

enough that he was a man of genius,—a being to whom the drama had been a stranger for years, and the town was delighted at once. It is true, an Afterpiece of his is said to have failed at the Haymarket formerly, but the fact was little known, and less heeded:—it happened a long time back; and the public had since known the author as one of the most accomplished men of his time,—one too who had lately shown that he could get rid of more dangerous habits than bad joking,—so that they expected every thing that was refreshing and reputable. Accustomed so long indeed to language without grammar, sentiment without common sense, and song without even rhyme, what was it that they had not a right to expect from a scholar, a man of wit, and a poet? Nothing less certainly than a solid, if not successful, contrast to the Simsymakers of the stage. This then was what they did expect, and most confidently;—the frequenters of the theatre were all impatience, and the critics prepared to be all gratitude.—The promised Monday arrives; the house is filled: expectant congratulation runs from bench to bench;—the most rigid and critical faces thaw in the general smile;—the overture begins—why is it not over?—the curtain rises,—the actors come forward,—and lo, instead of an opera worthy of its poet, a farce in three acts of the old complexion! A string of common-places, the more unsightly from the few pearls mingled with them! An unambitious, undignified, and most unworthy compilation of pun, equivoque, and clap-trap!

The scene of *M. P.*, or the *Blue Stocking*, is laid at a watering-place, and the principal incidents of the story are such as may be found in most places of the kind that possess a library. *Sir Charles Canvas* (OXFORD) a Baronet and *M. P.* not content with having usurped his title from an elder brother (HORN) who was born before their mother's marriage was publicly acknowledged, is endeavouring to deprive him of the affections of a rich heiress of the name of *Selwyn* (Mrs. MOUNTAIN), and takes advantage of his absence at sea to pay her his addresses for that purpose. His soppery, senatorial egotism, and pride of his title, induce him to believe that he is succeeding, when unfortunately he happens to encounter an emigrant family consisting of a *Madame de Rosier* (Mrs. HAMILTON) and her son *Henry* (PUTTERS), who from the rank of a nobleman is reduced by the Revolution to become assistant at a circulating library. The lady, though not aware of his being a second son, had been acquainted with his mother in France, and is in possession, he finds, of a disagreeable secret affecting his right to the Baronetcy. He frightens her therefore with a threat of sending *De Rosier* out of the kingdom as an alien, and only relinquishes what he represents as an act of duty, by exacting from her a promise of secrecy respecting his mother's marriage on the Continent. All then appears safe for the present, but in the meantime his brother, *Captain Canvas*, returns from sea, and he thinks himself under the necessity of securing the French lady by bribes as well as threats, and of inducing her to get entirely out of the way. In procuring an agent for the execution of this design, he fixes unluckily upon an old man (RAYMOND), who by his ragged appearance seems a fit person for temptation, and who, in order to stimulate his exertions in getting rid of the lady, is just made acquainted with enough of the Baronet's feelings, to disengage the latter is in his power. According to the plan, who is spite of appearing

like a common heggar is in reality (sly rogue!) a wealthy philanthropist in disguise, and who takes advantage of his ragged elbows and sordid hat to relieve distressed worthies who give him luncheons, hastens to make the best use of his secret; *Sir Charles* finally loses his title as well as his mistress; and *De Rosier* is blessed with the hand of the old gentleman's daughter, *Miss Hartington* (Miss KELLY) who had been faithful to him in all his misfortunes.—There is evidently nothing in this story, which surpasses the invention of one of our common dramatists, and the characters do not put it to the blush. Those above-mentioned are of an ancient order of personages; and so are two others, who have not a jot to do with the story, the library-keeper (LOVEGROVE) and a chemical pedant in petticoats (Mrs. SPARKS). Of the humour it is quite lamentable to think, after the touches of real pleasantry and wit that are to be found in the author's works. One of the main buttresses of the piece is a scene between the two personages just mentioned, in which they keep up a long equivoque founded on the meanings which they respectively attach to the words *Sal Ammoniac*,—the lady talking of the heroine of a chemical poem on the Darwinian plan, which she wishes the librarian to publish,—and the librarian, in consequence of mistaking a letter of hers, flattering himself, that she is offering him the hand of her niece in marriage. There is also a great deal of a well-established sort of wit, something between equivoque and pun, which is founded on the application of the titles of books to particular characters or circumstances. Puns also are abundant, in all their naked dignity, the chief language of the *M. P.* consisting in applying technical parliamentary phrases to the common occurrences before him; and as to clap-traps, if there are not many, the few are not calculated to make us regret the deficiency. One of them deserves particular mention, an account of a charge to which it has subjected the author, certainly, I think, without foundation. In one part of the piece, a horse-race is supposed to take place behind the scenes, and a spectator rushing forward, announces that the noble horse *Regent* is about to start, and "promises a glorious race." For this clap trap, he has been accused of a courtly servility; but from the free tone of his political writings, and even of the other political allusions in the Opera itself, there is not the least reason to consider it in any other light than as an adoption of a common stage trick, quite unworthy indeed of Mr. MOORE, both as a politician and a writer, but not affecting, I am persuaded, the general and practical independence of his spirit.—With regard to the language, considered in its composition and sentiment, it is certainly not what the *Dixons* and the *Canvases* could write; and it has two or three real touches of wit, which rank it at once high above the reach of their vulgar hands: but wherever it is serious, it is too florid; it is not good, unaffected, characteristic language, and seems to be decisive against the author's turn for the drama. The only part in which the hand of Mr. Moore can be said to be truly visible is in the songs,—not, in many of them indeed, for a general disease of common-place seems to have seized him in approaching the Theatre, and several of the serious ones, as well as all the humorous, are not above the pitch of Mr. COLMAN; but still there is enough of elegance and of poetry to awaken all our regret at the company in which they are found; and for the very first time, I believe, since the appearance of



this paper, our readers may be gratified by seeing one or two songs extracted in it from a modern opera. The idea of the following is a favourite with Mr. Moore, and is touched with his usual good keeping:—

Miss Harrington—Miss KELLY.

When Leila touch'd the lute,
Not then alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwell.
Sweet Lute! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.
Ah! how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh!
But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see the glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

The next is a pretty allegorical amplification of the common proverb—When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window.—I have ventured to point out the lines that most please me in these extracts by putting them in Italics.

Susan—Mrs. BLAND.

Young Love liv'd once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led,
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope flourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers;
But lips, tho' blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.
Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither!
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick, as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay;
"Oh ho!" said Love—"is it you? good bye;"
So he oped the window, and flew away!

The lines beginning, "Dear Aunt, in the olden time of love," have a touch of wit in each stanza; those with the burden "Oh, Woman," are fluent, and finish well; and "Oh think, when a hero is sighing," has the sweetness and the swell of the trumpet which it describes. All these, and the last in particular, should be quoted, if the paper had room; but I must content myself and conclude with the following, which notwithstanding the quaintness of *entwined end shineth*, and the confusion of metaphor in the third line, is highly spirited, and has naturally been admired from its subject.

De Roster,—Mr. PHILLIPS.

Tho' sacred the tie that our country entwined,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
O thou! who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
But drest of languor in Luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present,—
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd!
In vain is the mighty, in vain is the brave!
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

Such are the beauties and the defects of a piece, which so raised and has so disappointed expectation,—the beauties much superior indeed to those of common operas, but far from being among the happiest efforts of the author,—the defects precisely of the poor quality of those operas and utterly unworthy of him. That Mr. Moore himself thinks well of it, nobody who is acquainted with his real powers could suppose for an instant; and that nobody else may suppose otherwise, he has not scrupled to say so in the following letter, which appeared in the *Sun* the other evening:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.

"SIR,—In the account which you have given in your last paper, of the Musical Trifle at present acting at the Lyceum, you have stated that the story is evidently meant to allude to "a certain recent event of a memorable nature," and that in one of the scenes there is a manifest reference to another occurrence that has lately attracted the attention of the public.

"Though it is with considerable reluctance I thus avow myself the author of a bagatelle, which has been received much more indulgently than it deserves, I cannot allow this statement to pass without declaring, that, however hastily the frivolous dialogue of this piece may have been written, I had thought of the story long before those events occurred, by which you, and perhaps many others, suppose it to have been suggested.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your's, &c.

"Sept. 11.

"THOMAS MOORE."

Mr. ARNOLD, the Manager of the Lyceum, thinks it necessary to differ with the author on this occasion, flattering himself undoubtedly that the dissent of so exalted and practical a judge will induce Mr. Moore to think better of it; whereas it is evident that a good writer could meet with no greater humiliation, than after writing such a piece to have such a defender. The passage about his sense of "what is due to the public" is too gross, unless he means to put Mr. Moore on a level with himself and Mr. Pocock; and in mentioning the applause which the piece obtained, he forgot to mention the disapprobation which accompanied it.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"SIR,—Observing in your paper of yesterday a letter from Mr. Moore, on the subject of his new Opera of *M. P. or, The Blue Stocking*, I feel myself called upon to dissent from that Gentleman's opinion of his own performance, and to state, that had I conceived it to be merely a "musical trifle," I am too sensible of what is due to the public, to have ventured to offer it to their notice.

"The event of its brilliant and unqualified success has justified my opinion of the merits of Mr. Moore's Drama; and I am confident that if the Author had witnessed the splendid reception of its first representation (which he did not), he would not have suffered an excess of modesty to pay so bad a compliment to public taste as to term that dialogue "frivolous" which was interrupted in almost every scene by us gratifying applause as ever repaid the most anxious labours of a dramatist.

"I am, Sir, your's, &c. &c.

"Theatre Royal Lyceum, "SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD."
Sept. 12, 1811."

Well as we may agree, however, with Mr. Moore on

this subject, and admire the spirit with which he can condemn his own faults, still his sense of the frivolity of the dialogue does not excuse him for having written it: on the contrary, seated as he is immeasurably above the dramatists of the day, and qualified to enlighten the sphere below him with his brilliant powers, it is rather an aggravation of his offence, that he has condescended to mingle with those imitative cattle, and thus furnished them with a most afflicting excuse for their awkward frisks and vagaries. More indeed might have been said and lamented on this head, had he not expressed himself as he has done in the letter just quoted, which, it is to be earnestly hoped, in spite of Mr. ARNOLD's appeal to their self-love, will have its proper effect on all those who had prepared to secure their own ignorant productions by the example of a poet who had forgotten himself.

The new opera must have its run, for considered without a reference to what was expected from its author, it is really more amusing than our farces in general; but may it be hoped, that there will be no appearance in print? This hope was suggested in an excellent criticism in the *Times*, and it is fervently repeated here. The true admirers of Mr. MOORE,—those who wish to see him put his great talents to proper and large account,—would be sorry, that his present literary disgrace should be any thing but momentary. Possessed of a native and flowing fancy, enriched with the stores of ancient learning, and master of a versification singularly sweet and emphatic at once, so that he may easily be discerned as possessing the true lyric character of old, and uniting the poet and musician, every thing is to be expected of him which so felicitous a combination may be able to effect for the cause both of poetical and of moral taste. He has been hitherto chiefly known as a writer of voluptuous songs,—the CULATIGU or the ANACREON of his day; but his best readers are greatly mistaken if there is not in his later poetry, particularly in his Epistles from abroad, a much higher and more honourable character of genius: his last production but one, the songs for the Irish Melodies, in departing from that voluptuousness, lost nothing of their elegance, and acquired a great deal of spirit; and in his last little effusion, the Melologue, though evidently and avowedly written in haste, there are one or two passages of the highest character, in composition, in feeling, and in fancy. There seems to me to be an original path open to him in the union of fancy with ethics, or rather perhaps, I should say, of poetical ornament with observation of men and manners. Our moral didactic writers have never given us both together: POPE is in general either entirely solemn or entirely familiar; YOUNG pours forth nothing but epigrams; and COWPER, with much power of description, does not appear to have had an abundant imagination, not to mention the vein of bitter prejudice that runs through all his moralizing.—Be this as it may, it is of importance, in every point of view, that a poet of such talents as Mr. MOORE should be found not only in his happiest but in his most useful sphere; and there, I trust, he will soon be again, with a wing strengthened by just ambition, and sparkling and purifying himself in his own sunshine.

“ Scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant and returns to light;
He bears no token of the sabler straggle,
But mounts far off among the swans of Thames.”

NEGRO FACULTIES.

MR. EXAMINER.—You ask the meaning of my letter.—It was to shew that you had no right to ridicule a science or its conclusions, of which you knew so little, and that there were stronger grounds for suspecting the capacity of negroes, from the experience of centuries of their continued brutality in intellect, and the undeniable facts of their alliance to brutes in form, than for asserting their capability from comparing them with other nations, or even from the solitary exception of modern times. This neither you or your correspondents have refuted; though you say there are many things provocative of pleasantry which for my sake you kindly pass over; and one of your correspondents calls me a dogmatic pedant; both of which assertions are certainly very deadly methods of refutation.—You are astonished at the passage about artists and literary men, because artists had never before been mentioned;—but the whole of what I selected from your paper tended to ridicule and stigmatize a science connected with the art, and on which the powers of artists to affect human feelings by association (the language of Painting) depends; and tended also to leave an impression that such a system was the result of narrow-minded, unlettered ignorance, instead of deep investigation and research.—You still think Camper, &c. &c. &c., exaggerators;—I ask, where I point me out an instance:—and “that you have seen a good number of negroes which to you* had not those appearances of shuffling.”—I dare say not:—but because your eye, unaccustomed to the refinements of form, did not perceive them, do you stigmatize those who can prove them as exaggerators?—Surely this is very enlightened!—You leave the determination of it to those who choose to enquire; but what chance is there of your acknowledging conviction, when you stigmatize those who have already enquired, and satisfactorily proved it, as exaggerators?—You say, it is the intelligence, and not the intellectual muscle, that must rank monkeys in this matter; but according to my philanthropic antagonist, “the action and reaction of mind and body is continual; hence the mind leaves indelible traces of its internal operations upon its external tablet the countenance:” therefore, as monkeys have those peculiar intellectual muscles, and which are never called into action but by internal operations of mind; and as brutes have them not, monkeys must still keep their rank as the first approach in the link to intellect.—Your adducing the house-building of the beaver, and the internal polity of the bee, as proofs of superior reason, are nothing; they are no more proofs of reason than the nests of birds:—the proofs of reason are the capabilities of deducing.—St. Paul's cathedral is a proof of reason, because it is the result of accumulated experience—bat beavers build houses, and bees make chambers and act under their queen, as they have

* This is something like Winterbottom's refutation of White.—After mentioning White's enumerations of the characteristics of brutality in the negro's skull,—Winterbottom says, “he had never an opportunity of examining the skeleton of a negro!” And when White speaks of the length of the fore arm,—he says, “it did not strike him.”—Strike him!—Did he ever measure and compare?—page 255, 256.—“As to the whites being more elegantly formed,” says Mr. Inlay, “it never appeared so to me! and when negroes are well fed, I have often admired their proportion and athletic powers.”—I have also examined the beauty and proportion of the finest formed black ever perhaps seen,—but yet the fine forms of parts of his body corrected not the inherent characteristics of his nature;—and if Mr. Inlay had examined his negroes with a scrutinizing eye, there he would also have found them.

always done since the creation, and as they always will do, to the end of it, without exhibiting proof of one improvement, or of profiting by experience:—they only shew, they are under a mighty influence they cannot resist.—“There is,” you say, Mr. Examiner, “in the actual capacity of all human beings to receive mental instruction, a link never to be passed; it is vain to teach monkeys to speak or to read or to play on the flute:”* but as, according to my antagonist, “an original defect of mental organization may be remedied by perseverance;” how can it be proved to be in vain?—“The Student, in repeating the deformities of negroes,” you say, “proves nothing: it is a wrong ground of argument, which has been repeated and answered a hundred times.” I still say, their palpable alliance to brutes in form, which I will now prove, and their long continued brutality, though nearer the original seat of intellect than all the intellectual nations of Europe, are very strong grounds; and though you say they have been superseded by facts, yet these facts, according to your own allowance, are “only exceptions, and therefore proofs of the thing.”—They may have been answered a hundred times; but have they been refuted?—and though Toussaint is an illustrious exception, till there have been fifty such, he must be considered in no other light.—The defects of negroes are not deformities: hump backs, and twisted fingers, &c. &c. are deformities; but the defects of negroes consist in their exhibiting weaknesses in form, where brutes exhibit absolute incapacity, and which prove their palpable alliance to brutes. That all nations have emerged, was certainly an *unthinking, ignorant* assertion on my part; but I qualified it afterwards, by saying all the great nations, and I still say that they have remained in brutality, while all the intellectual nations have risen and sunk, though they were nearer the original seat of learning than any of them. As to my firing my mind by reading the works of the Theorists, Mr. Examiner, they only did not fire my mind, but my attention was roused from studying Nature, from finding that a brutal being physically formed to walk on four legs, horizontally, was totally incapable of walking erectly on two,—because his feet were perfectly flat when he rested on his heel like an intellectual being, his *inner* ankles lower than his *outer*, his pelvis narrower, his calf high and feeble; and because he was almost deficient in all the great muscles that keep an intellectual being in form erect;—in finding he was unable to move his arms in every direction from his shoulders, because he was inefficient in all the muscles of the shoulder-blade and shoulder, that enable an intellectual being to move his arms in every way;—in finding he was unable to grasp, because he had no ball to his thumb; that is, he was *absolutely without* those muscles which compose the ball, and which enable an intellectual being to grasp with such perfection by antagonizing with his thumb the efforts of his fingers; and in finding his thumb so short, as scarcely to emerge from his hand;—in finding that his capacity for his senses was immense in comparison to his capacity for the seat of intellect; and his ear without lobes.—In referring to the divine works of Greece, Mr. Editor, their standard of high form for an intellectual being was totally the reverse of all these brutal characteristics:—their feet were arched (and it can be mathematically proved that an arched foot is best adapted for supporting

erectly), the *inner* ankle higher than the *outer*, the pelvis wide, the calf low, full, and vigorous; all the muscles that enable an intellectual being to keep himself erectly, distinctly and visibly marked; all the muscles of the shoulder-blade, shoulder and back, finely divided, according to their principal offices of action; the ball of the thumb, which enables an intellectual being to grasp by squeezing it against his fingers, enormous, his hand arched, and his thumb long; his capacity for intellect immense, in comparison with his capacity for sense; and large lobes to his ears.—These are the characteristics in form of an intellectual European. In examining negroes, I soon perceived them to sink from these characteristics of intellect in form, and approach those of the brute. I perceived their ankles approached inversion, their feet flatness, their calf height, their heels projection, their pelvises narrowness, and physical weakness in all those muscles that keep an intellectual being upright, or enable him to move his arms from his shoulders, or grasp with hands; his thumbs short, his hands flat, his capacity for intellect beginning to dwindle, that for sense to increase, and his ears without lobes:—the ankles of a monkey were nearly horizontal, his feet still flatter, and still more physically incapable to stand erectly; his pelvis still narrower, his hands still flatter, his capacity for intellect still dwindling, and that for sense still increasing, &c. &c. till a lion's ankles were completely inverted, his feet perfectly flat, his heel projecting immensely, and having completely those characteristics which I have above enumerated as belonging to brutality.

Now to my philanthropic antagonist:—He says, I forgot that the arts sprung from that country I consign to eternal degradation. I say, I forgot it not; and it is *because* they sprung from this country, and *because* Negroes have always remained so much nearer the seat of science than the nations of Europe, and have remained in such a state of brutality, among my other reasons, that I suspect their capacity.—He proceeds,—“If the Egyptians were not *positively* Negroes” (Where is the object of quoting them as examples, if they were not *positively* Negroes? and that they were not *at all*, I will prove)—“they were possessed of similar physiognomical characteristics.” This I deny. The great brutal characteristic in the head, the weight, size, and projection of the jaws, in comparison with the seat of intellect, they possessed not, or the lobeless ear; and as to Memnon being a black, would he have been so distinguished for this quality by poets, if he had not been a *singular* exception? Have the heads in the British Museum and the Sphinx absolutely Negro characteristics?—No; and if they had, would that prove the Egyptians to have been Negroes? You might as well argue their kings had tails, because they have so represented them. As to his proofs *ad infinitum*, let him take care of the authorities he quotes, and read them with attention, if his quoting Denon is a specimen of his accuracy. He imagines if I had been acquainted with Denon's manuscript, I should not have been so eager to publish my gratuitous assertions. I am perfectly well acquainted with Denon's manuscript, remarkable for *nothing* but its antiquity, and, in point of art, ranks about as high as the

* See Blumenbach, as quoted by White—Appendix, page 150. The protuberance of the jaw distinguishes the negro from the original inhabitant of Egypt, as appears from the inspection of mummies.

* “They have been taught to play on musical instruments, as the pipe and harp.”—White, p. 34.

scrawls of our schoolboys, who generally make *splay feet*, *flat hands*, *twenty toes*, and a *dozen fingers*. Is it possible, Mr. Examiner, that any one of common reflection can cite this imbecile scrawl as a proof of the characteristics of the forms of the ancient Egyptians?—He may as well cite the gigantic statue of Memnon, as a specimen of their *size*: he may as justly suppose the eyes of the Chinese to be in the *middle* of their *cheeks*, because we see them sometimes so situated on their china; he may as well suppose the Italians were *red* in the time of Michel Angelo, because we see drawings of his in *red chalk*.—If the ancient Egyptians, Mr. Examiner, were such funny little wretches, not only were their hands and feet *splay*, but their hands must have been twice as long as they ought to be! and their arms must have reached their *ankles*!! In another manuscript of Denon's, or on the same, plate 138, he will see another little fellow, about four heads high, with one thumb on each hand, and *no fingers*—and such a thumb!—But leaving pleasantry to those who have no stronger ground for argument,—I will proceed.—Are we to suppose, Mr. Examiner, that the ancient Egyptians had *no fingers*?—Let this gentleman, who is so anxious to prove himself a clever fellow, who calls me a prejudiced, dogmatic pedant, and who hopes I will not insult the world by my unfeeling speculations, take care how he insults the world with his ignorance—let him read Denon again, and in page 238, plate 100, fig. 6, folio ed, Paris, he will find that Denon, in examining the tombs of Thebes, after finding several little specimens of Egyptian sculpture, which had fallen from the ornaments, found to his delight a *real foot* of an ancient Egyptian,—a bit of a mummy,—and which he beautifully says, “ne fait pas moins d'honneur à la nature que les autres morceaux en font à l'art, c'estoit, sans doute le pied d'une jeune femme, d'une princesse, d'un être charmant, dont la chaussure n'avoit jamais altéré les formes, et dont les forings étoient parfaites.” It is indeed perfect; the foot of the Venus is not more removed from the flatness of brutality, by its exquisite arch, than is this exquisite specimen of the *real foot* of the ancient Egyptians.—I think this rather a better specimen of Egyptian form than his delicious manuscript.—Page 252, Denon again says, that all the heads that were not wrapped up, had their hair *long* and smooth,—que le caractère de tête de la plupart étoit *du beau style*; and that he brought away the head of an old woman, that was as *fine* as the heads of the *Sybils* of Michel Angelo, and resembled them *very much*.—In plate 118, he will see a figure from the plafond of the chamber, where is the celestial planisphere, at the great Temple of Tintyra, which, though broken, Denon says, still shewed a flowing contour, and that the feet were in the highest style of art.—In plate 128, he will see (fig. 2nd.) an Egyptian hero, with legs and feet worthy of Grecian refinement.—In plate 113 (fig. 5, and 6.) he will see specimens of the natural character of the Egyptian head and ear, which are exquisite; the ear as fine as the Apollo's, the lobe large, the reverse of the *lobeless ear* of the Negro.—From the Temple of Elephantina, he will see another exquisite one,—but I am tired of citing.—As to his head of Socrates, this is just as unfortunate an example for Philanthropos,—for nothing could be more extraordinary than his *immense capacity* for intellect, in comparison with the *capacity* for sense;—his *immense forehead* is almost as great as that of the ideal head of Jupiter,—the reverse of

the Negroes. Socrates owned he had brutal appetites, which he conquered by the strength of his intellect.—This was fully exemplified in his face. I deny again the *never-to-be-passed* link from speech. The power gradually declines to the unintelligible utterance of the Bosjennans and Hottentots, and the bat-screaming Troglodytes of Herodotus.—I have now done, Mr. Examiner, and I fear you and your readers will think it is high time. I have never asserted their *absolute incapacity*, but I suspect it; and that on stronger grounds than those who suspect it not, and until “their outward characteristics become the testimonials of their internal improvement,” I shall not be convinced to the contrary. With respect to what *Philanthropos* says about physiognomy, I leave you and your readers to judge, whether it does not advance rather than refute my argument. I certainly should not have speculated with so much ease, had I thought, Mr. Examiner, you had not secured me from having my motives suspected, by saying, “These principles were maintained without the least idea of destroying their social rights.” God forbid that I should be accessory, in the *slightest* degree, to destroying their social rights, or to checking the efforts for their intellectual improvement. This is too absurd to dwell on,—and I much suspect that philosophy is disgraced and emulation deadened much more by *canting* philanthropy than *unfeeling* speculations.

AN ENGLISH STUDENT.

P. S. I cannot help suspecting, my dear Mr. Examiner, that your taking it for granted that I have not read *all* the books you mention, was a little bit of revenge, for my having proved that you had not read *any* of those I mentioned.—*Niger* (in his gentlemanly letter) says he was much amused at the way in which I was to prove negroes to be brutes, by referring to pictures and statues. I have no doubt *Niger* was amused at such a *novel* method of proving *any thing* in England, as well as many more of his readers, who have little notion that painting or sculpture has any thing to do with morals or politics, science or sense. I did not assert I would prove negroes to be brutes,—but that as in painting form was the medium of exciting human feelings, I would shew, from reference to the works of the great Greek artists,—the highest authorities in such matters, that they (whom Socrates, “the most perfect in mind of the human species,” to quote *Philanthropos*, affirmed to be the most sensible people in Athens, and whom R. J. L., in his Letter to Barry, page 262, says were as deeply skilled in the vast and intricate branches of physiology and pathology as Haller or Gaubius,) had reversed the characteristics of a brute in form, in order to excite the highest intellectual associations; and in reversing the characteristics of a brute, they had of course avoided the characteristics of a negro, who approached a brute in form, by approaching such characteristics. Why I suspected the intellect of negroes in consequence, I had before shewn.—I cannot take my leave of this unrivalled letter without referring again to it, and without saying it contains, in the *first* part, the soundest principles of art ever held since the days of ancient Greece. Let the students “of high design” imprint on their souls the inspiring principles of the *first* part of R. J. L.'s letter, and all of one of Burke's,* and we shall soon see high art blaze forth on such an “adamantine” foundation, as will for ever secure it against the “stream of time.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR.—Having been fully convinced from the beginning, that your essay on "Negro Civilization" was written in the spirit of liberality and with the view of dispelling prejudices instead of confirming them, I never should have wished to raise a controversy on a single expression, if I had not then thought that there was an essential difference of opinion between us, much greater than there now appears to be. But as a discussion has sprung up, and you have received letters from other Correspondents on this subject, I should wish also to deliver my opinion upon those parts of the question upon which I have not yet touched; and when I have once stated my view of the subject, I shall feel no disposition for prolonging the controversy or soliciting your attention any further upon this question.

I have already given my reasons for considering the negroes not to be inferior to the whites, either in bodily or mental powers, and I now mean to contend, that there is nothing either in the expression of their countenances, or the conformation of their bodies, indicative of the supposed inferiority. The only difficulty I find in this case is, that when prejudices and old notions, adopted with very slight examination, are entirely laid aside, it remains so much a question of each person's individual observation, that when assertion and opinion merely, are opposed to assertion and opinion, the balance will remain in suspense. It becomes therefore necessary for me to support my opinion by arguments drawn from probabilities, as well as from facts which I believe, will not be denied. I conceive that in my last I have shewn that in the defence of their country, first against the English and afterwards against the French, the black population of St. Domingo has indisputably proved to the world that in intellect, as well as heroic courage, they were not inferior to the whites. The population of St. Domingo did not exceed that of the very smallest province in Spain, and yet it has been calculated that near 20,000 British and 50,000 French have perished on that island without being able to subdue it. If intellect were to be measured by *fine writing*, what could be finer than the addresses and proclamations of the different Spanish *Juntas*, and yet when the hour of trial comes, they have been universally found weak and imbecile. The negroes of St. Domingo, on the other hand, wrote little or nothing, but were contented with baffling the hopes and calculations of the two greatest nations in Europe, and driving the disciplined armies of their white invaders out of their island with immense loss. If they possessed intellect sufficient to effect the great and arduous task of defending their country against such powerful enemies, the Domingo chiefs may see without envy the superior talents for *fine writing* so eminently displayed by the *Juntas* of the Spanish provinces of Asturias and Leon. If, then, the history of the wars in St. Domingo have clearly proved that there was no inferiority of intellect on the part of the blacks, I will ask, *is it probable that their countenances express an inferiority of intellect which did not in fact exist?* When the wrecks of the French army under Rochambeau were driven into the Cape, and Desaulnes was preparing to storm the fortifications, *is it probable that no expression was to be discovered on the countenances of the conquerors similar to what would have marked the feelings of white men in similar*

circumstances? Or *is it probable (to use the words of one of your correspondents) "that the mind should not have marked its internal operations on its external tablet of the countenance?"*

I positively assert, that I have seen many educated blacks from St. Domingo (the children of black merchants) whose countenances as well as manners would not be displeasing in the most polished society of Europe. I appeal to those among your readers who have any local knowledge of that Island (and among your readers there must be many captains of ships who have traded there) whether they have not seen many black merchants there as honourable in their dealings, and as intelligent in their business, as merchants of any other colour, and whether they ever perceived that their countenances were less intelligent than those of other merchants?

I conceive that the few Blacks which we see in this country are by no means fair specimens to judge of the whole Negro race by, as I believe that all the Negroes who come from our Islands have grown up under a system of oppression and cruelty, which nature never intended as the lot of any human being, and that they have therefore been depressed below their natural level; and yet I think that it can be positively proved that their faces are not deficient in expression. A great portion of these Blacks are musicians attached to our military bands. Will any unprejudiced man say that there is less of martial spirit in their movements, or less animation in their countenances, than in those of whites of the same condition? But this is a question, which, to borrow a phrase from the *English Student*, does not depend on the admission or non-admission of any individual. Why do the officers commanding regiments prefer black musicians for certain instruments,—why are the cymbals and great drum usually given to blacks, unless it is, that the peculiar animation of their countenances, and the spirited expression of their attitudes and movements, add considerably to the effect of those instruments?

If the *English Student* will not allow that there is expression in the countenances of those men, I can only say, that I believe he is singular in his opinion; but when he speaks of "only moving the arms from the elbow, and not being able to move them in any way from the shoulder," I would simply ask him, did he ever see a black man playing on the cymbals? If not, I should recommend it to him to walk from his study to the parade in St. James's park, before he writes another letter on the anatomy and bodily conformation of negroes. When the parade is over, he may ask the serjeants, how they contrive to teach black men to march so well, considering, that they naturally shuffle in their gait, from the difficulty of keeping themselves erect? When he has got his answer from the serjeant, he might, as an artist, condescend to visit the Five's Court, and ask the pugilists, how was it possible, that a black man, of the name of *Molineux*, should pretend to physical powers equal to any Englishman, being of a weak-angled race, that "are incapable of moving the arm from the shoulder?" and how was it possible, that another black, of the name of *Richmond*, should be among the most scientific of their professors, being of a race whose intellect is below the level of human intellect? I suppose, that the *English Student* must have felt very angry with a brother artist, who, this year, exhibited a fine painting, the subject of which was, an unnamed

Negro killing a Buffalo, and the story was said to be taken from a fact. What a heresy against "the inspired ages of Greece and its divine works," to paint an heroic exertion of strength and courage in the person of a negro? If the hero of the picture had been a Hercules or a Milo, the painting then would have been classical and orthodox; but to paint a negro (however true the circumstance might have been) in such a situation, to give him strength of muscle, "hands to grasp with," and above all, to give him a countenance as well as form of heroic expression, was a most unpardonable offence against the authority of all those books, from which this *Student* has drawn his theory of negro analogy.

Having, as I now think, completely removed every tangible ground upon which the opposite question rested, I shall proceed to state my opinion upon this question.

Although the professors of any art of human invention, may lay down the principles of their art, and from those principles form a tolerable standard, by which they may generally judge of what is correct or incorrect in their art; yet no man can, without the greatest folly, presume to fix a standard by which the works of Nature, or of the God of Nature, are to be judged and pronounced correct or incorrect. Admirable and perfect as Nature is in all her works, in nothing is she more admirable than in the infinite variety in which she displays her creative powers, and eternally presents fresh objects of interest to our senses and to our hearts. If she were to have been advised by those artists and students, who can approve of nothing but the Grecian models, what an insipid and insupportable monotony would there have been in all her works? I believe, however, that every artist, who is an Englishman, will confess, that *John Bull* is capable of expressing every feeling which becomes a man, with his short round face, and what more can an Italian or a Grecian express, with their more lengthened and oval faces? From parity of reasoning, must it not be supposed, that an educated negro can express as well with his black face the intelligence that is in his mind, as an European could do with his white face? I cannot agree to the term of "progressive animal," being more applicable to negroes than to whites. Nations are often progressive and sometimes retrograde; but man, whatever clime he may be born in, wants nothing but education to develop his intellectual powers, and when they are developed, whatever may be his color or his features, intelligence will be expressed in his countenance. If centuries of intellectual improvement are necessary to make the negro face agreeable, how many centuries of intellectual improvement will it take to bring the head of *John Bull* himself to any thing like the Grecian standard? It is somewhat unfortunate for this fanciful theory, that near 2000 years of degradation and barbarism has not made negroes of the Greeks, or altered materially the original character of the Grecian face. The great danger in judging of the human race by any imaginary standard of our own selection, is, that the further they differ from that standard, the further they are likely to be removed from our respect and affection.

I believe, Sir, that the Chinese are a very wise and intelligent people, and that if they had the advantages of European learning, they would be more wise and more intelligent; but I can never believe that it would make their eyes larger, their noses broader, or bring their faces a bit nearer the Grecian standard. In these cases, cross-

ing the breed may in time do much, but education will, as I believe, do little or nothing. It appears to me, Sir, that the various shades of colour, casts of countenance, degrees of expression, and characters of face, were wisely intended by Nature to make the different families of mankind more interesting to each other. If it were therefore possible to make those distinctions disappear, it appears to me, that so far from a thing to be desired, it would be thwarting the designs of Nature and spoiling her work. I am not content to wait for the lapse of centuries for the different families of the earth to acknowledge one another as perfectly and entirely brothers; but I say that now, and at all times, if a given number of children, black, white, yellow, or red, receive the same advantages of education, they will probably reap the same fruits from it. In such a case I am convinced that all their countenances (whatever may be the difference of colour and features) will equally express the intelligence which is in their minds, and that no muscles necessary for such expression will be found wanting.

Having now, by your indulgence, stated my opinion on the whole of the subject, I am content to leave that opinion to its fate, and to abstain from troubling you any further upon this question. NIGRO.

THE COMET.

The Comet now begins to be an object of general observation, and it will every night increase in importance. It has been seen in England nearly a month; but due attention was not paid by astronomers to the first intimation of the stranger being visible in our atmosphere. Most people are acquainted with the chief stars in the constellation of the Great Bear, called vulgarly Charles's Wain, and those will direct us soon after sunset to the Comet. Soon after the stars of the second magnitude have made their appearance in the skies, and the seven stars are fully visible in the north-west, the spectator will fix his attention on the two bright stars nearest the three in the tail. By drawing a line through them to the horizon, and fixing his eyes near the middle of that line, he will first perceive a haze, which as the night grows darker will gradually discover itself to be the Comet. Above it he would on Sunday night have perceived a star of the third magnitude, which is nearly in the direct line with the two stars above mentioned. This star is called *Ursæ Majoris*, or the twenty-third of the Great Bear, and a little attention would have pointed out to him lower down, a star of the fourth magnitude, called *Ursæ Majoris*, or the twenty-fourth of the Great Bear. By means of these two stars the observer will note the progress of the Comet for some time to come, and he may form to himself some idea of the extent and breadth of its tail; and if he has a celestial globe, he may mark its path in a tolerably accurate manner.—The writer of this had not the opportunity of making accurate observations, but the communications made to him state, that on Friday night its right ascension was by three observers placed at one hundred and fifty-nine degrees, and its declination north at forty-one degrees. On Saturday night its right ascension is placed by one of them at a hundred and sixty-two degrees and a half, and its declination north at forty-two degrees and a half. The length of the tail is conjectured to be between twenty and thirty millions of miles. The observer, to verify or refute this conjecture,

will note the star nearest to the Comet, and the star at the extremity of the tail. It may be of use to inform your readers, that for common observations, the best instrument they can look through at this Comet is an opera-glass. The Comet is now visible all night, but it is too near the horizon, at its lowest depression, to permit good observations upon it. It was first seen in the morning in this country; the brightness of the night and its small height above the horizon after sun-set, prevented its being noticed earlier in the evening, though it might have been discovered by an attentive astronomer. The absence of the moon in the early part of the night, and the increasing distance of the Comet from the sun, render this object more and more interesting every evening.—*Morning Chronicle, Sept. 12.*

Professor Robinson speaks thus of Comets:—"There are sometimes seen in the heavens certain bodies, accompanied by a train of faint light, which has occasioned them to be called Comets. Their appearance and motions are extremely various, and the only general remarks that can be made on them are, that the train or tail is generally small on the first appearance of a Comet,—gradually lengthens as the Comet comes into the neighbourhood of the sun, and again diminishes as it retires to a distance. Also the tail is always extended in a direction nearly opposite to the sun."—The opinions of philosophers concerning Comets have been very different. Sir Isaac Newton first showed that they are a part of the solar system, revolving round the sun in trajectories, nearly parabolical, having the sun in the focus. Dr. Halley computed the motions of several Comets, and among them found some which had precisely the same trajectory. He therefore concluded that there were different appearances of one Comet, and that the path of a Comet is a very eccentric ellipse, having the sun in one focus. The apparition of the Comet of 1682 in 1759, which was predicted by Halley, has given his opinion the most complete confirmation. Comets are therefore planets resembling the others in the laws of their motion, revolving round the sun in ellipses, describing areas proportional to the times, and having the squares of their periodic times proportional to the cubes of their mean distance from the sun. They differ from the planets in the great variety of the position of their orbits, and in this, that many of them have their course in antecedentia Signorum (contrary to the order of the Signs of the Zodiac). Their number is very great; but there are but few with the elements of whose motions we are well acquainted.—The Comet of 1680 came very near to the sun on the 17th of December, its distance not exceeding its semi-diameter. When in its aphelion, it will be almost 150 times further from the sun than the earth is. Our ideas of the extent of the solar system are thus greatly enlarged. No satisfactory knowledge has been acquired concerning the cause of that train of light which accompanies the Comets. Some philosophers imagine that it is the rarier atmosphere of the Comet, impelled by the sun's rays. Others imagine that it is a phenomenon of the same kind with the Aurora borealis, and this earth would appear like a Comet to a spectator placed on another planet. The apparent magnitude of Comets is very different,—sometimes seeming no bigger than the fixed stars, at other times equal in diameter to Venus. Havelius observed one in 1652, which was not inferior to the moon in size, though not so bright; its light pale and dim, its aspect dismal.

POLICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR.—The case appearing in your last *Examiner*, under the head of *Police (Charge of Forgery)*, is so cruelly exaggerated and so unfounded, that we trust you will allow us to correct a misstatement so pregnant with mischief. We therefore give you the deposition of *Martha Pattall*, who swears to our being present when she came to the house of the deceased;—that in the parlour there was paper and ink;—that she heard us call for wax and light directly on her coming in;—that the light candle was taken up stairs to the chamber, where the old lady and deceased were,—that was two hours after his death;—and when asked how long we remained up stairs, said she could not tell.—This is justly the whole of her statement; excepting their attempting to make us appear in the blackest character, which, when considering their interest, cannot be wondered at, and must be thought to suit their own purpose. As to Mr. John Hollis, he never was in partnership with the late Mr. Perkins, nor myself as Clerk;—but residing in Gee-street—by trade a goldsmith—and no ways with their family interested, but as tenants.—Your's truly, WM. CARTER, GEO. HOLLIS.

HATTON-GARDEN.

On Wednesday, *Mr. John Dixon*, a Gentleman residing in a cottage at Garden's-walk, Clerkenwell, was charged with endangering the life of the wife of his opposite neighbour, a Mr. Earl, by firing a ball from a horse pistol into the window, between nine and ten o'clock on Tuesday night, so close to her head, that she barely escaped being shot through the head. The woman fainted at the shock, and soon after went to a neighbour's house, and there waited till Wood the officer, who lived near the spot, had arrived; and proceeded to seize the prisoner, who threatened to kill him if he should enter by force. The officer, however, broke the door, and arrested the prisoner. In his defence he stated, that it was a mere accident, as he was only firing at cats who annoyed him on the roofs of the neighbouring houses, who keep three or four cats each, unnecessarily; he offered every reparation, and expressed great concern, as well as joy, at the happy escape of Mrs. Earl; adding, that he was above the fear of suspicion of any crime by his friends, and the station he now held was Agent to the Globe Fire Insurance Company. The Magistrate told him he felt too lightly on the subject, as in the event of the woman's death it would be manslaughter, and if ever any dispute took place between the two families, it would be murder, incautious firing in such circumstances implying the malice propense. For the public security he ordered surties of the peace to be given; which the prisoner complied with.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

On Wednesday last it was discovered, that the several presses in the Queen's House which contained her Majesty's Court and other valuable dresses had been opened, and that the contents, to the value of 2000l. had been stolen. It was usual for the female domestic who had the care of the contents of the presses to inspect them once a year, but from his Majesty's illness they had not been wanted, and consequently they were not opened until last Wednesday, when it was found that the dresses were gone, but the papers which contained them were left, and a batze which covers the whole was carefully placed over the papers. Suspicion had not attached itself to any person until Thursday afternoon, when the husband of the female who was entrusted with the care of the presses being in the room, heard a gentle tap at the door, and on opening it, a man, who had formerly been employed to keep the locks, &c. in repair, presented himself with a key half hidden by the palm of his hand, who said he was looking for a bell-hanger. The man was challenged with having a key in his hand, which he denied, and afterwards pulled one out of his pocket, which the witness believed to be much larger in size than the one he had in his hand. It appeared there was no injury done to the locks, and according to the testimony of Sir Wm. Pardon, no one could have committed the robbery without being well acquainted with the premises. According to the statement also

of Mr. Hanson, Locksmith to the Royal Family, the locks could only have been opened by a duplicate key or a skeleton, and a duplicate key could not have been made without taking off the lock, and in either case none but a skilful locksmith could have opened the locks, as they were of the best kind. Mr. Hanson further stated, that the prisoner had been in his employ, and that he discharged him as an indolent drunken man, some time since. When in Mr. Hanson's employ, the prisoner was constantly employed at the Queen's House, but since he had been discharged, he had no pretence for going there. The prisoner was remanded, and a search warrant was issued to search his premises; a warrant was also issued against another man suspected, who was discharged from Mr. Hanson's service about the same time as the prisoner, and who had been about the house.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

Lambeth, Sept. 13, 1811.

MR. EXAMINER.—Yesterday morning, the 12th instant, two men employed at the yard of the Strand Bridge Company as blacksmiths, had a quarrel concerning the one committing adultery with the other's wife—which offence (as far as I can learn) can be fully proved, as the wife immediately absconded from the yard, where the fact was discovered by the husband and some others: the result of the quarrel, or rather resentment of the husband, was the offender being cut about the head with some instrument readily procured in a blacksmith's shop. So far his revenge was in the heat of passion, and consequently argued no malicious disposition on the part of the husband: they were then parted by the interference of a clerk of the Strand Bridge, and put to work separately. The offence took place about eleven o'clock, the husband having gone for some beer (being watering time), while the fact was committed, and his wife had probably brought him some victuals during his absence. Between one and two o'clock, while part of the great number of men then employed were gone to dinner, the rest, chiefly Irishmen, assisted the husband in using the offender in a very rough manner, soaking him with pails of water, and knocking him about in a very outrageous way, until he was nearly exhausted: they then set him astride a long handspike, upheld by eight or ten of their first-rate ruffians, the rest following with riotous and exulting gestures, also the husband using very gross language, and swearing he would be the death of him. They had then proceeded some distance from the yard; the husband had got his wife's pockets, which in her hurry she had left behind—these contained some flint stones: he presently swung them at the head of the victim of his ungovernable fury, and did it open in a most deplorable manner, and tore the clothes off his shoulders, drenched with blood and water.—Overcome by such usage, and faint from the loss of blood, he was almost senseless, nor could those few who were witnesses to this diabolical treatment, render the sufferer any assistance, the assailants were so numerous: they then took him to a neighbouring yard, and plunged him headlong into a butt nearly six feet deep, and full of water, and held him there about a minute, dragged him out, set him upon the ground the opposite side of the yard, and there left the poor wretch in such a dreadful state I cannot describe; in this condition I saw him.—The preceding account was given me by one of the few spectators, who doubtless would have exerted themselves had there appeared any probability of success.

And now, Sir, I must beg to notice the behaviour of a medical gentleman, who was applied to for that proportionate degree of assistance, which, according to his ability, every man has it in his power to render his fellow man, be his errors ever so great.—This gentleman is a chemist and druggist, acting as man-midwife and surgeon in every court, I believe I may say every hour, near the spot where his professional abilities were so much wanted; and while the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were taking measures for the poor fellow's comfort, in binding up his wounds, clothing, and getting a conveyance for him, the above gentleman's answer was—that he was a

vender of drugs, and not qualified to practice surgery.—I leave it to you, Sir, to consider of such conduct. JUSTITIA V.

A gentleman was stopped and robbed of his watch and 7l. on Sunday night, by four ruffians, in Fulham Fields. An attack was also made on a lady and gentleman in a chaise, between Clapham and Battersea, on Thursday week, but they escaped. And on Monday night, Mr. C. Davison, of Tottenham-court-road, on returning home along Holloway-lane, Islington, in a carriage, was attacked by two footpads, dressed as sailors, and masked, who presented pistols, and robbed him of what cash he had about him.

"The amateurs of bull banting had a delectable treat on Tuesday on Highgate-common, in the torture of a bull, for a considerable bet, by two dogs of the first rate breed, *Bowler* and *Tumbler*, the first of which belongs to, and was backed by, an amateur of distinguished title, and the other to a groom. The common was graced by amateurs of every denomination; a mill also having been expected. After the bull's nose and throat had been dreadfully tortured, *Bowler* bolted, that is, refused again to face the bull, and gave victory to *Tumbler*."—*Morning Chronicle*.

On Tuesday evening, about half-past seven o'clock, as two farmer's men were returning from town with their empty carts, where they had been to market with two loads of straw, one of them was stopped by a highwayman at Tottenham-green, at a time when the road was crowded with foot-passengers and carriages. He demanded the man's money in a threatening tone,—that which he had received for the hay he had sold. The rooster answered that it was straw, and not hay, which he had been to market with; and that instead of money he had received a ticket for it. Hoping to succeed better with his companion, who was mounted on the fore horse of the team, a short distance behind, the highwayman rode up to him, and presenting a pistol to his breast, with horrid imprecations, demanded the money he had received at market for his hay or straw: the alarmed man denied his having any that he received at market; but the few shillings which he had of his own he offered to deliver up, if the robber would allow him time to dismount for the purpose. Just as he was about to perform his promise, his comrade who had been first stopped came up to his assistance, and loudly calling out stop thief, the highwayman was glad to gallop off without his booty. A hue and cry was immediately raised in the village, and the robber was pursued towards Stamford-hill; but unfortunately no horsemen were at hand to assist in the pursuit, in consequence of which the villain made his escape. It was ascertained that the highwayman had come a considerable distance on the road from Ware; and that he robbed a gentleman on horseback near the Cock-inn, on the other side of Edmonton.

The naked body of a man, apparently between forty and fifty years of age, was found floating on the water, on the 29th ult. at Long Reach, near Gravesend. He was stout made, about five feet seven inches high, rather of a dark complexion, with a scar under his left eye, and one on his right arm, apparently from a scald or burn, and somewhat freckled with the small-pox.—A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of "found drowned" returned.—As the body was found naked, it is supposed that he had gone in to bathe; but it is rather remarkable, that no inquiries have been made concerning the deceased.

DEATHS.

On Monday, the 9th instant, at his seat at Nunappleton, in Yorkshire, Sir Wm. Mordaunt Milner, Bart. He was in the 57th year of his age. He was chosen Representative for the City of York in four successive Parliaments. He succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, now Sir Wm. Mordaunt Milner, Bart.

On the 3d instant, in the 55th year of his age, C. Barrowet, Esq. of Church-street, Paddington.

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