the Coroner, and it appears very correct when compared with that handed in by the Coroner; this note of the evidence does contradict Connor's evidence this day in material parts, for he swore that he heard the noise of a blow in the room, and it does not seem that he swore any such thing before the Coroner; indeed what he swore then was quite inconsistent. The manner of this boy's giving evidence should be closely examined by a Jury. There is always one test of truth:—when the witnesses come with intention of telling truth, they always answer quickly, if they understand the question; but if the witness is not telling truth, the first movement of the mind is to avoid answering the question directly; and here I find the same contradiction in the note taken by the Coroner as in that read here.—The mark being extended across the side, appeared to have been caused by a fall; if it arose from a blow or a kick, the discolouration would have appeared in a round spot, and not all along the side.—The first question is, whether homicide was committed, not by accident, but by violence, and that violence committed by some other person than the deceased; if you believe the homicide was so committed, and if you believe the testimony of O'Connor, the homicide must have been committed by the prisoner;—but before you believe that, you are to take into your serious consideration the great body of the evidence of the midwife, and of the physician above all, who think that the cause of her death was occasioned by a fall; this is most materially supported by Curley, for she says the maid told her that the mistress had fallen, and no charge was brought against the prisoner; you cannot suppose that she made this assertion under any dread of the prisoner's resentment, for it was not made in his presence at all, but in the presence of Mrs. Groome and Miss Eyre. She did not then alledge it was caused by the prisoner. If you believe it was caused by the prisoner, that is, if you believe the evidence of the boy—and it appears there was no dispute between them, though it appears there was some considerable violence committed by him long before; but if you believe her death was so caused by the prisoner, you must then pronounce him guilty of the murder;—but you are to judge of the material fact, how he contradicts his former evidence.—The prisoner, it appears from undoubted evidence, remains in his own house, goes up stairs to his room, and you are to judge whether the presence of a man would be right on such an occasion; he remains in the house while her mother is sent for, and further remained in his own house in the town, where all her friends and relations lived, and you are to judge whether that was likely to be the conduct of a man who conceived himself to be guilty.

The Jury having retired for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, brought in their verdict—Not Guilty.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

FASTING WOMEN.—Singular and almost miraculous as is the account respecting Ann Moore, it is by no means unique, as the following statement will prove. It is extracted from the celebrated Naturalist Pennant's Journey to Snowden.—In a former visit to Barmouth, my curiosity was excited to examine into the truth of a surprising relation of a woman in the parish of Cylno, who had fasted a most supernatural length of time. I took a boat, had a most pleasant passage up the harbour, charmed with the beauty of the shores, intermixed with woods, verdant pastures, and corn-fields. I landed, and, after a short walk, found, in a farm called Tydden Bach, the object of my excursion, Mary Thomas, who was boarded here, and kept with great humanity and neatness. She was of the age of 47, of a good countenance, very pale, thin, but not so much emaciated as might be expected, from the strangeness of the circumstances I am going to relate; her eyes weak, her voice low, deprived of the use of her lower extremities, and quite bed-ridden; her pulse rather strong, her intellects clear and sensible. On examining her, she informed me, that, at the age of seven, she had some eruptions like the measles, which grew confluent and universal; and she became so sore, that she could not bear the least touch: she received some ease by the application of a sheep's skin, just taken from the animal. After this, she was seized, at spring and fall, with swellings and inflammations, during which time she was confined to her bed; but in the intervals could walk about, and once went to Holywell, in hopes of a cure. When she was about 27 years of age, she was attacked with the same complaint, but in a more violent manner; and, during two years and a half, remained insensible, and took no manner of nourishment, notwithstanding her friends forced open her mouth with a spoon, to get something down; but the moment the spoon was taken away, her teeth met, and closed with vast snapping and violence. during that time she flung up vast quantities of blood. She well remembers the return of her senses, and her knowledge of every body about her. She thought she had slept but a night, and asked her mother whether she had given her any thing the day before, for she found herself very hungry. Meat was brought to her; but, so far from being able to take any thing solid, she could scarcely swallow a spoonful of thin whey. From this she continued seven years and a half without any food or liquid, excepting sufficient of the latter to moisten her lips. At the end of this period, she again fancied herself hungry, and desired an egg; of which she got down the quantity of a nut kernel. About this time she requested to receive the sacrament; which she did, by having a crumb of bread steeped in the wine. After this, she takes for her daily subsistence a bit of bread, weighing about two penny weights seven grains, and drinks a wine glass of water; sometimes a spoonful of wine, but frequently abstains whole days from food and liquids. She sleeps very indifferently: the ordinary functions of nature are very small, and very seldom performed. Her attendant told me, that her disposition was mild; her temper even; that she was very religious, and very fervent in prayer; the natural effect of the state of her body, long unembarrassed with the grossness of food, and a constant alienation of thought from all worldly affairs. She was living in 1780, and in the same state.—This instance of the influence of disease (for such only can it be called) strange as it is, is not without parallel. The first is a case of a lady, a patient of the late Rev. Dr. Gower, of Chelmsford, who was confined to her bed for ten years, during which time she had an extreme and constant aversion to all kinds of solid nourishment. She drank a pint of tea daily; and once in three or four days chewed, without swallowing, a few raisins of the sun and blanched almonds, about four or half a dozen of each; she seldom eat oftener than once a month, and then only a bit of dry bread, of the size of a nutmeg; but frequently abstained from food for many weeks altogether. This lady recovered by means of constant medical regimen; so that she could walk ten miles without taking either rest or refreshment.—*Wakefield Journal.*

An attack of a very singular and desperate kind was made

upon the Gloucester Mail Coach, at two o'clock on the morning of Saturday week, by the side of Nettlebury Wood, not far distant from Henley-upon-Thames, as it was coming to London. A shot was fired from behind the hedge of the wood, which, from its report, was supposed to have been from a larger piece than a pistol. One of the balls, from its whistling sound, was heard to pass between the coachman and Mr. Stockdale, jun. of Piccadilly, who sat upon the box with him; the coach was full within, and had three other outside passengers on the roof. The object of this extraordinary mode of assault was evidently, by killing the coachman, to render the horses so unmanageable, that the carriage would soon be overturned, and thus the guard, passengers, and mail, be easily brought within the power of the desperate assailants. Mr. Stockdale had nearly 100*l.* in Bank of England Notes in his pocket-book, and the several other passengers had also considerable property about them. The men who made this desperate attempt are supposed to be three highwaymen, who, the day before, robbed several carriages on the same road, at eleven o'clock the same morning; and who, to avoid discovery of their persons, wore crapes on their faces, and had thrown off their coats, which were probably concealed in an adjoining wood.

On Sunday se'night two daughters, with a daughter-in-law, and a grandson of Mr. Macgowan, of Newry, went out to walk in the fields, where they picked a poisonous fungus resembling a mushroom, of which they all most imprudently ate. They were instantly attacked with the horrible symptoms attendant on taking vegetable poison, and, notwithstanding assistance from most eminent medical aid, they all fell a sacrifice to its violence. The grandson died at eight o'clock, the daughter-in-law a quarter before eleven, on Thursday evening; the youngest daughter of fifteen, a quarter before one, and the eldest at ten on the following morning.

ASSIZES.

CORNWALL.—PENNECK in TYACK.—This was an action to recover damages for a horse warranted to be, what he really was not.—Mr. JEKYLL stated the case for the plaintiff, who is a Medical Gentleman residing at Penzance.—The defendant is a farmer of Ludgvan, near that place. The Doctor being in want of a good horse, applied to the defendant, who procured him the horse in question, warranted him perfectly sound and free from vice. The Doctor remarked, that being a corpulent man, and a timid rider, he wished to have a horse that would carry him safely on all occasions. The defendant having strongly recommended his horse, a bargain was struck for fifty guineas. The following morning the Doctor mounted, but he was no sooner on the animal's back than he stood on his hinder legs, and walked a considerable distance like a dancing bear, dragging the doctor with him in the stirrup. Assistance being fortunately at hand he was extricated, and did not receive much injury. Several ostlers and others attempted to ride him, but they all met a similar fate. Upon this the plaintiff informed the defendant that the horse was unmanageable, and that he could not keep him. A curious answer was returned; the defendant said he was much surprised that he did not find the horse answer his expectation, that he had warranted him to be very quiet in the stable, but he never warranted him to be quiet out of it. However, he had no great objection to take him back, if the plaintiff would allow him ten or twelve guineas, as he had no doubt but he should be able to get a chap for him, and to sell him for a cart-horse. Here (said the Learned Council) you at once discover the knavery and cunning of this man. What kind of horse was this that was quiet in the stable, but no where else? The plaintiff did not want a horse to be always kept in a stable. By being in possession of the plaintiff, for about two days, in some extraordinary and magical way, he is transformed into a cart-horse; so that this famous horse, warranted free from vice, all at once became unfit to ride. The defendant would not take back his horse but as a cart-horse, with ten or twelve guineas. The plaintiff sent him to Ford's Hotel, where he has been kept ever since. Verdict, for the plaintiff, 63*l.* being the price of the horse, and his keeping at Ford's.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR AUGUST.

The Harvest has been nearly closed within this month, with finer weather and more dispatch than has been known for many years before; we wish that we were able to add with the prospect of an abundant produce. The Wheats in most districts have suffered very considerably from the mildew, particularly in the rough chuff lands. It was fortunate, however, this happened so late that the ear was nearly ripe, or the defect would probably have been more seriously extensive. The Beans have suffered generally from the same cause, and in many parts the Barleys and Oats, which is not very usual, have also been blighted to a considerable degree. On a general review, there is too much reason to apprehend that none of the white crops will yield two-thirds of an average produce. The Wheats of Norfolk this year are superior both in quantity and quality. Potatoes are every where an abundant crop. The latter Turnips are full of plant, and thrifty; but the early Swedes are irregular, from having been much eaten by the fly.—The Hop plantations of Farnham continue very promising, while those of Kent, Sussex, Hereford, and Worcestershire, are so much gone off, as to have lowered the Borough speculation on the year's duty nearly one-third. Hay is further decreasing in price, from the large second crops which have been well got up. The Meat markets have also experienced a considerable reduction in most articles. Lean Stock of all kinds maintain their high prices, from the quantity of feed with which the grazing counties so generally abound. Colts and Horses of the draught kind are scarce and dearer. Nothing has been done in our Woollen Manufactures to vary in any material degree the last month's prices. Merino and South Down Ewes, of superior quality, are, however, in request at somewhat more money.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty Office, Aug. 27.

Copy of a Letter transmitted by Admiral Young.

His Majesty's ship *Quebec*, *Heligoland*, Aug. 8.

SIR,—I have to acquaint you with a very gallant achievement (the capture of a division of the enemy's gun-boats), which has been performed by boats from this part of your squadron, under the direction of the first Lieutenant, Samuel Blythe, of the *Quebec*, who had the honour to command a party of brave Officers and men that nobly seconded him.

The weather was particularly fine and settled for this kind of service, and they had already captured and sent to me a *Vaisseau de Guerre* of the *Douanes Imperiales*, manned with an Officer and twelve men (one of them was killed before she surrendered); and a merchant vessel which they were towing out, when being near the Island of Nordency, on the 3d, four of the enemy's gun-boats were seen at anchor within. The enemy silently waited the attack, their guns loaded with grape and cannister (not using any round shot), until the boats were within pistol range, when a discharge took place from their whole line. The first vessel was immediately boarded and carried, but the others with great bravery maintained themselves, severally, until they found their vessels were no longer in their own possession.

The loss sustained was, on our side, four killed and fourteen wounded, on that of the enemy two killed and fourteen wounded.

The Officers employed were:—Lieut. John O'Neale, Alert; Lieut. Samuel Stout, Raven, severely wounded; Lieutenant Charles Wolrige, *Quebec*; Humphrey Moore, Lieut. Royal Marines, *Quebec*, afterwards severely burnt; Sub. Lieutenant Thomas Hare, Exertion; Second Master George Downey, Redbreast; Carpenter Stephen Pickett, Raven; Master's Mate Robert Cook, *Quebec*; Master's Mate John Macdonald, *Quebec*; Midshipman Richard Millet, Raven, very severely wounded; Mate James Muggridge, *Princess August's*, wounded; Mate George Johnson, Alert.—I have the honour to be, &c.

C. HAWTAYNE, Captain.

No. 22,
metal,
No. 28,
metal,
No. 31,
metal,
No. 71,
metal,
P. S.

Killed.—
August
Wounded
Total

R. Keas
J. Lees
G. Mast

J. M
from S
bury,
street,
Barton
to Sep

T. W
B. Co
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J. G.
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Gun-boats captured.

- No. 22, 1 long twelve-pounder, and 2 six-pounders, Dutch metal, and 25 men.
- No. 28, 1 long twelve-pounder, and 2 eight-pounders, Dutch metal, and 24 men.
- No. 31, 1 long twelve-pounder, and 2 six-pounders, Dutch metal, and 25 men.
- No. 71, 1 long twelve-pounder, and 2 six-pounders, Dutch metal, and 24 men.

P. S. The Dutch metal is much greater than the English.

Killed, and Wounded.

Killed.—Quebec, 1; Raven, 1; Redbreast, 1; Princess Augusta, 1—Total, 4.

Wounded.—Quebec, 5; Raven, 8; Princess Augusta, 1—Total, 14.

BANKRUPTS.

- R. Keasley, Liverpool, butcher.
- J. Lees, Manchester, cotton-spinner.
- G. Masters, Speepham Land, Berkshire, malster.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

J. M. Gaitskill, Wapping, mathematical instrument-maker, from Sept. 17 to Sept. 24.—W. Bilby, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, builder, from Sept. 14 to Oct. 12.—J. Byrn, Broad-street, London, insurance-broker, from Sept. 7 to Oct. 26.—G. Burton, New City Chambers, insurance-broker, from Sept. 3 to Sept. 21.

BANKRUPTS.

- T. Williams, Newgate-street, wholesale linen-draper.
- B. Cooke, Manchester, merchant.
- T. Taylor, junior, Lincoln, horse-dealer.
- J. G. Skurray, Smith-street, Clerkenwell, merchant.
- S. Martin, junior, and W. Martin, Loughborough, grocers.
- O. P. Stocken, Walham-Green, Middlesex, brewery-agent.
- M. D. Campo, Tolkenhouse-yard, merchant.
- J. Chamberlain, Painswick, Gloucestershire, clothier.
- G. Creswell and R. Barnes, Worcester, carriers.
- J. Pryse, Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, carver.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Cent. Con..... 84 1/2 | Omnium..... 3 pr.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1.

ATTENTION is directed at the present moment from the Old to the New World. In North America, a premature Meeting of the Congress is announced by Proclamation from Government, with the object, it is supposed, of bringing to some kind of conclusion, either of peace or war, the long-contested points of dispute between the United States and this country;—but it is probable that matters of more internal concern to the States may have their share in the proceeding.—In South America, affairs have assumed a more decided aspect than ever in favour of the native independence; and such of our Journalists as most affected to doubt, and even to mock at its progress, are at length obliged to inform the public, that “Monte Video appears to be the only town throughout the whole Spanish possessions in that region of the globe, that perseveres in its submission to the mother country.” This perseverance was not

likely to be long. The independent authorities of the different Provinces act with an union and a regularity, which prove at once their confidence and strength; and it is greatly to be lamented, that with the frank inclination they shew for an uninterrupted intercourse with us, and the great prospects which they open to all the remaining freedom of the world for commerce, and a communication of blessings, any connexion on our part with the Government of Old Spain should perplex us in regulating our conduct between the two countries. Buenos Ayres is declared in a state of blockade by the Spanish Regency; and the South Americans wish us not to respect the blockade. Now, our interest is not only decidedly with the latter, but we have no earthly reason to offend them; and the Spanish Government ought not in common delicacy to have entered on a measure, which must reduce us to the unpleasant alternative of annoying the mother country, or insulting the Colonies. But the Americans will have probably relieved us before this time, for the Regency have been growing more impotent every hour in that hemisphere, and indeed it is truly ridiculous to see them affecting every weight in such a quarter, when they are rapidly losing the last shadow of their authority at home. The following placard has been posted in the principal streets of Cadiz:—

PLACARD.

“Spaniards, look to yourselves. Let every man consult his own interest and safety, for there is none will do it besides. It is true you have a Government, or rather a body of men calling themselves a Regency, and what has been termed a General Cortes of the Kingdom. But they are corrupt and inactive, and they care not for Spain as long as they can preserve themselves. Our troops are sent away upon distant expeditions when they are wanted at home, lest they should take vengeance on those who are at the head of affairs. If we wish to be free, we must take our liberty into our own hands, and we must not suffer ourselves to be blinded by hypocritical Patriots. LOOK TO YOURSELVES.”

Such Papers might have done infinite good two years ago: but now, it is to be feared, they are too late.

Yesterday morning American Papers were received to the 4th inst.—They have brought a Proclamation from the President, convening Congress on the 4th of November. The official paper of the American Government says,—“It seems to be understood, that the communications of Mr. Foster do not correspond with the reasonable expectations which might have been formed. We do not understand that they have extended directly to any subject beyond the Orders in Council, and the blockade of May, 1806. With respect to this blockade, it is understood to be placed under a construction and on a footing to render it no longer an insuperable difficulty. As to the Orders in Council, it would seem that a repeal of them is made to depend, not only on further evidence than is yet afforded of any repeal whatever of the French decrees, but on a repeal of these decrees in

a far greater extent than the United States have required, or can require, as violating any of their neutral rights.—And an idea is held out of a retaliation on the Non-Importation Act, if continued in force without such repeal of the French decrees as is contended for by Great Britain.—The Essex frigate, lately returned, brought no information from Paris subsequent to the arrival of the John Adams, which carried the proceedings of Congress and the dispatches of the Executive on that and other subjects. In general it may be inferred from the official and other information, that the Berlin and Milan decrees as they violate our neutral rights are not in operation, and that some relaxations are taking place in the commercial intercourse with France, though by no means as yet in the extent desired. With respect to the other subjects of complaint and demand by the United States, no change has taken place.”—*National Intelligencer*.

An absurd report is in circulation, that the DAUPHIN of France is still alive. A person is said to have lately arrived in this country, who knows his place of residence, and has communicated this to our Government, being making affidavit to the same effect!

With the exception of the city of Monte Video, now besieged by the people of Buenos Ayres, all the provinces of South America have declared their independence of Old Spain, still, however, acknowledging their allegiance to FERDINAND, and avowing their determination to resist France.—A wise Ministry would form a connexion with these Colonists, which would be of infinite advantage to England.

By a recent decree, the apothecaries, and other compounders of medicines in Paris, are subjected to annual visits from the visitors of the special schools of medicine. Those found guilty of using improper drugs, or medicines of inferior quality, or not having a sufficient stock on hand, are liable to suspension and imprisonment.

On Thursday there was a numerous meeting at the Horns Inn, Kennington, of the Electors of Southwark, in the interest of Mr. H. THORNTON. After dinner, Mr. THORNTON addressed his constituents, and in the course of his speech stated his conviction of the necessity of economy in the Public Expenditure, and a Reform in the Representation of the People in Parliament.

Means to be used by Persons in danger of Drowning.—Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act similarly, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he do not elevate his hands. If he move his hands under the water, in any manner he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; and if he move his legs, as in the action of walking (or rather of walking up stairs) his shoulders will rise above the water; so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learnt to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

Egham Races commenced last Tuesday and continued three days; the sport upon the whole was deemed but indifferent; the titled and untitled black-legs mustered very numerously, and EO and every other description of illegal gaming was carried on with the greatest publicity, notwithstanding the Stewards on this occasion were acting Magistrates for the county of Surrey!

“What! will not the twenty-shilling Bank-bill bring me twenty shilling's worth of the necessaries of life?” says a well-meaning reader. No, we reply: to be sure you may carry the promissory note of the banker, who rides in his carriage through your credulity, to the butcher, who will give you a certain quantity of meat in exchange: but before the country became inundated with these promissory notes,—before the Bank of England was protected in dishonouring its bills, your twenty shillings would have procured you twice as much of every necessary of life, as you can now procure for that sum. It is therefore plain, that the “full amount in property” cannot be obtained for a Bank-note.—*Stauford News*.

If the furniture of our houses could last an age or two, what notions of our fortitude must posterity have! In the scenes of our domestic privacy and retirement, we keep our energies awake by surrounding ourselves with the most trifling objects. In the frame of a fashionable mirror, a *diamond* watch; a *companionable tyger* crouches on a *carpet* rug; a *sphinx* supports us on a couch, and *serpents* twine round our bed-posts!

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 98.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. HOLMAN, the author of several dramatic pieces known to the public, and among others of the last new comedy at Covent-Garden, which was better than had been produced for some time, has made his re-appearance on the stage, accompanied by his daughter, after a retirement of many years. Their principal performances, hitherto, have been *Jaffier* and *Belvidera in Venice Preserved*, and *Lord and Lady Townley in the Provoked Husband*; and there seems no necessity of referring to more characters in order to determine the merits of either the lady or the gentleman. Mr. HOLMAN, in his earlier days, had the reputation of being an actor rather declamatory than judicious, rather noisy than impassioned, and indeed of not possessing any of the greater talents of his profession. Those who recollect him under these circumstances will have no reason to change their opinion, or to consider him in any respect improved, unless time may have sobered his vehemence a little, and given him the appearance of one who does not rant so much as he is naturally inclined. The person of Mr. HOLMAN is rather bulky than otherwise; his countenance is grave and manly; and his voice, if he could manage it well, capable of fine modulation. But in no one respect can he be considered as an actor of judgment; his carriage is altogether too stately and theatrical; his face has little or no variety but from profound seriousness to a harsh and staring smile; and with his delivery he plays the most unaccountable tricks, at one time giving no force whatever to the strongest passages, at another swelling into a sort of outcry unexpectedly; then undulating up and down his sentences with a kind of pulpit

whining; and at the close of his speeches, playing off the old trick of dropping into a tone scarcely audible by the pit, as if an excess of emotion would never let him finish a remark of the least gravity. These characteristics of his style of acting were equally observable in both the parts he has lately represented; the only difference between his *Jaffer* and his *Lord Townley*, that is to say, in all that regards a general idea of his manner, is that in the former he made a more frequent use of his under tones than in the latter, and so preposterously, that for half a dialogue together he was inaudible at the opposite side of this small theatre, when on a sudden he would swell out again like a trumpet, without the least appearance of a motive, as though in addition to his common sensations he had had some invisible stimulus from a twinge of the gout, or a malicious pin at his elbow. He seems to have been apprehensive, in this character, of rendering himself liable to the old charge of ranting, and to have been led into a reverse fault wherever the fear happened to come across him. The *Lord Townley* was better upon the whole:—a man of good sense like Mr. HOLMAN, though he may be no great actor, will hardly fail to make an impression in certain particular passages that strike forcibly on his own feelings; but his Lordship is at the same time a dangerous personage when the actor is inclined to be declamatory, and offers a temptation on this head, which few of his representatives have been either willing or able to resist. The consequence is, that in spite of Mr. KEMBLE's success in this character, neither he nor Mr. HOLMAN represents it properly. The authors of the *Provoked Husband* never meant *Lord Townley* to be such a stately personage as he is represented; he was not intended for what we call now-a-days, and what the audience are led to suppose him, a Nobleman of the old Court—solemn and embroidered. The fact is, he is a domestic man, willing to please and to be pleased by every one like himself, and with all the virtues that his better taste in life has encouraged in him,—sober, but at the same time social and good-humoured, because his sobriety is the result of his taste,—and dignified, but at the same time easy and unaffected, because his dignity is the result of his social virtues. Now our stage heroes seem to have no idea of a Nobleman but what is made up in a great measure of stars and ribbands, a bag-wig, and a stately demeanor: they cannot paint him to themselves like any other reasonable gentleman, unaffected in his habits, and to a proper extent, unconscious of his rank; they must have him stalk about, wear a lofty countenance, and not even venture upon a gesture without a certain air of lordship and preparation. In the passage where *Lord Townley* is familiarly telling Mr. Manly that *Lady Grace* “will dine with them alone,” Mr. HOLMAN drew himself up, and dealt out his words as if he were about to disclose some mighty secret; and the studied vehemence of rapture, with which he threw himself into the arms of the repentant *Lady Townley*, first quivering his head, and swelling into an outcry of delight, then staring on her in a most alarming manner, then spreading his raised hands, then twisting down his wrists, and then rushing forward with all his congregated forces, produced a sensation among the pit and boxes not very distinct from the ridiculous. He seemed like a mad gentleman, going to throw himself from a cliff.

Upon the whole, the return of this gentleman to the stage does not appear to have been well considered, since it is not likely that an actor who has once retreated from

it with little regret on the part of the town, should come back with a prospect of much success. If it is owing, however, to graver causes than those of stage reputation, it demands a kinder judgment. An actor like Mr. HOLMAN, who has relieved the town with a better drama than usual, and who brings the respectability of private life to a profession too often destitute of such recommendation, is to be regarded in every point of view with more than ordinary complacency. That he would be a very useful performer at this theatre, or might supersede many actors of mediocrity at the others, is unquestionable.

Of the lady, all that need be said is, that with a sensible face and good figure, she is of the foremost class of what are called respectable actresses—nothing offensive, nothing silly, nothing striking. She is a good reader of her part, but no true performer. If Mr. HOLMAN and his daughter act often together, they might produce a better impression by choosing characters whose intercourse is on a less passionate footing than that of enamoured couples.

THE KING'S ILLNESS.

MEDICAL BULLETINS.

“Windsor Castle, Aug. 25.

“The King had several hours sleep in the night. His Majesty is this morning nearly as he was yesterday.”

“Windsor Castle, Aug. 26.

“There is no alteration in his Majesty to-day.”

“Windsor Castle, Aug. 27.

“His Majesty is, in some respect, a little better this morning.”

“Windsor Castle, Aug. 28.

“His Majesty is to-day nearly the same as he was yesterday.”

“Windsor Castle, Aug. 29.

“There is no alteration in his Majesty's symptoms to day.”

“Windsor Castle, Aug. 30.

“His Majesty is to-day nearly as he has been for some days past.”

“Windsor Castle, Aug. 31.

“There is no material alteration in his Majesty's symptoms to-day.”

“It is now generally admitted, that the representations on the subject of his MAJESTY's personal health have been much exaggerated. His MAJESTY walks many hours daily, and exhibits no symptom of personal decay, but what is perfectly consistent with his age.”—*Alfred*.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

WALKING DRESS.—A round robe, with large long sleeves, and deep falling collar, edged with lace or needle-work, composed of jaccardot muslin. A small capuchin mantle of green shot sarsenet, lined with white, and trimmed with Chinese silk fringe of corresponding shades; deep Spanish pointed cape, trimmed with the same. White satin hat, of the Spanish form, with rim the colour of the mantle, ornamented with a demi-wreath of corn-flowers. Roman shoes of green morocco. Gloves of lemon-coloured kid; and parasol corresponding with the cloak, with deep Chinese awning.

MORNING DRESS.—A Chinese robe with full long sleeve, composed of fine imperial, or plain cambric muslin; trimmed round the throat and wrist, and down the front, with a full plaited border of plain muslin. A French foudling cap, formed of alternate stripes of lace and white satin, ornamented with

blossom-coloured ribbon, and autumnal flowers to correspond. A pelerine of spotted muslin or net, trimmed entirely round with lace or muslin, and thrown loosely over the shoulders; shoes and gloves of lemon-coloured kid.—From *Ackerman's Repository*.

MR. SADLER'S BALLOON.

On Thursday, Mr. Sadler, accompanied by Mr. Beaufoy, again ascended in his Balloon, from the Mermaid at Hackney.—About thirty minutes before three o'clock, p. m. Mr. Sadler and his companion took their seats in the car, and in two minutes afterwards Mr. Sadler, junior, disengaged the beautiful machine from the crowd, who anxiously hung around it to the last. On their passing over Walthamstow, they distinctly heard the report of several minute-guns, which were discharged by Mr. Foster, the banker, in consequence of a previous agreement. At about half-past three, whilst over Chelmsford, it entered a cloud, which was so extremely dense, that the earth was soon completely hidden from the view of the Aeronauts, who were now exposed to the effects of a severe storm, which agitated the Balloon in a most frightful manner, and twisted it about with great velocity. Whilst in this state, they were saluted by a hail-storm, which rattled against the vehicle with the greatest violence, and by the subsequent melting of the stones, subjected them to all the inconveniences of a complete drenching.—Notwithstanding all these difficulties, Mr. Beaufoy expressed a wish to ascend still higher, but Mr. Sadler observing by the compass that they were taking a direction towards the sea, and apprehensive of falling in a watery element, thought it expedient to descend without delay, which he did, by suffering a considerable quantity of gas to escape, and they soon once more gained a view of the earth, towards which they rapidly approached; throwing out a little ballast, they again ascended, but shortly afterwards they determined to finish their course, and taking measures accordingly, they threw out their grappling irons, which becoming firmly fixed in a meadow, they got out of the car with perfect facility, before four o'clock, within a short distance of East Thorpe, a village situated near Kelvedon, in Essex, after having been one hour and a half in the regions of the air, during which time they travelled 47 miles: having obtained a post-chaise, they immediately took the road towards home, and reached Hackney about eleven o'clock, where they were received by an immense concourse of persons, who had anxiously waited their arrival, with every demonstration of pleasure.

NEGRO FACULTIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—In your observations upon Negro Civilization there is one expression which appears to me either ambiguous or unguarded, and yet of sufficient consequence to call for some observations. You say, "it is not to be denied that the Negro, at present and as far as we know him, exhibits an inferior animal character to the White man." If this expression is to be taken in the literal sense, I must deny the position. It must be recollected that the very cause which has filled the West Indies and America with African Negro Slaves, is that that race of men have been found infinitely superior in hardihood and robustness of constitution to the original inhabitants of the new world. Instead of the African Negroes, it is the Charybs and the

Indians that we would have made slaves of, if they had strength enough to do the labour we require of them under a tropical sun. It is affecting to consider the extent to which the wickedness of man can turn the choicest blessings of Heaven into plagues and curses. If nature gives great fertility to any soil, it either tempts the invader or becomes, in a peculiar degree, the seat of the oppressor and domestic tyrant; and in the case of the Negroes, it is merely because nature has made that race uncommonly strong and hardy that the European nations have selected them to be their slaves in the colonies. It was not because they exhibited an inferior animal character to the Whites that they were made slaves of, but because they are a most robust and hardy race, that can live and undergo great toils in climates where White men cannot labour, and can hardly live. It is universally allowed that the Negroes have more strength than the Whites in hot climates, but it will not be as readily allowed that they have less strength in our northern climates. I believe that the black pugilist, *Molineaux*, would not readily allow that the Blacks exhibited an inferior animal character any where. I am sure, Sir, that the expression on which I have made these comments, does not proceed from any prejudice in your mind, but still I think it would have a strong tendency to encourage and strengthen a prejudice that does exist in many other minds. It is therefore that I protest against any expression which states the Negroes to be inferior in animal character. They are a race peculiarly robust and hardy, and have shewn in St. Domingo that they can make very good soldiers. It would require a very large army of Whites to beat them out of St. Domingo; and as to qualities of the mind of the highest order, I believe the name of Toussaint L'Ouverture is entitled to rank as high as any other illustrious patriot-statesman, who has vainly endeavoured to defend his native country from the power and perfidy of Bonaparte. NIGER.

[What our Correspondent relates of the strength of Negroes and of their superiority over the Whites in sustaining the toils of a hot climate, is very true; but his observation does not tend to overthrow their present inferiority with regard to their general rank in the scale of beings, for the lion is stronger than the noblest of human beings, and yet nobody will contend for his intellect. TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, however,—the high-spirited, the upright, the able, the illustrious TOUSSAINT,—is indeed a host of arguments in favour of what the *Examiner* supports as well as NIGER—the eventual emancipation of the Negroes from barbarism.—*Edit.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

August 9, 1811.

MR. EXAMINER,—When men attempt to instruct, without sufficient preparation by scientific distinctions, they risk destroying the value of their observations by the chance of inaccuracy and unintelligence. This feeling has been excited by your allusion last Sunday to the system of the Negro's inferiority to the European in his bodily and intellectual conformation; which, as I proceeded to read, I imagined, to my astonishment, you intended to ridicule; but, on reading it through, I perceived you admitted the alliance of Negroes to animals, in their present bodily and intellectual conformation, but denied that this was a just ground for supposing their total incapacity, because other nations have been barbarians, and other nations have become refined. But in that admission you darted out such bits of your usual pleasantry, as tended to weaken the impression and leave it doubtful in your reader's mind, or

would lead him to fancy you regarded it very lightly. I will shew, that their alliance to animals, in *bodily* conformation, depends not on any man's admission or non-admission; and that, as the bodily powers throughout nature are always adapted to the intellect and instinct, and as Negroes are decidedly deficient in those physical powers, which peculiarly belong to the intellectual being, and as they have remained in continued brutality, while other nations have risen and sunk, there is a stronger ground for suspecting them of total incapacity, than for asserting their capability, from comparing them with other nations.

If you cannot deny their alliance to animals by bodily conformation, why repeatedly attempt to set it in a ludicrous point of view, and speak of it as if you had condescended to notice it by way of amusement? They who are qualified to judge will not be influenced: I do not address myself to them, but to those who look up to you for information, and, from your weight in other matters, may think you qualified in this. I will simply lay open your mistakes as they occur, when you attempt to set it in a ridiculous point of view, and will then endeavour to shew on what principles the thing has been affirmed, and leave it to your own sense to determine, whether a system, so palpably built on truth, and which has forced itself on the attention of the deepest anatomists, is to be treated with hasty, unthinking pleasantry. You say,—“As this principle is maintained without the least expectation or design of affecting their social rights, it is worth a little attention, even at this time of day.”—On this ground I should venture to think it is worth a great deal, because the motives of those who maintain the principle cannot be suspicious, their only object being truth. You proceed,—“They tell us the Negro in his bodily conformation is an inferior animal to the European; and this inferiority, inasmuch as it brings him *link* nearer in the chain to the appearance and conformation of brutes, implies, they fear, a decided inferiority in the capabilities of reasoning.”—Not only do they tell you he is inferior in bodily conformation, but, had you examined and investigated, you would have found *he was so*—(of their reasons for fearing his incapacities of reasoning by and bye) “It is on this principle,” you say, “we hear so much of his slanting forehead, &c. and large lobed ears.” Where, Mr. Editor, did you ever hear of a Negro's having large lobed ears? Negroes have no lobes*! “And a German of the name of Camper, in shewing the gradation of man to the monkey, draws out the Negro with so happy an avoidance of every thing intellectual, and so finished a protrusion of the animal characteristics,” &c.—Do you mean to say that Camper has purposely avoided any point of intellectual association that does exist in a Negro's head, in order more completely to establish his theory? Surely you cannot. Look at the first Negro you meet; have him in; compare his face with Camper's drawings, and the delusion will instantly vanish. If you do not mean to, “so happy an avoidance of every thing intellectual” certainly conveys this meaning. “Setting aside exaggerations of every kind,” you continue; that is, both on his side and your's, you mean—(allow me, Mr. Editor, to say, this precaution is only necessary on your side, for no exaggerations exist or that of the mathematical and accurate Camper).—You go on:—“In the first place, as to the assimilation of Negroes to brutes, it is to be observed,

however closely a theorist may choose to run his animal links, there is a wide interval, never to be passed over, between the lowest of mankind and the first of brutes; for the latter, of whatever description, are not furnished with those peculiar muscles which serve the purposes of mental expression.”—Now, Mr. Editor, permit me to say, that there is *not a wide interval, never to be passed*; because the first of brutes (monkeys) are furnished with those peculiar muscles of mental expression which mark the gradation. In lions and tygers they are extinct; but lions and tygers are not the first approach to brutality. “As to their flat noses,” you proceed, “they are in general, I believe, allowed to be artificial:”—but had you read Blumenbach and Camper, or White and Bell, and last though not least, Nature, you would find they are not artificial.* But take their flat noses;—are their flat feet artificial? are their high calves, weak ankles, and projecting heels, artificial? are their flat hands, short thumbs, long fore-arms, narrow pelvises, slender wrists, receding foreheads and chins, large under jaws, black skins, woolly hair, lobeless ears, and horrid cutaneous effluvia, artificial?—If they are, what a system of jamming, stretching, and squeezing, must they have gone through!

This is the way with literary men: they think they honour the sciences and the arts by casual allusions. Sometimes they attempt to censure, and sometimes they attempt to examine the truth of systems, which they have never studied or cared any thing about. We Artists consider ourselves by no means honoured by such allusions, and will not hesitate to expose their fallacy and disclaim the obligation whenever they are made.—I will now try on what principles Negroes are allied to animals in bodily conformation; and why, from their alliance in body, we may venture to suspect their alliance in intellect.—It is found that beings in which have been contained all that is intellectual in the world, have, from their formation, a greater capacity for the enjoyment of intellect than for the enjoyment of their senses: on the other hand, it is found that beings in which nothing that is intellectual has ever been found, are formed with a greater capacity for the enjoyment of their senses than for that of intellect.—The former are physically formed to walk erectly, the latter to walk horizontally: the former are physically formed with perfect power to move their arms in every way from their shoulders; the latter only from their elbows;—those have hands physically formed to grasp with; these have hands better adapted for walking on, than grasping with.

As walking erectly, then, is peculiar to the being of greater intellect than sense, and walking horizontally to the being of greater sense than intellect;—as intellect is more noble than sense, so may it be allowed, that walking erectly is more noble than walking horizontally. As it can be shewn that there are physical causes why beings that walk horizontally have greater powers of sense than intellect;—as it can be shewn that there are physical causes that render such beings totally incapable of walking erectly,—and as

* Even Winterbottom, the intellectual opponent of White, is obliged to own it: he says—“an opinion has very generally prevailed, that the nose of the African is occasioned by the mother, pressing it down after birth: this is just as false as the notion that the curvature of the thigh bones is occasioned by the weight of the child resting on the nurse's arms: both these are original formations, as they are seen in the foetus.”—Winterbottom's *Sierra Leone*, page 207.

it can be shewn that such beings are always, and ever have been, deficient in intellect,—and when it can also be shewn, that Negroes approach in their bodily formation these physical incapacities, and always shuffle feebly in walking erectly,—surely we may infer they have a corresponding deficiency of intellect?—for when beings approach inferiority of intellect to sense, incapacity of standing erectly, or moving their arms in every way from their shoulders, or grasping with their hands, they approach in form beings of degraded intellect;—and because the bodily powers throughout nature are always adapted to the intellect or instinct of the being to which they belong, nothing is more natural than to conclude, that the great Author of the Universe adapts also the intellect or instinct to that which is to obey it. If this was not the case, what a scene of horror and confusion would all animated nature exhibit!—If the powers of deducing, imagining, and inventing, were placed in the head of a lion, his bodily powers being totally inadequate to express his deductions and inventions, what more incongruous! If the propensities of a lion were placed in the head of a European, what more absurd!—How could he make mountains tremble with his roar,—palsy animals with the lightning of his eye, and crush them with the power of his paw! Habit may weaken a lion's nature, but will habit totally change it? A lion may become tamer; but will "civilization, education, refinement, or opportunity of fame and virtue," make him discover gravitation?

To produce an artificial gradation from an intellectual to a brutal being, you would naturally begin by gradually diminishing the capacity for intellect, and increasing the capacity for the senses:—on the other hand, to raise a brutal gradually to an intellectual being, you would gradually diminish the capacity for the senses, and increase that for intellect.—After having artificially, on this system, formed a link below intellect and above brutality, should you refer to Nature, and find a race in negroes exactly answering, in every respect, to the first artificial link, of one degree below intellect, and another in monkeys answering in every respect to that of one degree above brutality,—you might venture to think, without much presumption, there was some truth in your arrangement.

All nations have at some period of their history been barbarians,—but they have at some period, also, emerged at the instigation of a leader. Men of genius are always born with views beyond their time:—it is this that rescues nations from ignorance: one of their class, being born with greater capacity and more extended notions, influencing them by his ideas, collecting them, from scattered lawless ferocity, into regularity and order; framing laws for their benefit, and building towns for their comfort. But if negroes had never given birth to great lawgivers,—if negroes had never produced astronomers from contemplating the Heavens, or poets or painters from roving amid the beauties of Nature,—if while all the great nations of the world have in succession risen to refinement, and sunk into voluptuousness, negroes had remained for thousands of years, as we know animals have always remained, in one continued state of unintellectual brutality,—surely, when so many reasons from experience press on one's mind as to their connection to brutes in intellect, and so many palpable proofs of their alliance in body,—and as the one is always adapted to the other—their mental capacity must be suspected, and that, too, on the strongest grounds.

Should you not think this, Mr. Examiner, a tedious subject, I will in a future letter endeavour to shew, that form being the great medium of exciting associations, in Painting and Sculpture, of what absolute utility a thorough knowledge of the peculiar characteristics of an intellectual and a brutal being is to the Student, and will venture to sanction such characteristics and principles by a reference to the divine works of the inspired ages of Greece.

AN ENGLISH STUDENT.

[Some REMARKS in answer to this Letter, by the Editor, have grown to such length that there is not room for their insertion this week; they will appear next Sunday.]

DARTMOOR DEPOT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

I have the genuine feelings of an Englishman, and nothing but the honour of my country induced me to support Lord Cochrane in his enquiries on the state of the Dartmoor Depot. I appeal to your candour, whether my former letter did not tend to exculpate the Transport Board from all blame in the misfortunes that may have occurred in this prison: and my grand conclusion was, that the causes of mortality among the prisoners were not attributable to Government, but to the spot unfortunately chosen for the Depot. I appeal to the Searcher of Hearts that nothing vindictive entered into my spirit in proposing my questions; they were statements made to me, which I was unwilling to assert, but by enquiry, till I was more fully confirmed in the truth of them, but which the situation of Dartmoor Prison seemed to corroborate. If I have been instrumental in bringing these reports under discussion, and the replies to them should be credited, I claim the merit of obliterating some odious impressions from many minds, and doing much more good than evil. Calm and temperate discussion is much better calculated to elicit truth and convince the understanding, than all the anathemas in the world, and my opponent *Veritas* cannot persuade one honest mind by angrily accusing me of deliberate guilt. As for T. H. I give him credit for more good humour, but I must still beg leave to differ from both in my ideas of Dartmoor, and it seems, Sir, that my antipathy to this dreary spot is not singular. T. H. has indeed a happy knack of levelling mountains, and fertilizing deserts; at his *presto*, the snows of Siberia may melt into murmuring rills, or the sands of Arabia change their arid faces into fruitful verdure. I shall leave this gentleman to enjoy his magic powers, and only attend to the more honest confessions of *Veritas*.—Yet, Sir, before I finally dismiss T. H., I beg you to remark, that the whole of my statements respecting Dartmoor, for which I am only indebted to my own observations, will be justified by degrees in the various confessions of its devoted advocates. T. H. says it is foggy, but denies that it is cold; *Veritas* grants that it is cold, being "1000 or 1500 feet above the level of the sea," but the degree of cold felt on Dartmoor is not more than is felt on any hilly tract in the kingdom of equal elevation, though it is often great, compared with the surrounding country; and says the writer in the *Statesman*, "when it is cultivated, its insalubrity will cease." Here then, Sir, are confessions that Dartmoor is foggy, cold, and insalubrious!—And *Veritas*, alluding to what he calls the showers of Dartmoor, acknowledges that an increased degree of moisture is the natural consequence, and the principal inconvenience felt. Yes, Sir, a tolerably increased degree, for I am informed from authority, which in other cases I should credit,

that the walls of the prison are eternally streaming with wet in the winter, and that it is everlastingly raining there. My own eyes at least inform me almost every two or three days that they are always in clouds, or fogs, if you please, which are so much like them that I do not know the difference! Now, Sir, I leave you to judge how far this spot is adapted to maintain in existence the captives from the western tropic, or the unchanging climate of France!

As for my calculation of the proportion of rain in Middlesex and Devon, there will appear no Iracism in it, if you allow a little less quantity of rain for London in the year than *Veritas* has granted, and multiply your numbers with less blundering; for really, Sir, my Arithmetic does not teach me how three multiplied by $\frac{1}{2}$ can make fifteen. Surely *Veritas* was bewildered in the bogs or fogs of Dartmoor when he made this product. *Risum tenentis amici.* But people will stretch a little sometimes to gain a point!

Now, Sir, to the questions.—*Veritas* make here a sweeping assertion, "that the whole of these statements are false in every sense." He declares that there have never been above 500 sick at one time, since the erection of the prison. The hospital has never been so full as to be obliged to fill all the rooms of the prison with an overplus of the sick. There have never died an hundred in one year; nor did the sixth part of the number stated die the year before last. He adds, "These assertions are facts, however unpleasant they may be deemed, and however dissimilar they may appear to the exaggerations of *Humanitas*." I will not retort in the language of some of my friends who have seen these counter statements, and lost their politeness on the occasion; but I will say, would to God that *Veritas* could in all that he has so roundly asserted, prove that he merits the name that he has assumed. I am not resolved obstinately to adhere to my opinions, or to say that he has failed in satisfactorily answering my interrogations; and so far from it being unpleasant to me, I declare, Sir, from the bottom of my heart, that I should feel no higher pleasure than to disprove the grounds of those questions, which I myself have disputed till they appeared to assume so unquestionable a shape. As I would not unwittingly even hint a falsehood on so important a topic, I have investigated it closer since I first wrote; before I would reply to *Veritas*, supposing that such positive assertions must be made from the best authority; but though I found some mistakes had occurred through the medium from which I received my information, which, I am free and glad to confess, do away the propriety of ALL MY OTHER INQUIRIES, yet I have reason to believe, that ONE INQUIRY OF IMPORTANCE is not satisfactorily answered by the Plymouth Correspondent.—My informant was an eye witness to the transactions of the prison for nearly a year; and he repeatedly asserts, and has done it in the presence of another witness, that during that time, the number of the sick and dead were about as many as I have before mentioned in my inquiry relative to the state of the prison three years ago. He vehemently avows, that the Hospital, which holds about a thousand, was full, that heaps were sick out of it, to the amount of nearly double that number, and that considerably more than a thousand died. For the last assertion he has, however, no register, but says it was the calculation generally made from the numbers that were *cautiously buried*. He moreover adds, that this mortality did not arise, as reported, from any malady introduced by prisoners which newly arrived with infection, but that the fogs and damp of the

Moor had produced a species of asthma and consumption throughout the prison, accompanied with these dreadful effects, prior to the arrival of those men, so much talked of. Now, Sir, here is an eye witness to these facts opposed to the facts of *Veritas*; and if the latter has not been on the spot at the same time for nearly a whole year, which we can hardly suppose, how can he so boldly contradict the whole?—I am sorry that any of my other inquiries originated in mistake, though, after the statement I have now repeated, the mistake is very excusable; but I embrace the first opportunity to negative them myself, as I have no ground of information to prove them false or true.

Now, Sir, after my own knowledge of Dartmoor, and after the above statement from an eye witness, I leave you to judge whether I had not more than the shadow of a reason for vindicating my Lord Cochrane? And had I been wholly mistaken with his Lordship, is it fair to throw out such ungenerous insinuations as are employed against me in the reply of *Veritas*? I have pure British blood flowing in my veins as well as himself, and my heart beats as responsive as his own to the most earnest prayers for the honour and happiness of my country. If I have been wrongly informed, let *Veritas* disprove it from better authority than mere assertion, and the man who has unblushingly stated these things to me as truth, shall be branded with the epithet which in that case he would merit. But if *Veritas* should find himself mistaken, I hope he will be as candid as myself in acknowledging his errors, and aid my Lord Cochrane in reporting these evils where I am sure they will meet with a speedy remedy.—I am, Sir, yours,

HUMANITAS.

LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

MR. EXAMINER.—A writer in your last Paper, under the assumed signature "Publican," has, with equal effrontery and malice, made a scurrilous attack upon the Lord Bishop of London. Unprovoked, unseen, and unknown, this reptile has dared to discharge his venom against a truly worthy and pious character. Happily such animals carry an antidote to their own poison. Ridicule and contempt are the only emotions such a production is calculated to produce; and without doubt it meets similar treatment from the injured party. Had this important "Publican" exhibited any thing worth attention, the charge would have required answering. On the contrary, it is the most insignificant imaginable, and I am both shocked and astonished at his glaring impertinence. The fact is, he was overflowing with spleen and gall, and seized that circumstance as a medium to discharge it. This Letter, therefore, Sir, is not to be considered as a reply, nor do I avow myself the champion of the Bishop; but as the writer may not be clearly seen in his proper colours, I have condescended to write a few animadversions upon him and his Letter. What is the sum of this retail tale-teller's information? Why, forsooth, that the Bishop of London attempted to put down Parson's Green Fair, but did not succeed:—a matter of vast importance to the public! so much so, that it was introduced with a most pompous title. Why will not men exercise a little common sense, and not vainly endeavour to cram such absurdities down our throats? Surely we have not lost our reason and judgment, if he has. Maniacs, I am told, think all others have the disorder but themselves. The "Publican" seems to

shew such symptoms, and I would, gratis, recommend a horse-pond, or horse-whipping, as a most effectual cure.—Indeed, if all these snarling curs were cured, or tied up, it would be very serviceable to the public at large. In the present state of things a Parish Clerk may arraign a Bishop, or even the Metropolitan, before the Public; may accuse him of inconsistency, may quote a passage, and with an imbecile gravity ask, "What conclusions must be drawn if we change the adjective?"—I can ask him, with the same propriety, what conclusions must be drawn if we change the adjectives *wise*, *learned*, and *honest*, to their opposites? His conscience will, I am sure in that case, need no commentator. It may, perhaps, be said that every public character expects his conduct will be publicly canvassed. Perhaps he may, but then that conduct should be first corrupt and irregular; and even then it should be done by a man of talents,—one whose integrity and candour require not the cloak of an assumed name. Concealment makes every man's communication suspicious. We do not want the crude and detached sentences of every one, who can just scribble a little more than his name, to annoy our sense and reason; nor do we expect to be entertained with malicious scandal in a respectable Journal. If the Publican thinks so, he is mistaken. Let him not measure the public sense by his own standard. I hope for the future he will forbear exposing himself, at least till some pedagogue has twinged him into a knowledge of candour and composition.

Putney.

ORTHOTES.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

The papers contains the following account:—"A wretch of most diabolical propensities, has within the last few days created considerable alarm in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge and Chelsea, by most atrocious conduct towards two or three females, whom chance had exposed to his brutal attacks. On Thursday week, in the evening, Miss L. of Chelsea, whilst returning from a friend's house, in Mount-street, in her way across the park, was accosted by this villain, who was then dressed as a Clergyman; he addressed her in the most insinuating manner, and from his general demeanour, not the slightest suspicion could be entertained of his intention. When about half way across the park, and at a distance from any passenger, he suddenly stopped, and seizing her round the waist, drew from his pocket a sharp instrument, with which he stabbed her in the thigh, and immediately ran off.—Her screams drew several persons to her assistance, but it being nearly dark, the villain was soon out of sight, and effected his escape. Miss L. was taken to the house of a Gentleman, in Park-lane, where the most humane attentions were paid to her; a Surgeon was sent for, her wound, which was not dangerous, was dressed, and in the course of the evening, she was removed to her own house in a coach. The same wretch, it is suspected, stopped a female servant to a gardener, at Brompton, as she was passing along Gore-lane, soon after dark a few evenings since, and whilst conversing with her took an opportunity to wound her severely in her arm. The most vigilant efforts are making to discover the villain."

An unpleasant affair lately occurred at the Mauritius, between two officers of his Majesty's 22d Foot. The account states, that on the 3d of December, the day of the capitulation, Lieut. L——e, after some menacing expressions, suddenly attacked Lieut. D——e with his drawn sword. The latter, as it is said, having no time to prepare for defence, retreated, till he had succeeded in getting his sword from his scabbard, when he stood upon the defensive, and endeavoured to parry the thrusts of his assailant, by whom he was soon disarmed. Lieut. L——e still continued his thrusts, which Lieut. D——e for some time turned aside with his naked

hands, till at length Lieut. L——e closing upon his disarmed opponent, and seizing him with one hand, with the other he forced the sword into his breast. The point entered the cavity of the breast just above the right nipple, pierced the lungs, and produced a copious discharge of blood from the mouth. Lieut. D——e was for two days considered in imminent danger, but at the date of the last accounts, no apprehension was entertained for his recovery. A Court of Inquiry had been ordered to assemble to investigate the circumstances of this case.—(*Asiatic Mirror*, Feb. 13.)

PICKPOCKETS.—The Legislature has made ample provision for the suppression of pickpockets, by authorising certain officers to apprehend them when assembled in the King's highway, or in places of public resort, they being able to prove them to be reputed thieves; now we presume that it is impossible there could be any doubt with any persons of common observation, much less with the Police Magistrates, that there would be some hundreds of thieves at Hackney, at the ascension of Mr. Sadler on Thursday. This was was actually the case; the pickpockets went there in coaches, chaises, gigs, &c. which they left at the entrances of the churchyard, bridge, &c.; so that after the Balloon had ascended, the most complete and systematick scene of confusion was occasioned. The villains had the spectators completely at their command, and emptied their pockets with the most daring audacity. One gentleman, who was robbed of his pocket-book, containing 28l. which he saw in the villain's hand, seized him by the collar, calling for constables and peace-officers in vain, but was at length obliged to let the robber go, after he had bit his hand to that degree that his teeth met. To give an idea of the number of these villains assembled, it is only necessary to insert the following list of the Captains of gangs, who were known to have been there, and who took the property from those who robbed, viz. Bill Soames, Joe Rowley, Bill White, alias Coukey Beau, Harry Woodward, Old Pullen, Old Robinson, Long Steevy, alias Steevens, Tit Shields, Jem Scott, Jack the Baker, Bill Chambers; Young Thomas, Bill Thomas, Thomas Harrison, Bob Barney, Bill Jacklin, George Bicknell, Bill Daphne, the Wheelers, Bill White, Ned Ellis, Bill Corty, Bill Judd, Jem Spinage, George Little, Harry Skippy, Jew Briton, Bill Smith, George Knightingale, Jack Haston, &c.

EXECUTION.—On Wednesday morning, Joseph Antonio, and Joseph King, for various robberies, and Thomas Mann, for forgery, were executed at the debtor's door, Newgate, pursuant to their sentence. About eight o'clock they were brought out, and ascended the fatal platform. They met their fate with becoming fortitude. John Francis, who was also tried for forgery, received a respite the night previous to the execution.

MARRIAGES.

On Friday week, at Mary-le-bone Church, Captain Agar, M. P. of New Norfolk-street, Grosvenor-square, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Edward George Lind, Esq. of Stratford-place.

On the 27th ult., at St. George's Church, the Hon. John Astley Bennet, youngest son of the Earl of Tankerville, to Miss Conyers, daughter of John Conyers, Esq. of Copped Hall, Essex.

On Saturday, August 31st, at Faltham, Mr. Killick, of Piccadilly, to Miss Henderson, of Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

On Saturday, the 31st of August, at St. Martin's in the Field, Mr. Beard, to Miss Pamphilon.

DEATHS.

On the 21st ult., at her mother's, Ellacombe Cottage, near Torquay, Devon, Mrs. Cotton Worthington.

At Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, William Jennings, aged 100 years. He retained his faculties till within a few minutes of his death.

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